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THE

ATLANTIC MONTHLY

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A MAGAZINE OF

Literature, Science, Art, and Politics

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VOLUME LXI.

BOSTON AND NEW YORK
HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN AND COMPANY
The Riverside Press, Cambridge
1888

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THE

ATLANTIC MONTHLY:

A Magazine of Literature, Science, Art, and Politics.

Vol. LXI. — JANUARY, 1888. — No. CCCLXIII.

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YONE SANTO: A CHILD OF JAPAN.

I.

A MODERN CRUSADER.

"THIS is strange news we have about Yone Santo," said the elder Miss Philipson, breaking one of the pauses which were frequent, and seemed inevitable, at her Thursday secular receptions in the foreign quarter of Tokio, the capital of Japan.

"Strange indeed," said the younger Miss Philipson; "but we hope it will all be properly explained. Do we not, sister?"

"Certainly, we hope many things," responded the first speaker. "But, as I have said again and again, we are in Japan; nobody can deny that!"

It was unquestionably true. Nobody could gainsay the excellent lady's reiterated declarations that she and those around her were in Japan. This was a comprehensive formula by which she accounted for all the sorrows, evils, or irregularities of life, — as life was regarded by her. If the weather interfered with her favorite pursuits, or with the even tenor of her health, she was grimly content to remind herself that she was in Japan. If servants were deficient in intelligence or honesty, still she drew relief from the reflection that she was in Japan. Did tradesmen disappoint her, or the humble populace misunderstand the eloquence of her teaching in the native tongue, or impediments obstruct the course of her rigid missionary labors, again and always no explanation was needed beyond the fact that she was in Japan. Like the elastic pavilion of the Arabian magician, it was sufficient for all conceivable emergencies. When once propounded argument was unavailing, and debate became superfluous.

People had sometimes remarked that the merit of her cherished axiom was not so manifest when the elder Miss Philipson's fancies were of a less mournful description. When the sun shone with the sovereign splendor peculiar to the island empire, she was not so eager to proclaim herself a dweller therein. When the docile and patient spirit of her domestic retainers was amiably conspicuous; when, at holiday seasons, the politeness and geniality of the pleasure-seeking multitude were common themes of congratulation; when the progress of her little school was stimulated by the faithful studiousness and the unwearied application of the warm-hearted young creatures who profited by her rigorously administered instruction, — then she and her fellow-laborers might have been in Patagonia, or at the North Pole, for aught that was heard to the contrary from her guarded lips. In short, none of the occasional bright incidents of her lot was deemed attributable to the social or physical conditions of the country she chanced to inhabit. The shadows alone were due to the destiny that had established her "in Japan."

Another idiosyncrasy, not altogether confined to this lady, lent distinction to her character. No power of persuasion, no force of reasoning, could shake her profound conviction that in her quality of missionary she possessed attributes which would appear preternatural outside of her sphere, but which, she insisted, should be recognized by all as the inherent endowments of herself and her sisterhood. Knowledge, especially upon scriptural subjects, came to her by intuition. The study and observation of the majority who surrounded her went for nothing, because they were not missionaries. To intimate that the most recondite erudition could be trusted in opposition to her haphazard notions upon any religious topic would excite her to wrath and scorn. If interrogated as to the authority for some of her startling propositions, she would answer — when in the humor to answer at all — that they were "borne in upon her;" which impressive utterance was expected to silence all contention, and to inspire unwavering faith. Nor was her assumption of infallibility confined to moral or intellectual considerations. She would not, perhaps, go to the length of saying that her pies and coffee were superior to those of her worldly-minded but eminently practical neighbor, the civil engineer's wife; but she honestly thought it was far better for her acquaintances to drink, in her company, the muddy fluid, and swallow the heavy paste, of her compounding, than to eat and consort with the skillful but "unawakened" housekeeper next door, who often forgot to ask a blessing on her fare. Miss Philipson never neglected to ask the blessing. Circumstances not infrequently afforded her the opportunity of invoking grace upon the same viands several times in succession, but it was not observed that her refections, even thrice sanctified, attained a first-class popularity. Nevertheless, under the influence of an instinct which she probably never analyzed, she was convinced that dyspepsia within her walls was preferable to good digestion elsewhere; and fully believed that if her visitors were afflicted with internal discomfort as the consequence of participation in her unsavory banquets, it would, in some mysterious way, "be made up to them hereafter."

Pursuing her theories to a natural conclusion, she had grown to look upon herself as legitimately exempt from many of the requirements which govern mankind in general, and as privileged to disregard observances upon the prompt and equitable recognition of which society is largely dependent. Remembering, possibly, the "courtesies," so called, which for especial reasons are extended to the clergy in Western communities, she was disposed to affirm her indisputable right to adjust her expenditures at a considerably lower rate than the average. That she should properly be required to pay, for example, the current charge for house rent she could never be brought to understand; and why the native or foreign tradesmen declined to acknowledge her claim to a righteous discount remained a problem insoluble by any process with which she was familiar. "They would find it set down to their account elsewhere," she was accustomed to declare, with solemn emphasis.

In her dealings with the simple Japanese, who, while they could not follow her train of reasoning, were incapable of formulating their remonstrances, she adopted the straightforward plan of meeting their demands according to her peculiar conception of what was due to herself as a spiritual messenger, as well as to them as pagan creditors; with the result that, on the last day of every month, something closely resembling a riot broke out in her back yard, while her front door was in a state of almost chronic siege by the proprietors of the jin-riki-shas which she honored with her patronage, — these discontented gentry

unanimously averring that the lady had hired them with a thorough understanding of their terms, and with apparent acquiescence in them. Statements like these Miss Philipson did not think it necessary to deny; remarking, merely, that she invariably proffered payment sufficient for "a person in her position," and that if the "coolies" were not satisfied with what was tendered, they would get nothing. As a rule, they bowed to necessity; but they by no means made a virtue of it, for they "took it out," so to speak, in jeers and revilings of no pleasant character, though expressed in a dialect with which, fortunately, Miss Philipson's missionary studies had not made her familiar.

It was observed, I may incidentally mention, that these urgent applicants seldom presented themselves upon Sundays. They had in past times unwittingly done so, only to find themselves severely rebuked for their impiety, and to be turned away without further parley or hope of satisfaction. The lower class, in her neighborhood, appeared to be exceptionally well informed respecting the recurrence of the sacred day; allusions to which fact afforded Miss Philipson the liveliest gratification of which she was known to be capable.

II.

CRUSADERS IN COUNCIL.

The Philipson Thursdays were always distinguished by the introduction of deliberately chosen topics of discussion, which the visitors were expected to accept as "improving," with the same blind credulity that was demanded on behalf of the refreshments previously alluded to. On the afternoon with which this narrative opens, certain observations, more or less wholesome, had been exchanged with respect to the immediate consequences of an untrammeled education upon the young women of Japan. Having been called upon for a contribution to the debate, I had, somewhat languidly I fear, submitted a theory which seemed to me sufficiently justified by observation and experience, to the effect that while universal culture was undoubtedly a consummation earnestly to be desired, the transition from ignorance to enlightenment could not be accomplished without great hardship and suffering in many, not to say the majority, of instances; and by way of partial illustration, I related circumstances in the life of a young girl of unusual intelligence, who, after rapidly passing through such courses of instruction as were supplied by the best government schools in the capital, and becoming at least theoretically familiar with the gentler conditions of society in other lands, had been thrown back into the narrow grooves of an existence which was no longer suited to her, and in which happiness must be forever denied her.

Having concluded my brief demonstration, with a distinct consciousness of failing to arouse the slightest interest on the part of any of my hearers, excepting, perhaps, one of the younger and more recently arrived of Miss Philipson's staff, I was preparing to get myself quietly away when I was arrested by the allusion, before quoted, to Yone Santo. I was, indeed, especially struck by it, inasmuch as she, and no other, was the living original of the figure I had just attempted to introduce in support of my theory. For a moment I fancied that the hostess had done me the honor to follow the train of my reminiscence, and now desired to proclaim her discovery; but this was an error.

"And what of Yone Santo?" I ventured to inquire.

"Ah, what, indeed?" was the response, lugubriously intoned.

"Nothing disagreeable, I trust, — and nothing wrong, I know," I retorted, with some feeling.

"That last is saying a great deal," rejoined Miss Philipson, "considering that we are in Japan."

"Nevertheless, I say it, and undertake to abide by it."

"Perhaps, Dr. Charwell, the young person would do as well without such earnest" —

"Such *very* earnest" — interjected the junior Miss Philipson.

"Yes, sister; such *very* earnest support from a — from one of the opposite" —

"From a *man!*" interposed a middle-aged fellow-worker in the missionary field; hard-voiced and stern-featured, but known as a zealous and indefatigable follower of one of the least agreeable branches of her calling.

"Miss Jackman puts it strongly," said Miss Philipson, with an unmirthful smile; "but I suppose plain speech is the best."

"To be sure it is," I replied; "and who, if not I, should speak plainly when Yone Santo's name is brought up? I have known her from childhood, known her well; and a lovelier girl, a nobler, purer, truer nature, I have never encountered. Every woman that has met her ought to be glad to say as much; but if no woman is ready to tell the truth about her, I shall not be silent, you may be sure."

"Whenever I hear a Japanese woman held up in that way by a foreign man," said Miss Jackman, with stiff deliberation, "I feel that there is work for me to do. Who is this Yone Santo?"

The labor which Miss Jackman delighted in, and in which she was fond of declaring her efficacy, was what she called "reclaiming." For that purpose she had come to the East, and to that object she devoted herself with untiring assiduity. She was never unhappy except when occasions for the exercise of her self-imposed functions were wanting; and there were times when, in her excess of enthusiasm, she seemed almost to desire that the feminine population of all Japan might go astray, that she might leap to the rescue and "reclaim" them.

"Why," cried the young new-comer to whom I have incidentally referred, "is n't that the little lady who went shopping with us, last month, and interpreted so beautifully? I thought she was one of the dearest creatures I ever met. I fell quite in love with her."

"Miss Gibson," said the "reclaimer," with the air of one to whom a happy opportunity of tendering rebuke has fallen unawares, and is therefore doubly welcome, "it is my duty to tell you that your language is most improper; and if you had been here longer and knew the country better I should call it indecent. It is bad enough for men to talk so about these girls; but for ladies, and particularly for missionaries, I call it scandalous!"

Miss Gibson was too lately from America to have lost the freshness of her independence, and it was with an unlooked-for spirit that she answered her assailant.

"Excuse me, Miss Jackman," she exclaimed, "I believe I am not under your authority in any way. Miss Philipson is the head of my mission. She made me acquainted with the young Japanese, and, as I said before, I thought her as sweet and charming as she could be, and so did all our party."

"Yes, Marian," Miss Philipson admitted, rather awkwardly, "I did send her out with you and your friends, but that was a month ago, and we had not then heard" —

"Heard what, Miss Philipson?" I demanded. "Let us have it all, if you please."

"Well, if you must know, Dr. Charwell, we had not heard of her goings-on with that young Bostonian who is spending so much money here, and mixing with all sorts of people."

"What, Arthur Milton?" said I, in

great surprise. "Why, he knows her only through me."

"Likely enough," remarked Miss Jackman, scenting another exquisite opportunity, and pouncing upon it with hawkish eagerness; "no doubt, Miss Philipson, Dr. Charwell understands all about it."

But Miss Philipson had reasons, which I do not care to explain further than that they were connected with my professional position in our little community, for not overstraining my forbearance. She felt herself, as the head of a school, in some degree indebted to me, and was not unwilling to lend me a helping hand, nor to bear testimony in my favor, within reasonable and cautious limits.

"I am quite convinced of Dr. Charwell's sincerity, Miss Jackman," she said. "I should not think of associating him with any of Yone Santo's present misdeeds."

"It is an unpleasant thing to talk about," persisted Miss Jackman, defiantly; "but since you force it from me, I must say I have very little to learn about Dr. Charwell. I keep my eyes and ears open, and I know for a fact that he has been seen to stop young girls on the street, perfect strangers to him, and — and take their heads in his hands. Yes, and put his face close to theirs, they do say. And I had a most promising pupil, three months ago, who was just beginning to walk in the true path. She fell in with Dr. Charwell, and since then I have seen nothing of her. You cannot deny it, sir; it was Ume Harada."

"Oh, doctor!" ejaculated Miss Philipson, in woful accents; while a few others of the company seemed genuinely shocked, and the majority awaited the impending revelation with countenances expressive of joyous gloom.

"Exactly," I rejoined; "she was nearly blind."

"I don't know about that, and I don't care," Miss Jackman retorted.

"Pardon me," said I; "it may be that you do not care; but you certainly know, since you were warned that she was destroying the little sight she had left by reading badly printed books, in small type, at your ill-lighted evening class-room."

"It was the *Bible*, sir!" cried Miss Jackman, with a ring of triumph in her voice.

"More shame to those who use it in such a shape," I replied, growing absurdly angry as the controversy proceeded. "But never mind. The child can now see, almost as well as ever. Another month of your nightly 'darkness visible,' and the light of her life would have gone out."

"We are not ashamed of our poverty," Miss Jackman declared, rearing her crest again. "We give what light we can. And I shall now take steps to reclaim Ume Harada. She may not yet be wholly lost."

"Let us hope not," said I, pulling myself together, and making a better show of good-humor than I really felt; "but you will leave that poor girl unmolested, Miss Jackman. She is one of *my* reclaimed, you see."

"I shall see her this very day," answered Miss Jackman.

"No, I really must protest. You are aware, Miss Philipson, and ladies and gentlemen all, that there are methods of checking injudicious enthusiasm, in extreme cases. Miss Jackman already knows something about consular authority, I have been told, and I am confident that she would not care to confront it again. At any rate, it must be understood that the young girl is not to be persecuted into blindness. With respect to Yone Santo, my interest is much deeper" —

"Undoubtedly," interrupted the irrepressible Jackman, "and therefore the more need that she should be reclaimed, while there is time. That is, unless Dr. Charwell proposes to have legal or consular authority extended also to her."

"Madam," I replied, with restored equability of manner, but with anything but serenity of temper, "as I know her thoroughly, I have no fear of evil results from any acquaintance she may make. If I did not know her so well, I might suffer the sort of apprehension which, as my friend Kracken will tell you, always possesses American physicians in Italy when they see the native practitioners attempting to cure the *miliare*."

Kracken was one of the class of "medical missionaries," honest and well disposed, but the least disputatious of mortal men. He therefore declined to satisfy Miss Jackman's curiosity as to the miliare, whereupon the lady, with undiminished courage, demanded that I should give the explanation myself.

"Don't ask," said Kracken, looking a little scared.

"Oh, but I will ask," insisted the undaunted reclaimer. "Having gone so far, Dr. Charwell is not to stop just when it suits his convenience."

"Very well, Miss Jackman; I will not disappoint you. It is believed by most medical men outside of Italy that the average physician of that country is capable of treating the miliare, and nothing else. Consequently, whenever summoned, no matter for what disease, he announces a case of his favorite fever, and straightway begins to talk so much about it, and to represent it in so many interesting lights, that the patient soon shows signs of being contaminated. Then the admirable doctor goes to work with his conventional remedies — and sometimes the sufferer does n't die."

Miss Jackman looked puzzled; Miss Philipson, vaguely alarmed. Kracken was horrified, and so was I, a little, when I found how far my anger had led me. To avoid further temptation, I hastily took leave of the hostess before my meaning had become generally apparent, and promptly retreated from the scene.

As I passed into the street, I observed, just before me, the young lady who had tried, with a few kind words, to stem the current of prejudice and ill-feeling. She had left the house by a side door, while I was last speaking.

"If you are not in too great haste, Miss Gibson," I called to her, "pray wait, and let me thank you for what you said about my little friend. It gratified me, and touched me."

"I said what I thought, Dr. Charwell," she answered; "but I ought to be less forward with my opinions. Those ladies are so much older, and — oh, dear, how could you be so bitter to that Miss Jackman?"

"What she said was very bitter to me. But no matter; I am surprised at my own roughness. I shall keep myself out of the way hereafter. Her objects of attack are mostly indifferent to me, and I did not imagine she could ever touch one of my tender spots. Nor did I believe that Yone Santo could be brought within the reach of human malice."

"It would be hard," said the warm-hearted neophyte, "to believe anything — anything unkind of that sweet little girl. I 'm sure I should not know where to look for goodness, in this country, if such a face and such a voice can go with wickedness."

"You cannot come to much harm, my good young lady," I responded, "by trusting to your instinct in these matters. At any rate, it is a better guide than rusty and corroded prejudice. I will not prompt you to defy authority, but I give you a practical old man's earnest assurance that a life like Yone Santo's may teach lessons of courage, high principle, faithfulness to duty, and patience in adversity to any who will study it. Do not forget what I say. Try to know that gentle creature. You will find that if there is much to impart, there is also much to be learned, in association with these people."

On leaving this new acquaintance, I

registered an internal vow that I would never again, no matter what the provocation, commit a folly like that from which I had just emerged, — by no means with consciousness of the highest credit to myself. Nor, in society, would I break silence upon any of the subjects which my respectable missionary friends were accustomed to discuss with a logic peculiar to their order and satisfactory to most of their adherents, but as unwholesome and indigestible to the laity as the products, similarly home-made, of Miss Philipson's kitchen. I may say on my own behalf, that it was only on rare occasions that I thus transgressed. It was my habit to take advantage of such opportunities for entertainment as presented themselves in our somewhat restricted community, and, among these, the Philipson reunions were far too enjoyable to be neglected. The superficial, one-sided, and utterly selfish views of life, education, religion, and humanity which were there propounded by well-intending but curiously unintelligent and illiterate professors of a narrow and microscopic Christianity were often irresistibly diverting in their unconscious humor. The sincerity of these same professors, their self-reliant faith, and their adamantine conceit kept them unaware that concealment of their spiritual nudity and squalor was desirable. Totally ignorant that indecency was not necessarily confined to physical exposure, and that intellectual nakedness might also have its repulsive features, they presented such spectacles as, I fear, only an abandoned cynicism could view without compassion. I was not, I trust, an abandoned cynic, and many a shock of honest shame thrilled through me as I witnessed these revelations of mental feebleness and incapacity on the part of men and women supposed to be entrusted with the noblest of human duties, and to be striving for a revival of the spirit which animated the other extremity of Asia nineteen hundred years ago. Their words and acts, however, were beyond my interference, and I saw no reason why I might not take my share of the amusement they afforded. But I had no wish for such experiences as I had that day gone through, and I forthwith resolved to encounter no more temptations of the kind. The arena of religious controversy, as it was understood by my missionary friends, should be disturbed by no further intrusions on my part.

III.

A CHILD OF JAPAN.

Between Yone Santo and myself a trustful and tender friendship had long existed, dating, indeed, from the first year of my sojourn in her native land. We were brought together by accident, through which alone, at that early period, was it possible for acquaintances to be formed by ladies of Japan, however youthful, on the one side, and masculine visitors from the distant West, however aged, on the other. I was passing a summer month at one of the popular bathing resorts near the main road of the Empire, looking with eager eye for fresh novelties to enjoy, when, at the close of a sultry day, a little traveling procession entered the courtyard of the inn which was my temporary dwelling. Such miniature caravans were common at that period, for, after some years of uncertainty, it was now understood by all that the Mikado had permanently established his court in the great Eastern capital, — therefore newly named Tokio, instead of Yedo, as of old, — and the last of the feudal nobles, with their numerous retainers, were gathering to that centre in loyal acknowledgment of the restoration of imperial power, while, from all parts of the nation, families were flocking to the metropolitan headquarters of their provincial chiefs.

The group that came in view on the

afternoon of which I speak was singular only in the circumstance that it was led by a young girl, apparently about ten years old, — the first I had seen in so prominent a position of authority. She walked lightly and briskly in advance of her *norimono*,[1] the ends of her long robe being tucked up in her girdle, for the disencumberment of her feet. Beside her marched a kitten, preternatural in dignity and gravity, and wearing the air of subdued melancholy peculiar to the feline race in Japan, — which is interpreted by philosophic foreigners as a mute protest against the irrevocable fiat that deprives them of tails. A few yards behind strode a couple of male attendants, duly armed with the conventional two swords; and following these came a line of three or four other norimono, variously occupied, a servingman of humble grade bringing up the rear. The somewhat unusual appearance of a child at the head of the party was afterward explained by the information that mademoiselle represented, in Japanese usage, the master of the family. She was the sole daughter of a gentleman of Nagoya city, — Yamada Naonobu by name, — who had taken the journey in advance of a portion of his household. By right of birth, this daughter had precedence over aunts and certain other elderly relations, to whom, in domestic privacy, she was doubtless more submissive than an infant of European lineage would be, but over whom, on public occasions, she was expected to assert the nominal superiority which was her legitimate inheritance.

I learned, in course of time, that she had never before beheld a foreigner. I also learned that if her father had been present to relieve her from her burden of ceremony she would have rushed into seclusion, from the disquieting spectacle, as rapidly as her little legs could have carried her. But the sense of a stern duty sustained her, and she entered the spacious porch, in which I was sitting, with an unfaltering step; betraying no consciousness of the proximity of one of the awful invaders of her country, except by interposing between us the barrier of an expanded sun-umbrella. She disappeared, with her retinue, and I heard no more of the party until the next morning, when my interpreter casually mentioned that they proposed resting a few days, to give one of the ancient aunts, who was ailing, the benefit of the famous baths. Thus it happened that another illustration of the power of traditional training over natural instinct was presently afforded me; although I was then too ignorant to understand the conflict of opposing influences which passed before my eyes.

I was carelessly lounging in the tavern garden, when the little maid entered, unaware of human contiguity, and accompanied only by the staid and reserved kitten before mentioned, and a doll of uncertain age but well-preserved exterior. At sight of me she would have retired, after a hasty salutation, had I not, in such imperfect speech as I could then command, begged permission to inspect her *protégés*. By way of compensation, I offered her a collection of photographs, and, summoning my interpreter, engaged her in a conversation which, though formal and ceremonious, appeared to cause her no serious embarrassment. To every question of mine she responded graciously and freely, until one of her elderly relatives happened to come upon the scene; when my youthful colloquist was suddenly stricken dumb, refusing further share in the conversation, and mutely referring all subsequent interrogatories to her senior, who from that point took up the dialogue with perfect courtesy and without apparent reluctance.

My immediate impression was that I had lighted upon an adept in pure femi-

[1] *Norimono:* a cage-like box in which travelers were formerly borne, by stout porters, from place to place.

nine coquetry, the arts of which may be supposed intuitive in the tenderest ages and the most unfamiliar climes. Repeated examples of the little lady's willingness to confer with me, in a certain grave and precise fashion, when no other member of her family was at hand, and of her prompt relapse into silence on the approach of any of her elders, tended to confirm this conclusion. I am sorry to remember how long it was before I discovered the utter injustice of my suspicion. The mischief that has been done by the readiness of foreigners to leap to the same conviction is wholly beyond conjecture. The simple truth is that, among the well-bred classes in Japan, every child is taught that he or she must be prepared to take up the task of entertaining, — to "do the honors," in New England phrase, — in the absence of those who are more maturely qualified to perform that duty. Timidity, sensitiveness, even repulsion, must not stand in the way of this delicate obligation. Many a stranger has observed, during his first, or second, or third visit to a Japanese family, that the daughters of the house have shyly kept themselves aloof, murmuring indistinctly when addressed, and taking no part in the social proceedings beyond pouring a cup of tea, or offering candies and cakes. Calling again, and finding only these daughters at home, — whereas he had previously been received by the whole household, — he has been surprised by a complete abandonment of the reserve before displayed, and gratified, we may presume, by attentions which he had never expected from the incarnations of bashfulness he had encountered on other occasions. Little has he dreamed of the struggle of those poor girls to fulfill with composure and graciousness the behests of their system of hospitality. Still less, I regret to say, has it ordinarily been his habit to seek a reasonable and decorous explanation of the phenomenon. A custom founded upon the truest refinement has been made the basis of theories which are never less than absurd, and are too often shameful, — although, as I regard it, the shame belongs exclusively to those whose imagination makes haste to misjudge what it imperfectly comprehends.

And so it happened that I fancied myself getting upon pleasant terms with a pretty damsel of ten years, whereas in truth I was subjecting her, whenever I encountered her alone, to nothing less than a species of moral torture. I was interested in her chiefly because she was the only very young girl whom I had found disposed to tolerate me at all. As a rule, children of her sex and age had shunned my amiable advances with indifference or aversion. I attributed the contrast of her demeanor to a superior intelligence, but it was really due to the superiority of her birth and culture. Until then I had not chanced to fall in with any of the Japanese gentry, and had no idea that the rules of her training forbade her to manifest the feelings which probably possessed her. But there is no doubt that her natural acuteness aided her in overcoming an instinct which was merely conventional. Circumstances presently placed us in fairly confidential relations with one another. Her aunt's illness grew serious, and my professional assistance was found effective to an unexpected extent. The malady was of a kind which yielded rapidly to a specified treatment, and the wonder of the unsophisticated Japanese was extreme. I observed that my little friend, in particular, watched all the proceedings with close intentness. Was it to learn, if possible, some part of the method to be pursued, in case of future need? Partly that, no doubt. Indeed, she afterward confided to me that her *neko* (kitten) suffered from rheumatism, the consequence of an infantile calamity, and she hoped to gather a few suggestions for her playfellow's relief and comfort. But, in a broader sense, she was

a passionate seeker for knowledge in every form, and the evidence of what she considered my miraculous skill in restoring her relative was sufficient to invest me, in her esteem, with marvelous attributes of wisdom and genius. A "learned man" (*sensei*) is always an object of respect in Japan, and this child was not only roused to admiration, but, in a vague way, hoped to obtain, by communion with me, some little addition to her own juvenile store of erudition. Finding me inclined to humor her, she attached herself to me with almost a blind devotion; poring over the small collection of books I had with me; building wild projects of a course of study then and there to be instituted; starting valorously upon explorations in the mazes of the alphabet; groping among labyrinthine numerals; and begging me, with timid wistfulness, always to be kind to her, and to help her in the hard struggle she would have to make to get an education in her new home at Tokio.

IV.

INFANTILE PHILOSOPHY AND ETHICS.

Shall I tell the story of Yone's kitten? Of the early adversity which brought upon it the premature aches and pains from which the young mistress would have studied to shield it? Of the persecution from which she had rescued it, thus rendering the little animal — as in the natural order of things — an object of unspeakable endearment to its preserver? Why not? It will serve, perhaps better than pages of stiff description, to exhibit in a clear light certain features of the child's character which were then developing, and which grew with her growth as she advanced toward maturity.

She was sitting in a snug corner of the garden, one afternoon, chatting confidentially to her cherished companions, when I ventured, through my interpreter, to join in the conversation, — her original distrust of me having by this time almost melted away.[1]

"Which do you love better, Yone, the cat or the doll?"

"Ah, which do I?" she answered, contemplatively, in the sweet, silvery voice which belongs to the children of Japan.

"Yes, which would you rather lose?"

"Truly, it would be a great sorrow to lose either."

"Now tell me, which will you give me for my own?"

No immediate response, excepting a look of perplexity and dismay, which gradually passed away as she gazed intently at me.

"Ah, the Doctor is jesting."

"Certainly I am jesting; nobody shall take away your treasures. But I wish to know why you are so fond of them."

"They are my children."

"To be sure; and you prefer the doll because she is older."

"Yes, she is older — but" — and here she sank into deep reflection, as if the problem presented difficulties hitherto undreamed of to her sense of maternal justice and impartiality.

"And then she never misbehaves," I added, desiring to stimulate the course of her ideas, which were sometimes delightfully quaint and fresh.

"But she does; she often behaves ill. Not very ill; just the same as *neko-san*."[2]

[1] Persons conversant with the Japanese language need no reminder that its translation admits of a wide latitude. But in this, as in other similar cases, I have endeavored to reproduce, with all possible exactitude, in apposite English, the *thoughts* which were expressed in the Eastern tongue.

[2] It may amuse readers who are unfamiliar with Japan, as it always amuses travelers in the East, to learn that the Japanese suffix of courtesy which corresponds to our "Mr." or "Mrs." is applied to animals as habitually as to human beings. The dumb inmates of a household are invariably addressed as "Mr.

"What, exactly the same?"

"Exactly the same. Please understand, Doctor-san, how unhappy the neko will be if he hears he is naughtier than the doll. My doll must not be better than my kitten."

"You are very skillful to keep a strict balance, Yone," said I; "many foreign ladies would be glad to do as much with their children."

"Oh, Doctor-san, it is not real," she answered, nervously. "My doll — you know, my doll is nobody."

She made this acknowledgment in a cautious undertone, pointing stealthily at the little stuffed image, as if tenderly reluctant to wound its feelings. Then, as I waited for a more intelligible explanation, she began to cast furtive glances at the interpreter, intimating, so far as I could guess her meaning, that she was not unwilling to impart to me, privately, if it could be done, the secret of her disciplinary art, but doubted the propriety of taking into her confidence a third party, who possibly would laugh at her.

"Never mind, Yone," I said; "you need not tell me everything."

"I think I will tell you," she replied, with some hesitation. "My neko, you know, is real; he is alive. My doll — my doll" —

The lines came into her childish brow, as she sought for words to express what was plain enough within her mind, but which it puzzled her to put into language.

"My doll," she continued, "is neither good nor bad, if I must tell you the truth. She is only — my doll. But if I pretend she is good, then she is good; and if I pretend she is naughty, she is so. But it is different with my kitten. He is sometimes truly bad and disobedient. That is because he is so young. But he is very sorry, and, not to let him feel too much ashamed when I scold him, I scold my doll at the same time. She is just as bad as I choose to have her — and so — I make them always both alike. It is n't real, you must understand. It is — I beg you to excuse me; I cannot say it at all."

"You have said it very well, Yone. I see how it is, now. I understand, too, why you cannot decide which you care for the more."

"Indeed," replied the child, pleased at being thus encouraged, and enjoying the opportunity of working out her little fable in seeming seriousness, — "indeed, it is difficult. Shall I tell you all? I know I am often very unjust to the doll, because, really, *really*, she never can do anything wrong, and she is scolded for nothing, and I pity her. But then she does not mind the scolding, being only a doll; while my kitten, who is real and alive, does mind the scolding, and so I am obliged to pity *him*. What do you think, Doctor-san? I will pretend they are both yours. There, they *are* yours. Now, which is your favorite?"

"Yes, I see; they are mine, and I am Yone Yamada. That is simple enough. Well, then, the question is, Which is my favorite? Let me think; when did I first get them? That is important, and I have forgotten all about it."

The child's eyes sparkled, as if the sympathy and coöperation of a grown person in her innocent fancies were rare and strange to her experience.

"Oh, I can tell you," she said. "Your father gave you the doll, you know."

"Did he? Yes, he gave me the doll. But when was it? I cannot remember."

"Many years ago; why, you were too young to remember."

"Of course; and the kitten?"

Her countenance suddenly fell. Our

Dog," "Mr. Cat," "Mr. Parrot," etc., until their proper individual designations are known, when they are called "Mr. Rover," "Mr. Tom," "Mr. Polly," or whatever the correct name may be.

little comedy had evidently brought us to a point which she had not foreseen, and had perhaps awakened unpleasant recollections.

"It does not matter, Yone," I said, hastily; "I can decide without that. Or, let us remember that it is all play."

Again she regarded me with one of the keen looks by which I was still occasionally reminded of her inward doubts as to the perfect trustworthiness of the unfamiliar foreigner. Then casting her eyes upon the ground, and seeming to gather herself together for an unwonted effort, she said, falteringly, —

"No, it is not all play. I did not think; but I will tell you about the kitten."

"Indeed, you shall not," I answered. "Come, we will talk of something else."

"But I must, Doctor-san; it is right. I do ask you to hear me."

The decision in her countenance was remarkable, for so young a child. She was plainly resolved to relate something which, however painful, she considered it her duty to impart without reserve.

"It was in the third month," she began, "and, as my father was about to leave Nagoya, we were all going, one day, to kneel at the graves of our family, in the Soken burial-ground. We had nearly reached the gate, when I saw, on the other side of a moat, many boys, jumping, and shouting, and throwing things into the water. Then I looked closely, and saw a small kitten — this kitten — my kitten — climbing slowly up the steep stone side. The boys caught it, and threw it far away into the water again. Oh, Doctor-san, I did not think what I was doing. It was very wrong, but I ran across a bridge, screaming and screaming again. Some of the boys ran away, some threw stones worse than before; they would not heed me, and so I — I — the moat is not deep at all, and" —

"I see, my child; you went in and saved the poor kitten."

"It was wrong," she said, in a voice scarcely above a whisper.

"Wrong!" exclaimed I. "How can you say so?"

"I spoiled my dress, and could not go with the others to kneel before our graves."

"But wrong? Think again, Yone."

"I cried out in the street, and disobeyed my grandmother."

"But you saved the kitten's life. Consider. Would you not do the same again?"

She looked around her timorously, and, seeing that none of her own people were near, answered, —

"I — am — afraid — I would; but I am not a good girl."

I peered into her big dark eyes, to find if I could detect any sign of affectation or pretense, but there was none. Her self-depreciation was undoubtedly sincere.

"Tell me, Yone, do you think it wrong to do a kind thing?"

"No, oh no; but I ran away from my father."

"Were you not glad to get this pretty pet, all to yourself?"

"Truly, yes; but my best dress was torn and spoiled."

"What is that, compared with your beautiful kitten?"

"Nothing, to me; oh, nothing. But my grandmother said I did not respect our dead."

"Tell me what happened next, Yone."

"It was not much. Grandmother told me to throw the cat away, but I believe I cried very loud, and my father said I might take it home, and he would decide afterward. I went quickly back, and when they returned the neko was clean and almost dry. Grandmother was still much displeased, but my father was smiling and gentle. He had been talking with the good priest at Soken-ji, who asked where I was, and why I was not with them. When he heard the rea-

son, he told my father that our dead fathers and mothers would not be angry with me for saving the kitten from being killed, instead of going to bow before their tombs. And the kind priest sent me a present."

"What was it, Yone?"

"I do not know; grandmother said I must not have it. I never saw it."

"Indeed! An interesting old lady, I should judge."

"Yes, she is very wise, — wiser than anybody. And she was willing, after all, that I should keep the kitten."

"Ah, that is better."

"At first she was not willing, but my father thought we might decide by the wishes of the greater number. We were five, all together, and he began by saying he believed we need not send the kitten away. That was *one* for me, and I was grateful to my good father. It seemed that perhaps he thought my aunts, or one of them, would follow him. But grandmother was very positive, and the aunts were both obliged to agree with her. Then my father said, 'Yone, we are only two against three. I am afraid the neko must go.' I said that if he went, so little and so weak, he would surely die. I know my father was sorry, for he answered, 'If we had only been two against two, or three against three, it would be different.' Then I kneeled to my father, and begged him to listen. I said, 'Oh, father, it is so hard to think of, that we must send the suffering, trembling creature out to die. Forgive your daughter if she dares to ask you who, of all that live and breathe now in this room, is the most concerned in your judgment; who must feel it the most deeply; who will suffer, or rejoice, the most.' 'Why, truly,' he said, 'that is easy to answer: it is the cat, and no other.' Then I bowed down again, and said, 'In that case, if it please you, we *are* three against three, for surely the cat has no wish to go, and it is just that his opinion should be taken with the rest.' My father laughed, and looked as if he would consent, but grandmother said quickly, 'No, no, the cat has no voice!' At that moment, suddenly, the poor animal, who was in my arms, began to cry out and make a great noise, and my father laughed more and more, and said that everything was settled; I might have my wish. Then he left us immediately, and grandmother did not object any more."

"Why, it was quite a miracle," said I, affecting great astonishment.

"What is a miracle?" asked Yone.

I explained as well as I could, at the same time highly eulogizing the kitten's instinct.

"No," said Yone, with cautious deliberation, — "no; I do not think it was a miracle."

"At any rate, it was a remarkable coincidence."

"What is *that?*" again demanded the child.

With somewhat greater difficulty, — the interpreter being here at a loss, and even the dictionaries affording us no guidance ("coincidence" being a word for which there is as yet no Japanese equivalent), — I made this also plain, causing her once more to ponder earnestly.

"I do not think," she presently observed, with an air of graver solemnity than she had yet displayed, although the story had been told throughout with the dolorousness of a penitential confession, — "I do not think that it was a remarkable co—co—co—"

"Never mind the foreign polysyllable, my young philologist. It was fortunate, at least, that your kitten took just that opportunity to make himself heard."

"Yes," she admitted, "it was fortunate — it was fortunate — and — I think I will not speak any more now, if you please."

Her voice was steady, but I could see tears gathering in her eyes. So, to shield her from observation, I sent my transla-

tor away, and, after addressing a few instructive remarks to the doll, withdrew myself to a distant corner, screening my little friend from my own scrutiny by means of a newspaper.

About a quarter of an hour after, she crept to my side, with her kitten under one arm, and — of all unexpected things — my copy of Hepburn's Dictionary under the other. Laying the volume, wide open, upon my knee, she pointed to a Japanese character which she had laboriously hunted up, — evidently with the desire to escape the interpreter's intervention, — and lifted her woebegone face in pathetic appeal to my comprehension, softly repeating with her lips the word which she indicated with her finger. The translation was "To take between the ends of the fingers; to take a pinch." Having read this, I turned for further elucidation, which she supplied by transferring her hand from the book to her living burden, and nipping its flesh so vigorously as to call forth an eloquent wail of astonishment and remonstrance.

Nothing could be clearer. The timely feline outcry at the critical instant of the creature's fate was not a miracle, nor yet a strange coincidence. It was the natural effect of a lucky inspiration on the child's part, — that was all. Perceiving that she had made herself understood, she nodded her head several times, with a seriousness which checked my impulse to laugh at the disclosure; tried to fall on her knees, until I managed to convince her that such abasement was superfluous; and finally divining that she had not entirely forfeited my good-will by her revelation, took herself and her playmates away, still smiling mournfully, but certainly less dejected than she had been at any time since my untoward question as to the origin of her relations with the neko-san.

Who could resist these pretty and touching evidences of simplicity and candor? It was a pleasant study to trace the current of the child's ingenuous thoughts, and endeavor to accompany her through the various perplexities in which her mind had wandered. I failed entirely, as I afterward learned, in fathoming the actual depth of her emotions, but my inferences were at least in the right direction. In truth, her sensitive soul was painfully agitated by the struggles of timidity, apprehension, and harsh necessity created by her recollection of the kitten's rescue and its attendant incidents. That she must tell me all that had happened, having once opened the subject, she did not allow herself to question; notwithstanding that the recital would fill her with an agony of mortification, possibly subject her to fresh penalties, and almost inevitably deprive her of my aid in her future studies. For she never doubted the strict justice of her grandmother's verdict, and fully anticipated that I would view her conduct with similar censure. She was not a good girl; she had committed grievous faults, which she was compelled to lay open to the inspection of one who, though kindly disposed toward her, was almost a stranger. The very goodness and generosity he had shown made it the more imperative that she should conceal nothing. To deceive him would be a darker shame than to suffer the consequences of her misdeeds. Hardest of all, she must tell her tale through the cold and unsympathetic medium of an interpreter. Nevertheless, it was her duty. It would be difficult to look me in the face, after the disclosure; but if she left me in ignorance, she could not look me in the face at all. Yet how to convey the terrible avowal of her culminating fraud, — the strategic pinch which her grandmother still refused to condone? No interpreter could be trusted with that guilty secret. Hence her reliance upon the dictionary, with the subsequent touch of pantomime. I was glad, in later years, to remember that I had

not laughed at her, as was my impulse at the time. In her overwrought state, anything like mirth, however good-natured, would have cut her to the quick, and probably gone far to break up the confidence she had begun to extend to me.

It was long before Yone could bring herself to regard her act of natural tenderness and humanity in the proper light; and, during the whole of her girlhood, her faith in the righteousness of the aged relative's judgment remained unshaken. What child of her years, in Japan, would dream of doubting the infallibility of a parent or a grandparent? Any attempt to disturb her convictions on this point would have startled her beyond measure, and would have severely strained, if not severed, the pleasant ties that held us together during that summer sojourn in the country. I left her in the enjoyment of an illusion which she never ceased to cherish until it was forcibly dispelled by the torturing experiences of her later life. It was a great concession, for her, to accept the indirect consolation I offered. Beyond that limit she did not desire to be comforted.

The subject was referred to only once again, in those days. She began the morning which followed her awful revelation by sedulously avoiding me. As I made no advances, she presently came shyly hovering, looking at me over her shoulder, or from places of imaginary concealment, such as the corners of the house, or clusters of bushes, or adjacent hedges. Next, she drew near, a picture of bashful diffidence, and waited for opportunities of attempting slight services, like brushing a fallen leaf from my table, or picking up a paper which the wind had blown away. The performance of these afforded her such satisfaction that, out of pure charity, I was constrained to drop a knife or a pencil, now and then, for the sole purpose of allowing her to replace them. When my interpreter came to join me, she disappeared with celerity; but finding that her flight attracted no notice, she instituted a series of irregular approaches, until, having reached a spot some two or three yards in front of me, she assumed a statue-like immobility, never stirring for half an hour, but keeping her big appealing eyes fixed upon me all the while, and speaking volumes without uttering a word.

"Bless the child," said I to myself, after I had endured it as long as possible, "she will throw me into a fit."

I closed my books, and leaned back, as if the morning's work were ended. Soon she stepped nearer, and intimated, humbly, that if I were at leisure she would like to ask a few questions about America. Everything was different from Japan, was it not? All the birds could sing, and the flowers all smelled sweet, and the cats had tails. Yes, she knew that; and the children, — they were always good, of course. What, not better than in Japan? Then, if they sometimes did wrong, would their friends forgive them? All this tended one way, and I found means to convince her that she had not sunk irretrievably in my esteem; that I was in no degree less fond of her than before; and, in spite of her fears and anxieties on this last point, that I would keep my promise, in case we should meet in Tokio, and help her, if it were possible for me to do so, in the great object of her aspirations, the attainment of learning.

Only a little child, and perhaps, so far as I was concerned, only a pretty playfellow for a few idle days; but a child in whose future it was impossible not to feel a deep and genuine interest. I asked myself if the strange combination of shrinking humility and high ambition; naive simplicity and bright intelligence; timidity so extreme that neither her sex nor her youth could fairly account for it, yet above which she rose dauntlessly when sustained by her resolute sense of duty, and courage sufficient

at the moment of need to conquer her girlish fear, and blind her to consequences which could be forgotten only in the heat of a noble impulse, — I asked myself if this conjunction of diverse qualities were the possible effect of an Eastern training, the result of the Japanese system of social and domestic culture, to be found whenever sought for; or if accident had brought me in contact with a child of exceptional endowments, upon whom artificial methods of education had thus far made little impression, and whose generous nature had been trammeled, rather than helped forward, by conventional practices. In any case, I earnestly desired to watch her course toward womanhood, and should have been glad to constitute myself her guide, if no better were at hand, during her years of study. I hoped that, at the least, I might enjoy the privilege of offering such aid and encouragement as should clear away what I then considered — with the ignorance of a novice in the land — the most formidable obstacles from the path she longed to pursue.

V.

DISCIPLINE AND DUTY.

But Tokio is a large city, a huge congeries of ill-connected, unnamed thoroughfares, in which the most determined search for casual friends might be defeated; and while I always looked forward to a renewal of acquaintance with the little lady, I was too busily occupied with important duties to allow myself time for possibly futile exploration. Neither she nor any of her party had known precisely where they would reside, and, though I had given them my own address, it appeared that they were in no eagerness to avail themselves of it. Had not her father belonged to the true and ancient gentry, the chances are that we should never have met again; but to one of that punctilious order, the necessity of sooner or later acknowledging a service rendered was as peremptory as a fixed law of nature.

Some weeks after my return to the capital, therefore, I was called upon by a gentleman of polished and engaging manners, whose errand was to thank me for saving his sister from otherwise inevitable death, — so he was pleased to put it, — and to feebly indicate the depth of his gratitude by depositing in the hands of my servant a small basket of eggs. I gave him such welcome as I could, offering him sundry refreshments, which he not only enjoyed in his own person, but several specimens of which he begged permission to carry away with him, for the gratification of his household. There was nothing unusual in this proceeding. It was quite in accord with Japanese etiquette. Nor was there much to be wondered at in his frank avowal that the cakes and sandwiches would be a rare and gladdening treat to the ladies at home, old and young; for poverty entails no shame, in the estimation of these people, and though it would go very hard with a gentleman in difficulties before he could ask assistance, or even accept it, unless in the direst stress, he would know of no reason for concealing his situation, or refusing to discuss it with the careless gayety characteristic of an improvident race. With many pleasant expectations, I speedily returned the call, and was greeted with the seemingly cordial effusion which almost invariably accompanies Japanese hospitality, even when extended to a foreigner by those uncompromising believers in early principles who still nourish the distrust and suspicion which prevailed in their youth. Little Yone would have remained in the background, obedient to the usage hitherto explained, had I not drawn her forth, and especially questioned her with reference to the school prospects. Alas, they were dim enough, and her heart was heavy with

the conviction that the hopes she had so happily cherished could never be realized. Education was costly, under the most moderate teachers, unless one could enter a government college; and to gain admission to one of these, great interest was needed. The worthy father explained that in the civil war, a few years earlier, the clan to which he belonged, that of Owari, had been on the losing side; and his *daimio*, though not directly involved in the struggle, was destitute of influence at the capital, and could give no help to an humble retainer, even in so small a matter as this.

"Yone will not repine," said the head of the Yamada household; "she knows we would indulge her if we could, but the little power we once had is gone, and food is more necessary than learning, after all, is it not, my child?"

"My father knows best," answered the girl, with a sigh, in which the faintest breath of skepticism might have been thought to mingle, if such a thing as distrust of the paternal wisdom could have held a place in that loyal little mind. As it was, the instinct of submission to authority forbade her to enter upon a calculation of the relative disadvantages of ignorance and starvation.

It was my privilege, however, to avert the disappointment to which she had begun to resign herself. The position which I had been called to Japan to hold gave me a temporary control over minor educational affairs, and without much difficulty I obtained permission for the child to enter the best of the national schools for her sex, — an establishment recently opened for the study of the English language, a knowledge of which might lead, in various ways, to future advancement. Wishing to enjoy a bit of dramatic effect, I disclosed nothing of my action until the matter was arranged, when I visited my *protégeé*, and quietly handed her the certificate of admission. I had quick cause, however, to regret having planned a surprise the consequences of which I had not properly calculated. It was plain that I had been misled by the girl's self-imposed calmness, and had failed to discern the powerful springs of emotion that were hidden beneath her superficial composure. She read the document, at first, without understanding its meaning, or probably regarding it only as a barren form or blank, possessing no validity or purpose. But as she continued to gaze, its bearing upon her own fortune became visible, and, like a flash, she saw the realization of her dearest desire.

With a wild glance she turned to me for confirmation, and, reading it in my face, she suddenly grew pale, and trembled so violently that I ran in alarm to support her. She labored to maintain the outward equanimity which is cultivated by well-bred Japanese, but her girlish strength was overtaxed, and she began to gasp and sob convulsively, though without tears, as if overcome by an unexpected physical inability to fight against her frailty. For a moment I was as much frightened as her relations, ignorant of the cause of this agitation, were amazed; but she presently clasped her slender arms about her delicate body, as if determined thus to impose tranquillity upon herself. She did, indeed, succeed in controlling her excitement in a marvelously short time, and, as soon as she could move without betraying further weakness, she lifted the precious paper to her forehead, and then, sinking upon her knees, bowed herself to the ground before me, in token of a thankfulness which she did not venture to convey in speech.

Unfortunately, Yone's sentiments were not shared by the majority of those around her. The father, who had a better perception of the benefits of foreign culture than, at that period, most of his class, and who, in his way, was an affectionate parent, was genuinely gratified at the opportunity thus opened, although

beset by many misgivings as to the added expense that would fall upon the family. If Yone's mother had been alive, the child would assuredly have had one unfaltering advocate on her side, but of this source of comfort and support she had been deprived in her earliest infancy. Her aunts looked at the question chiefly from the standpoint of domestic economy, not only foreseeing the need of extra disbursements, but misliking, also, the prospect of a daily absence which would lessen the value of her home industry, and perhaps necessitate additional outlay in the form of wages for a servant. The grandmother, heartily coinciding in this latter view, was furthermore stimulated to opposition by a blind hostility to alien ideas of every description. Habits of thought, methods of education, the entire scheme of Western life, were all odious to her. And the influence of a grandmother is so potent in the discipline of a Japanese home that, but for the suddenness of my announcement and the immediate ratification of the plan by Yamada the sire, she might have found means to prevent its consummation entirely. In one sense, therefore, and possibly the most important one, my little *coup de théâtre* had been a happy inspiration. Yamada, carried away by his daughter's pathetic demonstration, had distinctly given his sanction, and it was not then possible — as it would not have been in any case becoming, while I was present — for the women of the family to signify disapproval of a proffer which was obviously inspired by friendliness and sincerity of heart.

It was fortunate for Yone's aspirations, as well as for my peace of mind, that I was left in ignorance of their dissatisfaction. Years passed, indeed, before I learned the full extent of their objections, and of their power to make their displeasure felt. But I saw enough of what was in their minds to make me urge that, as the plan was of my contriving, with deep, far-reaching objects of my own, I could claim the right of assuming such costs as might be incurred, — for school dress, books, and other equipment. I should not have ventured to supply any deficiency caused by Yone's withdrawal from her domestic labors, even if I had comprehended that part of the difficulty, which I certainly did not. She, however, foresaw the impending trouble, and hastened (all unknown to me, be it understood) to avert internal dissension by pledging herself to perform her complete share of indoor service, in time which she would take from her ordinary rest by day and her sleep by night. This meant that she would make up the five or six hours required for attendance at school and for study by depriving herself of an equal period of sleep in the morning and relaxation at night. On these hard conditions, the aunts abstained from violent antagonism. The grandmother was never reconciled, and from that moment mercilessly devoted herself to burdening the unhappy child's life with weariness, grief, and pain.

The homes of the Japanese are not always the abodes of bliss that genial foreigners have desired to paint them. Absolute despotism is the law that rules in all of them, though the despotism may be in many cases tempered by natural amiability or a sense of honest duty. The masculine head of the family is the autocrat; but a large share of his power is delegated to any aged woman or women that may belong to the household. A grandmother, as in the present instance, may work her own will, so far as the adjustment of interior affairs is concerned, without likelihood of interference on any pretense. If Yone, in the years of her schooling, had ever ventured to remonstrate, or to appeal to her father against any hardship, she would have been looked upon as a vicious and lawless rebel, heedless of the authority to which she was subject by

every precept of filial piety; and she would probably have been recommended, kindly but firmly, to remember that mute obedience is the unvarying principle upon which a child's existence should be modeled. But she would never have dreamed of taking such a step. She was as gentle and submissive as she was eager in her wish to gain knowledge. In her little humble heart, she felt that more had been granted her than she could ever repay, with all her exertion; and if her soul was wounded by the treatment she underwent, she did not murmur, but strove by renewed effort to conciliate the inflexible will which controlled her destiny.

She did not know, unless the knowledge came to her in later days, that she was struggling for an impossibility. It was her grandmother's set purpose, by breaking down her strength and spirit, to interrupt the course of study to which Yamada, in a moment of weakness, had given his consent. To the accomplishment of this end, the old woman bent all her energy and invention. Hoping to conquer easily, she became incensed at the child's power of passive resistance, and gradually proceeded from petty annoyances to harsh oppression, and finally to bitter and injurious persecution. It may be said, to explain if not to palliate her cruelty, that she was one of a generation reared in hatred to the foreigner; densely ignorant, as it was formerly the habit of Japanese to keep their women; a fanatic in the faith of her country's moral and intellectual supremacy, as well as in the religion of her people; and proud, withal, of the very chains which bound her mind in narrow imprisonment. Moreover, there was no tie of true affection between her and the girl. Her son had married, not altogether to her fancy, a lady of social station superior to his own, — although he likewise might justly claim an aristocratic pedigree, — and the wife and mother-in-law had never been in harmony. The consciousness of inferiority to a junior has been, until recent times, the cause of innumerable hatreds and contests among the Japanese; and to the older and less favored woman the comeliness and intelligence of Yone's mother rendered her an object of odium. She was a fragile lady, too sensitive, in her delicacy and refinement, for the surroundings to which she was condemned, and after giving her husband and master two daughters, the younger of whom alone survived, she fell into the neglect which is the usual lot of Japanese wives who supply no male heir to the family name. So she faded out of existence, and Yone remained the only inmate of her father's home who represented any but the paternal line. He was fond of her, — more fond than disappointed Japanese fathers mostly are; but there was no warmth of affection for her among the women who reared her. Perhaps it was this lack of loving-kindness that turned her thoughts elsewhere, and awakened the yearning for a career to which she could attach herself with undivided devotion.

I have not set myself to relate the sorrows of Yone's childhood, and I pass them over with brief recital. Her tasks had been so various and so severe before entering the school that, had I known of them, and of the necessity for continuing them, I should have hesitated to satisfy her wishes. The grandmother, privileged by age and position, was exempt from toil of any kind. The two aunts occupied themselves with a reasonable share of the housework, and the lowest offices were performed by two menials, a man and a maid. In Nagoya, their former residence, they had been better provided; but prices were higher in Tokio, while the income which sustained the house of Yamada under the old *régime* had totally disappeared with the disestablishment of the feudal system. Whilst searching for a livelihood, like thousands of his fellows, he

could not maintain the luxuries of former times, and it was considered a proper concession to the household needs when, not long after Yone's admission to the school, the last remaining female servant was dismissed. Perhaps her father thought, if he thought at all of the matter, that the labors of the outgoing individual would be divided among all who remained; but, by the grandmother's decree, everything was thrust upon the child of eleven years, who was already heavily overweighted with drudgery.

At that period, she rose long before dawn, set the house in order for the day, cleaned the utensils (studying whenever her task allowed her to keep a book within view), lighted the fires, prepared the morning meal for all, arranged her grandmother's garments and assisted her to dress, served breakfast to her elders before taking her own, washed and set aside the dishes after the meal was ended, made ready for the dinner which was to be eaten in her absence, and then, donning the semi-masculine attire which girl students were expected to wear, started upon her run of four miles to the college. Walk she could not, with any chance of arriving in time; and as it was, she was so often late as to provoke reproaches, from which she never attempted to defend herself, lest she should seem to be, in her turn, reproaching others. Her high standing in the school, of which she speedily became one of the most promising pupils, alone saved her from harsher rebuke. In the interval between the morning and afternoon sessions she stole away into seclusion, unwilling that her companions should see the insufficient quantity and doubtful quality of the food she was permitted to bring for her luncheon, and also anxious to gain a few extra moments for study. The day's attendance over, she darted homeward again, there to cleanse the plates and implements which had intentionally been left, from the dinner, soiled and in disorder; to take in hand the family sewing; to make ready the evening meal; to set the house to rights for the night; and, finally, — not till then, — to give her worn and jaded mind to the lessons which she loved. Only so long as the family remained up was she allowed a light. For the half of each month, she afterward would say, this was not an irremediable deprivation; for the skies are clear in Japan, and the moon, less cold and distant than those whose name she bore, gave her the light which her kindred denied her.

While the child was thus oppressed with cares and travail beyond her strength, the grandmother executed her final stroke of policy by discharging the man-servant, imposing upon Yone all his work, and commanding her daughters to abstain from even the few tasks they had up to that time performed. This chanced to be in midwinter, and to all her previous burdens were now superadded such rough and arduous labors as wood-splitting, drawing water from a distant aqueduct, — the relentless old woman going so far as to pretend that the flavor of the neighboring well was unpleasant to her taste, — sweeping the yard, and keeping the garden in order, with others more degrading and intolerable. But no syllable of remonstrance escaped her. She clung to her studies, and silently fought against fatigue, exposure, cold, and imperfect nourishment, with a spirit as truly heroic as that which had won for her ancestors their title to swords and crest three hundred years before.

All this continued for not less than two years, at any moment of which a single word to me would have freed her from the worst of her misery; for the child's sweet patience and ardent gratitude had endeared her to me, and, had I suspected the truth, I would have spared no effort to change the current of her afflicted life. But I never knew.

Her strict fidelity to the standard of duty by which she had been taught, and to deviate from which she believed would alienate her foreign friend and protector, as well as her own people, — this unswerving constancy darkened her innocent life, and filled my after years with many a sorrowful memory.

E. H. House.

UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF FRANKLIN TO STRAHAN.

THERE is no department of literature more fascinating to the general reader than biography. When a well-known character himself relates the story of his life, the interest is greatly increased. But when through his correspondence we obtain unpremeditated glimpses of his heart or the development of his career, we reach a mine that yields profit not only of interest, but sometimes of incalculable historic value. The exigencies of the rapid life of this century are rendering these sources of historic record more and more rare. Johnson said, "We travel no more; we only arrive at places." Thus we of the nineteenth century may say in turn, "We correspond no more; we only telegraph."

It is therefore a matter of growing importance to preserve the correspondence of the men of past ages, and to welcome heartily every newly discovered addition to a class of historic and intellectual wealth that erelong will reach the limit of accretion. Among great representative Americans, no one has left behind him so voluminous a correspondence as Benjamin Franklin. This is doubtless due in part to his methodical habits and thorough mastery of his powers, and in part, most likely, to the fact that during his long and busy career he followed with success a number of entirely distinct pursuits, each of which brought him into relations with a separate class of the world's workers. But voluminous as are the epistolary remains of Franklin, they are yet of such value and importance that his countrymen are ever ready to welcome additions to these inestimable biographical archives, whereby to increase our knowledge of one of the most extraordinary men America has produced. Naturally, the supply is drawing near its final limit; there was indeed reason to conclude that this limit had already been reached when a group of letters, in Franklin's own hand, recently came to light in England. These letters were long kept in the family of Mr. Strahan, and for some unexplained reason were finally placed in the hands of a London bookseller, for sale. They were shown immediately after that to an American gentleman, who purchased them and brought them to this country last summer. What adds to the value and interest of this "find" is the fact that these letters represent a very large portion of the correspondence of Franklin with his friend William Strahan. As both were printers and booksellers, these relics of Franklin give us very interesting glimpses at the condition of letters and the practice of the art of printing in the American Plantations at that period.

This friendship of over forty years, sprung from a mere casual business transaction, ripened into a sincere respect and a warm affection on both sides, and seems to have called into action the best qualities of Franklin's character. One cannot rise from a perusal of these documents without entertaining a higher regard for Benjamin Franklin as a man of feeling. He is generally considered

to have been one in whom excess of intellectual activity and Yankee shrewdness overbalanced the exercise of his emotional nature. That he was capable of warm and enduring friendship, however, becomes at once apparent in these genial letters, written by the American printer to his brother printer across the seas.

We all know what Franklin was. If we hear less of Strahan, it must yet be conceded that, although no such remarkable genius as Franklin, he was a man of mark and integrity, whose success as a bookseller and publisher won him a place in Parliament. Thus, Franklin could discuss both books and politics with him, and while still a humble printer and postmaster in a distant colony could anticipate the proud position he was destined to occupy among the foremost statesmen of the age. Strahan's disposition and social standing are further indicated by his intimacy with Dr. Johnson, whom he often befriended, acting as his banker, and drawing his pension for him. In 1771, he strongly urged the nomination of Johnson to the House of Commons.

The letters in question number seventy-three, including a very rare letter of Mrs. Franklin's and a few duplicates, which were sent by different ships to insure safety from the perils of the sea, of which the most hazardous were the French cruisers swarming on the high seas during that century. We present here a selection of those which bring out most fully Franklin's relations to the intellectual development of the colonies and the friendship of the correspondents, beginning with the first of the series, and closing with the last one. The correspondence began in a casual manner, by the following letter from Franklin to Strahan, which explains itself; Franklin being at the time resident in Philadelphia, in the triple capacity of printer, postmaster, and publisher of The Pennsylvania Gazette.

PHILAD^{A} *July* 10, 1743.

SIR, — Mr. Read has communicated to me part of a Letter from you, recommending a young Man whom you would be glad to see in better Business than that of a Journeyman Printer. I have already three Printing Houses in three different colonies, and purpose to set up a fourth if I can meet with a proper Person to manage it, having all Materials ready for that purpose. If the young Man will venture over hither, that I may see and be acquainted with him, we can treat about the Affair, and I make no doubt but he will think my Proposals reasonable; If we should not agree, I promise him however a Twelve months Good Work, and to defray his Passage back if he enclines to return to England. I am, Sir,

Your humb Servt. unknown

B FRANKLIN

In the letter following this, Franklin gives us a fine insight to his literary tastes, and suggests as well those of the colonies. The allusion to Ward doubtless refers to Edward Ward, a long-winded imitator of Hudibrastic verse, who kept a genteel public house in London, and found a wide sale for his cheap verses in the Plantations, a fact to which Pope alludes in the Dunciad, in the lines, —

> "Nor sail with Ward, to ape and monkey climes,
> Where vile mundungus trucks for viler rhymes."

SIR, — I received your Favour p Mr. Chew dated Sept. 10, and a Copy via Boston. I received also Mr. Middleton's Pieces. I am pleased to hear that my old Acquaintance Mr. Wygate is promoted, and hope the Discovery will be compleated. I would not have you be too nice in the Choice of Pamphlets you send me. Let me have everything, good or bad, that makes a Noise and has a Run: for I have Friends here of Different Tastes to oblige with the Sight

of them. If Mr. Warburton publishes a new Edition of Pope's works, please to send me as soon as 't is out, 6 Setts. That Poet has many Admirers here, and the Reflection he somewhere casts on the Plantations as if they had a Relish for such Writers as Ward only, is injurious. Your authors know but little of the Fame they have on this Side the Ocean. We are a kind of Posterity in respect to them. We read their Works with perfect Impartiality, being at too great a Distance to be byassed by the Fashions, Parties and Prejudices that prevail among you. We know nothing of their personal Failings; the Blemishes in their character never reach us, and therefore the bright and aimiable part strikes us with its full Force. They have never offended us or any of our Friends, and we have no Competitions with them, and therefore we praise and admire them without Restraint. Whatever Thomson writes, send me a Dozen Copies of. I had read no Poetry for several years, and almost lost the Relish of it, till I met with his Seasons. That charming Poet has brought more Tears of Pleasure into my Eyes than all I ever read before. I wish it were in my Power to return him any Part of the Joy he has given me — I purpose to send you by a Ship that is to sail shortly from this Port a Bill, and an Invoice of Books that I shall want for Sale in my Shop, which I doubt not you will procure as cheap as possible; otherwise I shall not be able to sell them, as here is one who is furnished by Oswald that sells excessively low; I cannot conceive upon what terms they deal. — The Pamphlets and Newspapers I shall be glad to receive by way of N York and Boston, when there is no Ship directly hither; If you direct them for B. F. Boston and Philad[a] they will come directly to hand from those Places. — Mr. Hall is perfectly well and gains ground daily in the Esteem of all that know him. — I hope Caslon will not delay casting the English Fount I wrote to you for, so long as he has some that have been sent me. I have no doubt but Mr. Hall will succeed well in what he undertakes. He is obliging, discreet, industrious but honest; and when these Qualities meet, things seldom go amiss. Nothing in my Power shall be wanting to serve him. — I cannot return your Compliments in kind; this Quaker plain Country producing none. All I can do is, to demonstrate, by a hearty Readiness in serving you when I have an Opportunity, or any Friend you recommend, that I do truly esteem and love you, being, Sir,

Your obliged humb Servt

B Franklin.

Philad. *Feb.* 12, 1744, 5.

P. S. Please continue the Political Cabinet.

In the next letter, bearing date of July 4, 1744, Franklin reminds us, by the allusion to Dobbs's Piece, of an affair which created much discussion in England at the time. In 1741, Captain Christopher Middleton, who is also mentioned in this letter, was sent in command of an expedition to discover a passage through Hudson's Bay. Naturally, he failed to find what did not exist. He sailed some distance up the Wager River, and finding it to be a river, reported that the Hudson's Bay was an inland sea, and nothing more. Arthur Dobbs, who had accompanied the expedition, came out with a virulent pamphlet, probably the one which Franklin mentions, and asserted that Middleton had been bribed by the Hudson's Bay Company to make the report he did. The controversy became so hot that a second expedition was sent out, under Captain William Moore, which confirmed the statements of Middleton. But the results of the second expedition had evidently not reached the colonies at the time of Franklin's letter.

The two letters following this one are of great value as indicating the char-

acter of the books then most in demand in the Plantations, and as showing the business relations of the two printers ripening into friendship.

PHILAD^A *July* 4, 1744.

SIR, — I received your Favour p Mr. Hall, who arrived here about two weeks since, and from the short Acquaintance I have had with him, I am persuaded he will answer perfectly the Character you had given of him. I make no doubt but his Voyage, tho' it has been expensive, will prove advantageous to him. I have already made him some Proposals, which he has under Consideration, and as we are like to agree on them, we shall not, I believe, differ on the Article of his Passage Money.

I am much obliged to you for your Care and Pains in procuring me the Founding-Tools; tho' I think, with you, that the Workmen have not been at all bashful in making their Bills. I shall pay a Proportion of the Insurance, &c. to Mr. Read, and send you a Bill of Exchange by the very next Opportunity.

I thank you for Mr. Dobbs's Piece. I wish that publick-spirited Gentlemen may live to enjoy the Satisfaction of hearing that English ships sail easily through his expected Passage. But tho' from the Idea this Piece gives me of Capt. Middleton, I dont much like him, yet I would do him the Justice to read what he has to say for himself, and therefore request you to send me what is published on his Side the Question. I have long wanted a Friend in London whose Judgement I could depend on, to send me from time to time such new Pamphlets as are worth Reading on any Subject (Religious Controversy excepted) for there is no depending on Titles and Advertisements. This Favour I take the Freedom to beg of you, and shall lodge Money in your Hands for that purpose.

We have seldom any News on our Side the Globe that can be entertaining to you on yours. All our Affairs are *petit*. They have a miniature Resemblance only of the Grand Things of Europe. Our Governments, Parliaments, Wars, Treaties, Expeditions, Factions, &c. tho' Matters of great and serious Consequence to us, can seem but Trifles to you — Four Days since our Naval Force received a terrible Blow. Fifty Sail of the Line destroyed would scarce be a greater loss to Britain than that to us. And yet 't was only a new 20 Gun Ship sunk, and about 100 Men drowned, just as she was going out to Sea on a privateering Voyage against the King's Enemies. She was overset by a Flaw of Wind, being built too sharp, and too high masted. — A Treaty is now holding at Newtown in Lancaster County, a Place 60 Miles west of this City, between the Governments of Virginia, Maryland, and Pennsylvania, on one Side, and the united Five Nations of Indians on the other. I will send you an Account of it when printed, as the Method of doing Business with those Barbarians may perhaps afford you an Amusement.

We have already in our Library Bolton's & Shaw's Abridgements of Boyle's Works. I shall, however, mention to the Directors the Edition of his Works at large; possibly they may think fit to send for it.

Please to remember me affectionately to my old . . . Friend Wigate, to whom I shall write p next opportunity. I am, Sir,

Your most obliged humb Servt.

B. FRANKLIN

PHILAD^A *April* 14, 1745.

SIR, — I wrote to you lately via New York, and sent a Copy via Maryland, one or other of which I hope may come to hand. I have only time now to desire you to send me the following Books, viz.

1 Doz Cole's Eng. Dictionaries

3 Doz. Mathers Young Man's Compan'n

2 Doz Fishers Ditto
2 Quarter Waggoners for America
6 Echard's Gazetteer
4 Doz Grammars with Const. Book
1 Doz Clark's Corderius
1 Doz London Vocabulary
1 Doz Bailey's English Exercises
6 Clark's Introduction
6 Esop's Fables, Latin
1 Doz Accidences
6 Brightland's English Grammar

I am, Sir,
Your most humb Servt
B FRANKLIN.

PHILAD^{A} *April* 14, 1745.

SIR, — The above is a Copy of mine p Capt. Martyn. I have only to desire you to add the following Books. 6 French Testaments, 12 Boyer's Grammars, 12 Cord. Colloqu. French, 3 Cambray's Fables, 3 Telamaque, 2 Travels of Cyrus, French, 2 Boyer's Dictionaries 8° — 1 new German & Eng. Dictionary & Grammar by Professor A. A. Lessing.

Yours &c. B FRANKLIN.

PHILAD^{A} *April* 26, 1746.

SIR, — I have had no Line from you since that dated June 1745, which with your equal Silence to our Friends Hall and Read, made me apprehend that Death had deprived me of the Pleasure I promised myself in our growing Friendship: But Lieut. Grung writing in Feb'y last that you and your Family were well, convinces me that some unlucky Accident has happened to your Letters.

I sent you in mine of Dec. 11 & Dec. 20 a List of some Books, &c. which I wanted, with a Bill for £15, 7, 1 Sterl. and as Mr. Collinson had his Letter which I then enclosed to you, there can be no need of copying what I sent you. I shall expect those Books in the next Vessel that arrives from London, & send you now enclosed another Bill for 15£ sterl.

I have not time to add but that I am, with sincere respect
Your obliged humb Servt
B. FRANKLIN.

Copy p Martyn
who sailed Ap. 26.

In our next three selections we gain a number of interesting glimpses at the life of the colonists and their relations to the mother country. The order for post horns suggests the methods employed by Postmaster Franklin for distributing letters and books.

PHILAD^{A} *Sept.* 25, 1746.

SIR, — Your Favours of Feb. 11 and May 1 are come to hand. Mesnard arrived safe this Morning, and I suppose I shall have the Trunks out in a day or two. Our other Ships Lisle and Houston not yet come, but daily expected. I am much obliged to you for your ready Compliance with my Requests. I sent you in the Spring a Bill on Messrs Hoare and Arnold for 15£ which I hope came to Hand, and will be as readily paid as that on George Rigge for £15, 7, 1. I now send you the following Bills, viz.

	sterling
John Denny's for	3, 5, 7
George Copper's for	2, 8, 0
J. Bordly's for	4, 3, 3
Ra Page's for	4, 15, 0
Sarah Gresham's for	4, 10, 0
Jno Bond's for	13, 07, 9
	£32 : 19 : 7

I wish the Sum had been all in one Bill, as the Trouble to you would be less; but Bills have been scarce lately, and we were glad to get any. I think however to send you no more such small ones.

I shall as you desire deliver one of Ainsworth's Dictionaries to Mr. Read. You will please to take the Charge of it from my Acc't in your Book, and add it to his.

Please to send me p next Vessel 6

Dozen of Dycke's Spelling Books, and as many of Owen's, with a Dozen of Post Horns of different Sizes. — I shall speedily send you another Bill.

My Wife joins with me in Thanks to you and good Mrs. Strahan and young Master, for your great Kindness to our Daughter. She shall make her Acknowledgements herself as soon as she is able.

I congratulate you on the Defeat of Jacobitism by your glorious Duke, and the Restoration of Peace and good Order within the Kingdom. We have just now an Account that a French Fleet of about 30 Sail were lately seen off Cape Sables; They are supposed to be from Brest. I hope they are followed by a superior Force from England, otherwise a great deal of Mischief may be done in North America.

I am sorry it so happen'd that Mr. Collinson had bespoke the Books. The next Catalogue sent to him will be accompanied with a Request that he should purchase them of you only.

Our Friends Messrs Hall and Read continue well. I am, Sir,

Your most obliged humb Sert

B Franklin.

In two copies of the above letter, sent by other ships, Franklin adds a postscript as follows: "Your Government sent no Fleet to protect us against the French under D'Anville. But they have been defeated by the Hand of God."

Philad^{a} *July* 29, 1747.

Sir, — Your Favours of March 18 & April 1 are come to Hand with all the Books, &c. mentioned in the invoice, in good Order, and am much obliged to you for your ready Compliance with all my Requests.

I believe I could have got Subscriptions for 20 Sets of the Universal History, and perhaps more, but unluckily a Ship from Ireland has, since the Receipt of your Letter, brought in 20 Setts compleat, and they are offer'd at a lower Rate than the English Edition can be afforded at, even if I paid but 4 s p vol. I do what I can to lessen the Credit of that piratical Edition, and talk much of the Improvements made in this; but that being to be had entire immediately, and this not until after many Months, weighs a good deal with Some; and others object, that 't is to be apprehended the London Booksellers will either curtail the folio Edition greatly to save Money, or put the Subscribers at last to the Expense of a greater Number of Volumes than 20; seeing the Volumes are much less than those of the Irish Edition, the 3 first of the one containing but little more than the first of the other. — If they think fit to venture a Parcel here Hall will do his best to dispose of them, and I will assist him what I can. They may send a Parcel also to Mr. Parker Printer of New York, a very honest punctual Man.

I am glad all the Bills I sent you have been paid or accepted. You may expect more in a short Time, and after the next Parcel of Books are paid for you will chiefly have to deal with Mr. Hall, into whose Hands I have agreed to put the Shop, &c.

With all our best Respects to you & yours, heartily wishing you Health and Happiness, I conclude

Your obliged humb Sert

B. Franklin

p Mesnard

Philad^{a} *Nov.* 28, 1747.

Sir, — I received your Favour of June 11 p Capt. Tiffin, with the Books, &c. all in good Order. Mr. Parks, who drew the Bill on Guidart & Sons, is surpris'd at their protesting it, they having, as he says, large Effects of his in their Hands. He will speedily renew that Bill. Enclosed I send you a Bill on X^{r} Kilby, Esq for £19, 7, 1½ sterling, which I hope will be readily paid. And you may soon expect other Bills

from me for larger Sums. — What Books will be wanted for the Shop hereafter, Mr. Hall will write for. I shall send for no more, unless for myself or a Friend. I much desire you to send p first Opportunity the Maps formerly wrote for, viz. Popple's large one of North America pasted on Rollers; Ditto bound in a Book; and 8 or 10 other Maps of equal Size if to be had; they are for the long Gallery & the Assembly Room in the Statehouse. If none so large are to be got, let prospects of Cities, Buildings, &c. be pasted around them, to make them as large. I want also Folard's Polybius, in French; it is 6 Vols. 4to printed at Paris, & costs about 3 guineas. My best Respects to good Mrs. Strahan; I know not but in another Year, I may have the Pleasure of seeing you both in London. — Please to deliver the enclosed to Mr. Asworth; I know not where to direct to him. — I am, Dear Sir,

Your most obliged humb Servt

B Franklin

The following letter, bearing date of October 19, is very interesting for the idea it gives of Franklin's extensive business transactions and the growing intimacy of his own family with that of Mr. Strahan. This letter is written in a fine clear hand, and presents a good example of Franklin's chirography.

Philad^{a} *Oct.* 19, 1748.

Dear Sir, — I receiv'd your Favour of April 25, with the maps, &c. I am glad the Polybius did not come, and hope you will not have sent it when this reaches your Hands; it was intended for my Son, who was then in the Army, and seemed bent on a military Life; but as Peace cuts off his Prospect of Advancem^{t} in that Way, he will apply himself to other Business. Enclos'd I send you his Certificate from the Governor of New York, by which he is entitled to £98, 16, 4 sterling, being his Pay; with a Letter of Attorney impowering you to receive it; I know not what the Deductions will be at the Pay Office; but desire you will give my acc't Credit for the net Proceeds. I am in daily Expectation of a Bill from Virginia of 50£ which I shall remit you towards the Ballance, & Mr. Hall will acct with you for those Things you have sent me, that are put in his Invoice. Our Accts agree, except that I have charged you £1, 9, 7 for the Ainsworth to James Read, the $\frac{6}{7}$ being the Proportion of Charges on that Book, and the Bill on Geo. Rigge my Acct calls £15, 7, 11, yours 15, 7, 1; which is but a small Variation; & I know not but yours may be right. I have lately sent a Printing-house to Antigua, by a very sober, honest & diligent young Man, who has already (as I am informed by divers Hands) gained the Friendship of the principal People, and is like to get into good Business. This will open another Market for your Books if you think fit to use it; for I am persuaded, that if you shall send him a Parcel with any quantity of Stationary he may write to you for, he will make you good and punctual Returns. His Name is Thomas Smith; he is the only Printer on that island; had work'd with me here, and at my printing House in N York, 3 or 4 years, and always behaved extreamly well.

Mr. Thos Osborne, Bookseller of London, is endeavouring to open a Correspondence in the Plantations for the sale of his Books. He has accordingly sent several Parcels, 1 to Mr. Parker of N York, 1 to Mr. Read here, & one to Mr. Parks in Virginia. I have seen the Invoices to Parker & Read, and observe the Books to be very high charg'd, so that I believe they will not sell. I recommended Parker to you for Books, but he tells me he has wrote you several letters, & in two of them sent a Guinea to purchase some small Things, but never receiv'd an Answer. Perhaps the Guinea made the Letters miscarry. He is a

very honest, punctual Man, & will be in the Way of selling a great many Books; I think you might find your Acct in writing to him. Mr. Read having left off Bookselling Osborne has wrote to me, & desired me to take those Books into my Hands, proposing a Correspondence, &c. but I have declined it in a Letter p this ship.

My Spouse will write to Mrs. Strahan, to whom my best Respects. By this time, twelve-month, if nothing extraordinary happens to prevent it, I hope to have the Pleasure of seeing you both in London; being with great Esteem and Affection, Dr Sir,

Your obliged Friend & Sert

B Franklin

P. S. You will find Mr. Geo. Smith, one of the Witnesses to the Power of Attorney at the Pennsylvania Coffee House. He goes over in this Ship —

We now come to a Letter which is eminently characteristic. Amid his multifarious duties, the indefatigable Franklin finds the time to write a letter almost entirely of friendship, interchanging his views of life with his friend in London whom he had never seen. It is evident that Strahan had been expressing opinions with regard to life in Scotland entirely opposite to those of Dr. Johnson.

Philad^{a} *June* 2, 1750.

Dear Sir, — The person from whom you had the Power of Attorney to receive a Legacy, was born in Holland, and at first called *Aletta* Crell; but not being christen'd when the Family came to live among the English in America, she was baptized by the Name of *Mary*. This change of Name probably might be unknown to the Testator, as it happened in Carolina, and so the Legacy might be left her by her first Name *Aletta*. She has wrote it on a Piece of Paper, which I enclose, and desires you would take the Trouble of acquainting the Gentleman with these Particulars, which she thinks may induce him to pay the Money.

I am glad to understand by the Papers that the Parliament has provided for paying off the Debts due on the Canada Expedition. I suppose my Son's Pay is now in your Hands. I am willing to allow 6 p ct. (the Rate of Interest here) for the Delay; or more, if the Disappointment has been a greater Loss to you — I hope the 50£ bill I lately sent you is come to Hand, & paid —

The Description you give of the Company and Manner of living in Scotland, would almost tempt me to remove thither. Your Sentiments of the general Foible of Mankind in the Pursuit of Wealth to no End, are expressed in a Manner that gave me great Pleasure in reading; They are extremely just; at least they are perfectly agreeable to mine. But London Citizens, they say, are ambitious of what they call *dying worth* a great Sum. The very Notion seems to me absurd; and just the same as if a Man should run in Debt for 1000 Superfluities, to the End that when he should be stript of all, and imprisoned by his Creditors, it might be said he *broke worth* a great Sum. I imagine that what we have above what we can use, is not properly *ours*, tho' we possess it, and that the rich Man who *must die* was no more *worth* what he leaves than the Debtor who *must pay*.

I am glad to hear so good a character of my Son in Law. Please to acquaint him that his Spouse grows finely, and will probably have an agreeable Person; that with the best natural Disposition in the World, she discovers daily the Seeds and Tokens of Industry, Oeconomy, & in short of every female Virtue, which her Parents will endeavour to cultivate for him; and if the Success answers their fond Wishes and Expectations, she will in the true Sense of the Word be *worth* a great deal of Money, and consequently a great Fortune.

I suppose my Wife writes to Mrs.

Strahan. Our Friend Mr. Hall is well, and manages perfectly to my Satisfaction. I cannot tell how to accept your Repeated Thanks for Services you think I have done to him, when I continually feel myself obliged to him, and to you for sending him. I sincerely wish all Happiness to you and yours, and am Dear Sir

Your most obliged humb Serv't

B FRANKLIN

In the next letter we have an allusion to the thrifty habits of Franklin's daughter, who subsequently married Mr. Bache. We shall hear more of her business transactions in another letter from her father.

PHILAD^{A} *Sept.* 22, 1751

DR SIR, — My Daughter receiv'd her Books all in good Order, and thanks you for your kind Care in sending them. Enclos'd is a second Bill for 20£ sterl^{g}, the first went p Mesnard.

There is a little Book on the Game of Chess, by Philip Stamona, printed for J. Brindley, 1745. If to be had, please to send it me; with the remaining Vols. of Viner as fast as they are published.

We are all well, and join in affectionate Regards to you, Mrs. Strahan and your Children. I am, Dr Sir,

Your obliged humb Servt

B FRANKLIN

The allusion to the New England Coffee House in the next letter, as well as one to the Pennsylvania Coffee House in a previous communication, indicates the clannishness of the colonists when in London.

PHILAD^{A} *March* 21, 1752.

DEAR SIR, — I wrote to you in the Winter via New York, for a few Books, and sent a 2^{d} Bill of 30£ Barbad^{s} Currency. The first is enclos'd. I hope it came to Hand Time enough for you to meet with the Gent'n and get the Money. He is Capt. of a Ship, and was to be found in the New England Coffee House, but probably may be gone before you receive this — They were mostly School Books, and I have mislaid the original List, so cannot send a Copy.

The Books for the Trenton Library arrived safe, and I believe gave Satisfaction.

I want yet vol. 17 of the Universal History in blue Covers, to compleat my Set.

My Wife & Children join in sincerest Wishes of Happiness to you & yours, with, Dear Sir,

Your obliged humb Sert

B FRANKLIN.

Mrs. Franklin's letter, introduced here, is interesting not only on account of the rarity of her letters, but as showing the character of a woman's education in the colonies. She not only spells incorrectly, but is also careless as regards the uniform use of capitals with substantives then prevalent. It is known that Martha Washington was also but an indifferent speller. The *f* in the word "daughter" suggests that there were some in that day who pronounced the first syllable as in the word draught.

MADAM, — I am ordered by my master to write for sum books for Salley Franklin I am in hopes shee will be abel to write herselfe by the Spring

8 Sets of the Preceptor best Edit

8 Doz of Craxalls Fables

3 Doz of Bp Kenns manual for winchester School

1 Doz of Familiar Forms Latin and Eng Edit Ainsworth's Dictionaries 4 Best

2 Doz^{n} of select Tales and Fabels with prudential Maxims.

2 Doz Costalios Test.

Cole's Dictionarys Lattin and Eng. 6 & haffe doz.

3 Doz of Clarkes Cordery. 1 Boyles Pliny 2 vols 8vo.

6 Sets of Nature Displayed in 7 volumes 12^{o}.

one good quorto Bibel with Custes (*sic*) bound net (*sic*) Calfe

1 Pueritia 1 Art of making common Salt, p Brownrigg

My Dafter gives her Duty to Mr. Strayhan and his Lady and her Compleyments to master Billey and all his Brothers and Sisters My Son is Gon to Boston on a visit to his friends I Supose Mr. Franklin will write himselfe. Mr. and Mrs. Hall are very well thay have lost their other Child shee lays in this winter My Compleyments to Mr. Strayhan and all your Dear littel famely I am Dear Madam

Your Humbel Sarvant

DEBORAH FRANKLIN.

December 24 1751

Enclos'd is a Bill on Mr. Richard Manley for 30£ Barbadoes Currency. On the Change you will easily learn its Sterling value. If Mr. Manley refuses to pay it, give his Letter to Mr. David Barclay,[1] who has a Power from Mrs. Middleton, & will compel him.

The next two letters give an entertaining suggestion of Franklin's canny shrewdness in so far as relates to Mr. Harris; from a letter written at a later date, we are led to infer that Strahan was "taken in" by this promising candidate for holy orders, notwithstanding Franklin's caution.

PHILAD^{A} *Augt.* 7, 1752

DEAR SIR — I wrote to you lately p Mesnard, and sent a bill for 50£ sterling, with a List of Books to be purchased for our Library; a Copy of which I shall send p another Ship that sails in a few Days.

This is chiefly to recommend to you Mr. Matthias Harris, a Gentleman of Maryland, and a Friend of mine. As he will be entirely a Stranger in London, your Acquaintance and Advice on any Occasion may be of Use to him, and any Civilities you show him shall be esteemed and acknowledged as Favours to Dr Sir,

Your obliged humb Servt

B FRANKLIN

[1] Merchant in London.

PHILAD^{A} *Augt.* 8, 1752

DEAR SIR — I wrote to you the 20th of June p Mr. Sterling (who I hope is by this Time safe arrived in England) and sent you a Bill of 50£ sterl^{g} with a List of Books to be procured for our Library. Enclos'd is a Copy, and the 2^{d} Bill.

I wrote at the same Time for a Pair of Globes of 6, or 8 Guineas Price; a concave Mirror of 12 Inches Diam^{e}. and a large Popple's Mapp; sent you 9 Guineas, and promis'd a Bill p next Ship, which I now accordingly send. It is 20£ sterl^{g} drawn by Mary Stevens on Alex^{r} Grant, Esq^{re}. When paid, please to credit my Acct with it.

I have only the 1st vol. of Bower's History of ye Popes. I hear a 2^{d} is publish'd; please to send it bound, dark sprinkled, filleted & letter'd.

I wrote you a few Days since, recommending to your Notice an old Acquaintance, who is bound Home from Maryland, to obtain holy Orders. His Name Matthias Harris. Any Civilities you show him, as he will be an entire Stranger in London, I shall gratefully acknowledge — only I ought to acquaint you, that he has always had a strong Panchant to the buying of Books, and that some late Misfortunes have rendered it more inconvenient to him to gratify that Taste than it has been heretofore.

My Wife, Son and Daughter, desire to be respectfully remember'd to you, Mrs. Strahan & Master Billy. I am, Dear Sir,

Your obliged humb Servt

B FRANKLIN.

No apology is required for reproducing the letter of October 21, 1753, for its technical details, if somewhat dry, are

of importance to those who would obtain precise information regarding the art of printing in the colonies in a century when such men as Bradford, Thomas, and Franklin made it an agent of freedom and power in America.

PHILAD^{A} *Oct.* 27, 1753.

DEAR SIR, — I have your Favour of June 27, and am quite surprised at the Conduct of Mr. Harris. He is returned to Maryland, as I hear, a Parson!

I have now received Bower's 2^{d} vol. and shall send to the Trenton Library to enquire after Crito and Delaresse —

The Sum was 25£ to which I limited the Books, &c. to be sent my Nephew Benj^{n}. Mecom. But if you have sent to the Amount of 30£ 't is not amiss.

I am now about to establish a small Printing Office in Favour of another Nephew, at Newhaven in the Colony of Connecticut in New England; a considerable Town in which there is a University, and a Prospect that a Bookseller's Shop with a Printing House may do pretty well. I would therefore request you to bespeak for me of Mr. Caslon, viz

300 lb Long primer, with Figures and Signs sufficient for an Almanack.
300 lb Pica
300 lb English
100 lb Great Primer
60 lb Double Pica
50 lb Two line English
40 lb Two line Great Primer
30 lb Two line Capitals, & Flowers of different Founts
20 lb Quotations.

As Mr. Caslon has different Long-primers, Picas, &c., I beg the Favour of your Judgement to chuse & order the best.

To which add,
A compleat good new Press
2 pair Blankets
2 pair Ballstocks
Some Riglets, Gutter Sticks, Side Sticks, Quoins, &c.
3 pair Chases of different Sizes, the biggest Demi.
2 folio Galleys, each with 4 Slices —
4 Quarto Galleys —
A few Facs, Head and Tail Pieces, 3 or 4 of each —
2 Doz brass Rule.
2 good Composing Sticks —
2 Cags of Ink, one weak, the other strong —

With such another small Cargo of Books and Stationary as I desired you to send to Antigua, for a Beginning.

Mesnard sails in a Week or two, by whom I shall send you Bills for 100£ sterl^{g}. But desire you would immediately on receipt of this bespeak the Letter, &c. that we may not be disappointed of having them p first ship to Newhaven or New York in the Spring. If sent to Newhaven, direct them to the care of Mr. Thomas Darling, Merch^{t} there. If no Vessel for Newhaven, then to New York, to the Care of Mr. Parker, Printer.

Insure the whole.

The Furniture may be packed in the large Case that contains the Press.

If you can persuade your Pressmaker to go out of his old Road a little, I would have the Ribs made not with the Face rounding outwards, as usual, but a little hollow, or rounding inwards from end to end; and the Cramps made of hard cast Brass, fix'd not across the Ribs, but long ways so as to slide in the hollow Face of the Ribs. The Reason is, that Brass and Iron work better together than Iron & Iron; such a Press never gravels; the hollow Face of the Ribs keeps the Oil better, and the Cramps bearing on a larger Surface do not wear as in the common Method. Of this I have had many Years Experience.

I need not desire you to agree with the Workmen on the most reasonable Terms you can; and as this Affair will give you Trouble, pray charge Commiss's. I shall not think myself a Whit the less oblig'd.

My Compliments to Mrs. Strahan, Mast Billy, &c., in which my Wife & Children join with

Dr Sir,

Your most humb Ser^{t}.

B. FRANKLIN.

Of our two next selections the first is interesting, for its curious list of books, as well as for its clear, beautiful chirography, and the second for the feeling allusion to Franklin's domestic cares and duties.

PHILAD^{A} *April* 28, 1754.

DEAR SIR, — The above is Copy of mine p Reeve Two Ships are since arrived in New York, but I hear nothing yet of the things expected, tho' possibly they may be come. I enclose Mr. Stevens's second Bill for £20 Sterling.

Please to send the following Books, viz.

2 Familiar Letters p Charles Halifax — 12mo — Baldwin.

2 Nelson on the Government of Children — 8vo — Dodsley.

3 Treatise on Cyder making — Cave

Supplement to Chamber's Dictionary 2 Vols. folio.

Letter from a Russian Officer, with some Observations by Arthur Dobbs Esq^{re} — Linde.

The Nut Cracker, by F. Foote Esq^{re} — Cooper.

The Book of Conversation and Behaviour — Griffiths.

Seeds Sermons.

Mother Midnight's Works compleat 3 Vol. — Carnan.

Matho — 2 Vol. 8vo. —

I am Dear Sir very affectionately,

Your most humble Servant.

P. S. I am not certain whether I before wrote to you for the following, viz.

2 Green's Maps of America

Philosophical Principles of Nat. & Rev^{d} Religion p Ramsay

Astronomical Rotula, a Print, p Ferguson.

2 Fry & Jesserford's Maps of Virginia, Maryland, etc.

PHILAD^{A} *Augt.* 8, 1754.

D^{R} SIR, — The above is a Copy of my last. Not receiving the Printing House as expected last Spring, has been a considerable Disappointment; but I am more concern'd to hear that you and yours have had so much Sickness. I hope before this time you are all perfectly recover'd. I inclose a Bill for 20£ Sterling, drawn by Mrs. Mary Steevens on Alex Grant Esq^{e}; which when paid you will pass to my C^{rt}.

With sincere Respect and Affection,

I am, Dr. Sir

Your most huml Ser^{t}

B. FRANKLIN.

PHILAD^{A} *Oct.* 7, 1755.

DEAR SIR, — Mr. Hall has wrote to you for a Fount of English and a Fount with a Long primer Face on a smaller Body of the Gazette, on my Acct. Inclosed is a Bill for £109, 8, 4 Sterling, drawn on the Rev^{d} Mr. Sam^{l}. Chandler, which I doubt not will be readily paid. I know not well how my Account stands with you, & should be glad to see it: But suppose this Bill will leave a Ballance in your Hands, after paying for those Founts; so have taken the Freedom to draw a small Bill on you, payable to Nath^{l} Voogdt and C^{o} Merch^{ts} London for £2, 17, 6 sterl^{g} which they are to remit to Germany on a particular Occasion.

My Compliments to Mrs. Strahan, and to your promising Son, perhaps one day mine. God send our Children, however, good & suitable Matches; for I begin to feel a Parent's Cares in that Respect, and fondly wish to see them well settled before I leave them.

Adieu, my dear Friend, and believe me to be

Yours most affectionately,

B. FRANKLIN.

P. S. The enclosed Pamphlet is lately printed in Boston. You will find a Number of interesting Facts in it. At the end a little Piece of mine.

The next letter, aside from its reference to B. Mecom, the son of Franklin's sister, whom he had established in the West Indies as a bookseller, is of special interest for its account of the introduction of the Gentleman's Magazine among the cultivated families of the colonies. This now venerable magazine, which was changed last year from an antiquarian periodical to a disseminator of light literature, was founded by Edward Cave in 1731, and was subsequently edited by David Henry and John Nichols. It is a point worth noting why this magazine should have been already taken by the gentlemen of Virginia, as Franklin shows, before it had found subscribers in the Northern States. In these letters we find allusions to public libraries already existing at Trenton and Philadelphia, while even at the present day public libraries are excessively scarce at the South; and yet the Gentleman's Magazine, a periodical appealing especially to the educated, was read there before it appeared in Boston or Philadelphia. The brief, quaint letter immediately following this bears date only of Saturday, June 14; but the handwriting, as well as the evidence that Franklin was in England at the time, points to its having been written in 1762. After many hopes and disappointments, Franklin at last revisited England during that year, and the two friends, after nearly twenty years of correspondence, saw each other face to face. The increased intimacy and friendship which resulted was shown by Franklin in addressing Strahan as "Dear Straney," on arriving home again.

The last letter written by Franklin to Strahan during this visit to England, while he was waiting at Portsmouth for a fair wind, is given next, and shows what a strong grip old England had gained on the affections of one who, not many years later, was among the foremost to wrest the colonies from their allegiance.

PHILAD^{A} *Nov.* 27, 1755.

DEAR SIR, — I have yours of Oct. 3, Bolitha being just arrived, the Things not yet come on Shore.

By the Acct sent, I find I was then £59, 4, ½ in your Debt. I hope you have since received the Bills I sent you p Jay and Budden for £109, 8, 4 sterl^{g}, which will leave a Balance in my Favour.

I do not at all approve of B. Mecom's being so much in your Debt, and shall write to him about it. The People of those Islands expect a great deal of Credit, and when the Books are out of his Hands, if he should die, half would not be collected; this I have learnt by Experience in the Case of poor Smith whom I first settled there. I am glad therefore that you declin'd sending him the other Things he wrote for. Pray write to him for the Pay & make him keep Touch; that will oblige him to dun quick & get in his Debts; otherwise he may hurt himself, and you in the End. Remember I give you this Caution, and that you venture on your own Risque. —

I shall be glad to be of any Service to you in the Affair you mention relating to the Gent^{s} Magazine; and our Daughter, (who already trades a little to London) is willing to undertake the distributing them p Post from this Place, hoping it may produce some Profit to herself. I will immediately cause Advertisements to be printed in the Papers here, at New York, New Haven and Boston, recommending that Magazine, and proposing to supply all who will subscribe for them at 13^{s} this Currency a Year; the Subscribers paying down the Money for one Year beforehand; for otherwise there will be a considerable Loss by bad Debts. As soon as I find what this Subscription will produce, I shall know what Number to send for. Most of those for New England must be sent to Boston. Those for New York, Connecticut, Pensilva-

nia [*sic*] & Maryland, must be sent in to New York or Philadelphia as Opportunities offer to one Place or the other. As to Virginia, I believe it will scarce be worth while to propose it there, the Gentlemen being generally furnisht with them by their Correspondents in London. Those who incline to continue, must pay for the second Year three Months before the first expires, and so on from time to time. The Post Masters in those places to take in the subscription money, & distribute the Magazines, &c. These are my first Thoughts. I shall write farther. That Magazine has always been in my opinion by far the best. I think[1] . . . never wants Matter both entertaining & instructive, or I might now & then furnish you with some little Pieces from this Part of the World.

My Wife & Daughter join in sincerest good Wishes of Prosperity to you and all yours, with Dr. Sir,
Your most obedient humble Servant
B Franklin

My respects to Mr. Newberry, of whom you give so aimiable a Character.

Mr. Franklin's Compliments to Mr. Strahan, and out of pure Kindness to him offers him an Opportunity of exercising his Benevolence as a Man and his Charity as a Christian. — One Spencer, formerly a Merchant of Figure and Credit in North America, being by various Misfortunes reduced to Poverty, is here in great Distress, and would be made happy by any Employment that would only enable him *to Eat*, which he looks as if he had not done for some Time. — He is well acquainted with Accompts, and writes a very fair Hand, as Mr. S. may see by the enclosed Letter. His Expectations that brought him over, which are touched on in that Letter, are at an End. He is a very honest Man, but too much dispirited to put himself forward. — Cannot some *Smouting*, (*sic*) in the writing way, be got for him? or some little *Clerkship?* which he would execute very faithfully. — He is at Mr. Cooper's, at the Hat & Feather, Snow Hill. Mr. F. has done what he could to serve him (to little purpose indeed) and now leaves him as a Legacy to good Mr. Strahan.

Saturday, *June* 14.

[1] Word torn out here.

Portsmouth, Monday, *Aug^t.* 23, 1762.

Dear Sir, — I have been two Nights on Board expecting to sail, but the Wind continuing contrary, am just come on Shore again, and have met with your kind Letter of the 20th. I thank you even for the Reproofs it contains, tho' I have not altogether deserved them. I cannot, I assure you, quit even this disagreeable Place without regret, as it carries me still farther from those I love, and from the Opportunities of hearing of their Welfare. The Attraction of *Reason* is at present for the other Side of the Water, but that of Inclination will be for this Side. You know which usually prevails. I shall probably make but this one Vibration and settle here forever. Nothing will prevent it, if I can, as I hope I can, prevail with Mrs. F. to accompany me; especially if we have a Peace. I will not tell you, that to be near and with you and yours, is any Part of my Inducement: it would look like a Compliment extorted from me by your Pretences to Insignificancy. Nor will I own that your Persuasions and Arguments have wrought this change in my former Resolutions: tho' it is true that they have frequently intruded themselves into my Consideration whether I would or not. I trust, however, that we shall once more see each other and be happy again together, which God, &c.

My love to Mrs. Strahan, and your aimiable & valuable Children. Heaven bless you all, whatever becomes of

Your much obliged & affectionate Friend B Franklin

The friendship between the two correspondents continued uninterruptedly until the culmination of colonial affairs which brought about the opening of hostilities. Above all things a patriot, in a crisis of such a tremendous character, Franklin, under the overpowering excitement of the occasion, dashed off his famous letter to Strahan, showing how unreservedly he cast all his hopes and energies into the fortunes of the revolted colonies.[1]

It is a remarkable proof of the deep and genuine sentiment which drew these friends together that, notwithstanding that such a letter passed between them, it produced no permanent rupture or lessening of their regard, for their relations were renewed even before the close of hostilities, when Franklin revisited Europe in a diplomatic capacity; and some of the most interesting, nay touching, expressions used by Franklin were addressed to Strahan in the closing years of life, while Franklin was residing in France, engaged in duties that prevented the venerable statesman from accepting the urgent and repeated invitations of Strahan to visit him once more. Four of these letters are included in this collection, possibly all that Franklin was then able to write to his friend. The handwriting of these final letters shows plainly the gathering shadows of night dimming the mind which had stolen the electric fires from heaven, and harnessed them for the service of man.

PASSY, *Jan.* 24, 1780.

SIR — I received yours of Dec. 31. By this Time you are probably satisfied that the Subject of it was a Mistake, & therefore requires no Answer. I congratulate you on the Marriage of your Daughter, which I lately heard of. My ancient Regard for her is undiminished, and my best wishes attend her. Please to present to Mrs. Strahan the Respects of

Your long affectionate humble Servant B FRANKLIN

W. STRAHAN ESQ^R^

The next letter is exceedingly valuable as showing that the two friends, now on the borders of the grave, had not yet lost their taste for books or their interest in the trade which gave origin to their friendship. The facts stated regarding the condition of the art of printing on the Continent at the time immediately preceding the French Revolution, and the opinion of such an expert as Franklin, are of historic importance.

PASSY, *Dec.* 4, 1781.

DEAR SIR — Not remembering precisely the Address of M^rs^ Strange, I beg Leave to request you would forward the enclosed to her, which I received under my Cover from America.

I formerly sent you from Philadelphia Part of an Edition of Tully on Old Age, to be sold in London; and you put the Book, if I remember right, into the Hands of Mr. Becket for that Purpose. Probably he may have some of them still in his Warehouse, as I never had any Account of their being sold. I shall be much oblig'd by your procuring and sending me one of them.

A strong Emulation exists at present between Paris and Madrid, with regard to beautiful Printing. Here a M. *Didot l'ainé* has a Passion for the Art, and besides having procured the best types, he has much improved the Press. The utmost Care is taken of his Presswork;

[1] As that famous letter gains additional force by comparison with the friendly correspondence we have been considering, we give a copy of it here: —

July 5, 1775.

MR. STRAHAN, — You are a member of Parliament, and one of that majority which has doomed my country to destruction. You have begun to burn our towns, and murder our people. Look on your hands, they are stained with the blood of your relations! You and I were long friends; you are now my enemy and I am yours.

his Ink is black, and his Paper fine and white. He has executed several charming Editions. But the Salust and the Don Quixote of Madrid are thought to excel them. Didot however improves every Day, and, by his Zeal & indefatigable Application bids fair to carry the Art to a high Pitch of Perfection. I will send you a Sample of his Work, when I have an Opportunity.

I am glad to hear that you have married your Daughter happily, and that your Prosperity continues. I hope it may never meet with any Interruption, having still, tho' at present divided by public Circumstances, a Remembrance of our ancient private Friendship.

Please to present my affectionate Respects to Mrs. Strahan, and my Love to your Children.

With great Esteem and Regard, I am, Dear Sir,

Your most obedient and most humble Servant B Franklin

The next letter bears no date, but evidently refers to the daughter of Mr. Strahan, to whose marriage Franklin alludes in the letter of January 24, 1780. It probably precedes the final letter, the last one of this collection and possibly the last written by Franklin to Strahan, fitly coming at the close of one of the most remarkable examples of friendship of modern times. We think that it needed these letters to give the world a complete understanding of the complex character of Benjamin Franklin.

Oh! my dear Friend! — I never was more surpris'd than on reading your Note. I grieve for you, for Mrs. Strahan, for Mr. Johnston, for the little ones, and your whole Family. — The Loss is indeed a great one! She was everything that one could wish, in every Relation. — I do not offer you the common Topics of Consolation. I know by Experience how little they avail; that the natural Affections must have their Course; and that the best Remedy of Grief is Time. — Mrs. Stevenson joins her Tears with mine. — God comfort you all.

Yours most affectionately

B Franklin

Wednesday morn^{g}.

Passy, *July* 29, 1783.

My dear old Friend, — Whom I shall probably never have the Pleasure of seeing again; You some Time since recommended Miss Beckwith to me; I in consequence recommended her to my Children in Philadelphia; the enclos'd will give you some Information of her present Situation. I hope you and yours continue well, as does

Your affectionate Friend & humble Servant B Franklin

Wm. Strahan Esq^{r}

S. G. W. Benjamin.

JUDSON'S REMORSE.

The Professor strolled along, meditating on a translation of Antigone. He was but dimly conscious how pleasant the soft, damp air felt against his cheek. The gray sky stooped to blend with a pallid mist that rested on the earth. This fog did not hide the wooded summit of a hill which rose steeply from the western side of the road, but it caused the distant height to suggest some mysterious purport in its outlines and masses. Eastward, the country slipped easily to a lower level, where cool, sweet meadows skirted a placid little river. The road was bounded by stone walls, and lined, like all good New

England country roads, with wild rose and brier bushes and brambles, growing now under the open sky, and now under little thickets of small trees.

In one of the rocky pastures a quail began to call. The Professor answered the bird's cry. The quail responded confidently. An exchange of salutations went on for some time, and the Professor felt as if he had been received into the fellowship of the gods, till, turning a little, he descried the figure of a man half-way up the western slope. It stood upon a hillock, and held forward one hand. The shape loomed like an apparition through the moist atmosphere. Slowly it defined itself to the Professor as that of an old man holding a little box in the outstretched hand.

"So — ho! So — ho! Come here, my little beauty. Jenny! oh, my little Jenny!" The voice came down the hillside. "Jenny!" it cried again, and two horses appeared from some hidden nook, and trotted towards him. He received one of them with caressing gestures, laying her head against his own cheek. Then he coaxed her towards the bars, proffering her the little box. The other beast followed, with a dubious air. The Professor also started for the bars, to meet the old man, whom he now recognized as a farmer with whom he had some acquaintance, a rosy, round-cheeked man, with gray hair and twinkling blue eyes. Arrived at the entrance to the road, the farmer let Jenny pass the barrier, but shut in the other horse, whom he sought to console with what oats remained in the box. When he finally moved down the road, the Professor accosted him, and pointed back to the deserted animal, who had retreated to a little eminence, where he stood gazing forward, with grave melancholy in his appearance.

"Good-evening, Mr. Whitmarsh," said the Professor. "That horse yonder looks lonesome."

"Yes," answered the farmer. "He allus acts as ef he had real feelin's about Jenny. Once when she was sick I found her layin' down in the sun, and that feller standin' so 's to shade her. I 'm keepin' 'em for some city folks. Good-evenin,' William," he added, as a tall, gaunt man appeared, climbing over the wall on the lower side of the road. This man carried a small Bible under his arm, spoke his answering greeting, and passed on. "That 's William Hapgood, the Adventist preacher," explained the farmer. "I remember the Second Advent folks forty year ago. Things did n't turn out as we looked to have 'em then. Mebbe William 's mistook the meanin' of the texts now. But I don't know. Mis' Whitmarsh seems to think she knows, but I ain't sure. She hates Second Adventists like p'ison. Women are queer, anyhow, in their ways of thinkin' an' hatin'. Be you merried?"

"No," said the young man.

Mr. Whitmarsh's eyes twinkled.

"Wal," said he, "mebbe it 's lucky for you that you ain't got no wife, an' mebbe it 's lucky for *her*. William Hapgood's wife, now. He used to drink an' swear some till he got religion this last time. She used to say it made her feel sick to hear him swear, but now she says it makes her sicker to hear him pray. Mis' Whitmarsh is a Baptist, — reg'lar kind. I guess she 'd like it if she could be dipped more 'n once, she 's got sech faith in it. But her immersin' was all done up fifty year ago, jest afore we was merried. There 's suthin' almighty queer about gettin' merried. Fellers an' gals live along together in the same town, an' don't think nothin' of each other, till all of a sudden suthin' seems to strike 'em, an' the feller must dress up Sunday nights an' go 'n' see some pertic'ler gal, an' she 's pleased, an' the minister 's called for after a time, an' then there they are, bound to set still an' bear it all the rest of their nateral lives."

"You consider marriage a state of endurance, then?" said the Professor.

"Wal, yes, pretty much so. I've took some comfort along of Mis' Whitmarsh these forty-nine years. But she was allus a driver, an' a woman with a head, an' sometimes it was wearin' to a man constitooted like me." He smiled a little ruefully. "I s'pose I worrited her, too. Oh, yes. But she 's eight year older 'n me, an' I went to school to her, an' she never got over thinkin' I was a child, to be ordered round. An' sometimes I wa'n't of her way of thinkin'. I think, if I was free to marry again, I 'd look round for a younger woman."

His imagination did not seem to compass such a possibility as his having married a younger woman or any other woman in the beginning, and there was a sort of innocence about the old fellow which prevented his silly, half-humorous speeches from seeming offensive. The Professor could not repress a chuckle. The farmer looked at him with wide, vague eyes.

"I really believe I should," he said, as if he thought his sincerity was in question; so the other drew his face down soberly, and they walked on till they came in front of a small weather-beaten house, which stood close to the road. An untidy yard stretched away at the left to some dilapidated barns. Several old wagon-wheels slanted up against the fences, and hens roosted in a buggy-top, which, deprived of its natural circular supports, sat forlornly on the ground. The hill here retreated from the road, and on the other side of the house made room for a rich green field, marshy with the springs which leaked down the slope. The sunset rays were now breaking through the clouds, and the wet grass fairly shone.

A woman came to the doorway, holding a milk-pail.

"Hello, Emmeline," called the farmer.

"This pail leaks," she answered, turning it up to the light. "You 'll have to use the four-quart one."

"All right," returned her husband.

The Professor advanced, and lifted his hat. "May I rest here a little while, Mrs. Whitmarsh?" he asked, seating himself on the broad stone at the doorway.

The old woman smiled consent. She was thin, bent, and worn, with scanty white hair laid smoothly under her cap. There was a red spot on each wasted cheek. She looked nervous and worried, but she took the mare from her husband's guidance and led her gently to the barn. Mr. Whitmarsh disappeared round the back way, and soon afterwards crossed the yard with a small battered tin pail. A swallow flew before him into the yawning portal of the unpainted shed. Then Mrs. Whitmarsh came to the Professor, bringing buttermilk and gingerbread. He put the dishes down on the stone beside him, and as he ate and drank she sat above him in the doorway.

"Judson says he met the Advent preacher," she began. "I wish that man would move off from here."

"Don't you like him?" asked the young man.

"No; somehow it makes folks kind of crazy to take up with his ideas. Seems as if most people was made with heads that only fit one kind of doctrines. Put any others in 'em, an' they split an' the wits scatter. Judson always had a leaning towards queer views, an' they ain't good for him."

"I should think you could keep him in the right way," observed the Professor tentatively.

"I 've tried to," she answered simply, gazing before her through her spectacles. "I don't feel as I 've always succeeded. I never could make him clear up the yard decent." Her glance rested on the buggy-top. Then she sighed. "Still, I hain't no call to complain," she went on. "We 've got on better 'n I

supposed we would, when we were married. I did n't expect much then but that we 'd end up in the poorhouse."

"You expected that when you married him?"

"Well, not exactly expected it, but thought it was likely. I knew his ways, you see."

"Why did you marry him, then?" asked the Professor, surprised out of his discretion.

The old woman's features relaxed into a shrewd smile. "Some on his ways was mighty pleasant ones," she said naively. "So I told him that I 'd take the heft of things, if we was married; that I 'd go ahead, and only expect him to rake after."

"Well, I hope some of his ways have stayed pleasant," said the Professor.

"Yes," she answered, with a look half amused, half tender, on her wrinkled face, "I 'm bound to admit they have. But there 's a sort of pleasantness that gets mighty aggravatin' in the course of forty-nine years."

A pause ensued, during which the young man's curiosity urged him to tempt her on to further revelations, but some other impulse constrained him to a silence which aided her to guard the secrets of the vicissitudes of her wifehood. So at last he sought to explore ground that seemed to him less sacred.

"Was Mr. Whitmarsh a Second Adventist in the old times?" he asked.

She roused herself from her reverie with a snorting ejaculation.

"Pretty much so," she cried. "And his sister Pireny was one out an' out. Had a white dress made to ascend in! It looked like a nightgown. I believe it was one, kinder fixed up. She kept it on the sofy in her parlor two weeks, all ready for the last day. I asked her once who she expected would be carried up to heaven safe an' sound, when everybody an' everything else went to everlastin' smash. Says she, 'I expect to be borne up, an' I expect my children will be, an' I expect our cow will be, and *mebbe* Clement will be,' — Clement was her husband."

"No, really!" cried the Professor.

"Yes, really. You see Clement Newton did n't take to them notions at first, but he slumped in later; an' one day he come to Judson, an' says he, 'I can't tinker that harness for you to-morrow,' — he mended harnesses an' did such jobs, — 'because I must go to Peperill so 's to come back Thursday. To-morrow 's Wednesday, and Christ leaves his Mediatorial Throne Friday. I must go an' get back before then,' says he, 'as nothin' can't be done in the way of savin' souls after that.'"

"Did you ever go to their meetings?" asked the Professor.

"Oh, yes, an' I never shall forget one meetin'. The preacher was a man named Hiram Oldfield, an' this William Hapgood sat right in front, glowerin' with all his eyes at him. William hain't never got that look out of his eyes since, though he 's fell from grace an' had to get religion over again. Hiram Oldfield just tramped up an' down the platform. 'What is it Christ wants of you?' he shouted. 'It 's all you 've got. Christ 's got a wardrobe full of weddin' garments. An' there 's only one price to 'em. It 's all you 've got. It don't make no difference whether it 's a farm, or a thousand dollars, or a cow, or a silk gown, or a string o' gold beads. That 's the price, all you 've got. An' you can't enter the new kingdom without havin' one of these weddin' garments. Soon the last prayer that 'll do any good will have gone up from the lips of repentant sinners, the last car will have started for heaven, the last Bible will have left the earth. Christ will descend from his Mediatorial Throne, an' there 'll be silence in heaven for about half an hour; an' the silence on earth will be full of hope for them as have paid the price of the weddin' garments, an' full of groanin' an' misery for them as have

kept back things, an' set store by what is perishable. Oh, how 'll you stand then, neighbors? Sisters, how 'll you feel then? Give, give! cries Christ.' So he went on, an' Pireny, she got up, most knockin' Clement over as she pushed by him, an' she tore her gran'-mother's gold beads right off her neck, an' marched forrard an' gave 'em to the minister, an' he said there wa'n't no doubt about her bein' saved. An' a woman behind me fetched a screech because she 'd left her beads to home, thinkin' she would n't give 'em anyhow, an' now she was scared for fear she 'd lost her soul. She stood up screamin' an' tremblin', an' promised she 'd bring 'em next night."

The old woman told her story with a dramatic force which surprised the Professor. He wanted more of this diversion, and when she stopped he inquired how far her husband sympathized with his sister at that time. A look of real pain came into the withered face.

"He got pretty far gone," she said. "The Adventist folks set up a sort of common fund, you know. That 's why they wanted the gold beads. Judson gave all my silver spoons. I got 'em when we was married, with money I 'd earned. There was six of 'em, — beautiful ones, — an' I had 'em marked J. E., for him an' me." She snorted again. "I never felt so bad about anything in my life. An' I 've had to set my teeth against pewter an' tin spoons ever since."

The Professor respected her sorrow by a moment's hesitation before he spoke again.

"And when the day came that was fixed for the destruction of the world, how did the believers feel?"

She brought her fist down emphatically on her knee. "Like fools, I guess," she said laconically. Then she added, "Pireny put on her ascension robe, an' wrapped a sheet round Clement, for she had n't made him no robe; an' they sot together all night on the roof of the woodshed waitin' for the summons. The roof was kinder flat, an' they took chairs up there, an' made themselves sorter half-way comfortable. But Pireny wa'n't quite satisfied. She wanted to get on the housetop; but there wa'n't no place to set there, an' Clement spunked up an' vowed he would n't perch on the ridgepole to wait for nothin.'"

While the young man laughed, Mr. Whitmarsh came up, calling for another pail that he might finish milking. His wife spoke rather sharply.

"Empty that in the pans," she said, "an' use it over again. Mebbe that 'll help you to remember to get the other mended to-morrow."

"All right," retorted the farmer cheerily. "I wisht I had a better memory."

Whereat the woman got up and went into the house. When she had disappeared, the old man glanced after her, came a little nearer to the Professor, set the milk-pail down on the grass, put up both his horny hands around his mouth, like a schoolboy, and, with his blue eyes twinkling, whispered, —

"If I had a better memory, you see, I could allus keep it in mind what a harnsome girl Mis' Whitmarsh used to be."

Then he picked up the pail, and went chuckling away, just as his wife came back.

"Won't you come in?" she said to the Professor. "I 'd like to show you the powder-horn that Judson's grandfather carried in the Revolution."

It ended in the Professor's staying to a homely tea, drunk out of burnt and chipped cups. The birds darted about past the window next which he sat. The old man laughed beside him, and, in spite of the jests and the complaints which had suggested some dissonance, the young man perceived that the husband and wife indulged in a certain tolerant affectionateness toward each

other. A very slender moon shone above the hill when the visitor departed, and he rejoiced because he caught the first glimpse of it over his right shoulder. "You 'll have good luck, sure," said the farmer; and the guest's thoughts leaped suddenly towards the hope which inspired his youth.

The Professor boarded with the village doctor, and so it happened that he heard early the next morning that Mrs. Whitmarsh had been taken ill in the night, and was then lying at the point of death. Obeying an impulse he hardly felt warranted, he hurried to the farmhouse. The sunshine lay richly decorative on the fields. The air moved with a little breeze, like the motion of a happy pulse. It was one of those vivid days, when the soul feels akin to the earth, and death seems like an impossible legend. But the Professor was learned in strange lore, and believed that in every legend, howsoever startling it be, lurks a kernel of truth.

When he reached the house, he found that he had done right to come. Judson sat on the doorstep, his hands looking helpless and misshapen as they rested on his knees. His blue eyes were dull, his cheeks fallen, and his lips dropped apart. He turned a vague, beseeching glance on the young man.

"There 's lots of folks in there," he said, slowly lifting one hand, and pointing within. "Wimmen sittin' round and whisperin'. It 's sorter skeery to see their faces an' to hear 'em. I 'm kinder glad to see you."

The Professor sat down by him, and touched his knee with a filial gesture of sympathy.

"If our Gilead had lived, he 'd a been about your age now. He come late, the only boy we had. An' the gal was allus sick. He was killed at Bull Run. Lord, what a day that was! We thought the country was ruined, an' we knowed Gilead was dead. He 's buried somewheres down there amongst them stranger folks, — them thet killed him, — an' him nothin' but a boy. It 's lonesome to think on." He paused, and his lips trembled. "This mornin'," he added after a moment, "I 've thought Emmeline was mebbe goin' to die, too. I wonder if she 'll tell Gilead how I 've disapp'inted her expectations. Look at them wagon-wheels, now. I guess if she's asked me once to put 'em away, she 's asked me fifty times."

A lean-faced woman came from within, and touched the farmer's shoulder.

"She 's callin' fur you," said she.

"Yes, Mis' Whitin'," answered he, rising obediently, and going in. The Professor remained behind, watching a butterfly career lightly before him in the shadow of a big elm that stood between the house and the road.

Mr. Whitmarsh came back with excited eyes.

"Lord!" said he, "she 's talkin' about them spoons I give away in the Millerite times. She says she won't take her gruel from a tin spoon. I 'm goin' to get her a silver one." He pulled from his pocket a worn greenback.

"You 'd better borrow one," said the Professor. "You can't buy one in this village."

The old man looked woe-begone. "I wanted to buy one, an' tell her 't was reelly hern," said he.

"Well," answered the young man, "I will go to Worcester and get it for you."

Mr. Whitmarsh brightened up at this, and, accompanying his friend part way to the station, finally told him to get two or three spoons, if the money held out so far.

Before noon the Professor came back, and gave a little box to the old man, who opened it with clumsy fingers.

"Six of 'em," he said, smiling tremulously. "If I 'd known silver spoons was so cheap, I 'd ha' got some long afore now."

The Professor had a little secret, and

kept it, as he threw himself down on the grassy slope under the elm.

Mr. Whitmarsh went eagerly into his wife's room. She lay there covered with a calico quilt. Her sharp features looked gray and pinched. Her fingers wandered over the gay covering of the bed. A bunch of red roses stood in a tumbler on the window-seat. Judson leaned over her, and said,

"Look here, Emmeline, here's six new silver spoons for you. Ain't they as good as them others? Won't you take your gruel now?"

She did not seem to hear his words. He choked with a great sob, laid the spoons beside her arm, and, turning, left the room.

"'T ain't no good," he said disconsolately, sitting down on the doorstep, and looking across at the Professor, who came up sympathetically and stood by him. Then both men distinctly heard Mrs. Whiting's voice within the house, saying, —

"Wal, I never! Gittin' silver spoons for her now she's 'most dead. He'd better have smarted up an' helped her more while she was well, 'stead o' settin' round playing on the jew's-harp an' tamin' squirrels, while she was slavin' herself to death with that sick darter, an' takin' care of his old mother, an' aunt too, till they died. I don't see whatever the Lord made men so unsatisfactory for."

Judson looked appealingly at the young man, whose silence confessed his impotence in this emotional emergency. Then the old man let his head droop a little, as he said helplessly, —

"I did use to play the jew's-harp consid'able."

A crow flew overhead during the pause that ensued, and then Judson began again.

"What troubles me the most," said he, "is that I have thought some about Emmeline's bein' old an' fussy. An' 't wa'n't no longer ago 'n last night as I said what I did about lookin' out for a younger woman. It was kinder mean o' me. I feel as if I'd oughter tell her, — own up, afore she dies."

"But you must n't think of doing such a thing!" cried the Professor, aghast.

The old man persisted mournfully. "It seems mean to let her die 'thout knowin' jest how wuthless I be. An' I'd rather tell her now, with no one to hear but her an' me, than tell her at the Judgment Day, afore Christ an' Gilead an' the Lord knows who else."

"It would be very cruel to tell her," said the other energetically. "Besides, it was nothing. You spoke in fun."

"Not jest in fun, — not jest."

But the Professor was so determined that he constrained the remorseful husband to promise silence.

When, later in the day, the young man came again to the farmhouse, Mr. Whitmarsh stood under the elm-tree in close consultation with a very fat old woman.

"My sister Pireny," said he, introducing her, "and her husband, Mr. Newton."

Clement Newton, a small, lean man, with perked-up features, stepped from behind his wife, and stared vacantly around.

"They say," said Mr. Whitmarsh, "thet I'd oughter send for a minister to pray with Emmeline. Pireny wants me to send for William Hapgood, bein' of his way of thinkin'. But it don't seem fair to Emmeline. She allus hated them doctrines."

"It won't hurt her none," said Pireny. "She don't sense nothin' of what 's goin' on."

"But," said Judson, "I don't know as *I* set much by his prayin', in a case like this. He 's gre't on the Day o' Judgment, an' trumps, an' angels flyin' round in the sky, an' sech things; but when it comes to prayin' for rain or against sickness, for my part I 'd rather have Mr. Allen."

The Professor sided with the farmer, and Clement Newton went off for the minister. When that gentleman arrived, he was taken at once to the sick-room, but Mr. Whitmarsh came and sat in the doorway with the Professor. The troubled vagueness in his eyes had increased.

"I don't want to go in," he whispered. "It sorter skeers me to see her layin' there, never takin' no notice of them spoons, an' never so much as grumblin' at me now. I don't feel like prayin', neither. I feel as if I was a-keepin' back suthin', an' as if I had n't nothin' to do with God."

"Judson, Judson," said Pireny, shaking the entry behind them with her mighty footsteps, and speaking in a hoarse whisper of command. "You 've been as onreliable as a willow twig all your life, but you 've *got* to come in an' pray for your wife *now*."

Judson rose, and tottered in. The day passed into twilight. The voice of the minister came softly to the ears of the Professor. Life grew drowsy on the earth, and the sky reddened above.

After this sunset hour everything was peaceful in the room where the worn old woman lay. Sometimes Judson tried to think she looked at the silver spoons, which he insisted should stay on the bed, but in truth she saw nothing in this world more. At intervals she talked, generally about her housework. Once only she fancied that she held a baby again in her arms. Her features sharpened steadily, and she spoke at longer and longer intervals. Judson himself grew less restless, and made fewer uneasy excursions from the room. The blinds were left open, and as the night came on he sat by the window and watched the stars, till he could bear their lonesome light no longer. Then he turned his eyes back into the room, and fixed his gaze on the rag carpet. He remembered the evening that he was engaged to Emmeline. It had never been quite clear to his mind whether he or she had made first overtures on that occasion, but he knew that he had been very happy when it was all settled. His head dropped forward a little. He seemed to lose the consciousness of that which connected his present pain with that far-off happiness. The fat Pireny sat by the head of the bed, and the thin Mrs. Whiting by the foot. The lamp burned dim, but its yellow glare shone full in the lean woman's eyes, and made her wink and blink. Pireny slept in her chair. Once a bat flew in at the window, but fortunately flew out before Mrs. Whiting had quite shrieked aloud.

The Professor sat in his own chamber, half a mile away, with his Greek books and manuscripts before him, but his thoughts were at the farmhouse.

"Death is an outrage," he cried at last, rising up and stamping about. He went to the window, pushed open the blinds, and leaned forth. The earth was as sweet in the darkness as a bride in her veil. "I shall never want to die," he said. Some old memory seized his heart, as he marked the outline of a pine-tree against the low horizon. "Why," he asked, "should God take me from sights that can make me feel as these do?"

At that moment Judson's eyes were closing in slumber, and Pireny, who chanced to be awake, whispered to Mrs. Whiting, "I 'll make him go to bed. He needs it, an' he ain't no use here. He 's had a look all day thet worrits me."

Judson felt a touch on his shoulder, and when he started guiltily, expecting reproof, he heard his sister saying kindly, "You 'd better go up an' lay down in the attic."

She made him stop first in the kitchen, where Clement sat dozing, and gave him tea to drink, and finally followed him to his chamber, and did not leave him till his head was on the pillow. As her heavy footsteps creaked down the stairs, he lay still, and remembered how they two used to go for flag-root together,

and how they had been wont to make money-bags out of the leaves of live-forever. He felt soothed and peaceful, and after a moment more he struggled up in the bed, said a short prayer, lay down again, thought of his mother, and fell asleep.

When he woke in the morning he was afraid to go down-stairs, afraid of what he should hear there; so he remained sitting irresolutely close to the door he dared not open, till he grew more afraid some one would come up and find him thus, and reproach him with the news that his wife had died while he waited. He rose with an effort, and groped his way down. There was a blaze of sunlight burning over the earth, and he went out into it, and stood bareheaded under the elm, looking among the boughs for some odd, cup-shaped leaves that grew on that particular tree. Mrs. Whiting called him sharply from the window.

"I did n't mean nothin'," he stuttered. "I was jest comin' in," and he hurried to the house. The fact was that he felt afraid, like a little child, to go in and see how his wife would look, but when he saw her his mind was quieter. Her face was very peaceful, and as the sunshine faded, that afternoon, her soul passed away with it.

"Where be them silver spoons?" cried Pireny, a few minutes after all was over. They had disappeared from the bed. She went out into the kitchen, and stood with her husband and her daughter Eolah, who had come that forenoon. Judson passed silently through the room.

"Uncle looks kinder distracted," whispered Eolah.

"I declare I don't know what he will do," answered Pireny. "He never was quite like folks. Best let him pretty much alone."

Judson, therefore, was left to his own devices during the two days that elapsed before the funeral. He spent most of the time in the barn, where the fowls cackled and fed, and some young kittens played about his feet. Once he undertook to clear up the yard, and remove therefrom the rubbish that had been so obnoxious to Emmeline; but he worked only a little while, and finally abandoning the effort, he went back to brood in the barn doorway, and to watch a flock of pigeons peck among the clutter.

On the morning of the funeral, twenty pies ranged in the kitchen bore evidence to Eolah's efforts to prepare for the occasion. Pireny was too fat to work much, but she had been able to suggest a good many things for her daughter to do. Emmeline was laid out in a black gown, and after all was ready Judson went into the room where the coffin stood, and shut the door behind him, while Pireny chattered and wondered in the entry.

"I was real relieved," she said afterwards, "when he come out, lookin' nateral. I was skeery about his mind them days. It was a beautiful thing for him to do, I think."

The country folk filled the house during the service. Mr. Allen preached and prayed. William Hapgood listened, with a wild devoutness in his look. The minister's words were simple. He spoke of the love of God, and declared that it completed that which life and death left incomplete. The Professor listened, and involuntarily bowed his head.

Clement Newton acted as sexton, and confused the arrangements as much as possible. Judson escaped from the house as soon as he could, and climbed into the carryall which was to convey him to the grave. Pireny tried to follow, but was so big and clumsy that she was not able to get into the vehicle.

"Get her suthin' to stand on," suggested Judson. "Suthin' solid."

Clement, full of this idea, ran back to the parlor, and shouted out, —

"Is anybody settin' in a wooden-bottomed chair?"

The whole grim, speechless company

looked dazed, then solemnly arose. All the men and women faced about, and gazed seriously at the chairs they had been occupying, and then all who found that theirs were bottomed with flag or wicker-work silently sat down again. Six women remained standing. Clement seized the wooden chair that was nearest him, and bore it forth; then the five reseated themselves, and one woman stood erect in that mute assembly.

The Professor helped to push and hoist Pireny into the carryall, and Eolah got up on the front seat, and drove on a little way.

Two evenings later, the Professor wandered again along the road at the foot of the rocky hill. When he reached the familiar pasture, he loitered by the bars till Judson came over the uneven ground, coaxing the horses after him. The Professor's mood had been a happy one. June was never more beautiful than in that sunset hour. It seemed to him that he knew how the shimmering grass blades felt. There was an orchard at one side of the field, and his soul was conscious of an intimate relation with the long shadows under the trees, and with the sunlit spaces between. But when he saw the old man approaching, the sense of the keener human relation saddened him. The two men greeted each other quietly, and Judson came out into the road, letting both animals follow him this time, and then stray on before him towards home.

"I 'm going away to-morrow," said the Professor.

"Be you? Wal, I 'm sorry," said the farmer. "You understand things sorter that most folks don't."

"What are you intending to do?" asked the young man.

"Oh, I shall live right on. There ain't nothin' else to do; but it 's kinder upsettin' to be shook up so, after fifty years in one measure. An old ache even gits to be company, you know, an' a wife 's a wife, somehow. Pireny's darter 'll stay with me one while, so I 'm fixed. As good as I desarve, I dare say." His lips quivered with the pathetic quiver of sorrow in old age. His white hair was tossed. The red was gone from his cheeks. He carried in one hand a small tree that he had uprooted on the hillside, and his eyes were wild and troubled in their blueness. "I 've thought about it a good deal," he went on. "I don't expect to make no change. An' I hid them spoons in Emmeline's coffin, an' buried 'em with her." He raised his hand, and planted the tree like a staff on the ground. "I don't never mean to marry again. Thet 's what I mean." He blurted out the words, and looked suddenly and squarely at the younger man. "But if I ain't preserved from sech folly, at least I 'll marry a woman *as* old as Emmeline was, — to a day, — an' *quite* as humly. Thet 's all. Good-by."

He turned quickly, but the Professor mastered a feeling of amusement, and detained him for an affectionate and serious farewell, and afterwards stood watching him as he tottered after the horses along the green-bordered road. A quail called cheerily, as on that other evening, from the spaces on the hill. The young man smiled, then suddenly felt that his eyes were wet, for the figure of the old man looked lonely, as it passed onward from his sight.

Six months later, however, Judson lay in his snow-covered grave, very near to Emmeline.

Lillie Chace Wyman.

THE LOST EARL.

With his lariat coiled on the horn of his saddle,
Face bearded and bronzed, in the broad-shadowed hat;
High boot-tops, and stout leather leggings astraddle
His broncho's brown sides; pistol-belt, and all that;
His shout ringing out, a bluff, resonant basso,
Above the herd's bellowing; hand that can hurl
At a gallop the long-looped and wide-swinging lasso, —
There rides — can you fancy? — the son of an earl.

With the best and the worst a familiar companion;
Who often in winter, at twenty below,
While guarding his cattle within the deep cañon,
Camps down in his blanket, rolled up on the snow;
Bold rider and roper, to aid in a round-up,
Head off a stampede, run the ringleaders down:
In him — does he pause to remember? — are bound up
The hopes of a race of old knightly renown.

The world's pampered minion, he yet, in requital
Of all its proud favors, could fling them aside
As a swimmer his raiment, shed riches and title,
And plunge into life, breast the turbulent tide!
Some caprice, you infer, or a sudden declension
Of fortune, the cause? Rather say, the revolt
Of a strong native soul against soulless convention,
And privilege shared by the roué and dolt.

He chafed at the gilded constraints of his station,
The bright ball-and-chain of the name that he bore;
Grew sick of the smiles of discreet adulation,
That worshiped, not worth, but the honors men wore.
With falsities stifled, with flatteries sated,
He loathed, as some player, his wearisome part,
The homage of lips where he righteously hated,
The rank that forbade him the choice of his heart.

(For that choice, it is told, fell to one far below him
In station, who yet was so loyal and true
In the love which he won, she could love and forego him,
And even his nobleness nobly outdo;
Who scorned to climb up to a class that would scorn to
Receive her its peer; and refusing to dim
The coronet's brightness her brow was not born to,
Lived maidenly faithful to love and to him.)

Was it then, in despair at the pitiful wrangle
His preference raised, he resolved to be free,

To escape from his toils, break the tyrannous tangle
Of custom and caste, of descent and degree?
In this lot which he chose, has he sometimes repented
The impulse that urged him? In scenes such as these,
Hard lodgment, hard fare, has he never lamented
The days of relinquished enjoyment and ease?

Was that impulse a fault? Would he speak, would he tell us
His sober conclusion! For good or for ill,
There are tides of the spirit which sometimes impel us,
Sub-currents, more potent than reason and will,
That out of our sordid conditions uplift us,
And make our poor common humanity great.
We toy with the helm, but they draw us, they drift us,
They shape the deep courses of life and of fate.

But then comes regret, when the ebb leaves us stranded
In doubt and disaster: was such his reward?
How much we might gain would the fellow be candid,
This volunteer ranchman who might be a lord!
Could we think with his thoughts as he rides in the shadow
That falls from the foothills when, suddenly chill,
Far over the mesas of lone Colorado
The fast-creeping twilight spreads solemn and still.

From the rose-tinted, snow-covered peaks, the bright sources
Of torrents and rivers, the glow pales away;
Through cañons and gulches the wild watercourses
Rush hurried and hoarse: just the time, you would say,
For our exile to fall into sombre reflection, —
The scion of earls, from the uppermost branch
Of the ancestral tree, in its cultured perfection,
Set here in the desolate life of the ranch!

Amid wastes of gray sagebrush, of grama and bunch-grass;
The comrade of cowboys, with souls scarce above
The level of driven dumb creatures that munch grass;
Self-banished from paths of preferment and love,
An unreturned prodigal, mumbling his husk:
At least so your sapient soul has divined,
As he gallops far off and forlorn through the dusk.
But little men know of a man's hidden mind.

In his jacket he carries a thumbed pocket Homer,
To con at odd spells as he watches his herd;
And at times, in his cottage, (but that 's a misnomer;
A hut with one room!) you may hear, on my word,
These long summer twilights, (in moments not taken
For washing his dishes or darning his socks,)
On strings deftly thrummed a strange music awaken,
Mazurka of Chopin's, sonata of Bach's.

As over the wide-shouldered Rockies the gleam
Of day yet illumines the vastness and distance
Of snow-hooded summits, so shines the still beam
Of high thought, high resolve, on his lonely existence.
(And a maiden, they say, of her own sweet accord,
Who to-night may be sailing the moonlighted sea,
To the ranchman brings what she denied to the lord.
Idle rumor, no doubt. But, however it be) —

Our knight of the lasso, long-lineaged Norman,
Now guiding his herd to good pasture and drink,
Now buying and selling, stock-owner and foreman,
Feels life fresh and strong; well content, as I think
That the world of traditional leisure and sport
Without him should amble its indolent round.
Though lost to his title, to kindred and court,
Here first in rude labor his manhood is found.

His conclusion is this, or I sadly mistake it:
"To each his own part; rugged action for me!
Be men, and not masks; fill your sphere or forsake it.
Use power and wealth; but 't is time to be free
When the trappings of life prove a burden and fetter.
The walls of my forefathers' castle are stanch,
But a cabin, with liberty, shelters me better.
Be lord of your realm, be it earldom or ranch!"

J. T. Trowbridge.

THE GOLDEN HESPERIDES.

It has been a subject of regret ever since that I did not buy Southern California when I was there last March, and sell it out the same month. I should have made enough to pay my railway fare back, and purchase provisions to last through the deserts of sand and feeding-places, and had money left to negotiate for one of the little States on the Atlantic coast, and settle down in such plain living and civilization as it might afford. It was all offered to me, but I hesitated, and before the end of the month it was beyond my reach. There is not much of it, little more than what you may call a strip of irrigated sand between the Mohave Desert and the Pacific Ocean; and if you do not secure a portion of it now, it will be forever beyond your means. For there is but one California in the world (one ought to know this, after hearing it a hundred times a day), and everybody "has got to have" some of it. There is nowhere else to go in the winter. Travelers who have been in Southern Italy, in North Africa, in Sicily, in Florida, in Greece, in Madeira, in Jamaica, in Bogota, in the Piney Woods, are perfectly open in telling you this. There is no climate like it. But it is rapidly going into the hands of investors, climate and all. If the present expectations of transferring half-frozen Eastern

and Northern people there by the railway companies and land-owners are half realized, Southern California, in its whole extent, will soon present the appearance of a mass-meeting, each individual fighting for a lot and for his perpendicular section of climate. In a year, perhaps in six months from now, you might as well attempt to buy a plot in London city, near the Bank, on which to set out an orange grove and some pepper-trees, as to get a foothold in the Garden of the World. I am not an alarmist, but I have seen London, and I know what its climate is in winter. It is sufficient to hint to prudent folks that there are many people in the world, that there is but one California, and that there is not room enough in it for all. Somebody is going to be left out.

There is nothing that will grow anywhere in the world — except, perhaps, certain great staples — that will not grow there in greater abundance and perfection: oranges, lemons, limes, peaches, nectarines, grapes, figs, almonds, olives, Madeira nuts, every edible vegetable known to woman, — perhaps even grass might be raised by constant and excessive irrigation. Happening one night into the Pullman smoking-room, after days of travel through the Sahara wastes of New Mexico and Arizona, I chanced to hear fragments of a conversation between a man familiar with the region and a new-comer, who was evidently a little discouraged by the endless panorama of sand and dry sagebrush.

"Anything grow along here?"

"Everything, sir, everything; the most productive soil on God Almighty's earth. All it wants is water."

"Fruits?"

"Fruits? I should say so. Every sort that 's known. This country right here is going to beat the world in fruits."

"Melons?"

"Well, yes;" relapsing into candor and confession, "no; the fact is, melons don't do so well here. They ain't apt to be good. The vines grow so fast that the melons are bumped along over the ground and bruised."

"Ah?" without any sign of surprise.

"Yes," without a smile, and with evident desire to keep back no part of the truth, even if it were an afterthought; "if you want to pick a melon in this country, you have to get on horseback."

And then the conversation expanded into what seemed to me a little exaggeration of the "boom" in New Mexico. There is a buoyancy in the air. The traveler who has been dragged through the sordidness, the endless materialism of flat, muddy, or dusty land, and shanty-towns, as seen from the railway, of Kansas and Nebraska, experiences a certain elevation of spirits on coming to the high, barren vastness of New Mexico, mostly treeless and verdureless; a sort of clean, wind-swept top of the world, free and out-doors, illimitable. The air is like wine. It is a luxury to breathe it. The American lungs expand, the pulse quickens; it is necessary to breathe twice as fast as in the East, to get oxygen enough to satisfy one. One's whole nature expands. The imagination is kindled. The tongue is loosened. Here is freedom, the real elixir. You see at once that it was a mistake ever to expect a good climate with trees and a lush, green vegetation, requiring and giving dampness. The mind is enfranchised. The dweller desires to speak the truth, the whole truth, to give free play to it. Truth becomes buoyant, expansive, hyperbolical. It knows no limit of time or space. The difference between conversation in the East and in the West is that in the latter it is pitched an octave higher. Vast spaces, limitless horizons, thin air, clear skies, beget a certain largeness of speech. The new-comer, in my experience, is more subject to it than the old resident, especially if he has invested in a bit of land, which he may or may not want to sell. Human

nature is the same everywhere, under varying conditions. Women who talk of the fashions and of education in the East speak about real estate in the Far West.

The two pieces of advice that were given me on starting for California were that I must wear always there the thickest flannels and the heaviest winter suit, and that I must ask no questions about anybody's marital relations. The first was good. The second was a humorously malicious allusion to the notion that divorces are as common there as in Chicago and Connecticut. It was repeatedly impressed upon me that the California climate, the best in the world, was something that one must get used to.

From the heights in New Mexico to the Pacific it is a land of strange and confusing contrasts, upsetting all one's preconceived notions of how Nature ought to act. At Las Vegas Hot Springs, at an elevation of about seven thousand feet, in a barren valley inclosed by stony brown hills, in March, there was no sign of spring except here and there a purple wild-flower in the sand, and yet it somehow looked like summer. The sky was turquoise blue, the sun rays were warm, the air splendid in quality, elastic and inspiring. From the appearance, I should have had no doubt that it was summer, — a summer without vegetation, — if I had not discovered a snow-bank under my north window. It was difficult to conceive that one needed an overcoat, or might not lounge in the easy-chairs on the broad verandas, unless one happened to observe that at ten A. M. the thermometer had risen from the freezing point of sunrise to only 38°. It was so dry. Everything and everybody was electrified. The hotel, sumptuously furnished, heated by steam and lighted throughout by electricity, was a sort of big dynamo. We could not touch a bit of iron, turn on a light, brush against a portière, or shake hands, without experiencing a tingling shock. Inside and out, it was like being in a place enchanted. It was much the same at Santa Fé, — cold, clear, looking like summer, water freezing in the pitcher at night, sky blue by day, purple at sunset, the air so tenuous that Old Bald, a snow-peak twelve thousand feet high, seemed close at hand; and I noticed that the moon was thin and had no body, merely a disk of silver-paper stuck on the distant sky.

But it is seldom cold in the Needles and the Mohave Desert, — a shimmering alkaline waste: 85° in March, and say 120° to 130° in July. It does not matter. The few people in the far-apart stations live in houses that have a second detached roof, put on like the fly of a tent; and the heated, desolate passage is a providential arrangement to lower the spirits of the traveler to the enjoyment of the irrigated country recovered from the desert, in Southern California. It is a veritable paradise, as really such as the oasis of Fayoum in Egypt. Heavens! how the human eye does crave the green color; how grateful it is for a field of barley, a straight eucalyptus-tree, vines and roses clambering over the houses, the lustrous foliage of the orange groves starred with globes of gold! This is Paradise. And the climate? Perpetual summer (but daily rising in price). There is no doubt of this when you reach the San Gabriel Valley, Pasadena, and Los Angeles. Avenues of eucalyptus, pepper, and orange trees, two, three, four rows of them, seven and eight miles long; vast plumed fields of oranges; the vine stubs in the grape plantations beginning to bud; barley fodder (the substitute for hay) well up and verdant; palmettos and other semi-tropical plants, and all the flowers, and shrubs, and vines, gay, rampant, vigorous, ever-blooming, in dooryards, gardens, overrunning trees and houses, — surely it is summer. There is snow sprinkled on the bare, ashy hills, but everywhere in the plain is water, from

the unfailing mountain springs, running in wooden conduits and ditches. You can buy this water at so much an hour. All you need to buy is climate and water, — the land is thrown in. It is warm in the sun, — the thermometer may indicate 70° ; it is even hot, walking out through the endless orange plantations and gardens that surround Los Angeles ; but there is a chill the instant you pass into the shade ; you still need your winter clothing, and if you drive, or ride in the grip-cars over the steep hills, you require a winter overcoat. The night temperature throughout California is invariably in great contrast to that in the daytime ; nearly everywhere fire is necessary at night the year round, and agreeable nearly all the year, even in Southern California. I doubt if it is ever pleasant to sit out-of-doors or on the piazzas at night, though it may be in the hotter months, in the southern portion. But it is very confusing to the mind of the new-comer to reconcile his necessity for winter clothing to what he sees and almost feels ; in short, to get used to the climate. The invalid is thrown off his guard by appearances ; and I should say that there is no country in the world where a person needs to use more care about taking cold. Yet this must be said : the air is bracing and life-giving. I did not, in any part of the State, in walking or taking any sort of exercise, feel the least fatigue. A " cold," therefore, for a person in ordinary health and condition, is not the dragging, nearly mortal experience that it is apt to be in the East. Then the crowning advantage of the country, even if the climate is treacherous and needs watching in its effects, is that one can be out-of-doors all the time, nearly every day in the year. Meantime, he can eat oranges, if he is not particular about the variety, and get rich selling prospective or real orange groves to Eastern people. But he will never get over the surprises and contrasts of the country. We went one day, by rail, eighteen miles over the gentle hills, from Los Angeles to its lovely seaport of Santa Monica. Fine hotel, charming beach and sand bluffs, illimitable Pacific Ocean. It was not a warm day nor a cold day, just the ordinary kind of day to sell (I suppose one could buy a day's climate there, or half a day's, or swap off a morning for an afternoon with the real-estate brokers, — and every man and woman *is* a real-estate broker), but we wore thick winter clothing, and carried overcoats, which occasionally were needed. Yet as many as seventy-five sane people were bathing in the Pacific Ocean as if it had been August ! Flowers, fruits, summer bathing, and winter overcoats, — you have to get used to it.

It is a splendid place for invalids. The country was full of them. It will be fuller yet, if Los Angeles, lovely city of angels, growing like asparagus in a hot-bed, already with fifty thousand people, and may be ten thousand more, in the season, trying to find a night's lodging, never yet having had the least time to pay attention to ordinary sanitary precautions, does not speedily design some system of drainage out of its shut-in valley. But this is a matter of detail. And yet it cannot be neglected, for already the doctors there have cases of pneumonia, diphtheria, and typhoid fever. San Diego, lying mostly on sand hills overlooking its magnificent harbor, has already appropriated a million and a quarter of dollars for drainage, inviting the Waring system. And another thing, also a matter of taste as well as of detail : the buyer, driving around the city and the country, which for thirty miles in any direction is humming with the noise of building, and planting, and laying out streets, — the hum of populations yet to be, — the buyer, amid the myriad signs of " Real Estate For Sale," ought not to be confronted by so many legends of " Undertakers and Embalmers." It chills ardor.

Real estate for certain limited purposes, though unlimited occupation, we are all reluctant to purchase.

One of the great uses of New England in the world is that of an object lesson, for the devotees of the development hypothesis, of the survival of the fittest. Southern California offers to illustrate the converse. The movement of people thither is, both in quality and volume, the most striking phenomenon of modern times, in its character a migration perhaps unprecedented in history. It quite equals the movement of 1849, perhaps surpasses it in speculative excitement, but its original motion is entirely different. There was mixed, in the hegira of 1849 to the west coast, a greed for sudden wealth and a spirit of reckless adventure, which recalled the romantic heroism of both Jason and Cortez. The present emigration is not for adventure at all, and primarily not for gold; it is a pursuit of climate. But naturally, this human desire for dwelling in a place genial and tolerant of human physical weakness has been taken advantage of, and the west coast is the arena of the most gigantic speculation and inflation known in American annals. I cannot conceive that the excitement of '49 exceeded this. We can well understand why men and women, who discover that they have but one life to live on this engaging planet, that they are freer than plants to change their habitat, and that all the places in the world are not alike inhospitable and not alike devoted to the development of the robust virtues, should weary of the winters of the North, and of the blizzards and cyclones of the West, and seek a land comparatively free from physical anxiety. In the process of natural selection there has been developed a great number of people who come to regard climate as of more importance than anything else. When to this desire is added the advertised advantage of living in luxury with comparatively little labor, the migration is accounted for. The fact is, besides, that we are a poetic people; notwithstanding the sternness of our discipline, we have a good deal of Oriental imagination, and if you dangle a golden orange before the eyes of a Northern man you can lead him anywhere.

The Southern California speculator has a reasonable, not to say a mathematical, basis. You can figure out of our sixty millions of population a certain number of invalids and their families, or of people not exactly invalids, to whom a genial climate seems the most desirable thing, a number large enough to fill up Southern California several times over. What interests the traveler is the inquiry, What will all those people now there, and on the way there, do when they have sold out all the land to each other, and resold and resold it at constantly mounting prices, until it is beyond purchase, and it is found that no possible crop on it can pay a remunerative per cent. on the irrigated principle? What interests the philosopher is the inquiry, What sort of a community will ultimately result from this union of the Invalid and the Speculator? Assuming that Southern California is the best winter climate in the republic, and that its product is mainly small fruits, given a land as valuable as Wall Street, is it not the expectation that this shall be the home of the rich, who must draw upon Eastern accumulations of capital? Agriculture is now the dependence there of labor, for at present coal is so high as to forbid profitable manufacturing. How are the laboring people to live? I was told, in a certain region, that there were at least a thousand dressmakers and milliners, who had gone there expecting to live by their trades, who found the ground completely occupied, and were filling the positions of chambermaids and other servants, glad to get any sort of work by which they could live. Many a man, who went there with a little money, expecting to enrich him-

self by speculation, or to own that gold mine, an orange grove, has had his lesson, and is glad to earn the means of subsistence by grooming or driving horses. It begins to be said with frequency, "This is no place for a poor man."

If it is true that the quantity of land open to purchase is very limited, as the intending buyer is constantly told, and limited because of the difficulty of irrigating the adjacent desert, there is also at present an artificial limitation on account of the ownership of vast tracts, ranches of from twenty thousand to one hundred thousand acres, by investors and speculators and railway corporations. California — one hears that already — is practically in the hands of a few rich men. It is not literally true, but vast land-ownership is certainly a feature of this Eldorado.

There is an undeniable fascination about the west coast for most persons. Probably the temporary sojourner, however much he may be pleased with certain qualities of the climate, and however deeply he may be interested in the abnormal state of things, declares, if he is in health, that nothing would induce him to live there. Possibly a majority of those who go there think they go temporarily, for the winter, or to make easily a little money. It is a common experience, throughout the State, to dislike the life, the society, the whole thing, at first, and then to become as violently attached to it as a place of residence. Something is apt to draw people back who have been there once: perhaps the climate, or the untrammeled life, or a certain expansiveness congenial to the American mind.

I do not know whether the English language is exactly adapted to Southern California. It seems to me too tame and literal to express the exuberant growth of that region. At any rate, the real-estate people call in the aid of art and music. Brass bands, heading the processions to auction sales of city lots in the outlying deserts, excite the buyer to frenzy; and seductive paintings, a vast broadside of boards erected at the railway stations, — pictures of vineyards, orchards, lofty rose-covered houses and delectable hills, — appeal to the most stolid visitor. Indeed, our language is too poor to do justice to the prolific powers of nature, to say nothing of the prolific invention of man. Jack's Beanstalk is not a myth, but simply an illustration. We are accustomed to regard the tree as a slow, laborious product of nature. I do not say that in California the forest tree is an annual, but if you plant eucalyptus saplings you will have in three or four years a fine, stately grove, from which firewood is cut; and very good firewood this fat tree makes. I was shown a big stump of a eucalyptus-tree in a Los Angeles garden, which the owner had cut down because it was too near the house. It was ninety feet high, and he had planted the sapling only seven years before.

Possibly Southern California should be described as a garden rather than an agricultural region. The most considerable plantations I saw were of vineyards and orange groves. The vineyards were on flat, irrigated land, vineyards sometimes six hundred acres in extent. There is no doubt that the yield of grapes is prolific. There is also no doubt that nearly every kind of wine known to the market is made from the same field, — hock, claret, burgundy, champagne; wine sweet as cordials and sour as vinegar; wines white, red, and golden. Quantity is the thing aimed at. Good wine is produced here and there. I did not happen upon any in the hotels or vineyards of Southern California, but I tasted of a good bottle in San Francisco. I question if choice, fine wines will ever be produced on the rich flats; certainly not by the present wholesale system of cultivation, — getting the most possible from the acre. It is probable that the best

wine grapes will be grown in the foothills, where the producer, for the sake of quality, will be content with a yield of a quarter of the present quantity per acre. I doubt not that if a man were to limit his vineyard to fifty acres, which he could properly cultivate, and the product of which he could properly take care of, he would get a much better result as to quality of wine than he gets from two hundred acres, and that his profit would be greater. The science of wine growing and handling is still little regarded. The effort is to obtain the greatest quantity of juice, and the manipulation and manufacture of sorts from the same juice is, I was told, becoming common, though perhaps not yet as universal as in France, where we get now almost no wine in the bottle answering to the name on the label.

The orange-tree is very prolific in Southern California. I do not know why the best varieties would not grow there. There is, of course, as much difference between oranges as between apples. The attractive golden outside is a constant deception, the cover of an unpleasant surprise. I found at Las Vegas a delicious orange, not very large, fine skin, firm, lively pulp, melting in the mouth, with little remaining fibre; sweet, but not with the insipid sweetness of so many of the Havana oranges, — very like the Malta oranges. It came from Helmsville, in Mexico. I searched diligently in California, but I did not find in any hotel, market, chance peddler's basket, or grove any orange to compare with this. Nearly all of them were sharply acrid. There is a kind called the Navel, much praised. But it was sour, wherever I came across it. Oranges were in great abundance. Perhaps I was unfortunate in not finding any in perfection. But I ate those which were praised, and the variety which I was informed had taken the premium in competition with those of Florida. All had the same sourness; and I concluded that the grafts must have come from Sicily or Southern Italy, where a really sweet, luscious orange is rare. I know that this is a matter of taste; that Californians ate their own oranges and said they liked them, and seemed hurt when I sometimes asked for a lemon, to "take the taste out." I hope the experiment will be made with other varieties, for I desire to believe that California can produce the best oranges in the world.

In some fruits California certainly excels. The small olives have the nutty sweetness of those grown in Southern France; and I ate raisins, made from grapes grown in a little valley back of San Diego, which were, in my experience with this wholesome article of food, incomparably fine. With more careful cultivation and attention to best varieties, I see no reason why this region cannot supply the rest of the United States with abundance of small fruits and nuts which will be preferred to those now imported.

The success of this gardening and fruit-raising, however, must depend largely upon the price the cultivator finally pays for his land, for the competition will be with countries where land is cheap and wages are low. It would not pay to raise pears in Wall Street. I do not mean to say that the small industries of husbandry are neglected; irrigation and planting keep pretty even pace with surveying, auctioneering, and building. But at present the leading industry is the selling of real estate, — it is about the only thing talked of. In the six months previous to March, 1887, the price of real estate in the region of Los Angeles and Passadena had advanced four hundred per cent. A lady went out one morning by rail from Los Angeles to Passadena, where she took carriage for the ordinary drive round the country, through Baldwin's thirty-thousand-acre ranch. As she was starting an agent asked her if she did not want to buy a lot, — they peddle lots like oranges;

he could offer her a bargain of a small building lot for fifty dollars. The lady said she did n't mind making a little investment (the air is so stimulating, the orange blossoms are so intoxicating, there is such a noise of building and hammering everywhere, and there are so many invalids from Maine and New Hampshire, sitting in the rose-covered porches of their little cottages), and she took the lot and paid for it. On her return in the afternoon, the same agent met her, and asked her if she did not want to sell her lot. She replied that she was perfectly willing to sell at a fair price — her drive had been rather dusty, and she had seen a good deal of apparently unoccupied ground. The agent offered her two hundred dollars, and she handed back the lot and took the money, and went home to her dinner. The story has no affidavit attached to it, but it is not an exaggeration of daily occurrences.

In front of San Diego and forming its beautiful harbor lies Coronada Beach, an island of sand, something like two miles long and half a mile broad, with a curved tongue of beach along the Pacific, a superb bathing and driving place. This sand heap had been bought by a company, all staked out in building lots, with shrubs planted at the corners, a shanty or two erected, and from November to March seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars' worth of lots had been sold. How much cash had been paid I do not know. The island is reached by a ferry; water has been carried over, a line of railway crosses the island, and on the ocean side, with a beautiful prospect of gray hills framing the bay and the sparkling Pacific, foundations were being laid for a hotel which was to be the largest in the country (the reader understands that everything is the largest and every view is the finest in the world), twice as big as the Raymond at Passadena. The house is to be ready for occupation this winter, and I hear that its rooms are all engaged, and furthermore that the sale of land on the island is already reckoned at over two millions of dollars. A friend of mine, who during the last half dozen years or so has been gradually investing forty to fifty thousand dollars in San Diego lots, told me that they would any day bring half a million. I do not mean to say that everybody in Southern California is rich, — perhaps the majority are having a hard struggle for existence, — but everybody expects to be rich to-morrow. It gives one a feeling of the rapid accumulation of property merely to hear the ordinary conversation. But it is scarcely a restful feeling, and I must confess that for me the atmosphere of this sunny and flowery land would be more agreeable if I could escape the uneasy sensation that the first duty of man is to buy a lot.

Certainly it was not a restful place. The railways swarmed with excursion trains, the cars were crowded, and it was difficult to get a seat. The towns overflowed with speculators, invalids, and travelers; it was not easy to obtain accommodations in hotels even by applying days in advance. Los Angeles secured temporary relief by getting up a small-pox scare, and hanging out on various houses about town danger flags, and this sent thousands to the neighboring villages. Owing partially to the sudden influx of settlers and visitors, the post-office service was completely demoralized. The government refused to employ clerks enough to do the business; as a consequence the post-offices, as at Los Angeles, were closed more than half the time for assorting and redirecting letters, and during the few open hours long cues of people waited a chance at the windows. It required a long time to procure access to the open office, to register a letter or to inquire for one. By chance a letter might be delivered promptly; by chance it might lie in the office a week. The employees were worked to death. Very soon I gave up

all expectation of getting letters with any regularity or promptness. This was of course largely the fault of the government, — though the closing of the post-offices generally for several hours each day seems a relic of the Spanish-Mexican habit. But the annoyance about the telegraph is due solely to the fact that one company has a monopoly. In New Mexico and Southern California the service was intolerably vexatious. Messages were missent, lost, thrown into the waste-basket, delayed. There was no remedy, little spirit of accommodation, generally carelessness and often insolence in the employees.

Yet the climate remains, with the extraordinary fertility of the irrigated land, the strange beauty of sunny valleys and brown, savage mountain spurs. The beauty of turf, the abundant spontaneous vegetation, and the wonderful wealth of New England landscape in summer it does not approach; but it has a loveliness of its own, partly due to contrast with the surrounding and encroaching desert, but also to the sun, the genial air, and the fruits, flowers, and semi-tropical suggestions of a perpetual summer. The grandiose scenery of the Far West — great wastes, gigantic mountains, fantastic freaks of a nature worn out with age and violence — reminds one of Spain. Southern California, with something of this character, has a softer attractiveness, and the inhabitants like to say it is Italian. Sierra Madre Villa, nestled amid vineyards and fruit groves on the side of a mountain, with a glimpse of the ocean twenty miles distant, certainly suggests Southern Italy; but no man who has not bought a lot can lay his hand on his heart, and say that there is here the picturesqueness of the Sorrentine promontory, or the atmospheric color. The region should be content to be its glorious self, and unlike any other part of the United States.

I should think that the camel would become this landscape, and I know that the ostrich looks more or less at home. I saw an ostrich farm, where the birds lay eggs at a dollar and a half apiece, and shed plumes at a reasonable price, with no improvement to their appearance. The ostrich is an interesting animal, with his exaggerated, stately strut, his long snake-like neck, the head carried haughtily and parallel with the ground, the big, supercilious eyes looking straight along the flat, soft bill. A procession of these birds is even comical. They are denied, apparently, the pleasures of the palate in eating, everything going whole into the best digestive apparatus known to the physiologists. It is a recreation to see one dispose of an orange. It passes easily into the capacious mouth; then the ostrich stretches and twists the long neck, and the round fruit is traceable, slowly making its way down, round and round, a solid lump, until it disappears. If the bird could only taste the fruit in its progress, his capacity of enjoyment would be envied.

Traces of the old Spanish life are rapidly disappearing, but may still be seen at such a ranch and hacienda as that of Comulos (the scene of Ramona), and lingering still in Santa Barbara. At this place, besides a few dwellings in the Spanish style, exists a refined Spanish society. Santa Barbara, lying in a valley opening southward to the Pacific, with nooks and cañons among the hills, of wild and almost incomparable beauty, does strongly suggest a sort of Italy. The character and color of the great mountain that shuts it in on the left hand, looking seaward, are very Italian. The railway has not yet reached it, and the situation, the air, the equable climate, — genial in winter and not too warm in summer, — something reposeful and secluded, gave me great content to be there. As I think of it with longing, at the approach here of snow and storm, I cannot but regret that so many days and deserts lie between it and the East.

Charles Dudley Warner.

THE SECOND SON.

XLIII.

THE CULPRIT'S REVENGE.

THEY were left, as the exit of an important actor in a stirring scene leaves the rest of the parties to it, in an enforced pause before the movement can be resumed, at watch upon each other, distracted for the moment, each antagonist a little astray, not knowing how the debate is to be resumed, and against which of the adversaries he is to find himself engaged. To Stephen it was a moment of relief. Among the others, there seemed no one whom he could not cow by his louder voice and stronger denial. It appeared to him that he could crush that slight creature standing opposite by the mere lifting of his hand. But for the moment he did not know whether it were she or some other against whom he would have to stand.

"Dear, dear!" said Mrs. Travers, leaning back a little upon Lily, who stood behind her. The old lady was frightened, flurried, horror-stricken. "Oh dear, dear!" she cried, wringing her little transparent hands. "I knew there was something, but I never knew how bad it was. Oh dear, dear! — oh dear, dear!"

"Stephen," said Edmund, "I think we had better follow my father. After what has passed, it can do you no good to stay here."

"After what has passed! What has passed? The story of a — of a — the sort of creature no man is safe from. It might have been you instead of me. Would you slink off, and let her have it all her own way? I'll appeal to Mrs. Travers. *You* know what the world is: will you trust that woman against me? a girl that has nothing to lose against" —

"Oh, hush!" interposed Elizabeth. "For Heaven's sake, don't go any further, — there has been enough. Oh, get your brother to go away! We do trust her, — we know her better than we know him. Oh, get him to go away!"

"Dear, dear!" exclaimed Mrs. Travers, "oh dear, dear! I can't bear this sort of thing, Elizabeth. He 's a gentleman, a military man. And don't you hear him? He appeals to me. Lily may have been mistaken; he may be able to explain. Oh dear, dear! Mr. Mitford will have a fit, and it will kill me. To have such a disturbance and such things talked of in a lady's house, — oh dear, oh dear, oh dear!"

"Let me alone, Ned," cried Stephen; "it 's my character, not yours, that is at stake." He straightened himself, and looked round him with rising courage. "You say true," he continued. "Mrs. Travers, *you* understand. How am I to explain before ladies? Things look dreadful to ladies that are no harm among men. If you will get Miss Travers to go away, and that girl, I will tell you all I can. I'll explain as well as I can — to you" —

"To me!" interrupted the old lady, with a subdued shriek, — "explain improprieties to me! Lizzy, he ought n't to be allowed to talk to me like this. Unless she has made a mistake — Oh, don't be too hasty, my dear! Are you sure, are you quite sure, it 's the same gentleman? Oh, Lily, look again; you might be mistaking him for some one else. Are you sure it is the same gentleman, Lily? If it was the right one, do you think he 'd appeal to me?"

"It is the man whom I was going to marry," returned Lily, drooping her head. "How could I make a mistake as to him?"

"That was my brother Roger," said Stephen, "as is well known. Why she should wish to ruin me in your opinion, I can't tell. She came up to London to Roger. What happened to her there, who knows?" he added, with an insulting laugh. "Perhaps it 's natural she should seek out some one to answer for that adventure, — I should n't blame her. It 's fair enough to do what you can in self-defense."

"Let my brother Roger's name be left out of this," said Edmund, sternly. "Say what you will for yourself. She never went to London to Roger. He was as delicate and tender of her and her good name as if she had been the Queen's daughter. Keep his name out of it. I cannot allow any reference to him."

Mrs. Travers sat up erect in her chair, and looked at Stephen with her small, keen eyes. "They are not like each other," she said; "and how could she mistake the man she was going to marry, as she says? Captain Mitford, I think you had better go away. I am very sorry, for I have a partiality for military men, but I don't really see how there could be any mistake. And you must n't speak about the girl and that sort of thing. We know her, as Elizabeth has told you, a great deal better than we know you."

Stephen looked round upon the audience, which he began to perceive was hostile to him, with lessening self-command and growing wrath. His father's departure had sobered him out of the first burst of passion, but he was not a man to fight a losing battle. He went on, however, repeating his plea. "I can't go into it now, before ladies. Name a man, and I 'll explain everything. I can't speak before ladies. A man would soon see it was all a made-up story. Send for old Gavelkind, or somebody. I 'll explain to a man."

"You are not upon your trial here, Captain Mitford," remarked Elizabeth. "We have nothing to do with it. It has been all very unexpected and very painful." She turned to Edmund with an appealing gesture. "It would be much better if it could end here. There is nothing more for us to do; it is no business of ours."

"That is to say," cried Stephen quickly, "I am to consent to a slur upon my character because there is n't a man in the house to whom I can speak, nor any one who can see through a made-up story. I sha'n't do that! Send that little devil away, and not me. You can't know her half so well as I know her. How should you? She puts on one face to her backers-up, but quite a different one to me. She 's" —

"Captain Mitford," Mrs. Travers said, "you seem to think, after all, that you know Lily very well."

He stopped short, confounded, and looked at the old lady with a dangerous glitter in his eyes — like a bull putting down its head before it charges.

"You think you know Lily very well," she repeated; "and how should you know her, unless what she says is true? I 'm very sorry, for you are a near neighbor, and I always thought I should like you best of the family. If you please, Captain Mitford, will you go away? I don't want to hurt your feelings, but there 's no man in the house, as you say. We are only ladies; we have ourselves to take care of. Please go. And I don't think," added the old lady, upon whose face there had come a little color, a flush of roused temper and feeling, "that so long as this is my house I shall want to see you here again."

He burst out suddenly into a loud laugh. He was exasperated by her little air of authority; her precise words, the majestic aspect she put on, and he was half mad with the efforts he had made to restrain himself, and the sense that he had failed, and the fury and shame of the exposure. No one had listened to what he said in his own

defense; but he had it in his power to startle them into listening to him at last. "Your house?" he cried, hurling the words at her as if they had been a stone picked up in haste; "you 've no house, any more than you have the right to judge me!"

"No house! The man must be going mad!" Mrs. Travers exclaimed.

"Captain Mitford," cried Elizabeth, "if you have any sense of honor, go, — go away!"

"I 'll not allow myself to be insulted," he returned, "not even by an old woman. Her house! It 's no more hers than it 's mine. She 's got no house, — she has not a penny but what you give her. Do you think I don't know? Do you think that everybody does n't know? Let go, Ned. I 'll not be put out, either by her or you. By Jove! to order me out of her house, when she 's a pauper, a pensioner, a — Good-evening, Mrs. Travers. I hope I 've given you a piece of information which is as good as yours to me!"

The little old lady had risen to her feet. It was not possible for the small, worn face in the white circle of her widow's cap to be paler than it habitually was; but her eyes were opened more widely than usual, and her lips were apart. "Lizzy!" she said, with a gasp, putting out her hands. She paused until Stephen had gone out of the room before she said any more. Then she resumed: "Lizzy! Is that true?"

"Mrs. Travers," replied Edmund, "my brother is entirely in the wrong. He has received a dreadful blow. I am dazed and confused by it, though I have nothing to do with it. He did not know what he was saying. He wanted to revenge himself on some one. It was a dastardly thing to do; but that is all. Don't think of it more."

"I am asking Lizzy. Lizzy," said the old lady, "is that true?"

"Aunt, listen to him, he knows everything, and we 've done him injustice!" cried Elizabeth, with an effort, scarcely conscious, to turn the discussion into another channel. "Ask him to forgive me. I thought he was involved in all this dreadful story. I thought it was all different."

"Lizzy," said Mrs. Travers, "is that true?"

"Aunt, how can you ask me? It is nothing; it is revenge, as he tells you."

"What does it matter what he tells me, or the other? The other meant what he said. Lizzy, is it true?"

"Aunt, dear aunt!"

"You call me by my name, but that 's no answer; nor is it an answer," cried the old lady, holding Elizabeth at arm's length, thrusting her away, "to come and coax me and kiss me. Is it true — *true?*" She grasped Elizabeth's shoulder after a moment, and shook her, as a child might grip a woman in vain passion. "I want an answer, — I want an answer. My husband thought it right to leave you everything — after me: that 's what I 've been told, and I thought it was hard. Was there more than that? I 'll not be deceived any longer!" she cried, stamping her foot. "If I 'm a pauper, a pensioner, as he said, tell me. I 'll not be deceived any more!"

"Oh, aunt! Never, never that! Oh, never that!"

"Never what? There may be degrees of lies, but there can be but one truth. What? I will know!"

"Aunt," said Elizabeth, who had grown very pale, "there is but one truth, but I might tell that truth so that it would be almost a lie. If you will sit down, and have patience, and let me explain" —

"Explain, when it 's a simple matter of yes or no? Mr. Edmund Mitford, this is between my niece and me; but she seems to wish you to remain," Mrs. Travers added, querulously. "And I suppose you know, as he said everybody knows. Oh, that Mr. Gavelkind should

have gone, just when he was wanted!" Mrs. Travers began to moan. She clasped her little attenuated hands together; tears began to gather in her eyes. "Lily Ford," she said, "I've been kind to you, I've asked you no questions, you've been living in my house — In my house? I don't know if I have a house. Oh, what am I to do, — what am I to do?" She sank back into her chair, and began to whimper and cry. "I was his faithful wife for forty years. I brought him a bit of money that was of great use to him at the time. I was never extravagant, — never wanted anything that he was n't the first to get! The plate-glass and all that, — was it my doing? I never had any interest but his. And now he 's left me without a home, without a home, after being his wife for forty years!"

"Oh, dear aunt," cried Elizabeth, flinging herself on her knees beside Mrs. Travers's chair, "he never thought of that. You were like himself to him. It was a mistake, it was some delirium, he never thought."

"Ah!" she said, "there 's mistakes; yes, there 's mistakes. You asked me, Lily Ford, if you could mistake the man you were going to marry; and it seemed both to me and you as if you could n't. But I was married to mine for forty years, and I was mistaken in him all the time, it appears. I never thought he would leave his wife a — a pauper, a pensioner, as that villain said. Oh, that villain! Get up, Elizabeth, get up; don't hang on me. I'll be your pensioner no more."

Elizabeth, repulsed, still knelt at her aunt's feet, her hands clasped, the tears streaming from her eyes. Lily Ford, behind the old lady's chair, put her arms timidly round her, caressing her, crying too. Beside all these weeping women, what could Edmund do? He stood irresolute in sheer masculine disability to bear the sight of their tears: and yet he could not go away, nor desert Elizabeth at this crisis. Not a word had been said between them, and yet she had called him, bound him to her side. He turned from them, and walked about the room in the confusion of despair.

"That 's what marriage is," Mrs. Travers resumed after an interval of sobs. "I'll go out of my husband's house with the little bit of money I brought into it, and glad to have that. It was all mine for forty years; but what was I all the time? What 's a wife but a pensioner, as that man said. She has no right to anything; it 's all in the man's hands, though she 's helped him to make it, though she 's taken care of it and saved it, and done her work as honest as he. But when he dies, he does what he likes; he takes her home from her, and gives it to some one else. She 's got no right to anything. Oh, talk of mistakes, Lily Ford! You might well mistake the man you were going to marry, when I've mistaken mine, after I've been his wife for forty years."

"Aunt," Elizabeth cried, "have some pity upon me! You cannot have the heart to leave me! I would have died rather than let you find out — anything to wound you. Every word you say goes to my heart. It 's all true; but he never meant it so. He never, never meant it. It 's true, and yet it 's not true. And why should you punish me? What have I done? Will you leave me alone in the world, in a house that 's no longer a home, because I have been put in a wrong position, and because his mind got confused at the end?"

"Hold your tongue," said Mrs. Travers angrily, turning sharply upon her. "Don't say a word against my husband to me. I know what I think; but it 's not for you to say it, — you that he was always so good to. Respect your uncle, if you please. You shall not say a word against him to me. And as for leaving

you, why, what 's this young man here for, Lizzy? He wants to go away, he has feeling enough to see he has no business here; but you won't let him; you keep him with your eye. I suppose you 'll marry him, and then you 'll want nobody, — there will be no further need for an old woman; though perhaps she *is* wanted, enough to earn her living, enough not to be a pauper," Mrs. Travers said, drying her eyes indignantly.

"I must speak, if I am to be here at all," said Edmund, coming forward; "let me be of some use now, at least. You are all excited, — too much excited to decide anything. If Elizabeth will have me, I have been long at her disposal, Mrs. Travers; and in that case I can speak for her as well as for myself. This house will never, by my consent, be anybody's but yours. She will never live in it, with my approval, except as your daughter should live. It is better this should be cleared up, perhaps, and that we should all understand each other. You shall never leave here with my consent. I can't but be of some importance, if what you think is true. All the rest is little, and means nothing. These are the facts of the case: you are here at home, and Elizabeth lives with you. What is to happen after shall be arranged between us, — you, as the head of the house, having the first voice. I know nothing about wills and law; in nature you are the head of the house and the mistress of the house, and so you shall always be for me."

When a man speaks words of wisdom, it is very seldom that they are not received by the women about him as oracles from heaven. Elizabeth rose from her knees, and came and stood by his side, putting her arm into his with a timidity unusual to her. Mrs. Travers sat up in her chair, with her face raised to him, in attention, half bewildered but wholly respectful. Even Lily Ford, behind the old lady's chair, looked up as if her salvation depended upon this supreme and serious statement. When he stopped, there was a breathless pause.

"Well, if it 's any satisfaction to you, Lizzy, I think he speaks up like a man," Mrs. Travers said.

XLIV.

THE SQUIRE GOES HOME.

The Squire went out of the house like a man distracted, his brain on fire, a surging as of a flood in his head. He passed out into the hot sun, with his hat in his hand, feeling the rush in his ears too hot and terrible to permit of any covering upon the temples, which throbbed as if they would burst. Very few times in his life had it happened to him that the fiery commotion within dazed and confused him as to what was going on without, but so it was to-day.

He had been without any premonition of trouble, when he climbed that slope with Stephen. He was going to smooth over all offense on Elizabeth's part. Stephen was to tell his tale, to explain, as he seemed convinced he could. "Let me alone. I hope I know how to talk over a woman," he had said. Mr. Mitford had been such a fool as to trust to him. Such a fool! he said to himself now. As if Elizabeth had been an ordinary woman, as if the circumstances had been so simple! The Squire could not imagine how he had been such a fool, forgetting that he had known none of the circumstances. Now it seemed as if his own folly were the thing most apparent. How could he think that it would be so easily disposed of! How could he imagine that all would be well!

Mr. Mitford was not a severe judge. He had, perhaps, in his heart more sympathy with Stephen's errors than with the virtue of his other sons. He was not a man to make any fuss about a little irregularity, about what had been called youthful folly in the days when he was

himself subject to such temptations; so long as there was nothing disgraceful in it, he had said. But a girl upon his property, the daughter of an old servant, his wife's favorite, — nay, good heavens! the girl whom Roger had meant to marry! Was there ever such a hideous combination? To entice that girl away on the old pretense of marriage, what a scoundrel! and to let her slip through his fingers, what a fool! Everything that was most unbearable was involved in it. It would be over the whole county to-morrow, flying on the wings of the wind, — a scandal such as had not happened for a generation, and ridicule worse still than the scandal. It was like a Surrey melodrama, the Squire said to himself, crossed with a screaming farce. To have meant to outwit the girl, and to have found her too sharp for him! A Lovelace *planté-la!* a brilliant and conquering hero, made a fool of, like the old nincompoop in the plays. Jove! and this was his son! And the scandal and the derision, the county talk, the shaking of the wise heads, the roar of ridicule would peal round the house, like a storm. The laughter, that was the worst. Had Lily been altogether lost, Mr. Mitford would have been perhaps not much less disturbed: he would have felt keenly the shame of such a scandal, the noisy echoes awakened, the shock of that overthrow of all the decorums and betrayal of all those trusts which an old servant puts in his master, and which public feeling protects and authorizes. But that the laugh should be added to the shame; that when people heard what villainy Stephen had been about, they should also hear how the tables had been turned upon him, how the biter had been bit and the deceiver deceived, — that was more unbearable still! The echoes seemed all to catch it up, to breathe it about him, to come back laden with derision and scorn. Stephen, who had been admired in the county, who had a reputation as a dashing fellow, of whom his father had been proud! Proud! Jove! there was not much to be proud of: a base, abominable seduction, and not even a successful one, the laugh turned against him, the victim holding him up to shame. If everything had been put together that could most humiliate and expose the family, — just on the edge of a family affliction, too, when decorum ought to have the strongest hold, — it could not have been more thoroughly done!

It was a very hot day, the very height and crown of summer, and the road between Mount Travers and Melcombe was for a great part of the way quite unshaded, exposed to the full beating of the afternoon sun. It was afternoon, but the sun was still high in the heavens, and the air was penetrated by the fierceness of its shining. Three o'clock is almost more than the climax of day; it has the meridian heat, with an accumulation of all the fiery elements stored up in every corner and in the motionless air, which has not yet been freed from the spell of noon. After a while, Mr. Mitford put on his hat mechanically, to interpose something between him and that glow of heat and brightness. The waves of the flood of passion, of coursing blood and heat, rose one after another, ringing and surging in his ears. He knew what his doctors had told him about that overwhelming sensation, — that he ought at once to get into a darkened room, and lie down and keep quiet, when he felt it. None of these things could he do now. This rushing along in the full sun, with his head uncovered for part of the way, no shade, no possibility of rest, and some miles of blazing road before him, was enough to have given Dr. Robson a fit, not to speak of the patient, whom he had warned so seriously. The Squire felt this dully in his confused brain, but also felt that he could not help it; that everything was intolerable; that he must get home, and do something at once. He

must do it at once; there was no time to lose. A fellow who had exposed himself to the county, to the whole world, like that, could not be permitted to be the representative of the Mitfords. He had always felt uncomfortable about it, always since poor Roger was taken away. Poor Roger! It seemed to the Squire that only death had taken his eldest son away, and that it was somehow a grievance to himself that Stephen had been put in that eldest son's place; he could not make out, in his confusion, how it had come about. It was a wrong to Edmund, — he had always said so, — a great injustice, an injury, a — And now the fellow had proved how impossible it was to keep up such an arrangement. It was all his own doing, as somehow the other, the injury to Edmund, appeared to be Stephen's doing. But the Squire felt that if he could only get home in time, only reach his writing-table and his quiet library and the cool and the shade, and get his pulses to stop beating, and that rushing surge out of his ears, things might still be put right.

But the road stretched out white before him, like something elastic, drawing out and out in endless lengths, such as he had never been conscious of before; and the sun blazed, without a tree to subdue that pitiless glare. He had a vague notion that there was some way with a handkerchief to stop the beating of the light upon his head, but his thoughts were not free enough to arrange it, or think how it could be done. And still, the further the Squire walked, the further and further before him seemed to stretch on these lengths of expanding road. If he could but get home! Presently the name of Pouncefort surged up into his head on those rising waves. Pouncefort! — he must send for Pouncefort: by an express, a man on horseback, in the old way, or by the telegraph, — there was the telegraph. Vaguely it came into his mind that he might stop at the station which he had to pass, and send a message; but that would keep him longer, would prevent his getting home. To get home was the first necessity, — into the cool, into the dark, with the shutters shut. The idea of shutting the shutters came with a sense of relief to his brain. Somebody could go to the office and send the message; or a man could go, on horseback, the old way.

The laughing-stock of the county! It seemed to him now, somehow, as if it were he who would be laughed at, he who had been outwitted, though without any fault of his. The laugh would be turned against him all over the place, who had meant to play the gay Lothario, and had been made a fool of by a little chit of a girl! Something of the mortification and rage with which Stephen himself thought of that failure entered strangely into his father's brain, but with a confused sense that he had been got into that position without any fault of his; that it was the trick of an enemy; that he had been made to appear ridiculous in the eyes of all men, by something with which his own action had nothing to do. He seemed to hear the ring of that derision all about him. Ha, ha, ha! did you hear that story about Mitford? about the Mitfords? about old Mitford? That was what it came to at the last. Old Mitford! though he was a man that had never made a laughingstock of himself, always kept clear of that; had been respected, feared, if you like; an ugly sort of fellow to be affronted or put upon, but laughed at, never! And now this was his fate, for the first time in his life, and by no fault of his.

How good it would be to have the shutters closed, all along the side of the house! What a change it would make all at once! — out of that beating and blazing, the pitiless heat, the sound of the laughter; for somehow the laughter appeared to come in, too. Meanwhile, the road did nothing but grow

longer and longer, stretching out like a long white line, endless as far as one could see, not diminishing, extending as one rushed on; until at last, when the heat was at its highest, the sunshine almost blinding, the surging in his ears worse than ever, Mr. Mitford suddenly found a coolness and shelter about him, and saw that he was stumbling in at his own door.

"Shut all the shutters," he said to the first servant he saw.

"The shutters, sir?"

"Every shutter in the house. Don't you see how the sun is blazing? And I want something to drink, and a horse saddled at once."

"A horse, sir?"

"Don't I speak plain enough? Send Larkins, — he 'll understand; but shut the shutters, every shutter; keep out the sun, or we 'll go on fire," Mr. Mitford said.

Larkins was sought out in the housekeeper's room, with a message that master had come in, off his head, as mad as mad, calling for the shutters to be shut, and for a horse. The butler had been dozing pleasantly, and was just waking up to enjoy his afternoon tea.

"Rubbish," he said. "I dare say as he 's hot with his walk, and wants a drink; they allays does, when a man 's comfortable."

But Mr. Larkins was not an ill-natured man, and he had a sympathy for people who wanted a drink. He sent for ice and various bottles, and there was a popping of corks which occupied some time; and finally he took in himself to the library a tray, which the footman carried to the door. He found, what alarmed even his composure, his master tugging at the shutters to close them, though the sun had passed away from that side of the house.

"Bless me, sir, let me do that! But the sun 's gone," he said, hurrying to set down his tray.

The Squire was purple. He fumbled about the shutters as if he did not see, his eyes seemed starting out of his head, and he was panting, with loud, noisy breath. "Every shutter," he said, "or we 'll go on fire; and, Larkins, have a horse saddled, and send a groom" —

"Yes, sir, but please leave all that to me, and take a seat, sir; you 're rather knocked up with the heat, and I 've brought some of that Cup."

Larkins, alarmed, had to guide his master to his big chair, and while he brought him a large glass of that skillful decoction, with the ice jumbling delightfully and making a pleasant noise, he resolved within himself that the groom should go for Dr. Robson, and that without a moment's delay.

"For Pouncefort, for Pouncefort," said the Squire; "a man on horse, the quickest way."

"If I were to send a telegram?" said Larkins, more and more decided that the doctor should be the groom's errand.

"That 's it," said Mr. Mitford, and he took a deep and long draught; then repeated, "The shutters, the shutters, — shut the shutters!" Larkins moved away to humor his master. But his back was scarcely turned when there was a great noise, amid which the sharp sound of the glass breaking caught the butler's ear, a rumbling as when a tower falls, all the courses of the masonry coming down upon each other; and there lay the Squire, all huddled on the floor, with his purple face fallen back, and his breathing like the sound of a swollen stream.

Stephen left Mount Travers as hastily, and not much more pleasantly, than his father. The thing had come upon him which, with horrible premonitions of shame and discomfiture, he had feared, ever since that night when his victim, at the moment of his triumph, had slipped out of his hands. The sensation had been almost worse than he

had imagined it would be. The sight of Lily had filled him with a rage which he felt to be cowardly, and which he would have resisted had he known how to do so; a desire to strangle her, to crush her, to stop that explanation by any means, however brutal. And Elizabeth's look of horror, and even the little white face of Mrs. Travers, avowing with a sigh her partiality for military men, had been terrible to him. But after the shock and sting of that crisis, there came to Stephen a sense of relief. The story would have flown to all the winds, if but one of the fellows in the regiment had been there, or any man who could communicate to them this too delightful tale. But the ladies would not spread it abroad, — they were too much horrified; and the Squire and Edmund would be silent. They would know, and would not forget the story of his disgrace, and that was bad enough; but they would not tell it, for their own sake, if not for his. Nor would *she* repeat it, for her own sake. It was more safe than he could have hoped; the horrible moment of the disclosure had come, but it was over, and nothing was so bad as he had feared. True, Elizabeth's money was not for him; the tramp to whom he threw a sixpence was as likely now to be received as a wooer as he was; but what then? There were as good fish in the sea as had ever been drawn out of it. For his part, he had no taste for such women; he could very easily make up his mind to the loss of Elizabeth: a prim woman, with that sanctimonious horror in her eyes, she was no loss at all. They were as safe an audience as he could have chosen, had he had the choosing of them. Not one of them would repeat it; and that, not for Stephen's sake, but for their own. And to console him further, he had the comfort of having revenged himself, which was sweet. He had thrown a firebrand among them, for them to extinguish as best they could. On the whole, he said to himself, with fierce exultation, it was he who had come out of it best.

Therefore his excitement calmed down more easily than his father's. There remained the question as to what the Squire would do, which was a serious one. He had been furious; he had taken it as Stephen himself did, with rage and a sense of the mortification, the failure, the horrible ridicule to which he would be exposed. But Stephen hoped that he might make his father see what he so clearly saw himself; this shameful secret had been revealed to the most harmless audience that could have been chosen; that from Mount Travers it was very unlikely to spread or be repeated, or even whispered about; that the ladies would not do it, nor Edmund; and that the little devil herself, — the little — He set his teeth when he thought of her. He would like to meet her once more, only once more, in the park, and see what she would say then.

He went home more quickly than his father had done, thinking nothing of the length of the way, nor of the heat, nor of the want of shade. He must see what temper his father was in; and if it were very bad, he would pack up and be off. Happily, he had not sent in his papers; and if the worst came to the worst, there would be this compensation in losing his heirship, — that he should no longer be compelled to remain at home. There was always that to be said on the other side. He met a groom on horseback, tearing down the avenue, but paid no particular attention; nor was he roused by the scared face of Larkins, who met him at the door. He thought, indeed, that Larkins had been sent to warn him that the Squire would not see him; but this alarm lasted only for a moment. The butler looked very pale and frightened. He came forward anxiously as soon as Stephen appeared.

"I 'm very thankful as you 've come, sir. I did n't know how to act on my

own responsibility. Master 's not at all well."

"Not well? What is the matter?" Stephen said.

"He came in what I might make bold to call very queer, sir, calling out to shut the shutters, to keep the sun out. Now the sun 's gone from the library, captain, an hour ago, as you know. John Thomas was clean scared, and came and told me as master was off his head. I says, 'Rubbish!' and I carries him in some of his own particular Cup as he 's fond of. He was an awful color, sir, — purple-like, and breathing hard. He told me to shut the shutters and then to send a man on horseback for Mr. Pouncefort. I turned my back for a moment, and there he was, smash down upon the floor."

"A fit! Did you send for the doctor? Have you got the doctor?"

"I did n't lose a moment, captain. I sent off the groom at once. We laid him on the sofa, and Mrs. Simmons is with him. He looks awful bad. That 's his breathing, sir, as you can hear."

Stephen steadied himself by a chair. "This is what Robson feared," he said.

"Yes, captain, doctor always said as his was a risky life; and master 's feared it, too. Getting in a passion 's bad for him, sir, and so is the great heat and being out in the sun. Mrs. Simmons has got ice to his head, and we 're doing all we know till the doctor comes. Had master been badly put out, sir, by anything? You will perhaps know?"

Stephen made no reply. He stood and listened to the loud breathing, with which the very house seemed to vibrate. "Did you send for Mr. Pouncefort, as my father directed?"

"We 've had no time to think of that. I thought the doctor was the first thing."

"You were right, Larkins; it was better not to worry him, in that state."

"Shall I telegraph now, sir, to Mr. Pouncefort? I thought I 'd wait till one of you gentlemen came home."

Stephen again stood silent for a long minute, paying no attention. At length, "I don't think you need trouble yourself further," he said.

XLV.

AFTER THE STORM.

Tumult and trouble seemed to have died out of the house on the hill; the vacant room alone showed a few traces of the passion and conflict that had been there. The screen had been pushed aside, showing the little table and chair behind it, which Lily had used all the time she had been at Mount Travers, in her nervous dread of being seen by any visitors; and Mrs. Travers's chair with its cushions, her footstool, and the pretty stand with all her little requirements, stood astray, as they had been thrust to one side and another, in the sudden commotion which Stephen, before his exit, had flung into the enemy's country. There Elizabeth had knelt, distracted, imploring her aunt not to believe what was nevertheless true; and there the little lady had stood, thrusting them all away, repulsing her footstool, as though that, too, had been an enemy, in the heat of her indignation. The inanimate things showed these traces of human emotion in a way which was curiously telling, with a suggestiveness partly comic, partly pathetic. The footstool had been turned over with the vehemence of the foot which on ordinary occasions rested on it so peacefully. The chair in which Stephen had first seated himself kept its place, — turned with an ingratiating expression towards that of Elizabeth, which had been pushed back a little, — with its chintz cover all dragged out of place by the man's impetuous movements. But all was perfectly silent here, as on other fields of battle; and in a few minutes the butler, coming in with his tea-tray, had it all

put straight again. Nothing could exceed the surprise of that respectable functionary: no bell had been rung, no one had been called to open the door; and yet the gentlemen whom he had admitted had all melted away, leaving no trace, and even the ladies had forgotten that it was time for tea.

Lily Ford came into the room while he was in the act of calling upon some of his subordinates to rearrange this place of conflict. Lily had become Miss Ford, — she was a visitor, and had no dealings, except in that capacity, with the servants; but they all knew who she was, and had a certain reluctance in serving her. It is all very well to talk of rising in the world, and bettering yourself; but to wait upon one of his own class who has succeeded in doing this is more than any free-born servant can be expected to do.

"Will you kindly take up tea to Mrs. Travers's room? She is not coming down," Lily said.

She had been crying; her lips had still a faint quiver in them, and something like the echo of a sob came into her voice as she spoke. Though it had been her mother's delight to think that she was quite a lady, Lily, in fact, had rather the air of a very pretty, very refined lady's-maid. That is not saying much, for it is sometimes difficult enough to tell which is which, especially when the inferior in position is the prettier by nature, as sometimes happens. It is only, perhaps, a certain want of freedom, a greater self-restraint, — such as is not unlikely to add to the air of refinement, — which marks the difference. Lily was very quiet, very reticent and subdued, and those signs of emotion seemed to betray to the man's eyes tokens of "a smash-up." That his two mistresses should have quarreled did not, with his knowledge of them, appear very probable; but that Miss Ford — Miss, indeed! — should have found her level and got the "sack," according to the phraseology of the servants' hall, was the most natural, not to say pleasing thing in the world.

"Tea for one, miss?" the butler said, with a look that gave meaning to the words.

Lily replied only with a wondering glance, but she said in a low voice, "You may put away the screen, if you please."

It was very evident then to the household, through which the news flashed in a moment, that there was an end of Miss Ford; that she had got the sack, and would trouble them with her obnoxious superiority no more.

What went on, however, in Mrs. Travers's room during the remainder of the afternoon was little like this. There the old lady sat, propped up with more cushions than usual, in a state of tearful dignity and exaltation. She had felt the blow profoundly, — as much as nature would allow her to feel. But there is this advantage in a very small body, possessed by a not very great mind: that its physical capabilities are limited, and that the greatest anguish wears itself out proportionately soon. Mrs. Travers had been deeply wounded; she had been very indignant, very angry, and then had recurred to the first pang, and felt the slight and the cruelty of her husband's injustice to the bottom of her little but affectionate heart. But when she had gone through that round of feeling twice or thrice she was exhausted, and for the time could feel no more. Everything that Elizabeth, in a compunction which was very deep though quite uncalled for, since she had no part in the offense, and in her anxiety to soothe, and in her real gratitude and affection, could do had been lavished upon her aunt; while Lily, all overwhelmed still by the event in which she had taken so great a share, and unable to restrain her sobbing, had lingered round the other sufferer with that fellowship which trouble has with trouble and pain with pain. Mrs. Travers, comforted by every

outward appliance, — by cushions applied skillfully at the very angles of her back which wanted support, and tender bathings of her hot eyes and forehead, and gentle ministrations with a fan, and arrangements of blinds and curtains to temper the light, — sank at last into a condition of not disagreeable weakness, with all the superiority in it of undeserved affliction.

"Yes, I am a little better now. I believe that you mean well, Lizzy. I am sure you would never be unkind to me, my dear. Perhaps, as you say, it was all a muddle, just a muddle at the end. And Edmund Mitford spoke up very fair. Oh, I don't say it 's your fault, or his fault. But I should n't wonder if I 'd be better with Lily, for a bit; leave me with Lily, for a bit. We 've both been badly used; and she 's very feeling; and you can't be expected to feel just the same, when it 's all to your advantage. Oh, I did n't mean to say anything unkind. Leave me for a bit with Lily, till I come to myself."

This was what she had said, sending Elizabeth away; and then Mrs. Travers lay back in her chair, with that sense of being a martyr which is never without a faint touch of pleasure in it. She had been overwhelmed by sudden trouble, which nobody could say she had deserved; she had deserved nothing but good, and evil was what had come upon her. But now the sensation of quiet after a storm, of rest after suffering, was softly diffused through the atmosphere: the storm had passed over the gentle victim, — that storm which she had done nothing to bring down; her wrongs had subsided into that quiescent condition in which, while ceasing to hurt, they continued to give her a claim upon the respect and sympathy of all near. She said in a half-audible voice, "Let them bring the tea here, Lily;" and after her docile companion had accomplished that commission, she called her close to her chair.

"Sit down by me, my poor dear, and tell me everything," she said.

When Saunders, the butler, brought in the tea (which after all he had not ventured to bring in for only one), it is to be hoped it was a lesson to him to see Miss Ford seated on a stool close to Mrs. Travers's side, while the old lady held her hand, and patted it from time to time, saying, "My poor dear, my poor dear!" Saunders said, in the servants' hall, that they were crying together, and as thick as they could be; and that he shook in his shoes for fear Mrs. Travers should say something about the tea for one; but she might be keeping it up for him, for another time. They stopped talking while he was there, so he could n't tell what the fuss was about; but they were as thick as thick, — that he could swear. He withdrew very quietly, treading as lightly as a man of fourteen stone could do, not to call Miss Ford's attention to him, and never was more thankful than when he found himself safe outside the door.

Mrs. Travers heard all Lily's story, every word, with the keenest interest. To have a romance in real life thus unfolded to her from the heroine's own lips, more exciting than any novel, would have been an enchantment to her at any time; and now afforded such a diversion from her own trouble as nothing else could have supplied, especially as her curiosity had been roused by partial revelations before. She would not miss a detail of the terrible night in the street, nor of how the poor girl felt when she found herself lying on a sofa in the railway waiting-room, with Miss Travers bending over her, and the kind woman who was the attendant there standing by her side with a cup of tea. Miss Travers had been her salvation, Lily said with tears; she had telegraphed at once to the mother, making it all appear quite natural, so that even her own people knew nothing, except that Miss Travers had taken her to town and was

making a companion of her. They were not to say where she was, at first, on account of poor Mr. Roger, for whose sake the Fords had supposed their daughter had run away. All this had seemed most plausible to her father and mother: and thus Lily's terrible adventure had turned out the most fortunate incident in her life. Mrs. Travers asked and was told much more than this, especially about the state of Lily's heart, and how she now believed that she had never loved Stephen at all, but had only been flattered and excited by his attentions; for the sight of him, Lily declared, had not called her heart back to him at all, but made her feel that she wished never to see him again, and that if there was not another man in the world! This she protested with many tears.

"And all the time Lizzy thought it was poor Roger, and begged me to say nothing, for he was dead; and yet could n't quite forgive poor Edmund, thinking he knew; and was angry, something about money that Roger had left, thinking they wanted to make it up to you with money. It has been hard for you, my poor dear," Mrs. Travers said; "but it is a good thing for Lizzy that all this has come out. It shows what a man he is, that in his revenge he should have taken it out on me. Lily, my child, give me a cup of tea. I want it very much, and so must you, my dear; there is nothing that revives one so, when one is exhausted with crying and trouble, and when one's nerves are shattered. Lily, there is one thing this discovery has done, — it has set me quite free. I always thought, whatever happened, I was bound to Lizzy, and to my own house, and all that. But now that I find out I have got no house, and Lizzy will be getting married, how should you like to go away traveling, to Switzerland, and all kinds of beautiful places, Lily Ford?"

"Oh, Mrs. Travers!" cried Lily, drying her eyes.

"You need n't say any more, my dear; it has brought back the light into your face in a moment. We 'll go away and travel, you and I. I have thought of it a long time, but I have never said anything about it. In the first place, Lizzy never cared for going abroad; and then, though I 'm very fond of Lizzy, she is a kind of tall character, you know, that does not always do to go about with a small body like me. I have always been on the lookout for a nice quiet girl that I could be fond of, that would n't be too serious or distracted, with other things to think of. Lily, since the first day you came here, I have always felt I could get on with you." Mrs. Travers raised herself a little upon her cushions, as she sipped her tea, and a faint animation came into her face. "I never could have done with a companion that had been got by an advertisement, or recommended by a clergyman, or anything of that sort. But getting fond of you before one ever thought of anything of the sort, — it is just a Providence, Lily! And your father and mother, — Lizzy has quite settled about them, so they can have no objections. We 'll go abroad, you and I: we 'll be quite comfortable, and take Martha, and perhaps a man too, if you think that would be a comfort, — for I have a little money of my own, enough for all we shall want. We 'll make no plans, but just go wherever it will be nicest, wherever we like best: we 'll be quite free and independent, for we 'll be company for each other, which is what I have always wanted. Don't you think it will be very nice, Lily? It 's what I 've always wanted, but never have seen my way to, till now."

"Oh, Mrs. Travers, it is like a dream; like nothing but a dream!" Lily cried.

And these two innocent creatures dried their tears, and began to talk of traveling-dresses and the most beautiful places they had ever heard or read about. All the world was "abroad," to

them; it meant everything, from Boulogne to Bombay, the first seeming about as far off as the last; and in the novelty and delight of this thought, their troubles floated away.

Elizabeth had left her aunt's room with a beating heart. To reckon up all that had passed in this eventful afternoon was impossible: the one thing important was the question whether she should find Edmund waiting for her down-stairs. The current of these hasty events had swept the two together in a way she had never intended, nor thought of. She had put out her hand to him in her first astonishment in the shock of Lily's revelation, and in the force and impetuosity of her feelings had called him by his name. Up to that moment, Elizabeth had sorrowfully believed that it was Roger who was the pitiful hero of Lily's adventure. The girl had not said it, had not, as Miss Travers now perceived, given any indication that it was he; but Elizabeth had convinced herself of it by reasonings which it is unnecessary to follow, by one piece of circumstantial evidence after another. In all that Roger had done, Edmund had involved himself. In her own hearing, he had spoken of money which Roger had destined for Lily, and which, Elizabeth took it for granted, was given as compensation for the wrong he had intended to do. Her heart had been hot and sore with the secret which nobody knew. She could not bear to stand by and witness the love and the grief and the honor with which Roger's name was surrounded, — Roger, who she believed had stained that name with such schemes and artifices at the very end of his life! It had been intolerable to her to hear the universal praises that followed him, to feel herself compelled to acquiesce in what was said. She had stood silent, in painful repression, unwilling to consent, still more unwilling to condemn him who had gone before a higher tribunal. She had determined at last, that very day, to tell Edmund her secret, — that it was she who had recovered Lily and brought her home, and that she knew everything. When the discovery came, and she was made aware that she had been wronging Roger all the time, Elizabeth's generous heart had turned, with a bound of repentance and acknowledgment, to Roger's faithful brother, whom she had been holding at arm's length, knowing well — as how could she help knowing? — what was on his lips. Her subdued scream of horror and compunction, her call to Edmund to forgive her, her hand put into his, had all been signs which she had no power to restrain. She had done this involuntarily, throwing herself at Edmund's head, as the vulgar say. And afterwards it had all seemed to be taken for granted by him and every one, she could not tell how. He had spoken for her, and she had accepted his guidance with proud humility, standing up by him, putting her hand on his arm. It all appeared to have been settled for them without a word said between them, without anything which usually constitutes such a bond. He had not said that he loved her, nor that he wanted her; there had been no asking, no consent. If there had been any advance made, it had come from her, with that unconscious cry of "Edmund!" with the giving of her hand. When she left her aunt's room, Elizabeth, for the first time able to think of herself, went down the stairs very slowly, in great agitation, not knowing what she was to find. Would he still be there? Would he have seized the opportunity to escape from a position which was not, after all, of his seeking? Or if he remained, would it be with an embarrassed acquiescence in what had happened, which had been none of his doing? She could not tell. Her heart was beating very fast, though her foot was slow. She was not a humble girl, ready to acknowledge her lord, but a woman full of natural pride and independence, very sensitive,

deeply wondering what on his side the man had thought and now had to say.

She was not left long in doubt. Edmund was waiting in the hall, at the foot of the stairs. The first thought of her alarmed soul was that he was on his way out, that he was about to leave the house; and her heart stopped beating for a moment. But Edmund was not going away; he put out his hands to take hers, drawing one through his arm.

"Come out," he said; "now that you have come, I don't feel that the house can contain me. I have a thousand and a thousand more things to say."

"Oh!" she cried, "what must you think of me? What can I say to you? Everything seems to have been taken out of our hands."

"Think of you? It will take a long time to tell you all that. Say to me? Everything, whatever comes into your mind; for now you are I, and I am you. Come out into the free air; there is too much of me to be contained in any house. Dear Elizabeth, ever dear, there is no ghost to stand between us now?"

"Did you feel it," she said, "that spectre? Oh, how could I ever have entertained such an unworthy thought!"

"I knew it was not Roger," he said. "Some time you shall hear what he said of you and me, that last night. But in the mean time we have everything to say between ourselves and about ourselves. I cannot withhold a word; events seem to have settled it for us. Elizabeth, I am going to begin at the beginning."

They took refuge from the wide landscape in a summer-house which, but that nature had laden it with a wild and tangled growth of honeysuckle and jessamine, would have been an entirely cockney erection, in the taste of the late Mr. Travers, and there reviewed the complete rise and progress of a love which was now by mere force of development clear to both from the beginning, conscious as it had scarcely been, until a recent period, but of this both were now completely unaware. The sunny afternoon sped over them, the shadows lengthened, a cool breeze tempered the heat, blowing straight over the tree-tops from the sea. Everything was sweet to them, — the light and the shadows, the heat and the coolness, the sun and the breeze. The honeysuckle breathed out its sweetness into the air; and so did the birds, singing all manner of love songs and bridal ditties, selecting the best out of their stores, such as they had used on their own account in spring. These two, sitting wrapt in airs of heaven, neither heard the birds nor smelt the flowers; they had all music and fragrance and sweetness in themselves. They were as little concerned in, as little conscious, as little prescient of the scene going on at Melcombe as if they had lived in another world.

Thus the conflict and the misery which for an hour or so had seemed to concentrate in this innocent house, and which had overshadowed it with gloom, and given a tragic color to every ray of light, passed away, being in no manner native to the place. Within doors, the two injured persons who had been the chief sufferers forgot everything, and planned their little consolatory travels with the freshness of delighted children; while here every cloud flitted away from the two most blest, united after long, tantalizing drifts asunder, in the enjoyment of that most perfect hour of human fellowship, the lovers' first mutual understanding. It does not always happen; but here for once life and the hour brought no injustice. The clouds passed away from the innocent household, and did no harm.

The other house on the plain below was not so easily delivered. It was not innocent, but guilty; and on it the clouds descended, full of lightning and thunder and storm.

M. O. W. Oliphant.
T. B. Aldrich.

CONSTANTINOPLE.

I.

THE fuliginous and anti-picturesque mechanism of the steam-engine has certainly an impressive grandeur of its own, but the progress of electricity and of ballooning permits us to hope that it will prove to be only a transitory invention. This hope seems particularly consoling when we find that we have to enter the Golden Horn through a thick cloud of foul coal-smoke, vomited forth in gigantic spirals from the chimneys of innumerable steamers. It is disappointing to contemplate for the first time the fairy city of Constantine as it were through darkly smoked glasses. Alas! the mysterious and meditative life of the East is no longer refractory to the hasty activity of the West. So-called barbarism is vanishing, and with it are vanishing the splendors of a world which was more concerned with beauty than with convenience. However, by a slight effort of imagination, one can eliminate the smoke, the shrieking steam-whistles, and a few hideous barrack-like buildings dotted here and there on the hills, and then Constantinople appears before us so beautiful and so brilliant that we can hardly believe it to be real. It seems more like a magnificent scene painted by some Titanic artist for a theatre of Babylonian immensity. And this first impression is exact, in a way, for closer acquaintance will show that Constantinople is a city of apparent and ephemeral gorgeousness, which one feels may some day suddenly disappear at the signal of a mighty and unknown scene-shifter.

Before the anchor was cast, the Ceres was surrounded by caïques and small boats of all kinds, and picturesque-looking watermen and hotel touts offered their services in all the languages of the earth; shouting each other down, and bewildering the stranger with the babel of their voices. Finally we stopped in midstream; with a crash and a whirr the anchor fell, and in a second the deck swarmed with porters, who had scaled the sides of the ship without waiting for the companion ladders to be lowered. Under the guidance of the tout of the Hôtel d'Angleterre I was conducted ashore, and, having an absolute minimum of luggage, I faced the custom-house officers boldly, laid my valise on the muddy pavement, showed them my spotless linen and my inoffensive change of shoes, and assured them that I had no books. The Turkish authorities are peculiarly keen in searching for books, which they generally seize and send to the censorship for examination; and the censor, if he does not confiscate them, tears out or obliterates any remarks they may contain disparaging to Turkey or to Turkish institutions. Even the Divine Comedy is prohibited in the Sultan's dominions, because Dante has spoken in unflattering terms of Mahomet. I may observe, once for all, that the Turks seem to do all in their power to discourage travelers from visiting their country, while Turkish officials of all classes look upon the foreigner as legitimate prey, and upon *bagchich* as a sure source of revenue, which Providence has given them to compensate for the irregularity of the payments of their empty national treasury. Traveling, like life itself, is a perpetual sacrifice; but one soon gets accustomed to its inconveniences and irritating extortions even in Turkey, where they pass all measure. It is useless to grumble. At a French watering-place where I once spent the summer, there was amongst the visitors a portly gentleman, who was always complaining of the accommodation, of the cooking, of the service, of

everything. "From what you say, monsieur," said the head-waiter to him one day, "you must live very comfortably in your own home, and your domestic arrangements must be perfection." "Mon Dieu! yes," answered the murmuring guest, unsuspectingly. "Then why do you come to live here?" asked the waiter. Evidently, one does not go traveling over the face of the earth in search of the comforts of home, and therefore I shall beg leave to say no more about the discomforts of Constantinople.

Delivered from the hands of the custom-house officers, I followed my guide through the narrow and tortuous streets of Galata; ascended the heights of Péra by the tunnel railway; demanded hospitality at the Hôtel d'Angleterre, — one of the dearest and most comfortless inns I have yet discovered; and, after a sort of breakfast, I started out to explore the city, taking with me a long-legged and intelligent guide, whose name was Perikles, and whose services were most valuable. The foreigner who speaks neither Greek nor Turkish cannot well dispense with a guide.

Péra is the Frankish quarter of Constantinople, — a long, narrow, irregular street, lined with European shops, and traversed along the upper part by a tramway. Yes, there is a tramway at Constantinople. Alas! there are tramways everywhere, nowadays, even at Bagdad, the capital of the Caliph Abdallah Haroun Alraschid. There are European cafés in the Grande Rue de Péra, and Tauchnitz editions in the windows of the bookstores. It is a mongrel, cosmopolitan quarter, comparatively clean, well built, and uninteresting. Let us away, Perikles, and over the water to old Stamboul.

No; not by the tunnel. Enough of steam and progress and Western civilization. On foot we will go; and, first of all, to the Petit Champ, to the old Turkish cemetery, part of which has been converted into a public garden. A little way up Péra Street, turn to the left, and here we are on the brow of the hill that slopes down from Péra to the Golden Horn, and before us is Stamboul, with its mosques and minarets. At our feet the slope is dotted with sable cypress-trees and marble stakes surmounted by turbans, on which may still be seen traces of color. These stakes, which are tombstones, lean at all angles, — some to the right, some to the left, while others lie flat on the ground, half buried and broken in fragments by their fall. This cemetery has long been abandoned by the Mussulmans, who will not bury their dead in such close vicinity to the giaours; and gradually the living are reconquering the territory, and wooden houses and gardens are springing up on the hillside, and roads traverse the field of the dead; and behold the inevitable tramway clattering along under the shade of the funereal cypress!

Beyond this foreground of cypresses and tombstones, we see the brown roofs and red houses of the quarter of Kassim Pacha; beyond this belt of habitations are the blue waters of the Golden Horn, — that long gulf which stretches from the Bosphorus up to the sweet waters of Europe; while the background of the picture is occupied by the amphitheatre of undulating hills on whose slopes Stamboul is built. Beneath the pure blue sky and in the clear white light of the morning sun, the magnificent line of the horizon extends from the Seven Towers to the heights of Eyoub, varied by the brown domes of the bazaars and baths, the white minarets of the mosques, the arches of the old aqueduct of Valens, the tufts of cypress and plane trees that spring here and there from amidst the rose and blue masses of the roofs, and, at the extremities, by the suburban houses, whose smiling gardens embroider the old ramparts of the Palæologi. To the extreme left is the palace of Seraï-Bournou, with its white battlemented walls, its trellised kiosks, its shady gar-

dens; the mosque of Sultan Achmet, with its majestic cupola guarded by six snow-white minarets; Saint Sophia resting its dome heavily on its solid props of confused masonry, surmounted by four minarets; the mosque of Bayezid, with its fluttering canopy of pigeons. Then come the Yeni-Djami, the buildings of the war department, and the immense column of the Seraskier tower, from whose summit the watchman scans the combustible city day and night, to signal the smoke of the commencing fires. To the right is the Arabian finesse and elegance of the Suleimanieh, and other minor mosques which rise with lesser splendor towards Balata. And all this panorama is reflected in the silvery mirror of the Golden Horn, and seems to be painted with the colors of a dream, — roseate, opaline, lustred, delicate, and caressing, like the colors of orchids, those dream-flowers. It is true, the marvelous picture requires certain conditions of light and perspective; and we have only to cross the bridge, to climb those tortuous and narrow streets, and to come close to those fragile palaces, in order to convince ourselves that the splendor of Constantinople is as unreal as the splendor of the architectural fictions of the scene-painter. Nevertheless, the fact of our having been admitted to the dusty coulisses does not authorize us to deny the sublimity of the spectacle.

II.

To reach Stamboul, you cross the bridge of boats which stretches over the Golden Horn from Top-hané to the other side. To approach this bridge, you pass through the commercial quarter of Galata, where there are shops that remind one of the shops in the Bowery at New York, a Bourse, and a profusion of money-changers' stalls, where you change your good gold for heavy silver *medijiehs* and dirty *paras*, whose base alloy is stamped with decorative Turkish characters. All over the city the money-changers have their tables, which they set up in doorways and at street-corners, like the Auvergnats, who sell roasted chestnuts, and ensconce their portable ovens under the *portes-cochères* of Paris. The word "table," although consecrated by Scripture, is not quite exact, for these tables are in the shape of glass show-cases, in which are displayed, safe from the grasp of too nimble fingers, the various currencies of the Levant and of all the other countries of the earth, intermingled often with jeweled arms, precious stones, or gold ornaments.

After paying a *para* to one of the toll-keepers who stand at the entrance of the bridge, we found ourselves in a new atmosphere. While passing through the narrow streets of Galata, I had been so deafened and bewildered by the noise and movement that I had gathered nothing but a confused impression of a motley crowd of men and dogs and vehicles, and of a babel of sounds, above which rose the shrill cries of the street venders and the repetition of the warning *guarda*, uttered by the muleteers and drivers. On the bridge, — which is built of roughly hewn beams laid crosswise, worn by tramping hoofs into cavities and ruts, and always under repair, — pack-horses, mules, asses, carriages, and bullock-carts jolt and rumble along; from time to time the stylish coupé of some pacha or high official dashes past, with the clatter of a discharge of artillery; amidst the vehicles and on the sidewalks, there is a constant going to and fro of representatives of all the nations of the earth, clad in all the costumes of the East and of the West; on each side the bridge are the landing-stages for the local steamers which ply up and down the Golden Horn and along the Bosphorus; darting in and out, under the bridge, are caïques and row-boats; and all around, whichever way we look, are mosques and minarets

and domes, — the panorama of Constantinople, the white fairy seated in calm majesty on her throne of seven hills.

Leaving the bridge, and crossing the market on the quay, radiant with pyramids of watermelons, we arrive at Stamboul: *eis ten polin*, as the Greeks used to say; Istamboul, as the Turkish ear caught the sounds. Now first of all, good Perikles, guide me to the bezestin, to the khans, to the bazaar, so that I may see in what conditions the Sultan of Casgar's purveyor sold his rich stuffs to the favorite Zobeide, in the days of the Caliph Haroun Alraschid.

"But Haroun Alraschid lived at Bagdad, *kurie*," objects Perikles.

"Bagdad, Damascus, Balsora, the island of the Old Man of the Sea, — the place matters little; all over the East the bezestin is similar. Lead on, Perikles! Are not these men in black, tall fezes Persian merchants? Is not the first bazaar we shall come to the Egyptian bezestin?"

In a few minutes we enter an immense gallery, which at first seems almost dark in comparison with the bright light of the street which we have just left. Is it a gallery or a tunnel? Straight ahead the obscurity grows more opaque, until the eye distinguishes, in the far distance, a luminous patch, the exit at the other end of the gallery. The pavement, laid centuries ago, and sloping gently towards a central gutter, is composed of irregular stones, separated by interstices of varying dimensions; indeed, sometimes the interstices dominate, and the stones have disappeared. Then, on each side are the stalls of the merchants, and the merchandise displayed in heaps or in open sacks, — henné, sandal-wood, cinnamon, ambergris, benzoin, mastic, opium, hachich, sulphur, ginger, antimony, powder of aloes, and mountains of aromatic drugs, which exhale a penetrating exotic odor that seems to stupefy the grave merchants, who sit dreamy and motionless, awaiting the customer's call.

At the end of this gloomy gallery a lateral alley is devoted to the cotton market, and there the activity appears greater, and operations of weighing and bargaining are going on.

We continue our route through a narrow street, occupied by the copper and tin smiths, who are manufacturing pots and pans with a deafening clatter of hammers; and so we enter the grand bazaar. This name must not mislead the reader. The exterior aspect of the great bezestin has nothing monumental; the brownish-gray blank walls, without windows, are surmounted by flattened domes, and attached to these walls, like lichens and fungi around the trunk of a tree, are innumerable sheds, and stalls, and parasitic structures, occupied by minor industries.

The bazaar covers an immense tract of ground, and forms a sort of subterranean town within a town, having its streets, and squares, and cross-roads, and fountains, its restaurants and bath-houses, surmounted by cupolas, where men and women go at all hours of the day to submit their bodies to the delights of massage and shampooing; the whole composing a labyrinth of sombre galleries, where a stranger can with difficulty find his way, even after many visits. The streets are long, vaulted passages, and the light falls from the roof through windows reserved in the summit of those little cupolas which we saw from the Péra heights, — a soft, vague, and suspicious light, more favorable to the seller than to the buyer. The walls and ceiling of these lofty galleries are whitewashed or tinted, and relieved with garish ornaments in blue or red; and on each side are stalls; and behind the stalls are inner shops, where the more precious objects are kept. In this gallery are piles of gaudy Manchester cotton goods and all kinds of mercery; other galleries are devoted to shoeshops; in others are

arms, silks from Broussa, Indian and Persian cashmeres, dolmans stiff with gold embroidery, caftans, gandouras, and other vestments of exquisite colors; in another gallery are the sellers of rose-water, cosmetics, perfumes, chaplets of amber, jade, ivory, and fruit-stones; here are the spinners of gold and silver thread for embroidering slippers, tunics, cushions, and uniforms. Ignoring or disdaining machines, the spinners sit barefooted, and, with the end of the strands attached to their big toe, they twist delicate cords of supple metal, as they smoke interminably cigarettes of perfumed tobacco. Here, in a bare and cold-looking gallery, are the diamond merchants and dealers in precious stones, who hide in their miserable stalls incredible riches, over which they keep watch, like the others, smoking cigarettes or nargilehs. And all day long the bazaar seems to be full of people. The dealers are Turks, Jews, Armenians, Persians, Greeks; the buyers are of equally miscellaneous nationality; and amidst the crowd, rendered so picturesque by the variety and color of the costumes, there circulate itinerant venders of fruit, of water, of bread and cheese, of *kebabs*, and of sweet cakes and bread-rings sprinkled over with crushed almonds. Here and there you come to a little café, where groups of men may be seen sitting cross-legged, and pulling away at hubble-bubbles. There, through an open door, you get a glimpse of the first chamber of a bath-house, where you see men with shaven crowns standing about wrapped in white *peignoirs*, or lounging on divans. Suddenly you hear a horrible sound of monotonous and piercing howling, and a tall figure, clad in rags, is seen towering above the crowd. It is a blind beggar, who, with his palms held open behind his ears, is shrieking at the top of his voice, or, as he would say, singing. During my stay in Constantinople my favorite amusement of an afternoon was to go over to Stamboul, accept the kind invitation of some merchant to take coffee in his shop, and sit there for an hour, gossiping and watching the movement of the bezestin. Such an invitation may be readily accepted, and you may even inspect a merchant's whole stock without buying anything, and yet he will not grudge you his hospitality and the savory cup of coffee. It is not the splendor of the bazaar that strikes one; indeed, as we have seen, the bazaar is a dirty, ill-lighted, and cheap-looking place. It is not the aspect of multifarious merchandise, — rich stuffs, and all the fabulous luxury of the East, — for, after all, there is little but paltry and current goods in the bazaar nowadays, and our Western dealers, and even such establishments as the Louvre, the Bon Marché, and the other grand bazaars of London and Paris, can boast a finer stock of stuffs, carpets, and Oriental arms than any of the dealers of Constantinople. The routes of commerce have changed, and the traveler who goes to Stamboul thinking to come back laden with treasures is doomed to disappointment. If he does happen to find something exceptional, he will inevitably pay dearer for it than he would pay in other parts of Europe; and that, too, after having had to go through the disagreeable process of bargaining and beating down, which is the beginning and end of Oriental ideas of business. My experience in the bezestin revealed to me the fact that, as a rule, the dealers ask for any object, even for a pair of *babouches*, just five times the price they are willing to accept. Nor did they ask me this price because I was a Frank and a giaour, but because such is their habit, whether they are dealing with Franks, or Mussulmans, or Zoroastrians. No; to my mind the interest of the bazaar is in the general aspect. The bazaar forms a sort of neutral ground, where you can observe the Turk, and the Persian, and all the other people who meet there, without their resenting your curiosity; it is a

place where curiosity is legitimate, and where everybody indulges freely in the satisfaction of that sentiment. Above all, the bazaar is an Oriental institution, which has remained unchanged except in the character of the goods sold. It is true, one sees there bales of Manchester cottons, rolls of English cloth, cargoes of Russian hollow-ware; but this fact does not prevent one seeing at every moment details of life and customs which are precisely noted in that inimitable mixture of fancy and realism, the stories of Scheherazade. It is a perpetual charm to the eyes to see this living exhibition of costume; to note here a dervish, there a turbaned Turk who has made the pilgrimage to Mecca, there a grave Persian, and there a swarthy eunuch who cannot find diamonds big enough for his vanity. It is amusing, too, to watch the coquettish ladies of the middle classes, who come in groups of two or three, followed by their children and their negresses, the latter carrying big bags, into which their mistresses pass their purchases. For, although Moslem jealousy does not allow women to keep shop, and although in the whole quarter of Stamboul you will not see a single woman of any nationality engaged in commercial occupations, there are no more active buyers and no keener bargainers than the Turkish ladies. Draped in their long *feridjis*, and with their faces and heads enveloped in the white *yachmach*, they spend hours and hours in the bazaars; chattering like magpies, and lavishing torrents of abuse on the "dog of a Christian," on the "son of a father who is roasting in hell," on the giaour who dares to look too fixedly into their beautiful flashing eyes. Sometimes, also, but then under the guard of an eunuch, you see in the bazaar women of higher rank, — perfumed flowers of the harem, whose white and delicate visage the sun has never tarnished, but who, like their less favored sisters, seem to dream only of dress and sugar-plums.

I confess that this contempt of the Franks, which the Turks do not disguise, gave me much pleasure. They at least, among all the nations of the earth, have not bowed the knee before the idol of progress. Firm in the faith of their fathers, they calmly ignore Western civilization; and if they do recognize the existence of the Occidental, it is only to despise him, and not to ape him, and thereby lose their own personality, which has been the fate of so many nations who have become the victims of Western propagandism and Western ideas. At Constantinople, or, at least, in Stamboul, you feel that you, a Frank, do not exist in the eyes of the Turk. You may wear the largest check suit that a London tailor can produce, and yet the Turk will pass without deigning even to look at you. At the public fountains he will go through all his religious ablutions in your presence as if you were miles away. He will spread out his carpet, turn his face towards Mecca, and say his prayers while you are looking on; and, so mean are you in his estimation that he ignores you. For this dignity and stability of character I respect the Turk; and I am grateful to him for procuring me a sensation which is not common in foreign travel, in Europe at any rate, — the sensation that I am an intruder, a contemptible dog, a person worthy only to be spat upon and killed. Happily, the diplomatic relations which the Sublime Porte still entertains with the Western world guarantee the material security of the traveler in the Sultan's dominions. But everything in Constantinople tells us that the Turk, although he has now been living in Europe for centuries, is still a nomad in nature and a conqueror by inclination. In Constantinople the Turks camp rather than dwell, and were they to be driven out of the city to-morrow, they would leave behind them no monument of their genius but tottering tombstones and tumble-down wooden houses.

III.

Anything comparable to the paltriness and filth of the streets of Stamboul it would be difficult to find; and yet nothing can be more interesting than a ramble in the maze of narrow alleys which branch out in all directions around the bezestin, and cover the slope, which is crowned by the Seraskier tower, with a close network of humble but busy workshops. In these streets you are always going up-hill or down-hill; the pavement is of indescribable irregularity, and at every few yards' distance it sinks, and in the hole thus formed you find a litter of puppies, on which you must beware of treading unless you wish to provoke the anger of the mother; in the middle of the road, in the gutter, along the narrow curbstone, in the sun, in the shade, everywhere and at every turn, you see scores of yellow, mangy, wounded, and mutilated dogs, — some with three legs, some minus their nose, some with their ears torn into fringe, all scored over with scars, — who go foraging about, or lie in the sun wherever they please, undisturbed by any one. At Constantinople the men get out of the way of the dogs, and not the dogs out of the way of the men. Nay, more: at Péra, and in the lower part of Stamboul, where there is a tramway, I have seen a car stop, and heard the driver use, not the lash, but soft and persuasive words, in order to induce a mangy cur to remove his hind-quarters from the rail across which he lay dozing in the sun. But in the labyrinthine streets on the slope of Stamboul, and, in fact, in most of the streets on that side of the water, carriages, and much more tramcars, are impossible, so narrow and so steep is the roadway; and so, if you cannot walk, you must ride on a horse, while the owner of the horse runs behind. But the observer will prefer to walk, and, with the aid of extra thick boots, you can brave the pitiless pavement and perambulate with some ease. Then you will find yourself wending your way amidst crowds of men, women, and children, ascending and descending, elbowed by a throng of hawkers bellowing out their wares, and roughly pushed to the wall by the leader of a string of pack-horses, which clatter steadily along, laden with sacks of flour, bundles of firewood, and every imaginable burden. On each side are little cafés, and money-changers, and water-sellers, who attract attention by a hydraulic mechanism which causes a clapper to revolve and clink against a number of glasses placed in a ring around it. At every ten steps you find sellers of grapes, and cakes, and sweets, and restaurants where the savory kebabs — little cubes of mutton interfoliated with bay leaves *à la brochette* — are seen roasting at the open window, on perpendicular spits before a fire of charcoal contained in a narrow, upright iron basket. The Turk, it may be remarked, if not a great eater, is a perpetual eater, and all day long he is nibbling something, if he is not smoking or playing with the chaplet of beads which not only the Turks, but all the Levantine peoples, seem to carry as a plaything and a countenance-giver. As for the shops, in these streets in the vicinity of the bazaars they go by quarters; in one quarter, the narrow streets, picturesquely arranged with trailing vines crossing overhead from side to side, are occupied by butchers' shops; in other streets are cobblers, in others tailors, in others the makers of pipestems of cherry-wood or jessamine, in others the turners of amber, in others the coopers. And all these industries are practiced with biblical simplicity and in the most primitive manner, *coram populo* and *en famille*. You see the father and the son working side by side at the front of the open stall; at the back, in the luminous shadow, are the objects already finished; on the floor, amidst the refuse, a family of

cats is playing; at the door reclines a wolfish-looking street dog; while, as they pass, the neighbors stop to talk, and take their leave with the name of Allah on their lips. In every street the picture is, in general outlines, the same. At Stamboul you feel that you are really in the East, and that all you see is characteristic of the East, and of the East unimproved and unexpurgated, in all its splendor of color, its brilliant sunlight, its primitiveness, its dirt, and its perfidy. My experience showed me that the sooner the visitor has done with the few obligatory sights of Constantinople the better; for the ordinary traveler the beginning and end of Constantinople is the streets, the people, the life, the details of manners, the general aspect, the marvelous panorama of the city seen from afar.

IV.

It is not my intention, in these pages, to write a guide or *vade mecum* for the visitor to Constantinople, or even to relate all that I saw there, but rather to sum up the impressions which I received most strongly, and the impressions which I should seek to renew on the occasion of any future visit. To speak frankly, I found most of the special sights, curiosities, and monuments mentioned in the guide-books of very slight interest. This was, of course, not the case with the mosque of Saint Sophia. I had heard and read so much about this famous monument that even when I had reached the entrance, one morning, I hesitated before going in, and rested at a café under the trees opposite and smoked a nargileh, in order to compose my thoughts and calm my nerves before taking this long-anticipated joy. While sitting at this café, on a low rush-stool, with my cup of coffee on a similar stool, and my nargileh on the floor, I saw a sight which threw some light on the relative cleanliness of the foul streets of Constantinople, in spite of the absence of scavengers and drains. The café was under a sort of arcade, raised about three feet from the level of the square, and from this shady vantage-point I was watching the movement of the place: the fruiterers plunging their knives into the roseate flesh of watermelons, and offering for sale strange forms of gourds and colocynths; the open-air cafés under the trees, with their picturesque groups of smokers and talkers; the barbers operating in the open air, and thus affording the stranger the only occasion he has of seeing the cranial conformation of the Mussulman; while in front of me stood the white and silent mosque of Saint Sophia, with its dome and its minarets rising heavily from amidst a green girdle of ancient plane-trees and sycamores. My immediate attention had been attracted for the moment by the picturesque figure of a young dervish, wearing a conical cap of gray felt, who stood near the entrance of the mosque and counted his beads with sanctimonious air, when, just in front of the arcade where I was sitting, I heard a thud and a crash of pottery. It was a menial who had deposited a heap of refuse in the gutter. Now, a donkey, with panniers on his back, which happened to be standing hard by, spied this heap, approached and smelt it, and picked out of it some rinds of watermelons and other fragments of green stuff; then came a street dog, who found something to his liking; then followed a cat, who also found something; next a flock of pigeons alighted and devoured the watermelon seeds; and when the pigeons left the heap, there remained nothing but a fragment of broken crockery and a patch of moisture on the ground, which the sun dried up immediately. Thus in less than five minutes the whole heap of refuse, except the fragment of crockery which would become amalgamated with the pavement, disappeared, without the intervention of

brooms, or dust-carts, or any other costly applications of hygienic science.

But it is time to return to Saint Sophia. The exterior of this famous mosque is an absolute deception: the dome seems flat, the minarets have not the elegance of the Persian and Arab minarets, and the mosque itself is so encumbered with parasitical buildings — schools, baths, shops, and storerooms — that one cannot distinguish its real form. The interior, on the contrary, is grand, but grand by reason of its vastness, its proportions, and its form and lines alone, for all the rest is ruin and desecration: the mosaics of the dome have disappeared beneath a coat of whitewash; the mosaics of the lateral arcades exist only in patches; all the ornamentation and all the movable splendor of the church can scarcely be said to exist any longer except in souvenir. Ah! when we appeal to the souvenir of history, and consider the Saint Sophia of the present day from that point of view, there are volumes to be written about it in addition to the volumes which it has already inspired. On the bronze entrance door we can still distinguish the trace of the Greek cross; in the lateral gallery an incised inscription marks the traditional spot where the Empress Theodora sat to worship; at the end of the sanctuary, beneath the whitewash, we can follow vaguely the outline of a colossal figure of divine Wisdom, or rather holy Wisdom, — Agia Sophia, the patron saint of the church; those pillars of gigantic girth and those enormous lustral urns were taken from the temple of Diana at Ephesus, from the temple of the Sun at Palmyra, and from the ruins of ancient Pergamos. And, as we contemplate these venerable and gigantic relics of the past, memory carries us back to Justinian and his empress, while at the same time an examination of the mosque throws light upon many questions which wanderings in Spain and elsewhere have suggested.

The Slav Oupravda, who took the name of Justinian, and was sole ruler of the Byzantine Empire for forty years (A. D. 527–565), may have adopted a mistaken general policy, as historians now maintain; but there is one merit which cannot be denied him, — that of having been an active patron of art. Justinian was a great builder, and his chronicler and calumniator, Procopius, has devoted a special treatise to an account of the buildings raised by order of the emperor. Happily, we are not reduced to the text of Procopius alone; many of the monuments of the epoch of Justinian exist still, and amongst these the most celebrated is Saint Sophia, which, both in architecture and in decoration, was the type *par excellence* of Byzantine art, and became in turn a constructive type for Persian and Arab religious architecture. On the other hand, in the history of Christian art there exists no church of greater importance than Saint Sophia. Notre Dame at Paris had rivals even in neighboring provinces; St. Peter's at Rome is wanting in originality, and is Christian in little more than its destination; Saint Sophia, on the contrary, has the double advantage of marking the evolution of a new style, and of attaining at once proportions which have never been exceeded in the East.

From the time of Constantine there had existed on the present site a temple in honor of Agia Sophia, which had been twice burnt down when Justinian resolved to rebuild it in such a manner that it would surpass in splendor all that had been reported about the most celebrated edifices of antiquity, and in particular about the temple of Solomon. The richest materials, gold, silver, ivory, and precious stones, were employed with incredible profusion; enormous sums were spent, and new taxes and arbitrary measures had to be imposed in order to continue the works; furthermore, Justinian wrote to his functionaries and governors to send him materials already

fashioned, and the governors accordingly pillaged the monuments of pagan antiquity. The prætor Constantine sent from Ephesus eight columns of verd-antique; other columns arrived from the Troad, the Cyclades, and Athens; Marcia, a Roman widow, sent eight columns of porphyry taken from the temple of the Sun. This fact explains the great diversity of stone and marble of all colors, which is so remarkable in this wonderful church.

The two chief architects were Anthemius of Tralles and Isidore of Miletus, who, it will be remarked, both come from those Asiatic provinces where architecture flourished with so much originality in the fourth and fifth centuries, as has been recently shown by the explorations of M. de Vogüé in Syria. M. de Vogüé has found the cupola and spherical vaultings, the dome supported by pendentives, in these Syrian ruins, dating as far back as the third century. But the architects who constructed these monuments seem only to have reproduced forms used centuries before in the antique edifices of Nineveh and Babylon. Recent researches, and above all the very complete studies of M. Marcel Dieulafoy, the excavator of ancient Susa, would seem to show that Byzantine as well as Gothic architecture is to be traced back ultimately to the art of the Assyrians, the Medes, and the Persians, which was itself influenced by Greek art, as will be eloquently proved when the discoveries made by M. Dieulafoy at Susa shall have been placed under the eyes of the public, in the new gallery now being prepared in the Louvre Museum. Whatever may be the history and origin of the dome supported by pendentives, it is clear that the architects of Saint Sophia sought new inspiration in Asiatic sources, and we are almost justified in regarding them as continuators of forgotten masters who raised millions of bricks in vaults and lofty domes over the heads of Sargon and Nebuchadnezzar. In future, it will not be permissible to declare broadly that the Arabian, the Persian, and the Moorish styles are derived directly from the Byzantine.

But did not Saint Sophia serve as a type for the Mussulman mosque? Yes, and yet not, perhaps, so absolutely as some have stated, but rather accidentally and by force of curious circumstances. The mosque, as is well known, differs from the pagan temple in certain main points, namely: it has no *cella*, from which a carefully concealed divinity communicated with the worshipers through the intermediary of a priest; nor does it contain any graven images of human form, which might lead into idolatry ignorant persons gifted with a too impressionable imagination. Mahomet intended that the mosque should be a place of meeting accessible unto all, and a house of prayer; for prayer was imposed upon the faithful as the chiefest duty towards God. The first religious edifice of the Arabs — who before Mahomet scarcely knew how to build at all, being by nature nomads and dwellers in tents — was a simple rectangular court surrounded by covered galleries or porticoes, the walls and roofs of which were of wood. In this court was a sanctuary; in the middle of the central nave was the niche, or *mihrab*, in the direction of Mecca, and a *menber*, or pulpit; near the entrance door were high platforms, whence the priests summoned the faithful to prayer five times a day; the lateral hypostyle porticoes were reserved for rest and reflection. In building these primitive mosques, the Arabs, probably at the suggestion of Byzantine architects, utilized the pillars of the pagan temples which they destroyed. The finest specimen we have of this primitive mosque is that of Cordova, a forest or quincunx of 1200 monolithic columns, now reduced to 850, which supported the low roof. These pillars were taken from Roman buildings at Nîmes, Nar-

bonne, and Seville, and from various temples at Carthage and other African towns; so true is it that the Moslem was the thief of antiquity, and that the materials of his edifices were rarely extracted by him from the quarry.

But in this primitive mosque, it will be remarked that the dome does not exist. It is not until the fourteenth century that the dome appears in Mussulman monuments, when Sultan Hassan sends his architects to Mesopotamia, whence they bring back the secret of the cupola, and build the mosque of Hassan at Cairo. Then, in the fifteenth century, Mahomet II. enters Saint Sophia, and is so struck with its splendor that he proclaims that it shall be in future the model of all Moslem temples, although in its grand lines it contains the forms of the cross, — the enemy and rival of the crescent. And so strong has been the influence of this model that on the plans of all the fine mosques of Constantinople and of Cairo the interior pillars describe the branches of the Greek cross. As for the court in front of the mosques, it is simply a reproduction of the atrium of the old basilicas. The ablution fountains and the minarets alone betray the Mussulman sanctuary, and these are in truth very minor accessories. Thus it happens that if the Franks were to drive the Turks out of Constantinople to-morrow, the Christian priests could at once celebrate mass in all the mosques of Stamboul just as correctly and naturally as they could in the church of Saint Sophia, if it were restored to its original destination.

In historical interest the mosque of Saint Sophia is inexhaustible, and you return to it again and again to receive that impression of massive grandeur and imposing majesty which its gigantic pillars and its colossal dome convey. But after all, it is not the ideal mosque of Stamboul. There are three others more perfect exteriorly and interiorly, namely, the Suleimanieh, the mosque of the Sultan Bayezid, and the mosque of the Sultan Achmet, which has six minarets. The latter is a model of elegance. While the dome of Saint Sophia rests directly on the walls of the building, that of the Sultan Achmet's mosque is raised on a sort of drum, and springs up majestically in the midst of several minor cupolas and of its six slender minarets encircled by balconies whose ornamentation has the fineness and intricacy of jewelers' work. The mosque is preceded by a courtyard, around which are columns, with black and white capitals and bronze basements, forming a quadruple cloister or portico. In the middle of the courtyard is a beautiful fountain, rich with arabesques and covered in with a cage of golden trellis work, to preserve the purity of the lustral water. White, silent, and scintillating in the sunlight, the elegant silhouette and graceful proportions of the mosque of Sultan Achmet challenge comparison with the finest monuments of Persian art.

You enter this mosque through a bronze door, having of course previously shod your profane feet with protecting babouches; and then you are free to examine and admire. The first feature that strikes you is four enormous pillars, which might be compared to four fluted towers, and which support the weight of the principal cupola. The capitals of these pillars are carved into the form of a mass of stalactites, a style of ornament which may be observed in many fine Persian monuments; and half-way up they are encircled by a band covered with inscriptions in Turkish characters. The strength and simplicity of these four pillars, which at once explain to the eye the constructive system of the building, give a striking impression of robust majesty and imperishable stability. *Sourates*, or verses from the Koran, form bands of running ornament around the great cupola and the minor domes and the cornices. From the roof are suspended, to within eight or ten feet of

the ground, innumerable lustres, composed of glass cups full of tallow, set in a circular iron frame, and decorated with balls of crystal, ostrich eggs, and silk tassels, as in Saint Sophia and all the other mosques. The mihrab, which designates the direction of Mecca, — the niche where rests the sacred book, the Koran, the "noble book taken from a prototype kept in heaven," — is inlaid with lapis-lazuli, agate, and jasper. Then there is the usual menber, surmounted by a conical sound-board; the *mastachés*, or platforms supported by colonettes, where the muezzins and other clergy sit. As in all the mosques, the side aisles are encumbered with trunks and bales of merchandise, deposited by pious Mussulmans under divine safeguard; and finally, the floor is covered with fine matting in summer and carpets in winter.

While I was lost in wonderment at the splendor of this mosque, several Moslems came in to pray, with the usual prostrations and beard-stroking and yawning. Two or three women also came to pray, clad in feridjis of brilliantly striped silks, — rose and white, azure and white, yellow and red, — and they, too, kneeled on the matting, and bowed and touched the ground with their brows; and their little baby girls, with their fine eyes and white veils wrapped round their heads, stood patient and motionless beside them, not being yet old enough to pray, or perhaps not strong enough on their legs to prostrate themselves without irremediably losing their balance. Some of these little baby girls seemed as beautiful as fresh flowers, and reminded one of the fair dreams of rosy childhood which we find in the pictures of the French painter Diaz. Then, in odd corners of the mosque, were boys learning the Koran under the direction of old turbaned priests, and others learning all alone, squatting cross-legged, with the sacred book open before them on a reading-stand in the shape of an X. These queer little boys produced the monotonous and melancholy sounds which alone reëchoed in the vast silence of the mosque; and in the immensity of the place, dotted as they were here and there, near the mihrab and the mastachés, they looked like big black fungi that had sprung up through the pale straw-colored matting. Huddled up into a sort of sphere with a flat base, these boys, each one acting independently, would rock themselves rapidly backwards and forwards, while they read aloud, in a sharp, nasal voice, a verse from the Koran. Then they would stop, look round, remain silent for a minute or two, and then begin rocking and reading again. Sometimes a single voice would be heard, to which another voice would seem to respond. Another time, two or three voices would be heard together, and the immense vaults would receive and reverberate the sounds, which composed a kind of monotonous and shrill music; for the Koran is full of rhythmic prose, similar to that of which we find specimens in the Pentateuch and the psalms.

In all the mosques the general aspect of things is the same, so that there is no need to describe any of the others. The visitor, however, must not forget to visit the courtyard of the mosque of Sultan Bayezid, and to buy a measure of millet from the old Turk who stands in the cloister, in the midst of a swarm of beggars. Cast the millet on the pavement, and in a second you will see thousands of pigeons descend from the domes, the minarets, the roofs and cornices of the surrounding buildings, and flutter round you with a whirlwind of wings, settle on your shoulder, and feed out of your hand, like the pigeons of Saint Mark's at Venice. At this mosque, which is near the bazaars, the observer will notice many interesting details of life, for the mosque is the centre around which all Moslem life gravitates. Under the arcades of the mosque the homeless sleep, undisturbed by the police, for they are the guests of

Allah; in the mosque the faithful pray, the women dream, the sick come to be healed; around the mosque are schools and baths and kitchens where the poor find food, — for in the East real life is never separated from religious life.

V.

The Atmeidan, or Hippodrome, of Constantinople is little more than a bare site, which memory and documents alone can once more cover with its ancient splendor of monuments and artistic treasures. On this vast open space stand almost all the relics of ancient Byzantium that remain above ground, and these relics are three: the obelisk of Theodosius, the serpentine column, and the mural pyramid of Constantine Porphyrogenetes, which was formerly covered with bas-reliefs and ornaments of gilt bronze, and was so magnificent that the historians of the time compared it to that wonder of the ancient world, the Colossus of Rhodes. Now it is simply a shapeless pillar of crumbling stones. The serpentine column, formed of three serpents twisted rope-wise into a spiral shaft, has lost the triple head, on which used to rest, if tradition may be believed, the golden tripod which the grateful Greeks offered to Phœbus Apollo, who had helped them to defeat Xerxes at the battle of Platæa. Although one may have been warned by the narratives of travelers that it is impossible to form an idea of old Constantinople except from the description of mediæval writers, one still feels violent disappointment at finding that the ancient city has so completely disappeared. What! this deserted waste is all that remains of the Hippodrome which was the centre of the popular life of New Rome? Was it really on this spot that the greatest events of Byzantine history were enacted? Was it here, *à propos* of a question of charioteers, that Justinian saw a tempest rise, which might have overthrown his power and his dynasty, had it not been for the courage of the pantomime whom he had made his empress-wife? Was it here that Justinian, second of the name, made prisoner by his rebellious subjects, had his nose and ears cut off? Was it here that the same Justinian, triumphantly returned from exile, donned the purple and walked over the heads of his vanquished foes, while the inconstant mob cried out, "Thou shalt walk on the aspic and on the basilisk"? And where is the Augustæon celebrated by the mediæval travelers, — that famous Forum surrounded on four sides with porticoes enriched with statues, the spoils of ancient Greece? Where is the circular Forum of Constantine, peopled with statues of pagan divinities? Where is the porphyry column on the summit of which Apollo, ravished from his temple in Phrygian Heliopolis, his head crowned with golden rays, consented to be renamed, and to represent the person of the Christian founder of the city? Where is that imperial palace which was a town of itself, and from whose windows the autocrat could see his fleets sailing forth to the conquest of Italy, Asia, and Africa, and the vessels of his merchants entering the Golden Horn, laden with the rarest riches of distant lands? Where are those thousands of statues that were brought from the East and from the West, from Athens and from Sicily, from Chaldæa and from Antioch, from Crete and from Rhodes, to augment the splendor of the parade of the Byzantine emperor, who appeared in the eyes of men like a god upon the earth?

Alas! the chronicler Villehardouin will answer our questions only too completely. When the Latins arrived before Constantinople, in 1203, he says: "You must know that those who had never seen it looked at Constantinople very much; for they could not believe that it was possible for so rich a town to exist

in all the world, when they saw those high walls and those rich towers which inclosed it all around, and those rich palaces and those lofty churches of which there were so many that it was incredible, and the length and the breadth of the town, which amongst all other towns was sovereign. And know that there was not a man of them so bold that his flesh did not shudder." But soon the disasters began, and a whole series of fires destroyed a part of the town. "The barons of the army were sad at this, and had great pity to see those fine churches and rich palaces fall and sink into ruins, and those grand commercial streets burn with ardent flames;" and at one time, "there were more houses burnt than there are in the three greatest cities of the kingdom of France."

It was still worse when the Crusaders took possession of the town, pillaged the palaces, sacked the churches, and destroyed this city of cities, this imperial centre of a brilliant civilization. The Crusaders did their work of devastation so completely that, after their melancholy triumph, there was little left for the nomad Turks to destroy. Constantinople was a city of ruins, and now even these ruins have disappeared beneath the dust of ages, and there remains of old Constantinople nothing but an obelisk, a crumbling pillar, a broken column of twisted bronze, and below the surface a dry cistern built by Constantine, where some poor Jews and Armenians live like gnomes or kobolds, spinning silk in the subterranean obscurity of its icy vaults.

VI.

Traveling is truly perpetual sacrifice. One cannot see everything, nor, on the other hand, can one describe everything one sees. The bazaars, the mosques, the Hippodrome, the Seraglio, the Sultan's palaces, the Sweet Waters of Europe and of Asia, and all the other curiosities of modern Constantinople are certainly interesting; but the real interest of them is inferior to the reputed interest, and therefore I return to my primitive and final impression, that the wisest thing for the visitor at Constantinople to do is to content himself with a rapid inspection of the monuments, and to spend most of his time in wandering about the streets, observing men and manners, and returning again and again to the marvelous panorama of the *ensemble* of the city, seen now from the Seraskier tower, now from the Galata tower, now from the heights of Eyoub, and now from Mount Boulghourou, on the Asiatic side of the Bosphorus. This excursion will enable him to visit Scutari and its cemetery, and to hear the howling dervishes officiate. As for the whirling dervishes, who perform at Constantinople, I consider them to be comparatively unattractive; their evolutions remind one of those of the Parisian *frotteurs*, who put brushes on their feet in order to polish the waxed parquet floors. The turning dervishes achieve absolutely the same result, only they work barefooted.

One morning, as I was wending my way to the steamer, I saw at Top-hané a cargo of young Circassian girls landed, under the charge of a dealer in human flesh. These girls were clad in indescribable drapery; they were dirty; they were thin and bony; and they did not seem to possess any elements of beauty. In reply to my inquiries, I was told that these girls would be kept six months or so; washed, combed, anointed, and fattened; and that then they would be ready to enter a pacha's harem. This information was consoling, and in accordance with the biblical account of Esther, and of the preliminary proceedings of Hegai, the king's chamberlain, the keeper of the women of Ahasuerus, who had many maidens gathered in his house, and who was expert in all preparations for beautifying the

flesh. Esther, it will be remembered, was not presented to the king until "after that she had been twelve months, according to the manner of the women, (for so were the days of their purifications accomplished, to wit, six months with oil of myrrh, and six months with sweet odors, and with other things for the purifying [beautifying] of women)." It was no small satisfaction to me, in this skeptical and progressist nineteenth century, to find that these Circassian young ladies were about to be subjected to processes of beautification which had received the approbation of such a respected authority as Hegai, the king's chamberlain; and accordingly I went on board the Kadi-Keui steamer in a good humor, and with the feeling that the day's sight-seeing had begun auspiciously.

At the village of Kadi-Keui, always with the aid of Perikles, I hired a victoria, drawn by two scraggy ponies, and driven by an eagle-faced ruffian, clad in many-colored rags and wearing a red fez. And so I began to make acquaintance with the roads of Asia Minor, for we were now no longer on the European continent. The streets of Constantinople had hitherto appeared to me to have achieved the *summum* of foot-torturing badness, but they are smoothness itself in comparison with the roads on the Asiatic side of the Bosphorus, which seem to have been the scene of Titantic battles in the stone age, and still remain strewn with the boulders and pointed blocks which the giants flung at each other. However, the ponies trotted and galloped and walked, and the carriage bounded from boulder to boulder; and we went up and down, between gardens and wooden châlets with closely grated windows, through fertile valleys, across dusty wastes, past silent villages, until at last we reached a mountain top, some seven hundred feet above the point from which we had started.

On the summit of this windy mountain, sitting on low stools, under the welcome shade of a gnarled old cypress-tree, we rested and drank some coffee, provided by an enterprising Turk, who keeps a refreshment shed for the accommodation of tourists. Then, having lighted a cigarette, I proceeded to contemplate at my ease the panorama of surpassing magnificence which was spread out before my eyes. To the left, in the valley, the caravan road to Bagdad wound along the solitary, houseless tract like a colossal yellow serpent, losing itself amidst the low hills that rose in tiers, one behind the other, until they vanished from sight in the blue haze of the distant perspective, or dwindled away into the sparkling wavelets of the Sea of Marmora. I could have wished to see a caravan trailing along this famous road: mules laden with *khourdjines* and *mafrechs*, — those carpet sacks in which the Orientals stow their provisions and luggage, — camels bearing bales of precious merchandise, merchants, pilgrims, drivers, and all the diverse elements of the picturesque procession. Unfortunately, it was the season of the summer heat, and not the moment for caravan traveling. There was no help for it, and so, with regret, I turned my eyes from this impressive spectacle of the calm and vast plains of Asia Minor, and admired the smiling landscape of the Bosphorus, with its water-side palaces and hill-climbing villages, zigzagging its way between the mountains towards the Black Sea. Then finally I turned once more, and behold, the sea, and beyond the point of San Stefano, and then Stamboul with its mosques and minarets, and Balata, and Phanar, and Péra, and Galata, — all the seven hills of the city, embroidered with mosques and palaces reflected by the crystal waters of the Golden Horn. And all this marvelous ensemble of Constantinople glistened in the brilliant sunlight, and the waters looked like green and silver glass, and the domes and minarets stood out like brilliant points in this colossal fairy jewel.

Descending from the Boulghourou mountain, we passed through clumps of tumble-down wooden Turkish houses and through clouds of dust, until we entered the Turkish burial-ground at Scutari, an interminable forest of immense cypress-trees and tombstones crowned with fezes and turbans, — a most neglected, lugubrious, and yet not desolate spot; for in the middle of the cemetery is a leper-house, on the borders are dwellings and cafés, and through the centre passes the highroad. On this road we met a whole colony of Roumelians, who were emigrating with all their goods and chattels, and a curious sight it was. Imagine, in the midst of this cemetery, with its endless perspective of tombstones leaning at all angles, and of cypress-trees whose black foliage glistened like jet in the blazing sun, a bend in the road; and as we approached this bend, a tall peasant appeared, stalking barefoot between the heads of a yoke of white oxen harnessed to a low four-wheeled wagon, under whose mouse-gray awning, stretched over low wooden hoops, were huddled, pell-mell, veiled women, babies, calves, crockery, provisions, bird-cages, agricultural implements, carpets, and miscellaneous utensils of all kinds. And this peasant, and this yoke of white oxen, and this primitive wagon and its varied load, was followed by other peasants, other white oxen, and other wagons to the number of one hundred and thirty, gliding in Indian file, slowly and steadily, through the cemetery. These poor emigrants, who were leaving their settlements in order to escape from the persecution of the Bulgarians, looked weary and sad, and as the wagons passed, in the midday heat, not a word, not a sound, rose from any of them. The women sat motionless amidst their children and household goods; the men guided the oxen by gentle touches with a slender wand. It seemed almost like a phantom procession gliding through a sombre corner of dreamland.

When we reached the extremity of the cemetery, we dismissed our ramshackle carriage, and entered the precincts of a café, in front of which was a fountain and a fine trellis-work arbor, grown over with vines and jessamine. Under this trellis, on cushions laid on high benches, we sat, cross-legged, in the centre of an admiring and friendly ring of mangy, leprous, and flea-bitten dogs, on whose coats the vermin visibly abounded. Here we ordered coffee and hubble-bubbles, and rubbed elbows with a lazy, lounging, ragged set of young and old Turks, who were smoking their nargilehs, and, like ourselves, waiting for the howling dervishes to begin their exercises.

The house of these dervishes, a sort of monastery, stands near the café, at the end of the main street of Scutari. It is a wooden house, surrounded by a garden and by the private graveyard of the dervishes. In front is a little court-yard, shaded by trailing vines, with on the right an old well, and beside it a bench, where we rested and waited until the preliminary prayers were over, when the curtain of the entrance door was raised, and we giaours were admitted to the sanctuary. This is a large square room, with galleries on three sides, and one of these galleries is fenced in with fine lattice-work, and forms the seraglio where the Mohammedan women go to see without being seen. The remaining galleries are open to ordinary spectators. On the ground-floor, beneath the galleries, is a promenade, part of which is reserved for Turks and part for Franks; and this promenade is separated from the rest of the floor by a low balustrade, within which are the dervishes. The floor is smooth and waxed, and on it are strewn sheepskin rugs. At one end, in the direction of Mecca, is a mihrab, above and on each side of which are hung on the wall various emblems, inscriptions from the Koran, skewers, chains, spikes, knives, daggers, maces,

prickly chains, and various instruments of torture, with which the dervishes sometimes wound themselves on days of very frantic enthusiasm. Under the balustrade of the galleries are hung large tambourines. The walls are of a warm gray color; the ceiling and all the woodwork are painted a pale æsthetic green, and picked out with threads of *café-au-lait*. Through the open window the sun shines in; you see the vines and fruit-trees waving in the breeze in the garden. The general aspect of the room is gay and charming, and above all it is delightfully soft and delicate in tone.

At the moment when we giaours were admitted, the chief dervish and fifteen other dervishes were prostrated, with their heads on the ground in the direction of the mihrab, and for nearly half an hour they continued kneeling, praying and bowing, rocking to and fro, and reciting the Koran in a twanging, nasal tone. Their costume was not uniform. The chief, the *iman*, wore an ample black gown and a black turban rolled round a drab fez, while his four acolytes wore turbans and robes of different colors, — carmine, green, puce, yellow; the other dervishes wore a white underrobe, a black caftan, and a black and white cap in the form of a turban. From the point of view of a colorist, the effect of the groups was very pleasing.

After the prayers were finished, one of the acolytes, seated in the middle of the floor, put his right hand to his cheek, as if he were suffering from excruciating toothache, and howled forth a kind of litany, to which the dervishes ranged in line responded in unison, swaying their bodies to and fro more and more violently, and shouting, "Allah-hou! Allah-hou!" The swaying and howling continued thus for half an hour, until all the dervishes were in a violent perspiration. Then there was a pause, and a fat acolyte in a puce robe came and gave each dervish a white cotton skull-cap in exchange for his turban. Then the man with the toothache began to howl the litany once more, and the dervishes started a series of more violent gymnastic exercises. They stood up in a row, shoulder to shoulder, swayed their bodies towards the ground, then backwards, then to the right hand and then to the left, their heads swinging loosely, their eyes closed for the most part. This exercise in four movements grew more and more rapid as the ecstasy of the dervishes became more complete; the floor shook with the dull thud of their heels, as they executed all together the backward swing; from time to time, one of the spectators, hypnotized by the sound and the rhythmic movement, stepped into the inclosure and joined the ranks, and soon the incessant cry of "Allah-hou!" developed into a furious roar, exactly like the roaring of a cageful of hungry lions. During a whole hour these dervishes swayed and roared, producing sounds such as no other human lungs could produce, lurching and swinging their bodies in unison, till their thin faces became livid with ecstasy and sweat. The noise was literally terrifying; one expected the whole room to fall in under this horrible clamor, as the walls of Jericho fell at the sound of Israel's trumpets. The faces of the dervishes grew convulsed, epileptic, illuminated with strange smiles. An odor of perspiration, reminding one of the odor of a menagerie, filled the room. And meanwhile the iman, with his delicate, ascetic face, remained calm and impassible, his lips moving in silent prayer, his hands encouraging the enthusiasts with pious gestures. At the end of an hour's uninterrupted howling and gymnastics, the excitement of the dervishes was at its height. Every moment you expected to see one fall exhausted. But no; they continued to quicken their movements as their cries became hoarser and more inarticulate. Then children were brought in and laid on the floor, three or four at

a time, side by side, and the iman walked over them. Then grown men threw themselves down on the floor, and the iman walked over them; and they arose and departed joyously, believing that this salutary imposition of feet would cure them of their ills. After that, babes were carried in, and the iman walked over their frail bodies, supported this time by two of his acolytes, in order to render the pressure light. Finally, at a sign from the iman, the dervishes ceased howling and swaying, and began to wipe their perspiring faces, while a final prayer was recited. Then all walked calmly to their rooms in the monastery, and the ceremony was over. I never saw a spectacle more savage, strange, and exciting, and I never saw faces more calm, dignified, and even majestically beautiful, than the faces of some of these howling dervishes of Scutari.

Theodore Child.

A LIBERAL EDUCATION.

MANY questions concerning education in our colleges and preparatory schools have been discussed of late years with much learning and ingenuity. The advocates of Greek and the advocates of science have proclaimed and maintained their opposing views. There is a party which would bind down our young people very closely to a prescribed course of study, and a party which would give a boy of eighteen almost complete freedom to choose for himself, and to lay out his plan of education according to his taste and fancy. Meanwhile, some parents, like the author of this article, may be asking themselves, amid the din of battle, What is the object of sending a boy to college at all? Much of the boy's time, much of the father's money, will be needed for an undergraduate course. Professional studies and the beginning of business life will be necessarily postponed. During the years between eighteen and twenty-two, when character and habits are forming, the youth will be working thirty hours a week for forty weeks in the year, instead of working between forty and sixty hours a week, and between forty-five and fifty weeks in the year. Are not the longer hours more profitable to a strong and healthy young man? Is not the delay in entering the serious work of life a disadvantage? What is the compensation?

It is certain that there is no profession for which a college education is necessary, unless it be the clerical, and for that only in the case of certain religious bodies. At the bar, in medicine, in applied science, in finance, and in trade and manufactures, men who are graduates of no college are working beside the alumni, and often with as much profit to themselves and usefulness to others. Yet I hold, and I think most graduates will hold with me, that a college course is profitable to all young men whose circumstances will allow them to take it without causing their friends to make too great a sacrifice, and who will honestly and wisely exert themselves to profit by the chances which it gives them. The thing which they should gain by the four years spent as undergraduates, and the five or six years of definite preparation for the college course, is what is called a *liberal education*. I think that the expression is often vaguely used. People confuse it in their minds with a certain amount of Latin, or Greek, or mathematics, or chemistry. It may be useful, therefore, to ask ourselves what a liberal education really is, and how our boys are likely to get one. The question

of Greek and the question of electives will present themselves on the way, and will have to be met in their time and place.

A liberal education, such a one as can be completed by the age of twenty-two, should include two things, namely, mental training and positive knowledge. In this, I think, almost all men are agreed; but as to the proportions of the two and as to their compatibility, men's opinions vary widely. Of one thing, however, we may be sure. If either element of education be neglected in the undergraduate course, it is unlikely that the deficiency will ever be made good. The years immediately following graduation are devoted, in the vast majority of instances, to learning a profession or a business; and these interests should be shared with no others except by way of recreation. If, therefore, a young man begins the work of his life while still deficient in mental training, his mind will be trained by that work only in those parts which are actively used in the business or profession which he has taken up. If he begins active life ill provided with positive knowledge of facts, he is likely to learn only those facts which are useful in his branch of active life. In this way he becomes one-sided and narrow-minded; efficient, perhaps, and useful, but not liberally educated, and probably less useful and efficient than if he were so. For it is the province of a liberal education to widen the mind, to make it turn more readily to new subjects of interest, to make it understand the ideas of others. The man who is liberally educated should possess more varied pleasures, a sounder judgment, more sympathy with his fellow-beings, a higher ideal of life and of its duties, than are held by other men. No education which is simply intellectual can give all these, but a proper intellectual education may assist a young man in acquiring them.

I have said that an educated young man should have acquired a stock of ideas and information, and the power to take in new ideas and further information. He should, moreover, have obtained the tools necessary for adding to his stock and for using it. These tools are the modern languages. There are few studies that can be carried far today without at least a limited knowledge of both French and German. There is no pursuit in which an American does not often need to be able to use English easily and well. A tolerable knowledge of the first two languages, and a thorough knowledge of the last should therefore make a part of a liberal education.

"But," say the exclusive partisans of mental training, "you are laying out a larger garden than you can cultivate. How about classics and mathematics, if all this time be given to modern languages?" I think I can show that there is time enough for all these, even with the limited hours of study usual in America For it is to be noted that the American boy studies but two thirds as many hours in the year as the German boy; and yet the German retains enough vigor of mind and body to lead Europe in many of the pursuits both of peace and of war. I will not, however, undertake the herculean labor of persuading the American youth, or even his fond parent, that he ought to study half as much again. I will take it for granted that he studies, and will study, thirty hours a week for forty weeks in the year, and on that basis I will lay out a course for him, — a course not so very different from that which he now follows, only perhaps a little more systematic. That this course is a perfect one I do not for a moment suppose; if by suggesting it I lead a few parents to take more interest in the subject than at present, and to try to carry out systematic courses of their own, I shall be fully satisfied.

We begin to prepare our boys for college at the age of twelve. At that age

they have already been five or six years at school, and if their teaching has been able and thorough they should be proficient in reading, writing, and spelling, in the four rules of arithmetic, and in geography. There is certainly nothing excessive in this demand. A bright boy, who had been at a good school, might be somewhat more advanced than this. He might add a little elementary history, or a little botany or physics, to the subjects mentioned; or he might be ready for the secondary or preparatory school — the Latin school, to use the old phrase — before he was quite twelve years old.

The time at the Latin school might be employed according to the following schedule. It will be noticed that during the first year the boy is expected to study only twenty-five hours a week, and thirty hours during the other years. Supposing the school to open at nine in the morning and close at two, and allowing half an hour for recess, the little boys in their first year would take home lessons enough to occupy them half an hour on an average, the older boys enough to occupy them an hour and a half. The school year is supposed to consist of forty weeks, a little more than is now usual, but surely not too much.

At twelve years of age, then, the boy is expected to have mastered reading, writing, spelling, four rules of arithmetic, and geography. He will be prepared to continue his studies according to the following schedule: —

First Year (25 Hours a Week).

10	hours of	Latin,	400	hours	a year.
5	"	Arithmetic,	200	"	"
5	"	English,	200	"	"
3	"	History,	120	"	"
2	"	Science,	80	"	"

Second and Third Years (30 Hours a Week).

10	hours of	Latin,	400	hours	a year.
5	"	Mathematics,	200	"	"
5	"	English,	200	"	"
5	"	French,	200	"	"
3	"	History,	120	"	"
2	"	Science,	80	"	"

Fourth Year (30 Hours a Week).

10	hours of	Latin,	400	hours	a year.
5	"	Mathematics,	200	"	"
3	"	French,	120	"	"
2	"	English,	80	"	"
5	"	German,	200	"	"
3	"	History,	120	"	"
2	"	Science,	80	"	"

Fifth and Sixth Years (30 Hours a Week).

10	hours of	Latin,	400	hours	a year.
5	"	Mathematics,	200	"	"
3	"	French,	120	"	"
10	"	German,	400	"	"
2	"	Science,	80	"	"

It will be noticed that throughout the course ten hours a week are devoted to Latin, which thus becomes the principal subject of study. This is not on account of the intrinsic value of the Latin language and literature. The language is terse and vigorous, but not very beautiful; the literature is probably one of the poorest of the great European literatures, ranking after German and French, and far behind English and Greek. But there is probably no European language whose study can approach that of Latin as mental training for an American lad. The structure of Latin is so different from that of English, yet so logical, that the boy's mind is unconsciously opened by the efforts necessary to its mastery. He realizes that all men do not think alike, — perhaps the most valuable lesson of education.

The next subject on the list is mathematics, to which are devoted five hours a week throughout the six years. This study is invaluable for the mind, being the great school of deductive reasoning. The utility, also, of the science is too evident to need farther comment.

We now come to the class of mental tools. For the first three years of the course five hours a week are devoted to French. This time, if well employed, will be sufficient to give the pupil a tolerable power of reading the language. For French, although difficult to speak and write correctly, is easy to read. During the last three years of the school course French occupies but three hours

a week, but this will probably be enough to keep the boy up to the point already reached, and to increase his facility.

The German language is begun in the fourth year, and during the fifth and sixth becomes one of the principal studies German is much harder than French, on which account it should be studied later. The amount of time given will hardly do more than enable the scholar to read fairly easy German with tolerable fluency.

Greek is excluded from the course given above. It is excluded not because it is considered unimportant, but from considerations of utility. In studying the table, I find myself compelled to choose between German and Greek, and I reluctantly take the former. It is true that Greek is the most beautiful language ever spoken in Europe, and it may well be that German is the ugliest. It is true that for purposes of mental training Greek possesses most of the advantages of German, and possesses them in a higher degree. It is true that the Greek imaginative literature is intrinsically far greater than the German. But we are equipping our boys for the work of life, and for that work the German language is the more valuable. The man who cannot read German will find himself continually impeded, if he tries to carry any line of study, except that of the law, beyond very moderate limits. He can hardly become an accomplished Greek scholar without the power of following the researches of German Greek scholars. And against the greater imaginative value of the work of the Greek poets may be set the fact that the German poets speak more closely and personally to men of this generation.

The study of Greek should by no means be abandoned by those who have time for it. There are a certain number of children nowadays to whom the modern languages have been made easy, either by residence abroad, or by the employment of governesses, or by the care of parents. These children may profitably spend less time than others on the modern languages, and give the hours thus gained to the study of Greek. That language may safely be recommended as an elective to those young men in college who are not afraid of a difficult subject, or who hope to lead a literary as distinguished from a scientific life. The language is so beautiful in itself, the literature is so grand and so charming, that no amount of time spent upon them can be thought to be wasted, if that time be not absolutely required for other pursuits. But as a man who must earn his daily bread is not at liberty to devote much time to cultivating his taste for art, unless, indeed, he can make the art provide the bread, so a boy who has to learn the modern languages can afford to give so few hours to the study of Greek that it is probably not worth his while to undertake it.

The subjects remaining upon the school list are English, history, and science. As to the first, it is needless to speak. Every one must recognize its necessity. History has hitherto been shamefully neglected in our schools. It is, I believe, possible to graduate from Harvard College to-day without knowing whether Charlemagne lived before Napoleon or after him, or whether the Spaniards discovered America or the Americans Spain; at least, I do not make out that the college authorities insist on the knowledge of these things, either in the examination for entrance or in any subsequent one. The course that I propose for schoolboys is very simple. They should take a book of elementary Greek history the first year, Roman the second, English the third, American the fourth. The master should enlarge on the teaching of the elementary book by reading to the boys such extracts from standard authors, such anecdotes and interesting stories, as his judgment may select. The study might

easily be made a favorite one with the boys. For the fifth and sixth years I would kill two birds with one stone by making the scholars take Duruy's History of France in French. The book is interesting, and at the same time it is prepared for a schoolbook. If, on trial, it proved too long for American boys to read in two years, giving one hundred and twenty hours each year, it would probably be possible to reduce the length of the book by judicious omissions. All histories should, of course, be read with maps, and this would prevent the boys forgetting their geography.

To the study of science two hours a week are devoted throughout the course. One of these hours should be given to a lecture, the other to preparation or recitation. I think that the elements of two scientific subjects, say physics and botany, could be taught in this length of time. If the lectures were well given, they would set a certain number of the boys working on their own account; for these subjects are now in the air, and not a few boys will lay down the Arabian Nights to take up the Scientific American. The lectures should be illustrated both by diagrams and by experiments, and the boys should be encouraged to ask questions.

We have now reached the threshold of college life. The ordeal of the examination for admission is before us. Let us see what our boy can be expected to know.

In the first place, he can read accurately and fluently, he can write a legible hand, he can spell English, and, if his parents and teachers have done their duty, he has read a certain amount of good English literature. He has a thorough knowledge of arithmetic, and of the simpler portions of geometry and algebra. He can read reasonable Latin at sight, although some of the difficult authors puzzle him, and he knows the more important parts of the grammar thoroughly, and understands them; but he has not learned rules by rote, nor a single list of exceptions. He can read German more readily than Latin, and French more readily than either, because it is easier. He knows the outlines of history, so that he is ready to begin the study of that science intelligently, and can fit any epoch of which he may read more or less precisely into its place. He probably knows as many as a dozen dates. He has heard enough about science to whet his curiosity. In addition to all this, we will hope that he has learned to apply his mind, to take up new subjects with confidence, and to pursue old ones with zeal after the gloss is worn off.

What will Harvard College do with the big boy entrusted to her at this stage of his education? Her present plan is to open the whole country of learning before him, and to turn him in to pick his way with a chart, but without a guide. At eighteen his judgment can hardly be very mature, and it is quite possible that he may go astray. If he finds out his error in time, he may change his course. He may find it out too late. He may realize, when the day of graduation comes, or later, that he knows a good deal of Latin, or of Greek, or of chemistry, but that he is not liberally educated. He may find that he cannot use his mind to the best advantage, or that he is ignorant of many things which an educated man is expected to know. He may be puzzled by the most obvious logical fallacy. He may not recognize the difference between a calyx and a stamen.

In saying this, I do not intend to express disapprobation of the elective system. That system has done much for the college, but it may be carried too far. Its most ardent advocates would hardly take it into the primary schools, and accept two cantos of Marmion, learned by heart, as a substitute for the multiplication table. In the plan already sketched out, we have employed

the school-time of a young man up to the age of eighteen, or thereabout, to the best of our ability. Let us see what we have been forced to omit hitherto that should by all means be included in a liberal education.

The study of English has been a little relaxed for the last two or three years. We have felt that the boy knew how to read, and that he was a little young to learn to write a good style. That most necessary task must now be taken up. Compositions, themes, forensics, — the name matters nothing, — should be written at short intervals for not less than three years. Probably two hundred and forty hours' exercise can be advantageously given to this.

Our Freshman has acquired a certain knowledge of three languages beside his own. But if he is really to be an educated man, he should carry them farther. It will be best to allow him liberty of choice, but with one literature, at least, he should be well acquainted. Eight hundred hours are not too many to be devoted to this end.

We have given the schoolboy a smattering of elementary science. We should now give him a knowledge of the elements of several sciences, and take him far enough in one, at least, to make him understand the inductive method. The elementary courses may take six hundred and forty hours, the advanced course eight hundred.

There is one more branch of study which may well be considered essential. A limited knowledge of logic and of metaphysics will save the man from many grievous errors and from much unhappiness. They will help him to use the learning he has acquired in other fields, for his own benefit and that of his fellow-men. They will often save him from being led astray by specious arguments, both in practical affairs and in matters of intimate concern. The man, for instance, who has fully taken in the argument for the non-existence of matter has made a great step toward recognizing the limits of what can and what cannot be proved by argument. To these studies, therefore, a limited time, say 480 hours, should be given.

Summing up the studies required of the undergraduate in this plan, we find that English, elementary science, logic, and metaphysics occupy among them 1360 hours, out of the 4800 of which the college course is composed.[1] We should also require 800 hours of the advanced study of a language, and 800 hours of the advanced study of a branch of natural science. In these two courses, a limited amount of selection would be allowed, the student choosing the language and the science which pleased him best, or which he thought most profitable. Rather less than one half of his time (1840 hours) would thus be left for pure electives. The object of this arrangement is to secure for every student a knowledge of those elementary facts with which every educated man may reasonably be expected to be familiar, and at the same time to give to the young man of scientific tastes a conception of the beauties of literature, and to him of literary proclivities some knowledge of the methods and processes of science. In this way, each might perhaps be cured of that arrogant narrow-mindedness which is the curse of the half educated. That man only has a liberally educated mind who has trained every important part of his mind; and to no smaller result than this should so many years of boyhood and youth be given up.

Edward J. Lowell.

[1] Four years of forty weeks, with thirty hours of study a week. This includes the time devoted to preparation as well as that spent in lectures and recitations.

THE SECRET.

I HAVE a fancy: how shall I bring it
Home to all mortals wherever they be?
Say it or sing it? Shoe it or wing it,
So it may outrun and outfly ME,
Merest cocoon-web whence it broke free?

Only one secret can save from disaster,
Only one magic is that of the Master:
Set it to music; give it a tune, —
Tune the brook sings you, tune the breeze brings you,
Tune that the columbines dance to in June!

This is the secret: so simple, you see!
Easy as loving, easy as kissing,
Easy as — well, let me ponder — as missing,
Known, since the world was, by scarce two or three.

James Russell Lowell.

THE DESPOT OF BROOMSEDGE COVE.

I.

ON a certain steep and savage slope of the Great Smoky Mountains, the primeval wilderness for many miles is unbroken save by one meagre clearing. The presence of humanity upon the earth is further attested only by an humble log cabin, high on the rugged slant. At night the stars seem hardly more aloof than the valley below. By day the mountains assert their solemn vicinage, an austere company. The clouds that silently commune with the great peaks, the sinister and scathing deeds of the lightnings, the passionate rhetoric of the thunders, the triumphal pageantry of the sunset-tides, and the wistful yearnings of the dawn aspiring to the day, — these might seem the only incidents of this lonely and exalted life. So august is this mountain scheme that it fills all the visible world with its massive multitudinous presence; still stretching out into the dim blue distances an infinite perspective of peak and range and lateral spur, till one may hardly believe that the fancy does not juggle with the fact.

One day a sound impinged suddenly upon its impressive silence, — faint and far, but even in its echo charged with alien suggestions; not akin to the woods or the waters, to the cry of beast or of bird; subtly at variance with the mountain solitude, imposed upon it, neither of its essence nor its outgrowth. A soul informed the sound, for it was the voice of a man singing aloud in the wilderness, — singing with so ecstatic a fervor, with tones so robust and full, that distant peaks were voiced with fugue-like feignings, rising to sudden outbursts and sinking to silence, as the melody waxed or waned. It swung and swayed in rhythmic cadences across the valley. It might

have seemed a spirit in the air, for with the hymning echoes it was hard to say whence it came. But two mountaineers, standing beside the fence of the little cornfield in the clearing, gazed expectantly up the road, that, precarious and rocky, ran along the verge of the slope. For the song grew louder and more distinct, and presently in its midst was heard the beat of rapid hoofs. A moment more, and the young psalmist came around a curve, galloping recklessly down beneath the fringed boughs of the firs and the pines, still singing aloud; the reins upon his horse's neck, his rifle held across the pommel of the saddle, his broad hat thrust upon the back of his head, his eyes scarcely turning towards the men that stood by the wayside.

He had evidently not intended to stop, but one of them threw up his arm and hailed him.

"Hy're, Teck! hold up!"

The rider drew rein. The rapt expression of his countenance abruptly changed. He fixed imperative, worldly eyes upon the speaker. They were deeply set, of a dark blue color, full of a play of expression, and despite the mundane intimations of the moment they held the only suggestions in his face of a spiritual possibility. He had a heavy lower jaw, stern and insistent. A firm, immobile mouth disclosed strong, even teeth. His nose was slightly aquiline, and he had definitely marked black eyebrows. His short dark beard, worn after the manner common in the region, and the usual brown jeans garb, lent his face no similarity to the faces of the others. There was a strong individuality, magnetism, about him, and before his glance the peremptory spirit of his interlocutor was slightly abated. It was only after he had demanded, "What ye want?" that he was asked in turn, —

"Whar ye been?"

"Been a-huntin'," said Teck Jepson. He laid one hand upon the barrel of his long gun on the pommel of his saddle, as if to call attention to it.

"Did n't ye git nuthin'?"

"Naw. I tuk ter studyin' 'bout'n the Bible, an' a-singin', an' I warn't a-goin' ter thwart the sperit. I ain't tuk aim this day."

There was so obvious a pride in this statement that it imposed upon the others as a valid source of satisfaction.

They all looked meditatively at the spaces of the sunlit valley for a moment. The shadow of a great wing flickered by. A cow-bell jangled from the slope below.

"Waal, I expec' Ben hyar mought hev his say-so 'bout'n studyin' on the Bible, jes' in the time fur pullin' fodder," suggested Eli Strobe.

He was the constable of the district, a heavy, thick-set fellow, forty years of age, perhaps, and of medium height. He had a large head and a certain lowering side-glance, barely lifting the lids of his slow dark eyes with a sullen, bovine expression. He carried himself in a deliberate, pondering manner, and with bated aggressiveness. He wore his broad black wool hat pulled far over his brow. His boots were drawn to the knee over his blue jeans trousers, and were graced with large spurs. His features were straight and regular, handsome in their way, and his face was characterized by a sort of surly dignity. He stood sturdily in the road, with his hands in his pockets, and looked up with his slow glance from under the brim of his hat at the horseman.

Jepson lifted his head loftily. "I 'd ruther be in the wilderness with the sperit than with the gleaners in the richest fields o' the yearth!"

Despite a sanctimonious twang imitated from the circuit rider, his voice in speaking betokened his gift in song. It was rich and low, and as smooth as velvet.

The constable, at a spiritual disadvantage, recanted with acerbity. "I reckon

so! Ennybody else would, too. Ye talk ez ef nobody hed n't no religion but yerse'f."

"Laws-a-massy!" exclaimed Jepson's half-brother, Ben Bowles. "Laws-a-massy! whenst Teck gits ter studyin' 'bout the Bible-folks, I 'd jes' ez lief he 'd wander ez work. He talks ter me till them tales hender me mighty nigh ez much ez him. No fodder sca'cely would hev been pulled hyar ter-day ef he hed stayed."

The mention of his work reminded him of it anew. As he stood in the turn-row, he began to strip from the stalwart stalks of the Indian corn, tasseled far higher than his head, the long blue-green and glossy blades, rustling at a touch and shining in the sun. He was in his shirt-sleeves, a gaunt, shambling fellow, with yellow beard and hair, and long, tobacco-stained teeth; he had a docile, acquiescent face and a temporizing blue eye. Few men could contrive to agree with both Jepson and Strobe, but to Ben Bowles no miracle of trimming was impossible. The corn was fine; the heavy ears, swathed in their crisp husks and crested with sun-embrowned silk, hung far from the stalks, about which trumpet vines twined, the blossoms flaunting scarlet. There even peered out now and then the tender blue eyes of morning-glories, still open, abloom in the dank shadow. The more prosaic growth of pumpkins was about the roots, and sometimes Bowles caught his awkward feet in the vines, and added a stumble to his shamble.

"The sperit hev been with me strong, — mighty strong, ter-day," said Teck Jepson suddenly. "I hev been studyin' on Moses, from the time he lef' the saidges by the ruver bank," he added, bridling with a sentiment that was strikingly like the pride of earth. Then, as he gazed down at the landscape, his face softened and grew pensive.

The great ranges were slowly empurpled against the pale eastern horizon, delicately blue, for the sun was in the western skies. How splendidly saffron those vast spaces glowed! What purity and richness of tint! Here and there were pearly wing-like sweeps of an incomparable glister; and the clouds, ambitious, must needs climb the zenith, with piled and stately mountainous effects, gleaming white, opaque and dazzling. The focal fires of the great orb were unquenched, and still the yellow divergent rays streamed forth; yet in its heart was suggested that vermilion smouldering of the sunset, and the western hills were waiting.

"'T war tur'ble hard on Moses," said Teck Jepson dreamily, "when the Lord shut him out'n Canaan, arter travelin' through the wilderness. Tur'ble, tur'ble hard!"

There was naught in the scene to suggest to a mind familiar with the facts an Oriental landscape, — naught akin to the hills of Judæa. It was essentially of the New World. Its structure was peculiar to the Great Smoky Mountains, and its type could not be found beyond their limits. Yet ignorance has its license. It never occurred to Teck Jepson that his Biblical heroes had lived elsewhere. Their history had to him an intimate personal relation, as of the story of an ancestor in the homestead ways and closely familiar. He brooded upon these narrations, instinct with dramatic movement, enriched with poetic color, and localized in his robust imagination, till he could trace Hagar's wild wanderings in the fastnesses; could show where Jacob slept and piled his altar of stones; could distinguish the bush, of all others on the "bald," that blazed with fire from heaven, when the angel of the Lord stood within it. Somehow, even in their grotesque variation, they lost no dignity in their transmission to the modern conditions of his fancy. Did the facts lack significance because it was along the gullied red clay roads of Piomingo Cove that he saw David, the

smiling stripling, running and holding high in his hand the bit of cloth cut from Saul's garments, while he had slept in a cave at the base of Chilhowee Mountain? And how was the splendid miracle of translation discredited because he believed that the chariot of the Lord had rested in scarlet and purple clouds upon the towering summit of Thunderhead, that Elijah, the man who should not taste of death, might thence ascend into heaven?

He mistook the dramatic instinct, that entranced him with these splendid epics, for religion. He sang loud and long in the meetings, with a rich voice and a fervid indorsement of the sentiment of the rude hymns, but he told few experiences; his soul seemed untroubled, unstirred; he neither shouted nor exhorted others, and in the midst of exhortation he often dropped asleep. But if the text were from the Old Testament, rich in narrative, his fine head was alert, his eyes grew eager and intent; he would lean forward, to lose no word, his hand on the back of the bench in front of him, and often his strong hand trembled. He was an earnest advocate of education. "Let the Bible be read!" he would exclaim in a thunderous, coercive voice, strong with the sincerity of his own wish to read. For he was sometimes aware that he carried with him broken impressions of the stories that emblazoned his mind. Then his quick supplementing fancy would unconsciously assert itself anew, the rift would close, and the continuity would stretch forth perfected.

His was the mind receptive, romantic. The endowment to believe the essential verity, undemonstrable though it be, to see that which is not before the material eye, to feel the abstract sentiment, he shared with those for whom tradition has woven its fine, embellished webs, and history has penned its heroic page, and poets have sung and have soared. The gift was in the nature of a sarcasm, bestowed here. He had not even the cradle lore of other men. Niggard circumstance had environed him with all the limitations of ignorance. In these close bounds, the readings of the circuit rider gave him the only collations of connected fact, the only narrative, the only glimpse of a status of men more amply endowed than those about him; and the dramatic instinct native in his blood vivified the meagre details, caused them to glow before him, and they served for him as the libraries of the world serve for other men.

Encompassed by the democratic sovereignty that hedges about an American voter; knowing no rank, no gradations of caste, other than that of the sheriff, the constable, the justice of the peace — and latterly the high estate of a circuit judge had been brought to his knowledge, — it was curious how he caught from the spirit of the text the sentiment of awe and reverence for the exalted in the earth, prophets and high-priests, kings and great captains. He exulted in the scriptural pageantry. His fancy would marshal again and again the fine show of the serried ranks of opposing armies along the mountain side, when David went out in the valley to fight Goliath. The triumph would hardly have been what it was to him without those multiplied martial spectators, — nor, it is safe to say, to David either.

"Yes, sir," he reiterated. "'T war tur'ble hard on Moses. I jes' know how he felt. Thar ain't nuthin' in this worl' so tormentin' ter the sperit ez ter be in a place ye *de*-spise, an' hanker an' hone ter git ter another. Whenst I war a witness in the court agin Jake Baintree ez killed Sam'l Keale, I fairly pined so fur the mountings my chist felt tight, like I could n't breathe, an' my eyeballs plumb started out'n my head. An' when they 'lowed thar 'd hev ter be a new trial, an' I 'd hev ter kem back las' March agin, I war so outdone an' aggervated by the foolin' 'round o' them lawyers, ez tuk an' spilt the case they hed been at

sech trouble ter fix *jes' so*, that I jes' up-ed an' 'lowed afore the jedge ez I hoped I 'd be dead afore that time."

"The folks laffed at ye, too," said the constable.

"Let 'em laff, — laffin' 's cheap," retorted Jepson. He was one of those happily constituted mortals who respect their own mental attitude far more than its effect on others.

"Waal, they 'low ez Baintree air a-layin' fur ye 'bout'n that thar testimony ye gin agin him," observed Strobe.

Jepson received this suggestion in the silence of contempt.

"I never looked ter see Baintree let off from that court," said Bowles.

"Yes," assented Jepson cheerfully. "The law 'peared ter hev a weak streak in it somehows, an' the lawyers said they could n't prove it on him. An' I 'lowed ter the State's lawyer ez they hed better prove it then with a sentence from Jedge Lynch."

The constable, mindful of his position as an officer of the law, cast a sudden glance upon him of threatening surprise.

"What did the 'torney gineral say ter that?" he demanded pertinently.

"He say ef he hed sech a tongue ez mine he 'd tie it ter his palate, ter keep it still," responded Jepson easily. "But I told him thar warn't no danger, fur ef ennybody fell out with the sayin's o' my tongue, the doin's o' my fist war mighty apt ter make 'em fall in agin. Yes, sir," he proceeded after a pause, "I appealed ter Jedge Lynch." His form of expression was reminiscent of his recent experiences in the courts. "I never got nothin' by it, though. Folks is gittin' so white-livered they be afeard o' thar shadders."

"Waal, now," spoke up the constable, moving back a pace, and feeling at a disadvantage in being constrained to look upward at the horseman. "When the courts — two o' em — hev let a man go, an' can't prove nuthin' on him, I say 't won't do fur folks ter set out an' mebbe hang a man by mistake."

"*Whar's Sam'l Keale?*" Jepson asked the question, and then looked casually across the road and the stream at the great vermilion sun going down behind the long summit line, far, far away, of Walden's Ridge, — how finely outlined, how delicate in hue, against the flushed horizon. The mountains close around loomed sombre, purple, silent, and mysterious, sharers in none of these ethereal graces of color. On the rocky banks of the stream, here and there, felled trees were lying; one protruded far into the water, and was green with moss and dank with ooze. It stirred suddenly, for some water animal had sprung upon it, then splashed again into the current, as Bowles's old dog rushed out of the cornfield with a shrill, sharp bark of discovery. His master's eyes followed him absently, while with a quivering tail and alert ears he patrolled the banks hither and thither, now and again uttering his sharp cry, varied with wheezes of disappointment.

"*Whar's — Sam'l — Keale?*" Jepson demanded again, significantly, and once more waited for an answer. Neither of the other men spoke. The wind stirred; an acorn dropped with a sharp thud from a chestnut oak; a locust was shrilling from a pawpaw tree. "Ef ye 'll tell me ennywhar Sam'l Keale *kin* be, I 'll gin it up. Now jes' look-a-hyar," he argued. "Them two fellers — nobody knowed then what they war arter, but it kem out on the trial — got it inter thar heads ez thar war some silver mines in the mountings. An' they sets out ter find one." His lip curled. "So day arter day they leaves thar ploughs in the furrow, an' goes a-sarchin' fur the silver mine. An' one day nare one o' 'em kems back. A plumb week goes by. An' then hyar kems Baintree nigh starved with a-wanderin' in the woods, an' with a big tale bout Sam'l hevin' fell down a hole ez 'peared ter be the mouth o' a cave,

an' he could n't hear nuthin' from him, though Baintree hollered an' hollered. An' he war afeared the law 'd take arter him, kase they war a-scufflin' whenst Sam'l slipped an' fell. Waal, the folks tuk arter him fur not hevin' kem straight ter tell, — lef' the critter thar in the cave ter starve or drown. None o' that fooled me!"

He broke off abruptly.

Ben Bowles pulled his hay-colored beard with meditative fingers. "Ye b'lieve Sam'l war dead fust, an' then war flung down inter the cave."

Jepson knit his brows fiercely. "Percisely."

"Ye 'low, ef he warn't, Baintree would hev been powerful quick ter skeet out'n them woods an' git somebody ter holp him git Sam'l out, 'thout waitin' a week!"

"Jes' so!"

The constable put in suddenly; his loyalty to the law was enlisted, and he felt it his bounden duty to support its decisions, with the weight of his personal opinion.

"Baintree 'lowed Sam war dead, or hed sunk spang through the yearth, kase he would n't answer. The boy war '*feared* ter tell. He would n't even tell a-fust ez they war a-scufflin' an' a-playin'. An' ez the jury 'lowed he warn't guilty, I feel ez ef he ought ter be let ter go."

"*Whar's — Sam'l — Keale?*" demanded Jepson once more.

Neither answered. The shrilling of the cicada persisted sharply. Only the rim of the sun showed above the distant blue mountain; the soft suffusions of light upon the great valley were reddening, and a sense of impending shadows, not yet falling, was upon the air. Night was pluming her wings, to spread them erelong. A point of light suddenly scintillated in the dark flow of the mountain stream, for the poetic evening star — how serene! — was in the sky. What sense of melancholy had pierced the group of pines hard by? Their fringes were astir against the sky, and a monody, all tenderly subdued and subtly mournful, was on the air.

"He kem over yander ter the blacksmith shop las' Wednesday," Jepson resumed abruptly. "I war thar ter hev this hyar horse-critter's nigh fore-foot shod;" he leaned over, glancing down at it, then came suddenly to the perpendicular. "He kem thar ez ef he expected folks ter 'bide by the verdic' an' be sati'fied. He kem in the door an' walked roun', an' then he sot down in the winder. An' then I jes' riz up. I said ter him, I said aloud, 'Cain, I see Abel with ye. I view him thar. Ye need n't winge away. He hev kem ter abide alongside o' ye forever. Ye kin hide him in no caves. Ye kin kiver him in no secrets. He air yer portion. He air yer share forever!' An' then I turned back ter the anvil, whar Pete Blenkins war a-forgin' of the horse-shoe. An' time he hed bent the bar I looked over my lef' shoulder, an' the winder war empty."

A long pause ensued. "Waal, sir," Strobe presently remarked, "folks 'low he hev got religion now, an' air goin' ter be baptized."

Teck turned a face of amazed anger upon him.

"He sha'n't!" he cried, as arrogantly as if he guarded the gates of heaven. "He shell not save his soul! He shell not reach the golden shore, whilst the man he buried in the depths o' the yearth, 'thout nare minit's grace ter think on salvation, air a-welterin' in brimstun, an' a-burnin' in hell. He shell not save his soul!"

His breath was short, his cheek flushed, his eye intent and fiery. All at once his whole aspect changed.

"Hy're, A'minty!" he cried out, his flexible voice rising to a cheery key. "I see ye; no use a-hidin'. Supper ready?"

For there, sidling along among the weeds in the fence corners, was a small

girl, much distraught by the presence of a stranger, and holding her head so bent down that little could be seen of her face for the curling tangled red hair that fell over it. She wore a blue checked homespun frock, and she carried in her arms, feet upward, a large, ungainly yellow cat, with unattractive green eyes, which rolled about while her head hung down.

"They blows the horn at the house fur we-uns," Jepson continued, "but A'minty keeps one eye on the pot, an' kems arter me jes' a leetle aforehand every day. She knows I be afeard ter go ter the house by myself. Suthin' mought ketch me on the road, — varmints, or dogs, or sech."

He winked jovially to the other two men, but A'minty stood unsmiling by the fence.

Suddenly the resonance of a horn was on the air, with a trailing refrain of echoes. So far they rang, so faint, so fine, they hardly seemed akin to the homely blast wound close at hand. The moon, rising now, — a lucent yellow sphere in the pink haze of the skies, far above the purple earth, — might naturalize such sounds. Thus rings the horn of Diana, perhaps, amidst the lunar mountains. And when the vibrations died away the ear strained to hear them again; so elfin was the final tone that the succeeding interval was less like silence than a sound which the sense was not fine enough to discern.

"Wanter ride, A'minty?" Teck demanded of his small niece.

Her shyness vanished instantly. She showed a rounded freckled face and shining eyes, and an assemblage of jagged gleeful teeth, as she ran, with the deft noiselessness of the barefooted gentry, almost under his horse's heels and caught the stirrup. He reached down gravely for the cat, holding it by the middle, with its four stiff paws outstretched, and A'minty clutched his great spurred boot, and climbed up his long leg like a squirrel. He rode off, the rifle stayed upon the pommel of the saddle by the hand that held too the reins, while the little girl, nestling in his arms, looked back at the two men by the side of the fence, and the cat, which she clasped, turned its supple neck and gazed back, too, from her perch above the horseman's shoulder.

The two men followed them with a languid gaze for a moment; then Strobe was moved to seat himself slowly and circumspectly on a boulder near the roadside. As he leaned his shoulder against the pawpaw tree close by, the locust shrilling high up among its branches suddenly ceased its iteration.

"Teck air too durned smart," he said, his own individuality reasserting itself since freed from the dominant presence of the other, — "too durned smart. Set an' talk afore a off'cer o' the law 'bout lynchin' a man, an' gin his opinion agin a jury's verdic' an' a jedge's say-so. He hev got the big-head powerful bad. Axin', '*Whar 's Sam'l Keale? Whar 's — Sam'l — Keale?*' ez ef enny cit'zen hev got enny right ter know or say, when the law 's done its sheer."

"I reckon Jake Baintree mus' be innercent," observed Jepson's brother, with the mild eye and voice of the temporizer. "Them folks hev been powerful tried. He war twenty when it happened, an' he be twenty-five now — a year older 'n Teck. It tuk all that time ter jail an' try him."

"Waal, the law is slow, — the law is slow." The important constable deported himself with a sort of clumsy pride in the lingering exploits of the law.

"Yes, sir; 'minds me of a slow mule-race all the time, the law does," said Bowles.

Strobe looked at him, surlily suspicious of a satiric intent, but the mild Bowles had evidently spoken in all good faith.

"I reckon his folks hev been powerful put ter it ter live along all this time," continued Bowles.

"I know they never planted none the fust year," rejoined Strobe.

"Waal, at fust they 'lowed it would be soon over, an' they jes' stirred thar stumps ter do everything fur the trial, an' they thunk o' nuthin' else. Then nex' year they hed ter pay suthin' ter them lawyers, whether they sp'ilt thar case or no."

"Jake war a-tellin' me the tother day," said the constable; "he war sayin' how thankful he war ter some o' thar neighbors, ez hed holped 'em along in thar troubles. Ye know he air so meek-spoken, an' perlite, an' sech now; an' he jes' makes hisse'f ez small ez he sets by the fire, an' he grins afore ye kin speak ter him, an' — I dunno." He relinquished suddenly the descriptive effort. "An' I jes' spoke up, an' I say, 'I 'd be obleeged ter ye, Jake, now that the law hev let ye off, ef ye would n't *look* so durned guilty.'"

"What 'd he say?" demanded Bowles.

"Waal, the critter changed suddint. An' he say, 'I know folks 'low I be guilty, an' it makes me look guilty till I plumb *feel* guilty.'"

The constable's portly form had a burly shadow behind it, as he rose from his seat on the rock, for the moon was well up now, glistening through the needles of the pines, and casting a broad refulgent sheen upon the empty road; the blades of Indian corn gleamed, as they stirred in the breeze. Bowles had unhooked his arms from the fence rail, and the two men took their way together to the little cabin in the notch. The conformation of the great slopes above them showed a neighboring peak standing definite and dark against the evening sky. Adown the wooded steeps the shadows gloomed. The ground fell away from the door in an abrupt descent, and through the uninclosed passage between the two rooms, which constituted the house, could be seen a far-reaching defile of crags and sombre purple ranges in the elusive blue distances. The little cabin, its ridge-pole in a slant against the sky, with its forlorn shanty of a barn, its few bee-gums awry along the rickety rail fence, its scanty scaffolds of tobacco and drying fruit, seemed all the more meagre for the splendid affluence of the scene spread out before it on every side. "I kin see fifty mile an' furder in three States," Bowles, its owner, sometimes boasted.

"I 'd ruther see fewer bushes an' mo' cornfield," his wife as often retorted.

It was with none of the complacence of ownership that she received her share in his possessions. She often satirically commented upon them, with a singular absence of any sense of responsibility for them. Although she maintained absolute sway in the household, she deported herself like an alien. The interior was alight with a dull red glow, for the cooking of supper was in progress; and while she waited for the baking of the johnny-cake, she sat upon the step of the rickety little porch and looked about her with an idle, casual glance, devoid of any consanguinity with the objects upon which it rested. She was some twenty years of age, perhaps. She had a clear olive complexion, and dark brown hair smoothly drawn away from a broad low forehead. Her eyes were small, dark and bead-like, and held a laughing twinkle in them. She had a blunt nose, and flexible lips that showed two rows of teeth, large, strong, and white. She was accounted good-looking, and had the neat and orderly appearance common to people of that repute. Her compact and well-rounded figure was tidily bestowed in a blue and white checked cotton dress, and from the "tuckin'-comb" at the back of her head no loose ends of hair escaped. Her husband had esteemed himself singularly fortunate to win such a prize, handicapped as he was in the matrimonial race. He felt himself elderly at thirty-five; he was a widower, poorer than his

fellows, and burdened with three children. It was rumored in the Cove that she had married Benjamin Bowles to spite another lover, with whom she had quarreled. It is to be hoped that this unique revenge smote with due force its intended victim, but Mrs. Bowles had times of great depression of spirit, and it may be feared that her chosen retribution had given her a backhanded blow in its recoil.

It was with much urbanity that she received the constable, who was her cousin, and who had chanced to be called up into the mountain on official business, and had stopped to spend the night at his relative's house. She evidently entertained some anxiety that a flattering report of the match she had made, and her content therewith, should go down to the Cove, and for this she exerted her tact. She was smiling and brisk as she served the supper, which was savory enough, for she was a good housewife, bland and kind to the children, decorous and deferential to her new husband; but her manner to his brother was singularly null, which indication Eli Strobe did not fail to notice. Already there was antagonism here, and each was strong in a way. "Fight dog, fight bar," said Eli Strobe, chuckling to himself.

It titillated his sense of humor to remember how anxious she had been that Jepson should join his cattle and sheep and household gear to her husband's stock, when his mother had died, and his home in the valley was thus broken up. It had been a provident and profitable arrangement on her part.

"Ef she jes' could hev got the vally o' the stock 'thout the bother an' contrariousness o' hevin' Teck in the house, would n't she hev been happy!" Strobe silently jeered.

They sat around the open door, after the meal was concluded. The high air was chill; the influence of the stern wilds, with the lonely moon upon them, with the silent mists vagrant in the valleys, was vaguely drear, but the red flare of the smouldering fire within was genial to see, and harmonized with the sense of home. A'minty sat upon the doorstep, with the yellow cat in her arms; it was wakeful, eying the moonlight, and now and then the flickering gossamer wing of a cicada's short flight in a few hop-vines at one side of the porch. The old dog lay at length and drowsed; but a puppy found an absorbing interest in a toad hopping along the road, and now sat and gazed at him with knitted brows and an intent attitude, and now smote him with a festive paw and treated him to a high callow yap. How the leaves of the chestnut oak accorded with the moonlight; how they lent their glossy surface to the sheen! The shadows flecked the road with dusky intervals and interfulgent glitter, and the great crag that jutted out a little way down the slope was half in the gloom and half in the light. Mrs. Bowles's needles clicked, as she knitted, and gleamed in the red glow of the fire.

"Miss me enny in the Cove, cousin Eli?" she demanded, flashing her bead-like eyes upon him.

Strobe thrust his hands deep in his pockets, swayed himself far back in his chair, and surveyed her with a sort of burly jocosity.

"Waal, *I* ain't missed ye none," he averred. He looked steadily at her, as if to watch the effect of this statement, and she, apprehending a jest, returned his gaze expectantly. "I 'lowed ez Peter Bryce war competent ter miss ye about all the missin' ez ye war entitled ter. Ho! ho! I reckon he 'lows ez Bowles air ez lucky ez a wish-bone."

And Benjamin Bowles, limply ineffective, and feeling somehow thrust out of the conversation at his own fireside, so that he could think of nothing to say, made haste to glibly laugh too, to show his triumph in his prize; for Peter Bryce was the rejected suitor.

Mrs. Bowles looked quickly at her husband, as if to supervise the due exhibition of gratulation; then laughed coquettishly, with a great show of teeth. "Oh, nobody expec's *ye* ter take ter jokin'! Ye air so sober-sided, cousin Eli."

She dropped a stitch, and bent forward to catch the light of the flames upon it. She drew back with a sharp cry.

"Who put that thar stick o' ellum wood on the fire ter burn? Who 's burnin' ellum?" she exclaimed, pointing at it.

"'T ain't ellum, air it?" Her husband bent over in quick anxiety to see.

"Ellum!" said cousin Eli laconically. "I seen it ez soon ez I kem in."

"It air a sign o' bad luck!" she protested, at once flustered and angry.

"Ellum," said cousin Eli Strobe ruminatively. He leaned forward, with his elbows on his knees, and gazed into the fire with his heavy-lidded eyes. "Ellum," he repeated, his pipe between his set teeth. "They makes coffins out'n ellum, an' that 's why they 'low it air a sign o' death."

She looked at her husband for a moment, aghast.

"Sim mus' hev put it on," said Bowles, weakly seeking to shield himself.

Sim was a small carrot-headed boy, whose sullen, watchful eyes and manner, at once cowed and resentful, intimated some harsh dealings of Fate.

"'T warn't Sim," said Teck Jepson, palpably lying. "I put it on myself."

He had not been near the fire since he had rattled his gun into its place in the rack of deer-horns above the chimney. She looked at him angrily, apprehending the falsehood, but silently; he returned the gaze with steadfast intentness, and she flung petulantly away.

"Sim air a bad aig," she remarked. "I dunno what ailed that 'oman" — thus she always referred to her predecessor — "ter raise her chil'n ter be so mean an' spiteful. She war a fool, sure!"

"Waal, waal," said the husband and father uneasily, "I reckon she done the bes' she could."

It was all he dared say in defense of the dead, but urgent conscience constrained this. He often thought of her, — far more often, doubtless, than if his second marriage had been a smoother fate, — and of the terrible winter that she died, when the mountain was sheathed in ice and impassable; no man could come up or go down, and he was isolated in his sorrow. A ghastly gray day it was when he hollowed out with his own hands a shallow grave in the frozen ground, and laid her in it, with only the three babbling children to stand by. It was in some sort as an offering to her memory that he occasionally admitted to himself that his second marriage was a mistake. Sometimes he tried to look upon it as a sacrifice: the children would have frozen stiff, would have starved, would have run wild, with no woman to look after them, he said to himself. And in this half-hearted matrimonial bargain there was an offset for Mrs. Bowles's spited lover.

The influence of the burning elm was very perceptible in Mrs. Bowles's manner after that; for a time she was silent and preoccupied, and roused herself only to rebuke the children, unmindful of the story that would go down to the Cove. Sim and A'minty were quick to note the change of mood, and deported themselves with a dodging expectation; but the fat Bob, a boy of four, sat before the fire, now broadly smiling, and now nodding and dozing in his chair. He was dark and ruddy, his big eyes were hazel and bright, and his hair, cropped in a unique manner by perverse shears, heightened the grotesque callowness of his aspect. The dogs walked casually over him; the cats climbed upon him, and made him convenient to reach the bowl of milk on the table; the chickens did not scruple to perch upon the arms of his chair, or even on his knee, or his hand,

or his head. The world was not easy to small Bob Bowles, but his was the temperament to make it easier. A good-tempered, docile creature he was, for he had no sensitive sentiments to assuage when the smart to his flesh had ceased.

The talk fell among the men, and presently Teck was recounting his garbled version of the preaching he had heard at the camp-meeting in the Cove. The speed that Jehu made, as he so gallantly drove into Jezreel, had impressed him deeply. "I wisht I knowed edzac'ly how fas' he traveled, an' sech time ez he made," he said wistfully. "Pa'son never read that."

The seeming barbarity of the old chronicles, the poetic justice meted out with so unfaltering a hand, had no puling and morbid effect upon his sensibilities. It was but the fit rounding of the heroic tale. The ghastly details, however, were an aggravation to Mrs. Bowles's darkened mood. "Air *that* in the Bible?" she would cry in dismay. "Waal, sir! I 'm glad them folks air gone! I 'll be bound they made a heap o' trouble. They hed ter bar up the door, in them days, *I know*. Wuss 'n the boys in the Cove."

She tried to change the theme. She rallied her amiability. She flashed her bead-like eyes at cousin Eli with her old-time coquetry, and her desire that only triumphant accounts might go down to the Cove was manifest in her eager anxiety to put the small household belongings before him in their best light. She seemed nearer akin to her household effects as she sought to gloss over any imperfection. Her recognition of their deficiencies had hitherto been couched in the form of sneers, to acquaint her husband with the damage "that 'oman" had done to them.

"I dunno what ails that cheer ez ye air settin' in ter creak so, cousin Eli," she observed. "It 's plumb strong. 'T ain't goin' ter let ye down." Her reassuring smile showed her strong white teeth. Its suavity was gone before its distention relaxed, as she turned suddenly to her husband. "Did ennybody ever put one e-end o' a coffin inter it?" she asked breathlessly.

Bowles started, with a wild glance about the room, as if to identify the chair that had borne so ghastly a burden. "Laws-a-massy, naw, M'ria! *That* cheer air in the roof-room. What ails ye ter ax sech?"

"Waal," she said hastily, in much perturbation, "the old folks 'low ez sech a cheer will groan an' creak ever arter."

"'T ain't disturbin' me noways, cousin M'ria," said cousin Eli. "I 'll die when my time comes." He seemed to make an admission in saying this in a deep bass voice.

"I dunno what ailed me ter take up sech a notion," she observed, with a forced laugh, as she resumed her knitting. After this she succeeded in so steering the conversation as to exclude Jepson and further reminiscences of Jezreel; and she was not sorry when, after sitting for a time in brooding silence, he rose, put his pipe into his pocket, and strolled out upon the porch, then down the path in the light of the midsummer moon.

Somehow it seemed to share the lush splendors of the August, the climax of ripening growths, of fair fruitions, of rank and riotous blossoming. Never before, he thought, had it worn so rich and radiant a guise as it hung above the purple mountains; a gilded bloom rested upon its disk; this fine and delicate efflorescence softened yet did not dim its lustre. Far, far, he followed it amidst the great trees, draped from their stupendous heights to the ground with the luxuriant cables of the grapevines, the fragrance of the fruit perfuming the air. The laurel was done with blooming, but the dew lurked in its bosky tangles, and sent out a scintillating glimmer. How few the stars were! — few and faint, for the night was the moon's. He paused

in a rocky rift in a great gorge, that he might look up to see one afar off, with a dim glitter; and the tracings of a coil that he knew, but not as Scorpio; and in a gap in a Carolina Mountain a planet that was rising. How long ago they were kindled, — these stars! How many eyes had turned to them! The prophets saw them. And as he tended sheep and lay on the hillsides with his flocks, David himself had known these lucent splendors. And Moses, familiar of the high mountains, in whose fastnesses he spoke with the Lord as man with man, — they surely shone upon that hidden place where the great law-giver lay.

"A powerful strange buryin'," he meditated, "the Lord himself chief mourner."

He paused, pondering with a sort of solemn pride that poor humanity should ever have been thus cherished.

The thought of death in the gaunt gorge, with the looming cliffs on either side and many a black rift below; with only the starveling shrubs to grow, and the moon to light the stark spaces as of a desert world; with the white mists to hide the familiar valley, and a dark mountain to gloom afar, while the lonely sky bent above, induced a strangely isolated feeling, and the recollection of a certain forlorn fate came ghastly and drear into his mind. It was a long time ago, he said to himself, and men die daily; why should he think, with a numb chill upon him, of Samuel Keale? He glanced upward among the black shadows, geometric with the varying angles of the jagged rock, and sharply outlined in the moon's light upon the gray sandstone. Suddenly a moving shadow was among them: a wolf, black and grisly, with a lowered tail and a keen muzzle, stood upon the summit, and looked curiously, with doubtful glittering eyes and a quivering snuffing nostril, at the motionless figure below. The cowardly animal sprang back affrighted, as Jepson moved. He had drawn a broad-bladed knife, and passed his hand quickly along its keen edge. But until his stentorian halloo roused the sleeping echoes with a thousand weird shouts, the animal showed no sign of flight. It crouched like a frightened dog; then turned, and ran cowering and silent along the summit, pausing only once to cast a swift glance backward, and so out of sight.

"Ef ye hed been hongry, Mister Wolf, ye 'd hev kem down hyar ter see what I be made out'n. Too many good sheep an' yearlin' cattle pastured round them thar mountings fur ye ter git fightin' hongry till winter-time."

He put up his knife, but his mind was tenacious of its impressions. The wolf had added another grim idea to death alone among the mountains, in the depths of the unexplored, inaccessible cave.

"'T ain't fur from hyar-abouts," he said. Then he took himself to task. "I hev got ter quit this hyar way o' lopin' in the woods like I war bereft. I 'll git teched in the head, ef I don't mind. Folks air beginnin' ter laff at me, ennyhows, 'bout talkin' so much 'bout them in the Bible. Las' time I war at the Settlemint, them boys thar at the store axed me, 'How 's Solomon, an' Mrs. Solomon?' Durn 'em! I 'd hate, though, fur Moses an' David an' them ter kem back, ef they could, an' find me so beset an' tuk up 'bout them an' thar doin's. I 'll be bound they would n't take ez much notice o' me."

As he sought to assume his place on this basis of mutual indifference, he noted a rock lying before a niche in the cliffs. It had been cleft by the freeze; the fragment had fallen down the chasm at some distance, and he could dimly see the black interior of the fissure. Once again, the idea of death recurred to his persistent mind. This was like the burial caves of the Bible, with a stone rolled to the door of the crypt. He sat down near at hand; he was

trembling with the intensity of his interest. He gazed at the place with an excited fascination. He wondered if any one could have been buried here. But no, — he would have heard of it. Besides, he was surprised now that he could have thought it, — the place was too contracted; a full-grown man could not have been entombed in this niche.

His interest flagged upon the prosaic summons of fact. He rose to turn homeward. In shifting his position, he stopped suddenly and looked back. The moon was full on the place now, on the broken stone that had been rolled to the niche; shining through the rift, blanching the sandstone, and showing distinctly, too, some dark object within.

He did not understand his motive afterward. He fell upon the stone in a sudden fury; it yielded to his strength, and rolled crashing down the gorge, rousing a wild clamor in the silent mountains. He did not hear. He did not heed.

The niche was smaller even than he had thought. There were no ghastly relics, no bones, no hair; only a man's hat and coat, quite fresh and well preserved, — the usual jeans coat, the white wool hat common in the mountains; but as he unrolled them, there was some vague air about them that was familiar, and he knew them for the missing man's. When were they hidden here? His quick imagination could answer, could paint the scene in every minute detail. He saw the skulking, guilty creature coming down the gorge laden with these garments, warm then from the form chilling fast, perhaps, in some icy subterranean current. The niche was a ready hiding-place, the great rock close at hand. And here they had lain concealed till the essential moment when the freeze cleft the rock and rendered up the evidence, — the new evidence, so long buried where the criminal had hidden it. And as Jepson held the garments aloft a recollection of his experience in the courts came to him. "A man shall not be placed twice in jeopardy of his life for the same offense," said the lawyer.

II.

The undying grandeur of the mountains, their solemn fixity, the mystery that hangs about them, and their sombre silences impose upon the mind a sense of immutability, and in their midst human life seems a wavering, fluctuating, trivial thing, and men come and go with the transitory ineffectiveness of a shifting vapor.

Something of this was in Teck Jepson's thoughts, as he stood on the river bank at the baptizing in the Cove, and looked about him at the close-circling purple heights. He remembered many who had known them, and whom they would know no more; and he fancied that others — half fact, half figment of his ignorant imagination — had made their homes here, who had never trod these rugged ways. And he took note, too, of the vanishing presence of the Indian and those dim traditional pygmy dwellers in Tennessee, far back in the fabulous perspectives of time, still vaguely known in rural regions as the "little people."

A dusky bloom was upon the vast slopes, for a black cloud overspread their summits and portended rain. All the landscape was in the sullen shadow, and wore this dull purple, or a deep, indefinite gray and brown, save that upon one of the minor ridges about the base of the Great Smoky the rays fell diverging from a rift in the clouds, — a yellow fibrous slant on the illuminated emerald tint of the foliage below, indescribably brilliant in the sudden contrast. The stream, closely begirt on one side by frowning crags, and lower rock-bound banks on the other, was black and swift and sinister, with here and there a flash of foam. It might have suggested Styx rather than Jordan, but for the congre-

gation, standing on a pebbly beach where the county road came down in a cleft in the rocks to a doubtful ford, — the landing being effected on the opposite side, so far up stream that it was barely visible, — and but for the weird baptismal hymns and the echoing psalmody of the heathen rocks.

The assemblage had a melancholy guise: the elder men grizzled and grim, and the women with pallid, ascetic faces, barely glimpsed under their long tunnel-like sunbonnets, and wearing straight-skirted homespun dresses. Only in the rear of the assemblage some of the languid young mountaineers showed signs of latent but fitful levity. There were always voices enough to carry on the sonorous hymn, though under its cover remarks in an undertone were often exchanged. Above on the slope were hitched the ox-wagons and saddle-horses that had conveyed the company hither, but in the defile between the crags were two horsemen, still mounted, gravely watching the rite administered.

It was an impressive moment when the old preacher, his white hair and his lined face ghastly in the unnatural light of the day, forged out into the current, leading a young girl by the hand, and crying out in the silence, — for the song had ceased, — "This is the river o' death! Come down, my sister, and be buried with Christ in baptism."

A flickering glow of lightning, broad and faint, ran over the clouds, and illumined her pale face and her coils of fair hair, as she was slowly laid backward into the depths of the black water. The next moment she rose, dimly descried in the dun light of the gray day, exclaiming that she had risen from the dead, and crying, "Glory! Glory!" in an ecstatic frenzy, as she struggled, with dripping hair and garments, to the shore.

All the rocks echoed the shrill, rapturous cry, and "Glory! Glory!" sounded far and faint up and down the river.

"On Jordan's stormy banks I stand!" The chorus was renewed, its wistful, subdued spirit contrasting with the joyful exclamation, "Glory!" that still pierced its tumult.

Suddenly a sturdy, stout young man, with short cropped black hair, a bullet head, and an intent manner, and clad in copper-colored jeans, plunged into the cold water and waded out alone, not waiting to be met by the parson; for when the old man turned about, the candidate was standing in the middle of the river.

"Ye notice how turrible brash Josiah Preen be, — can't wait fur pa'son ter summons him," one of the horsemen in the gorge observed to the other, "but needs ter dash out in the ruver that-a-way, ez ef thar warn't water enough ter go 'roun', an' he 'd miss his chance o' gittin' glory."

"He be goin' ter save his soul hisself; he ain't goin' ter wait on the slow arm o' the Lord," commented the other.

"He 's ez awk'ard ez a peeg caught in a gate," returned his companion. "I ain't s'prised none ef he gits flustrated, an' drowns in that shallow water."

And indeed there was a vigorous scuffle, as the candidate misunderstood the direction and manner in which the stalwart old clergyman proposed to lower his robust bulk. He was under water longer than the usual interval. It splashed and surged above him, and finally he came up, seemingly in an athletic struggle with the parson, choking and sputtering and meekly submitting to be led to the bank, shuffling and hindered by his heavy water-logged garments.

The congregation solemnly resumed their chanting, as if the rite had been administered in its most decorous method; but its mishaps occasioned great though suppressed joy to the young sinners in the rear and to the two men on horseback in the defile.

Most of the candidates were young people, some mere children, for the

elders had got their religion long years ago. The excitements of religious opportunities are a choice epoch in these dull lives, and are eagerly embraced and made personal; "perfessin' members" looked on at the ceremony with retrospective eyes, wise in experience.

"Ye 'low ye air comin' up inter a new land!" cried out one of the brethren suddenly, expressing, perhaps, the thought of many of the congregation. The exhorting voice had a strange staccato effect in the midst of the chanting, which diminished gradually and quavered into silence, — "inter a new lan', whar godliness finds a smooth path an' needs no staff fur its steppin' out strong, an' the way is plain, an' the end in view! Oh, my frien's, it 's the same old bank of the Scolycutty Ruver. This ain't Canaan, an' nuthin' like it; jes' old Kildeer County, whar the devil loves ter ramp an' rage. An' now 's yer chance ter show yer heart air changed! Ye 'll find yer besettin' sins like tares in the groun', an' Satan a-waitin' in the briers ter tempt yer steps. The day is dark, an' the way — ah! — is long — ah! — an' no man kin see whar it leads — ah! Oh, be not a castaway!" His voice rose into song and the docile chorus followed:

"Oh, be not a castaway,
Ye whom Jesus loves."

A heavily built man of forty was one of the exceptions to the prevalent youthfulness of the candidates. He went down in a hesitant and circumspect manner, and he entered the cold water so slowly as to suggest reluctance.

"He ain't used ter that thar kind o' liquor," one of the unregenerate horsemen declared. He had crossed his right leg over on the pommel of his saddle, and he leaned his elbow on his knee, and rested his chin in his hand as he talked, looking between his horse's intent ears. "An' he ain't got no real interus' in the lan' a-flowin' with milk an' honey. He 'd git mighty happy now, though, ef somebody ez knowed could make him b'lieve they hed a quiet leetle still hid up in one e-end o' Canaan."

"What ailed him ter git religion, ennyhow?" demanded the other, whose horse was restive, bowing down his head and tossing his mane, and from time to time lifting his fore-foot and pawing impatiently.

"His wife died, an' that reminded him he war mortial hisse'f. His religion 'll las' him jes' 'bout ez long ez he 'members his wife."

"An' that 'll be till he kin git him another one — ez ain't dead," rejoined his co-cynic.

The candidate assumed a port of religious joy, as he rose with a commotion of the water that reached in concentric circles from bank to bank. A yellow flicker glanced along the dark ripples, for the sharp blades of the lightnings cleft the clouds. The wooded slopes, the crags, the level reaches of the Cove, were lifted, with all their tints distinct in this unnatural, dream-like light for a moment, then sank into the dull purple monotony of the overhanging cloud. His bearded face and wild eyes were illumined for the instant, as he came struggling to the shore, hoarsely shouting that he had viewed heaven and was risen from the dead, while the faint, sullen thunder muttered among the mountain-tops.

The next moment a thrill ran through the assemblage other than the fervors of religion, or the natural curiosity elicited by the developments hitherto. A man, for whom the pastor was waiting in the stream, was coming with a peculiarly light, elastic tread down the bank, — a man with that singular pallor acquired by years of indoor life, and known as "jail bleach;" a tall, thin, supple figure, clad in brown jeans that hung loosely upon him. He had bright, quick brown eyes, black hair that lay straight and close about a narrow, thin head, and clear-cut, regular features; the profile showed with onyx-like distinctness against

the clouds and the dark river, in the lurid light of the day. It was Jake Baintree, the man who had last seen the missing mountaineer, and who had been tried for his murder and acquitted.

The congregation had forgotten to sing. It was in dead silence that he went down to the typical flood to wash his sins away.

Hoof-beats smote suddenly the tense and stormy stillness. The horsemen were riding down the rocky defile to hear what might be said, reining in at the rear of the crowd; one standing erect in his stirrups, to look over their shoulders and down into the dark current, the other kneeling on his saddle.

It was not the parson who met Jake Baintree. A figure like Saul's, taller by a head than all his fellows, with a long loping step, an imperative erectness, and a manner that would not be denied, interposed on the bank of the river, laid a hand on the candidate's breast, and held him back.

"Wait, Jacob Baintree!" exclaimed Teck Jepson. "Wait till ye hear how the rocks hev cried out agin ye. They would not hold thar peace, though the jedge an' the juries let thar hands fall, an' jestice dwindled away. An' what did the rocks say?"

He stood with dilated eyes, alert, tingling in every fibre, his hand still on the man's breast, who had put up both his own to pull it down. But there they still rested upon it, as if palsied, while he fixed his startled, fascinated gaze upon the fiery eyes of the other.

"The rocks say, 'Sam'l Keale's coat!'" Jepson held up a dark garment, shaking it in the air. A tremor ran through the crowd; a low, inarticulate exclamation burst from it. The candidate's hands fell from the arm he had sought to clutch. He winced perceptibly, and Teck Jepson's grasp closed on his collar. He should hear; they all should heed. "An' then the rocks say, 'Sam'l Keale's hat!'" He held it aloft. "I fund 'em in a hollow, ahint a rock, folks, — a rock ez would n't hide 'em, fur the freeze split it, an' revealed the gyarments ter my eye. Now," — he flung the man from him, — "go ter yer baptism in brimstun' an' wrath, whar the worm dieth not, an' the fire is not squenched!"

He turned, and was lost in the crowd, many shrinking away in horror from the garments he held in either hand, and from his furious port and manner. For there was some sympathy for the man whom he left trembling on the bank, and attentive ears and minds, open to conviction, were lent to Baintree's words as he exclaimed, —

"I can't holp it, brethren. I dunno what Sam'l done with his old clothes, nor why he hid 'em in a rock. I dunno ef they air Sam'l's, an' Teck Jepson don't nuther. But" — he subtly felt the strength of his argument — "*he* sha'n't hender me! The devil sha'n't hender me! 'I hev got my religion. Oh, grace is mine! I hev got my sheer!'" he sung tremulously.

Somehow the thunderstruck people did not join, and he went down into the black water to the music of his own quavering voice.

The parson stood as if petrified in the midst of the stream. The lightning illumined his white hair, and the thunder rolled once more. The clouds were in motion; there was a dank smell of foliage in the air; rain had begun to fall somewhere in the mountains, — a matter ordinarily of interest to an unhoused crowd so far from any shelter or habitation. But they all remained motionless, watching the young man as he waded out to meet the venerable pastor.

Suddenly the parson's figure stirred. He lifted his arms; he was sternly waving the candidate away. "Until ye confess, — until ye confess!" he cried, striding toward the bank, lifting his voice into song, mechanically joining the rejected aspirant's refrain, "Oh, grace is

mine! I hev got *my* sheer!" unconscious of any satiric meaning the words conveyed.

The crowd took up the chant fragmentarily, amidst the pealing of the thunder and the sharp dartings of the lightning; it was broken, too, by their movement, for as they sang they were turning toward their wagons and horses. The first heavy drops of rain were falling as Jacob Baintree reached the rocky bank, scrambling up its rugged slopes into the very drear scenes of this world as he knew it.

Charles Egbert Craddock.

ON WHITTIER'S EIGHTIETH BIRTHDAY.

WHAT word from sunset borders can I send
As offering to the feast
Of the dear Poet, in whose praises blend
All voices, west and east?

Here, by the ministry of sun and shower,
The year is young once more:
Colors of matchless bloom the hillsides dower,
Larks from the lowlands soar;

The flowers that hid themselves from summer's heat
Return in radiant throngs;
With violets the garden beds are sweet,
The grateful trees with songs.

Thus in the singer's own celestial clime,
The summer of the heart,
Calm in the promised "light at evening time,"
Our Poet dwells apart.

His high, serene repose no frosts can blight,
Spring airs around him flow;
To his ripe age has come no wintry night,
But a rich afterglow.

With reverent eyes his tranquil steps we trace,
As vesper shades increase;
The brightness of two worlds upon his face,
Evening and morning peace.

Frances L. Mace.

SAN JOSE, CALIFORNIA.

THE HISTORY OF CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

It is hard to imagine a world without books for children. There have been children's stories and folk-tales ever since man first learned to speak. "Many of them," in Thackeray's words, "have been narrated, almost in their present shape, for thousands of years since, to little copper-colored Sanscrit children. . . . The very same tale has been heard by the Northmen Vikings, as they lay on their shields on deck; and by the Arabs, couched under the stars in the Syrian plains, when the flocks were gathered in, and the mares were picketed by the tents." Children's books, however, are a late growth of literature. Miss Yonge says, "Up to the Georgian era there were no books at all for children or the poor, excepting the class-books containing old ballads, such as Chevy Chase, . . . and short tales, such as The King and the Cobbler, Whittington and his Cat." We shall nevertheless see that there were English books for children (and it is with no others that we have to deal) long before this time.

Puer ad Mensam is ascribed to John Lydgate, about 1430, and is in the Lambeth Manuscripts. The Babees Book, in the Harleian Manuscripts, was written about 1475, for children of royal or noble blood then serving as pages in palace or castle. The English version is translated from the original Latin, but both author and translator are unknown.

"O Babees yonge," the writer says, "My Book only is made for youre lernynge." The "Babees" are exhorted to salute their lord; to hold up their heads and kneel on one knee; to look straight at whoever speaks to them; to answer sensibly, shortly, and easily; to stand till told to sit; to keep head, hands, and feet quiet; not to scratch themselves, lean against posts, etc. They are told to turn their backs on no one, to be silent while their lord drinks, and, when allowed to sit down, to tell no low stories or scorn any one, but to be meek and cheerful, and thankful for praise. They are warned not to interfere in affairs of the household, to be ready for service, and, the author adds, —

"Gif ye shoulde at God ask yow a bone,
Als to the worlde better in noo degre
Mihte ye desire thanne nurtred (well-bred)
for to be."

They must wait on their lord at table, and give him water to wash his hands; cut, not break, their own bread; eat soup with a spoon, but not leave the spoon in the dish, or lean on the table, hang over the dish, or fill the mouth too full, or pick teeth or nails. They are to wipe their mouths, and keep their cups clean for others to drink from; never eat with their knives, or cut meat hastily and as a farm-laborer would mangle it. They are to use a clean plate and knife for cheese, and wash knife and hands at the end of the meal.

A Lesson of Wysedome exhorts a child

"Clem thou not ouer hows ne walle
For no frute, bryddes, ne balle;
And, chyld, cast no stonys ouer men hows,
Ne cast no stonys at no glas wyndowys;
Ne make no crying, yapis, ne playes,
In holy chyrche on holy dayes."

The child is told to get home by daylight; keep clear of fire and water; take care of book, cap, and gloves, under penalty of whipping; make no faces behind backs; rise early, go to school and learn fast, if he wishes to become a bishop.

The Young Children's Book, from the Ashmolean Manuscripts in the Bodleian Library, says, —

"Aryse betyme oute of thi bedde,
And blysse thi brest & thi forhede,
Than wasche thi hondes & thi face,
Keme thi hede, & Aske god grace
The to helpe in All thi werkes."

The hints on table manners are much the same as in the Babees Book, but the Children's Book has additions on the conduct of life : —

" Vse no suerynge nother lyenge,
Yn thi sellynge & thi byenge.
. . . . . .
Gete thi gowd with treweth & wynne,
And kepe the out of dette and synne."

After dinner, says The Lytylle Childrenes Lytil Boke, in the Harleian collection,

" Aryse up soft & stylle,
And iangylle neither with Jak ne Iylle,
But take thi leve of the hede lowly,
And thank hym with thyne hert hyghly,
. . . . . .
Than men wylle say therafter
That a gentylleman was heere."

A very rare book, which Dibdin bought for thirty pounds for Earl Spencer, at the Roxburghe sale, is Dives Pragmaticus, " A booke in English metre, of the great marchaunt man called Dives Pragmaticus, very preaty for children to rede ; whereby they may the better, and more readyer, rede and wryte wares and Implementes, in this world contayned. . . . When thou sellest aught unto thy neighbour, or byest anything of him, deceave not, nor oppresse him, etc. Imprinted at London in Aldersgate strete, by Alexander Lacy, dwellyng beside the Wall. The xx.v of Aprell, 1563."

There is a preface to " all occupations now under the sunne : " —

" Al Brewers, Bakers, Butchers and Cookes,
Al Printers, Stacioners and sellers of bookes,
Al Poulters, and Pedders, that ryde day and nyght,
Al Farmours, and Owners, that in Money delyght, . . .
Al Coller makers, Ropers, and Turners of dyshes,
Al makers of Nets, and catchers of Fyshes."

At the end of this preface is, " And thus endeth the declaration of the great Marchaunt of the world, called Dives Pragmaticus. Here foloweth the book, and his calyng of people to sale of his marchaundyse ; with a rehearsall of part of his wares by name." He says, —

" I have inke, paper, and pennes to lode with a barge,
Primers and abces, and bookes of small charge,
What lack you, scollers ? come hether to me.
I have fine gownes, clokes, iackets and coates,
Fyne iurkins, dublets, and hosen without motes ;
Fyne daggers, and knyves, and purses for grotes,
What lacke you, my friend ? Come hether to me."

The verses end with a moral : —

" Honest myrth in measure, is a pleasaunt thyng,
To wryte and to rede well, be gyftes of learnyng ;
Remember this well, all you that be young,
Exercise vertue, and rule well your toung."

At almost the same time was published " A New Enterlude for Chyldren to playe, named Jacke Jugeler, both wytte, and very playsent. Newly Imprented, 1562–3." The players are

Mayster Boungrace, a galant,
Dame Coye, a gentelwoman,
Jacke Jugler, the vyce,
Jenkin Careaway, a lackey,
Ales Trype and go, a mayd.

It is founded on the Menæchmi of Plautus, the source of a part of the Comedy of Errors ; and the Vice, as Richard Grant White says, " wore generally, if not always, the costume of the domestic fool or jester of the period, which is now worn by the clown of the circus," performing " the mingled functions of scamp, braggart, and practical joker." In this children's play, the lackey is sent on an errand, but loiters by the way, and Jacke Jugler, dressing himself like him, plays the part of his double.

Books of good manners still held their place. In 1560, Thomas Paynall translated from the French, and published with a catechism for children two or three years old to learn, " The Civilitie

of Childhode, with the discipline and institution of Children ; " and a dozen years later came a curious little book, from the same tongue, by a very young translator. It is " Youth's Behaviour, or, Decency in Conversation amongst Men, composed in French by Grave Persons, for the use and benefit of their Youth, now newly turned into English, by Francis Hawkins, nephew to Sir Thomas Hawkins. The tenth impression. London, 1672." The translation was first made in 1643, when Master Francis Hawkins, whose portrait is the frontispiece, was eight years old. The child was not distinguished in after-life ; indeed, he is known only as the author of a discourse, with a report of the confession of one Fitz-Harris, in 1681. The translation was probably made as an exercise in rendering French into English, and no doubt was revised by an older friend. However, some of the maxims are as useful in the nineteenth century as they were in the seventeenth. " It is ill-beseeming to put one in mind of any unclean or ill-favoured thing." " Rub not thy teeth nor crash them, nor make anything crack in such manner that thou disquiet anybody. In yawning, howl not." " Hearing thy Master, or likewise the Preacher, wriggle not thyself, as seeming unable to contain thyself within thy skin." " If any one had begun to rehearse a History, say not *I know it well ;* and if he relate it not right and fully, shake not thine head, twinkle not thine eyes, and snigger not thereat ; much less maist thou say, ' It is not so ; you deceive yourself.' "

The following is a little doubtful in meaning ; and suggests mediæval rather than modern manners : " If there be any meat on the fire, thou oughtest not to set thy feet thereon, to heat it."

The second part of Youth's Behaviour is added " by the same hand that translated the last volume of Caussin's Holy Court," probably an uncle of Francis Hawkins. It is a manual of behavior for girls, in which the books recommended for their reading are thus summed up : " To entertain young Gentlewomen in their hours of Recreation, we shall further commend unto them, Gods Revenge against Murther ; and, the Arcadia of Sir Philip Sydney ; Artemidorus his Interpretation of Dreams. And for the business of their Devotion, there is an excellent book entitled Taylor's Holy Living and Dying ; The Duty of Man, in which the Duty to God and man are both comprehended." (There may be much worse reading nowadays for a young girl than the Arcadia and the Holy Living and Dying.)

Children had all this time been learning their letters, not exactly from books, but from " hornbooks " and " battledores," the invention of some thrifty and saving person in the days when books were dear. A hornbook of 1570, and another on whose back is a portrait of Charles I. in armor, have only a single leaf, with the alphabet, large and small, the Lord's prayer, and monosyllables. At the top of the older one is a large cross, — the " Christ-cross," from which the alphabet is often called the criss-cross row, — and below are the Roman numerals. There is a piece of transparent horn in front, to keep the paper from wet fingers, and the whole is set in a wooden frame with a handle. This handle has sometimes a hole for a string, to sling the book to the scholar's girdle. It is thought that leaden plates were sometimes used for the same purpose, as moulds for them still exist. The battledore, or first book for children, a later substitute for the hornbook, was printed on a card, and contained the alphabet and simple combinations of letters.

John Locke, in his Thoughts on Education (1691), suggests that when a child begins to read, some easy, pleasant book, like Æsop's Fables or Reynard the Fox, with pictures if possible, should be put into his hands. He adds, " What other books there are in English of the

kind above-mentioned, fit to engage the liking of children, and tempt them to read, I do not know, but am apt to think, that children, being generally delivered over to the method of schools, where the fear of the rod is to inforce, and not any pleasure of the employment to invite them to learn, this sort of useful books, amongst the number of silly ones that are of all sorts, yet have had the fate to be neglected; and nothing that I know has been considered of this kind out of the ordinary road of the hornbook, primer, Psalter, Testament, and Bible."

They were for a long time the only school reading-books used in New England as in Old England; and it has been said that the reason why so few old Bibles remain in this country is that they were thumbed, torn, and at last destroyed as school-books. Another theory, however, is that they cost so much that the early settlers could not afford to buy them. The subject of the New England primer has been ably treated by Dr. J. Hammond Trumbull, who says that in 1691 Benjamin Harris, printer and bookseller in Boston, advertised, "A second Impression of the New England Primer, enlarged, to which is added more Directions for Spelling; The Prayer of King Edward the 6th and Verses made by Mr. Rogers the Martyr, left as a Legacy to his Children." No copy is known to be extant. The verses made by Mr. John Rogers had been printed in Boston, in 1685, by Samuel Green, in a primer called The Protestant Teacher for Children, of which there is a mutilated copy in the library of the American Antiquarian Society, Worcester, Massachusetts. This primer was printed both in Boston and Philadelphia before 1688. Benjamin Eliot, Boston, 1708, advertised "The First Book for Children; or, The Compleat School-Mistress, etc." In 1715, Timothy Green had "lately published at New London A Primer for the Colony of Connecticut; or, an introduction to the true Reading of English. To which is added, Milk for Babes" (Rev. John Cotton's Catechism for Children). The oldest complete New England primer in existence was printed in Boston, in 1737, by Thomas Fleet, the son-in-law of the Mrs. Goose whom common report calls the singer of the nursery songs collected and published by him under her name. The evidence in favor of her and of the French Mère l'Oie, a survival of Bertha Broadfoot, may be easily found and weighed; students of New England antiquities being in favor of one side, those of folk-lore of the other. Isaac Watts, in 1720, in the ninth year of his famous visit to Sir Thomas Abney, which was to be for a week, and lasted thirty-six years, published the Divine and Moral Songs for Children, which he had written for the daughters of his friend. He wrote, too, an Art of Reading and Writing English, and published in 1726 "The Knowledge of the Heavens and Earth made easy; or, the first principles of Geography and Astronomy Explained." His Catechisms for Children and Youth, and Short View of the Whole Scripture History in Questions and Answers, appeared in 1730. He said, "I well know that some of my friends imagine my time is employed in too mean a service while I write for babes; but I content myself with this thought, that nothing is too mean for a servant of Christ to engage in if he can thereby most effectually promote the kingdom of his blessed Maker. . . . It is not for me to say how many hours and days and weeks have been spent in revising and examining every word and expression, that, if possible, nothing might be inserted which might give just occasion of offence to pious persons and families; that nothing might be left out which was necessary for children to know in that tender age; and that no word, phrase, or sentiment, if possible, might be admitted which could not be brought in

some measure within the reach of a child's understanding."

Dr. Watts composed for copy-books moral rhymes beginning with every letter of the alphabet, and verses enumerating the signs of the Zodiac and the order of the planets. One of the latter placed the earth in the centre of the solar system, according to the vulgar belief of the time, and another agreed with more modern ideas. Sombre as is the theology of half the hymns, the others and the moral songs are so sweet and lovely in spirit that they are as good for the children of to-day as they were for the little girls at Theobalds.

Bishop Ken's hymns, even earlier than Watts's, should be held in grateful remembrance. In the later editions of his "Manual of Prayers for the Use of the Scholars of Winchester College" are the hymns for morning, evening, and midnight, two of which, "Awake, my soul, and with the sun," and "Glory to Thee, my God, this night," are still loved by children.

The fairy-tales and wonder-stories sold in England by chapmen, and now treasured in libraries, were, many of them, of French origin, either from the old metrical romances, or tales collected by Perrault and the Comtesse d'Aulnoy. Cinderella, Valentine and Orson, The White Cat, The Yellow Dwarf, Beauty and the Beast, are all of direct French descent, and were once as dear to story-lovers of all ages as they have always been to children. Some of the chap-books are distinctively English, as, for example, The History of Thomas Hickathrift, in whose adventures Thackeray thought that he could discover the robust style of Henry Fielding. This story is less known than many of the other old tales, and is worth recounting. There is a Norfolk legend of a giant called Hickafric, from whom Thomas's adventures are probably derived. He lived in the reign of William the Conqueror, had more strength than six horses or twenty men, became a brewer's servant, fought with and killed a giant, taking possession of his cave and riches, and living happy ever after, with an occasional fight to keep his spirits up. It is in the description of the battle with the giant that Thackeray finds traces of the hand which wrote of the immortal contest between Molly Seagrim and Goody Brown, and the previous Homeric village battle.

In Queen Elizabeth's reign, one Ralph Newberie, whose name is still seen in black-letter copies of Hakluyt, Holinshed, and Stow, was a London publisher. More than a hundred years later, a boy named John Newbery, claiming descent from him, was growing up on a farm in the little village of Waltham St. Lawrence, Berkshire. Like many another country boy, he preferred town life to the farm, and, being fond of books, went into the office of a printer in Reading. The printer died within ten years, and Newbery, who was one of his executors, married his widow, and continued the business; printing a newspaper, compounding and selling medicines, and keeping something like one of our "country stores." In 1744, he had become successful enough to open two shops in London, one near Temple Bar, the other at the Royal Exchange. The next year, he gave up both, and established himself in St. Paul's Churchyard, combining the sale of patent medicines with that of books. Both branches of business prospered, and Newbery began to try his hand at a third, — the writing and publication of little books for children. Of three hundred books, published by him and his successors between 1744 and 1802, of which copies or advertisements are still in existence, nearly two hundred are for children. The first of these, issued before the removal to St. Paul's Churchyard, is "A Little Pretty Pocket-Book, intended for the Instruction and Amusement of Little Master Tommy and Pretty Miss Polly,

with an agreeable letter to read from Jack the Giant Killer, as also a Ball and Pincushion, the use of which will infallibly make Tommy a Good Boy, and Polly a Good Girl. . . . Price of the Book alone, 6*d.*, with a Ball or Pincushion, 8*d.*" A Circle of the Sciences followed, in ten small volumes, beginning with The Royal Battledore, a folded stiff sheet, with letters, pictures, and

> "He that ne'er learns his A B C,
> For ever will a blockhead be;
> But he that learns these letters fair,
> Shall have a Coach to take the Air."

After this the young learner was allured into the study of spelling, grammar, arithmetic, rhetoric, poetry, logic, and geography, with chronology, which was all that history meant to children of the eighteenth century. The series was so popular that it was published in part in various corrected and revised editions up to 1793. The little books, less than four inches by three in size, were dedicated to children of the royal family, or noble personages, and no doubt were as useful in their day as Mangnall's Questions were later. They were even called snuff-box or waistcoat-pocket volumes, to be kept for ready reference in the large pockets of the time, that students might extract a date, or disputants clinch an argument at need.

In 1751, the first number of "The Liliputian Magazine, or, The Young Gentleman and Lady's Golden Library," appeared. It was probably issued monthly, at threepence, had copperplate cuts, and aimed "to amend the World, to render the Society of Man more amiable, and to re-establish the Simplicity, Virtue and Wisdom of the Golden Age." The history of George II.'s time, it may be noticed, shows no marked effect produced by this work.

The list of Newbery's books has none for children, save for school use, published during the next ten years. Nevertheless, he was all the time writing and printing little volumes, all trace of which has perished. Before 1760, Oliver Goldsmith and the brothers Griffith and Giles Jones were in his employ as writers and compilers, and it is to them that many of the children's books are due. A writer in Notes and Queries says, "There are probably scores of his [Goldsmith's] contributions to this branch of literature which will never be traced, — like the ballads we are told he used to scribble off at a crown apiece, wandering about the streets to hear them sung, and listen to the remarks and criticisms of the casual audience." From 1760 to 1767, John Newbery and his family lived in Canonbury House, Islington, a building dating from the fourteenth century, where poets and statesmen have lodged. Newbery's son Francis says that Goldsmith was at one time a dweller in the upper story, and often read to him passages from his poems, such as the Traveller and the ballad from the Vicar of Wakefield. Goldsmith's money affairs were always hopelessly entangled with his publisher's, and the scene where "the philanthropic bookseller in St. Paul's Churchyard," with his red pimpled face, lends a few guineas to Dr. Primrose, ill and penniless at a little alehouse many miles from home, is no doubt not far from the truth.

In 1765, the following advertisement appeared: "Mr. Newbery intends to publish the following important volumes, bound and gilt, and hereby invites all his little friends who are good to call for them at the Bible and Sun, in St. Paul's Churchyard; but those who are naughty to have none. 1. The Renowned History of Giles Gingerbread; a little boy who lived upon learning. 2. The Easter Gift; or the way to be good; a book much wanted. 3. The Whitsuntide Gift; or the way to be happy; a book very necessary for all families. 4. The Valentine Gift; or how to behave with honour, integrity, and humanity; very useful with a Trad-

ing Nation. We are also desired to give notice that there is in the Press, and speedily will be published either by subscription or otherwise, as the Public shall please to determine, The History of Little Goody Two Shoes, otherwise called Margery Two Shoes." It is doubtful whether Newbery, Griffith Jones, or Goldsmith wrote Goody Two Shoes; but it is hard to read Mr. Welsh's preface to the fac-simile edition of 1882 and believe that the kindly humor of the tale, the characters, so different in their individuality from the wooden little men and women of many of Newbery's books, the raven, little dog Jumper, and the ghost in the church did not spring from the same source as Moses and the Flamboroughs.

John Newbery died in 1767, leaving his medicine business to his son Francis, and directing him to carry on the sale and publication of books with his step-brother, Thomas Carnan, and his namesake cousin, Francis Newbery. The three were not on good terms, and the latter Francis opened a shop by himself, while the others remained at the old stand. The new shop was managed by the nephew until his death in 1780, and then by his widow, who, when she retired, gave up the business to John Harris, but drew a yearly income from it until her death in 1821. Carnan and Newbery published books under their firm name until 1782, and Carnan alone until 1788.

Francis Newbery, the son, married in 1770 Mary Raikes, of Gloucester, sister of Robert Raikes, the founder of Sunday-schools; and Robert Southey, born four years later, speaks of her as the friend of his aunt, with whom he lived. Mary Raikes married, he says, "Francis Newberry, of St. Paul's Churchyard, son of that Francis [*sic*] Newberry who published Goody Two Shoes, Giles Gingerbread, and other such delectable histories in sixpenny books for children, splendidly bound in the flowered and gilt Dutch paper of former days. As soon as I could read, which was very early, Mr. Newberry presented me with a whole set of these books, more than twenty in number. I dare say they were in Miss Tyler's possession at her death, and in perfect preservation, for she taught me (and I thank her for it) never to spoil or injure anything. This was a rich present, and may have been more instrumental than I am aware of in giving me that love of books, and that decided determination to literature, as the one thing desirable, which manifested itself from my childhood, and which no circumstances in after life ever slackened or abated."

One cannot fancy Johnson, whose style matched his person, writing for children, or enjoying Newbery's books. Indeed, Mrs. Piozzi says of him that he "first learned to read of his mother and her old maid, Catherine, in whose lap he well remembered sitting, while she explained to him the story of St. George and the Dragon. The recollection of such reading as had delighted him in his infancy made him always persist in fancying that it was the only reading which could please an infant, and he used to condemn me for putting Newbery's books into their hands, as too trifling to engage their attention. 'Babies do not want,' said he, 'to hear about babies; they like to be told of giants and castles, and of somewhat which can stretch and stimulate their little minds.' When, in answer, I would urge the numerous editions and quick sale of Tommy Prudent or Goody Two Shoes, 'Remember always,' said he, 'that the parents *buy* the books, and that the children never read them.' Mrs. Barbauld, however, had his best praise, and deserved it." Tommy Careless, Tommy Lovebook, Tommy Playlove, and Tommy Titmouse appear in Welsh's catalogue of Newbery's books, but Tommy Prudent, whose name is no doubt an index to his nature, has either

vanished forever off the scene, or is a creation of Mrs. Piozzi's own brain.

Children in the colonies had, up to about this time, no books but such as Franklin speaks of in his Autobiography, — chap-books, Robinson Crusoe, and a few stray importations from England; but after the Revolution there was, in New England at least, no lack of small, cheap reprints for them. Isaiah Thomas, a self-made man of the best type, printer's apprentice at seven, before he could read, afterwards successful bookseller, publisher, and author, noted for fine presence and courtly manners, and founder of the American Antiquarian Society of Worcester, was publishing, just a hundred years ago, school-books and story-books for children. He had at one time sixteen presses, seven of them in Worcester; five bookstores in Massachusetts, one in Concord, New Hampshire, one in Baltimore, and one in Albany. His little books are hard to find now, but once in a while one, in its original gilt or flowered binding, strays into the hands of a collector, and is worth, literally, almost its weight in gold. At the end of several of these little books is a catalogue of "Books for the Instruction and Amusement of Children, which will make them safe and happy, printed and sold by I. Thomas, in Worcester, Massachusetts, near the Court-House." A comparison with Newbery's catalogue shows that nearly every one of these books was reprinted from his publications, with, in some cases, changes of words or phrases to suit republican taste, as in "Nurse Truelove's New Year's Gift; or the Book of Books for Children. Adorned with Cuts; and designed for a Present to every little Boy who would become a great Man, and ride upon a fine Horse; and to every little Girl, who would become a great Woman, and ride in a Governour's gilt Coach." In Newbery's editions of the same book, the "gilt Coach" is the Lord Mayor's.

One of the most amusing of the little books is "The Juvenile Biographer, containing the lives of little Masters and Misses; including a variety of good and bad Characters. By a little Biographer. The first Worcester edition. Worcester (Massachusetts). Printed by Isaiah Thomas, and sold at his Book Store. Sold also by E. Battelle, Boston, 1787." The frontispiece is a bust of the supposed author, a child evidently in the last stages of hydrocephalus. The first biography, of Miss Betsey Allgood, states that "this pretty little Miss, though now but in the seventh year of her age, has more Thought and Prudence than many at seventeen. She works at her Needle to admiration, reads like a little Queen, and writes a very pretty hand." Of Master Billy Badenough it is told that "at the age of nine years he could read, write, and cast accounts with any one, had made some progress in Latin and French, and understood some little matters in Geography. He was very good-natured, and readily parted with any Thing to his Playfellows." But the biographer goes on to say that with these virtues and accomplishments he had grave faults, for he robbed orchards, went bird's-nesting and killed the little birds, kicked up his companions' heels on the ice, and fought with other boys, until his father was obliged to send him to sea.

Miss Nancy Careful lost both father and mother in her seventh year, and spent much time in watering their tomb with her tears. A woodcut shows her engaged in this pious, even if useless act. Master Tommy Careful, her brother, heroically kept back his tears when with his sister, but used often to steal away and have a good cry by himself. At fourteen, he went to learn business in Boston, and was so apt a pupil that at last he became heir to the merchant in whose counting-house he had been placed. Finally, the biographer says, he "was chosen at the late general Election, Rep-

resentative in the General Court, for one of the first Towns in New England, without the least Expence to himself." From which a modern reader may infer one of two things: either that bribery and corruption were not unknown to the voters of the early days of this republic, or that Thomas reprinted the book (named in Newbery's list of the next year but one), changing "Member of Parliament" and other terms unknown to Yankee children into words with which they were familiar.

Miss Amelia Lovebook, a model child of eight, and the subject of one of the biographies, writes to a friend, "Dear Miss, I received your kind Invitation since I have been in Town, to what you are pleased to call a *Game of Romps.* I do not presume to take upon me to say, in what Manner little Misses should spend their Time; but you must pardon me if I say, that I think Time, which is so valuable, may be spent in a much better manner than *Romping.* If you invited me to drink a serious cup of Tea with you, I should most certainly have accepted the kind offer, which might have, perhaps, produced a Conversation to the Advantage of us both." Did the writer really mean to hold up as an ideal child a little wizened, affected miss, drinking tea, which then, as now, was — or should have been — forbidden to well-brought-up children? Is Miss Amelia the parent of the sickly school of childish biography that flourished thirty or forty years later?

Another book, not in Welsh's catalogue of Newbery's publications, unless as Mr. Telltruth's Natural History of Four-Footed Beasts, is "The Natural History of Beasts, which are to be met within the Four Quarters of the Globe. By Charley Columbus. Embellished with Pictures. The First Worcester Edition. Printed at Worcester, Massachusetts, by Isaiah Thomas, 1794." It is dedicated to "All Good Little Masters and Misses in the United States of America," and begins with the "rhinoceros, sometimes called the unicorn, from his having one horn only, growing out of his nose, or snout." The beast's body takes up so much room in the woodcut that only a very small piece of his horn is shown. When the rhinoceros has killed a man, the book says, "he comes and licks him, and his tongue is so rough and hard, that it brings off the flesh from the bones." The woodcuts are very droll. The "tyger" is in a rampant attitude; the cat and guinea-pig, from lack of objects with which to compare them, look larger than the bear and hyena; the "barbyroussa's" likeness is evidently evolved from the inner consciousness of the artist, for it has three or four tusks on each side of its head, and a tail like a true-lover's-knot. Then the camelo pardalis is spoken of as a very uncommon animal, and a fabulous Chinese beast, the sucutiro or scutairo, not to be found in later works on natural history, is depicted and described.

"Jacky Dandy's Delight; or the History of Birds and Beasts," in the first Worcester edition of 1788, includes also Androcles and the Lion, The Death and Burial of Cock Robin, and a Visit at Homely-Hall, where the good old custom of eating pudding before meat was observed; for, as the author says, "Master Prudence having said grace, we all fell to, with a design to destroy a fine plumb-pudding that was placed at the bottom of the table."

The Father's Gift has lessons in spelling, preceded by this moral song: —

> "Let me not join with those in Play,
> Who Fibs and Stories tell,
> I with my Book will spend the Day,
> And not with such Boys dwell.
> For one rude Boy will spoil a Score,
> As I have oft been told;
> And one bad Sheep, in Time, is sure
> To injure all the Fold."

"Mother Goose's Melody, or Sonnets for the Cradle, in two parts. Part I. The most celebrated songs and lullabies

of the old British nurses calculated to amuse the children and excite them to sleep. Part II. Those of that sweet Songster and Nurse of Art and Humours, Master William Shakespeare," first printed by Carnan, Newbery's stepson, in 1780, includes in the first part the history of Johnny and Betty Winckle, the love-tale of the little man and the little maid, with burlesque aphorisms from Coke upon Littleton and other learned authors, and the Maggoty Pye which shocked Peter Parley.

In "The Brother's Gift," Miss Kitty Bland, who has been spoiled at a boarding-school, is reformed by her brother, who, as a reward for her excellent needlework, makes her a present of a fine new pair of stays, a picture of which takes up nearly a whole page of the story.

"Vice in its proper Shape, or, the wonderful and melancholy Transformation of several Naughty Masters and Misses into those contemptible Animals which they most resemble in disposition" is a warning to bad children. In the History of Tommy Careless, which still exists in Newbery's edition among a number of Thomas's reprints, the hero in one week falls out of a window into the water, loses both his kite and its string, falls out of an apple-tree, burns his forefinger while melting lead, kills his bird by forgetting to turn its water-dish towards the cage, and pulls hairs out of Dobbin's tail till the horse kicks him and kills his father's favorite pointer. The book leaves the unhappy boy caught by one finger in a mouse-trap.

The tales and verses, although always advertised to be of highly moral tone, are often free in speech to a degree that entirely unfits them for children's reading nowadays. The copies that remain are either in the original Dutch paper, in rainbow colors, blue, green, red, and yellow, with small gilt figures, all in the space of less than four inches by three, or bound together, half a dozen in one fat volume. These were the little books which every country schoolmistress felt obliged to give "to all her pupils on the closing day of her school. Otherwise she would be thought stingy, and half the good she had done during the summer would be canceled by the omission of the expected donations. If she had the least generosity, or hoped to be remembered with any respect and affection, she must devote a week's wages, and perhaps more, to the purchase of these little toy-books."

Thomas was as ingenious as Newbery in advertising one book by means of another. Master Friendly, in The Father's Gift, "got all the little books by rote that are sold by Thomas, Son & Thomas in Worcester, when he was but a very little boy," and in Nurse Truelove's Christmas Gift there is a like mention of them. The same cuts were used by Thomas, and presumably by Newbery, to illustrate the most diverse scenes, and stand for persons of the most different character, from a praiseworthy spirit of economy not yet extinct in publishers of children's literature.

There were other publishers and sellers of children's books in this country besides Thomas, in the last years of the eighteenth century and the first of the nineteenth. The second Connecticut edition of The Child's Instructor, by a Teacher of Little Children in Philadelphia, was printed by Lazarus Beach in Newfield (Middletown?), in 1799. It has Mrs. Barbauld's Hymns in Prose and extracts from Little Charles; also a long story about an infant prodigy named Billy, who at five years of age was always good and obedient, and said, "If you would be wise you must always attend to your vowels and consonants." When General Washington came to town, Billy's mamma asked him to say a speech for the ladies, and he began: "'Americans! place constantly before your eyes, the deplorable scenes of your servitude, and the enchanting picture

of your deliverance. Begin with the infant in his cradle; let the first word he lisps be *Washington.*' The ladies were all delighted to hear Billy speak so well. One said he should be a parson, another said he should be a lawyer, and another said he should be President of the United States. But Billy said he could not be either, unless his mamma gave him leave."

A little later book, "The Juvenile Miscellany, including some Natural History for the use of children," published by Jacob Johnson, of Philadelphia, in 1808, has copperplates, of some spirit and much carefulness of execution, representing birds and animals.

Dobson, a Philadelphia publisher, had issued a copy of Evenings at Home, two years after the last volume was published in England. It was nearly thirty years since Mrs. Barbauld had written Early Lessons, for the use of her nephew and adopted son, Charles Rochemont Aikin. She and her husband had a school at this time, and she took pains to make her pupils familiar with Shakespeare by teaching them to act parts of the plays. She writes once to her brother, "Did I tell you the boys are going to act the First Part of Henry IV., and I am busy making paper vandykes, and trimming up their hats with feathers?" And again, "We are wondrous busy in preparing our play, The Tempest, and four or five of our little ones are to come in as fairies; and I am piecing scraps from the Midsummer Night's Dream, etc., to make a little scene instead of the mask of Ceres and Juno." Her Hymns in Prose, published in 1777, were written for her youngest pupils, one of whom was afterwards Lord Denman, Chief Justice of England, and another Sir William Gell, famous for his illustrated work on Pompeii. "Lord Denman," says his biographer, "always attributed to the judicious care of his first instructress much of the retentiveness of his memory, of his fondness for literature, and of the clearness and force of his elocution."

It was in 1796 that Maria Edgeworth published the first volume of the Parents' Assistant. She had before this translated some of Madame de Genlis' stories, but a translation by another hand prevented her from publishing them. From this time until 1830, she was constantly engaged in writing, and her books for children are no small part of her work. She lived in a house full of children, wrote her shorter tales on a slate, and if her little brothers and sisters liked them, printed them. In 1798, she and her father issued Practical Education, the first part of which he had written with the second of his four wives, the Honora Sneyd who was betrothed to Major André. It was printed, but not published, and after more than twenty years Richard Lovell Edgeworth gave it to his daughter to finish. He believed that children's stories should be the history of real life, not of improbabilities, and that they should even contain no poetical allusions. His daughter, who understood children better than he, and had lived all her life among them, "not only," as her latest biographer says, "wrote in the language of children, but, what is even rarer, from the child's point of view."

Berquin's Ami des Enfans and the stories of Madame de Genlis had a certain influence over English books for children. Rousseau's theories, too, were expounded in Thomas Day's Sandford and Merton and Little Jack. As Horace Scudder says, "There seems something half grotesque in speaking of children and the French Revolution in one breath, but I think that the incongruity is only superficial. . . . The perception that the child had divine relationships was one form of the new consciousness of the worth and dignity of man." Whatever writers of to-day may say of the utilitarian tendencies of the Edgeworth system, it is certain that the little

people of the books are well bred, reasonable, and early taught patience, self-control, and the necessity of bearing the consequences of their own follies and mistakes, — three lessons not useless in after-life. They are real children, too, as one sees by comparing them, not with Little Lord Fauntleroy, or Little Women, or any other favorites of to-day, but with the little Noah's Ark figures, named to represent their characters, in Newbery's books or Thomas's reprints.

In 1791, Johnson, the London bookseller, employed William Blake to design and engrave six plates to a series of tales for children, in the then prevailing Berquin school, by Johnson's favorite and *protégée*, Mary Wollstonecraft; tales new and in demand in the autumn of that year, now unknown to the bookstalls. They are called "Original stories from real life, with conversations calculated to regulate the affections and form the mind to truth and goodness." The book never went to a second edition. Blake had already written, designed, printed, and engraved his Songs of Innocence, and was to publish before many years his Songs of Experience, both of which contain some of the loveliest child poems in the language.

Mary Wollstonecraft's stories attack cruelty to animals, peevishness, lying, greediness, indolence, procrastination, and other faults of children. Every chapter has an illustrative story. Crazy Robin, which Mrs. Pennell quotes in her life of Mary Wollstonecraft, is powerfully conceived and told. At about this time, while Mary was doing literary hack-work for Johnson, she translated, and Blake illustrated, Salzmann's Elements of Morality, which went through several editions, and was republished in Baltimore in 1811. Miss Yonge has revived it in her Storehouse of Stories for the present generation.

Mary Wollstonecraft died in 1797, not long after her marriage to William Godwin. He married again within a few years, and his wife, a woman with a fondness for business, but without much experience in managing a publishing-house, formed the plan of opening what he calls "a magazine of books for the use and amusement of children." He wrote in 1802, "I think Mrs. Barbauld's little books, four in number, admirably adapted, upon the whole, to the capacity and amusement of young children. . . . As far as Mrs. Barbauld's books I have no difficulty. But here my judgment and the ruling passion of my contemporaries divide. They aim at cultivating one faculty; I should aim at cultivating another. . . . Without imagination, there can be no genuine ardor in any pursuit or for any acquisition, and without imagination there can be no genuine morality, no profound feeling of other men's sorrow, no ardent and persevering anxiety for their interests. This is the faculty which makes the man, and not the miserable minuteness of detail about which the present age is so uneasy." Godwin's own ideas on all subjects were so revolutionary that he knew children's books written under his own name would never sell, and he issued a series of little volumes purporting to be by one Baldwin, printed for Thomas Hodgkins at the Juvenile Library. Baldwin's Fables Ancient and Modern, The Pantheon, or Ancient History of the Gods of Greece and Rome, and Histories of England, Greece, and Rome, are still interesting, though useless from a modern historical standpoint. After a while Mrs. Godwin managed the business (which went on for twenty years, but was a series of failures), under the name of M. J. Godwin & Co., translating and publishing several books from the French.

The children of to-day owe Godwin a debt of gratitude for suggesting, and the firm for publishing, Charles and Mary Lamb's Tales from Shakespeare and Adventures of Ulysses. The authors also wrote, in 1809, Mrs. Leicester's School,

"for M. J. Godwin at the Juvenile Library, No. 41 Skinner Street." Its popularity encouraged the brother and sister to compose two very small volumes of poetry for children. Charles Lamb wrote to Coleridge in the same year, "Our little poems are but humble; but they have no name. You must read them, remembering they were task-work; and perhaps you will admire the number of subjects, all of children, picked out by an old bachelor and an old maid. Many parents would not have found so many." The whole edition was soon sold out and out of print. About one third of the poems were printed during the next year in two books of selections. In 1812, all the poems but three were reprinted in Boston. The existence of the reprint was, however, unknown in England, until in 1877 a paper was published describing a copy of the original two volumes which had been bought by a South Australian gentleman at a sale in Plymouth, England, eleven years before. This paper, quoted in United States newspapers, brought to light two copies of the Boston edition.

Jane Taylor's first appearance in print was in the Minor's Pocket-Book, in 1804, and in the next few years she and her sister Ann published Original Poems for Infant Minds and Hymns for Infant Minds, familiar to children nowadays through Kate Greenaway's illustrations.

The Butterfly's Ball, a poem by William Roscoe, author of the Lives of Lorenzo de Medici and Leo X., appeared in 1807, as the first of a series known as Harris's Cabinet, but reprinted from the Gentleman's Magazine. It has always been a favorite poem in collections and school reading-books, and is not yet forgotten. It was followed by imitations: among them, Mrs. Dorset's Peacock at Home and Lion's Masquerade, with Mulready's illustrations. One, at least, of these books has been reprinted in fac-simile by Mr. Welsh, within a few years.

In 1799, "J. Walker, E. Newbery, and all other Booksellers and Stationers in Great Britain, Ireland, and America" had for sale "The Young Gentleman's and Lady's Magazine, or Universal Repository of Knowledge, Instruction, and Amusement. Intended to open the tender Mind to an acquaintance with Life, Morals and Science, and the Works of Nature and Art; and to serve as a useful auxiliary to Public and Private Tuition. Edited by Dr. Mavor, Vol. I." It is a small duodecimo. The prospectus on the fly-leaf informs the public that instruction, not amusement, is the object of the magazine. Several persons who have been teachers, the preface explains in Johnsonian English, "observed that the young of both sexes had no appropriate periodical publication, which might serve as an incentive to study, as an auxiliary to oral instruction, or as a companion of the vacant hour." Dr. Mavor had been for many years a tutor and compiler of schoolbooks. He had also edited and rewritten the collection of voyages and travels that bears his name, and has no doubt excited the first longings for sea-life in many a future officer of the royal navy. He was therefore found to be a suitable person to edit the magazine, and it started off with an emblematic frontispiece, representing "Apollo and Minerva conducting youth of both sexes to the Temple." The first number had also "a beautifully coloured Plate from Nature of the Moss Rose, with a plain Duplicate, intended as an Exercise for the juvenile Pencil." The magazine begins with a prologue in verse, followed by arithmetical recreations, a lecture on botany, two fables in verse, an article on the political situation in Egypt, the beginning of a catechism of health, a description of the hydrostatical lamp, some maxims and precepts of ancient philosophers, a few anecdotes of Mahometan justice, a letter on the union of male and female studies, a game of twenty questions, an

Oriental tale, a review of school and juvenile books, a dialogue, a hymn by Dr. Blacklock, an Ode to Childhood, Memoirs of Dick the little Poney and another story, an extract from a book of travels in China, and one or two charades. The first number has eighty-four pages, and several of the articles are continued. From the character of the magazine, it could hardly have been long-lived. It is a far cry through this, and the Young Misses' Magazine that existed for a few years in Brooklyn, early in the century, to the really excellent ones for growing-up boys and girls of to-day. There is hardly a subject which any reader of intelligence cannot find treated in these periodicals in a way that tells him clearly, precisely, and attractively, something of which he is ignorant. Popular science, manufactures, descriptions of strange countries and animals, suggestions for home and school life, thrilling stories from history, — what more can a child want, with two or three good, sometimes very good, stories in each number?

The tendency in the United States had been all this time, as we have seen, to reprint English books, either exactly, or with very slight modifications to suit republican taste. From Franklin's little volumes of Bunyan, which he sold to buy some small chapmen's books, a historical collection, his Plutarch, Defoe, and Spectator, there was little change to the end of the century, when Buckingham, the Boston printer, had, besides the last-mentioned work, Robinson Crusoe, Goody Two Shoes, Tom Thumb, Michael Wigglesworth's Day of Doom, a file of almanacs, Gulliver's Travels, The History of the Pirates, The Vicar of Wakefield, Tristram Shandy, Tom Jones, and Junius. But school-books were scarce and dear during the Revolution, and Noah Webster, foreseeing that works like Dilworth's New Guide to the English Tongue, probably intended for charity schools, would not long be useful in a new country, published his Grammatical Institute, containing a little general information for country boys and girls who had few books, and later his typical New England spelling-book.

Dr. Holmes tells how much more New England boys and girls used to hear, in books, of English birds, and flowers, and games, and social customs, than of their own, and how he used to find himself in a strange world, "where James was called Jem, not *Jim*, as we heard it; . . . where naughty schoolboys got through a gap in the hedge, to steal Farmer Giles's red-streaks, instead of shinning over the fence to hook old Daddy Jones's Baldwins; where Hodge used to go to the alehouse for his mug of beer, while we used to see old Joe steering for the grocery to get his glass of rum; . . . where there were larks and nightingales instead of yellow-birds and bobolinks; where the robin was a little domestic bird that fed at table, instead of a great fidgety, jerky, whooping thrush." The time was now coming when as distinctively American characteristics would be found in stories and books of amusement as in Webster's school-books. We owe the change to one man, Samuel Griswold Goodrich, born in Ridgefield, Connecticut, in 1793. His father was a clergyman, who had, for the time, a large collection of theological books, but few others. The son says, "When I was about ten years old, my father brought me from Hartford Gaffer Ginger, Goody Two Shoes, and some of the rhymes and jingles now collected under the name of Mother Goose, with perhaps a few other toy books of that day. These were a revelation. Of course I read them, but, I must add, with no real relish." A little later, one of the boy's companions lent him a book with some of the popular fairy and giant tales, which inspired him with such horror that his mother was obliged to tell him that they were not true, but invented to amuse children. With fine scorn

and the true matter-of-fact Parley spirit, the child replied, "Well, they don't amuse me." He grew up with the belief that the children's books of the day were full of nothing but lies and horrors, exciting those who read them to crime and bloodshed. At twelve, however, he was delighted with Robinson Crusoe, and a translation of one of Madame de Genlis's tales, explaining certain marvels by simple physical causes. He read, too, The Shepherd of Salisbury Plain, and twenty years later, while telling Hannah More how he had enjoyed it, formed the idea of the Parley Tales. In 1827, he published the first of them, — Tales of Peter Parley about America. In the next thirty years he wrote or edited more than a hundred volumes, most of them for children or schools, told in a pleasant and familiar style. A middle-aged reader can hardly see his little History of the United States, with chapters on Central and South America, without recognizing as the source of many ideas useful in later life the hideous little woodcuts of the Pilgrims landing in a snowstorm, the Dustin family attacked by the Indians, the burning of Schenectady, or Captain Waterton on the cayman's back. It is just possible that true tales of Indian barbarities may impress a sensitive child with as great a sense of horror as legends of giants, but Peter Parley seems never to have thought so. In his mind, if a thing was true, it was right; if false, it was wrong. He speaks with scorn, in his autobiography, of attempts to revive the old fairy-tales, and treats Halliwell's edition of the nursery rhymes of England as if it were beneath notice. His mind was essentially prosaic, but he did a great work in simplifying history, geography, and books of travel for children.

Jacob Abbott published his Young Christian in 1832, and from that time until his death, in 1879, was constantly writing for young people. Who is not grateful, notwithstanding late irreverent burlesques, for the simple pictures of happy child-life in the Rollo, Lucy, Jonas, and Franconia books? Old-fashioned as they seem now, they are so full of common sense, and have so clear an idea of children's relations to each other and their elders, that some of them should be on every child's bookshelves. The young people of fourteen or fifteen, like Beechnut and Mary Bell, who act as guides and teachers to children a few years younger, are remarkably mature, and have a wonderful development of reason, judgment, and knowledge of child-nature; but their advice is always good, and worthy of remembrance. Then, too, these are distinctively New England story-books. The children go sleighing and coasting, walk on snow-shoes, pop corn, roast apples, and do a thousand things such as country boys and girls delight in. They learn, too, to use their eyes in traveling, and many a grown-up man or woman of to-day, who cannot tell why London or Paris looks so familiar, is indebted to Rollo in Europe for knowledge absorbed so long ago that its source has been forgotten.

Between 1840 and 1850, a German influence was felt in children's books. Grimm's tales had been translated before, but Gammer Grethel and little stories of real life came on the scene. Illustrations and type began to be better. Soon after 1850, really beautiful colored pictures were to be seen in books for children, published on both sides of the Atlantic. Hans Andersen was by this time well known to English-reading children. The reign of fairy-tales had begun again with the study of folk-lore.

With fairy-tales and hero-legends rewritten and simplified for children, with history told in story-form, there is only one danger, — that young readers will be satisfied with abridgments, and know nothing in later years of great originals.

C. M. Hewins.

MONADNOCK IN AUTUMN.

UPROSE Monadnock in the northern blue,
A glorious temple builded to the Lord!
The setting sun his crimson radiance threw
On crest, and steep, and wood, and valley sward,
Blending their myriad hues in rich accord,
Till like the wall of heaven it towered to view.
Along its slope, where russet ferns were strewn
And purple heaths, the scarlet maples flamed,
And reddening oaks and golden birches shone,
Resplendent oriels in the black pines framed, —
The pines that climb to woo the winds alone.
And down its cloisters blew the evening breeze,
Through courts and aisles ablaze with autumn bloom,
Till the great minster thrilled to harmonies,
Now soaring, dying now in glade and gloom.
And with the wind was heard the voice of streams, —
Ceaseless their Aves and Te Deums be, —
Lone Ashuelot murmuring down the lea,
And brooks that haste where shy Contoocook gleams
Through groves and meadows, broadening to the sea.
Then holy twilight fell on earth and air,
Above the dome the stars hung faint and fair,
And the vast temple hushed its shrines in prayer;
While all the lesser heights kept watch and ward
About Monadnock, builded to the Lord!

Edna Dean Proctor

AFTER "OUR HUNDRED DAYS."

AFTER the "Hundred Days," the story of which has been published in this magazine during the past year, the natural sequel would seem to be — Waterloo. I thought I had experienced that catastrophe when my attention was called to an anachronism of unusual dimensions, in one of the early numbers. It is made all right in the more recent copies of the collected papers, but stands uncorrected in many of those first printed. No critic, so far as I know, has impaled it and its author in the public prints. I suppose critics are not always in the habit of reading the books they receive, and are therefore liable to overlook their defects, except such as may catch their eye in the intervals of the uncut pages.

How was it possible for a writer with some half dozen academic gowns on his back, a member of the Historical Society and contributor to its annals, to have spoken of the companion of Wolfe in his victory at Quebec, in 1759, as having been commemorated in Dryden's Annus Mirabilis, which was published in 1667, nearly a century earlier? It could hardly be ignorance, — the *pons asino-*

is not long enough to stretch over ch an interval. It was in reality a urvival of an early accidental impression, dating from the days of half-taught boyhood, the origin of which I could easily explain, if it were worth while. It is enough to mention the strange blunder, and to have had it corrected.

But in these days, when the study of mental action in all its usual and exceptional aspects is attracting very wide attention, one is tempted to try to account for all his mental vagaries. How is it possible that two facts so widely separated should cohere, as if they properly belonged together?

The analogy between the organ of vision and that of thought is so obvious and familiar that it does not require illustration. Now, just at the entrance of the optic nerve is a small circular area, known as the *blind spot*. Certain essential anatomical elements are wanting in this little space; and though the visual image is painted on it, the picture is a blank to the perception. Is there not a blind spot in the organ of intellect as well as in that of vision, — an *idiotic area*, where ideas are represented, but not transmitted to the intelligent centre? "*Think* a moment!" we say to a friend who is entertaining some (to us) self-evident absurdity. Paraphrased, this would be, You have got a bit of nonsense on your mental blind spot, your idiotic area. Shift it, if you can, into a place where the mental elements are not deficient, as in that empty region.

I must appeal to the experience of others, if they are not conscious of such a blind spot in their intelligence. If they recognize it as a fact that they have such a spot, they can account for many absurdities and contradictions in their own field of thought and that of others. For this idiotic area is the vacant lot where inconsistent, incoherent, unrelated ideas come together and disport themselves, or lie loose, scattered over it. Many simple puzzles and idle fancies find their way there, and claim a right of domicile, until awakened reflection drives them away. Let me give an instance or two. "Excuse me," said the barber to the lantern-jawed man, "if I put my finger in your mouth to press your cheek out." "No, no," said the man he was shaving. "I am afraid you 'll bite me." Dean Swift mentions in one of his letters to Stella an odd whim of his own: "I have my mouth full of water, and was going to spit it out, because I reasoned with myself, 'How could I write when my mouth was full?'" In the persons we call "absent-minded," the idiotic area extends over a wider space than it covers in most individuals.

This theory — for I dare not announce it as a positive discovery — is a very convenient application to cover one's own mental slips, and to account for those of one's neighbor. No person of good temper and philosophic habit of mind could take offence at the question, politely asked, "Does not that view or that argument come from your idiotic area?" When John Stuart Mill suggested the possibility of a universe where two and two would make five, I should have wished to hint in a modest and civil way that this supposition had the idiotic area as its natural habitat.

I said that no critic had, to my knowledge, exposed my blunder in print. But a kind correspondent, whose title was not his chief claim to my attention, wrote to me as follows: —

"Has any candid friend called your attention to a chronological slip in your preface? You refer to Admiral Sir Charles Holmes, the companion of Wolfe, as being sung by Dryden as 'the Achates of the General's fight,' in momentary oblivion of the fact that a whole century separated the comrades of Albemarle and Wolfe. 'Achates'' name, too, was Robert. He warred much against the Dutch in Africa and America, and among his feats the fol-

lowing will specially interest his namesake, perhaps his descendant: 'He also took from the Dutch a colony in North America, called Nova Belgia, and bestowed on it the name of New York.'"

I have to correct another error, into which I was led by some misinformed fellow-visitor at York. A gentleman, writing from England, tells me that the slab bearing the one word *Miserrimus* is not at York, but in the cloisters of Worcester.

"If you do not happen to know it already, you will be interested to hear that it marks the grave of Rev. Thomas Maurice, M. A., a curate and a minor canon of Worcester, a non-juror, who died, aged eighty-eight, in 1748, 'sorrowing to the last for the fallen dynasty.' The knowledge of this, I am afraid, rather takes away from the romance of Wordsworth's beautiful sonnet; but even had it not been so, to many people his interpretation of the word *miserrimus* seems open to question."

It is hardly worth while to correct one's lesser errors, which not one reader in a score would notice if the writer did not call attention to them. An author's mistakes are stains in his remembrance; they are spots which easily wash off in his reader's. But as I have begun a brief list of errata, I may as well add one or two more. I insisted on interpreting the last word in the line —

"And every shepherd tells his tale,"

as meaning his love-tale, but I did not wish to be taken too seriously. There is no doubt, I think, that Warton is right in saying that it means numbering his sheep. But many a love-tale has been told under the hawthorn blossoms, and I kept the old interpretation by poetic rather than critical license.

Let me insert here an explanation, which relates to a single word in a poem of mine recently published. I spoke of "Blandusia's" fountain instead of Bandusia, and was corrected by two correspondents: one a true scholar, who made his correction in very lively and pleasant verse, as a private communication. The other, probably more recently from his text-books, treated the error more seriously. The fact is just this: In verifying the quotation, a precaution one ought always to take, and too often neglects, I took the nearest one of the four editions of Horace standing on my shelves, and followed that without questioning its authority. It was a lovely little Elzevir of 1628, which Daniel Heinsius *ex emendatissimis editionibus expressit, et repræsentavit.* This edition has Blandusia, as has also the Delphine edition. The two others have the more correct spelling, Bandusia. I will not say *malo errare cum Heinsio*, — I had rather be wrong with Heinsius than right with the last schoolboy manual; but if one does make a mistake, one likes to have it a scholarly one. I remember a story which my father, a more accurate writer than his son ever was, told me of one of his boyish experiences, which, after slumbering in my recollection for the greater part of a century, turns up at last to help me out in my apology. He must needs take down a sickle, which the reaper had left hanging on the bough of an old apple-tree, and try his skill at reaping. The consequence was a grand cut near one of his knuckles, of which he used to show me the scar. But he was always pleased to add that the reapers looked at his cut with strong commendation, and assured him that the place and form of the wound showed that he had held his sickle excellently well, and that there was no doubt that by practice he might become a very good reaper. The scar of my classical error shows, at any rate, that I was handling an approved classical implement in the legitimate method.

One misapprehension has been a source of pain to me, — I hope to no one

else; for I can hardly believe a gossiping story which reached our newspapers from England. I was so much delighted with several of the elderly ladies I met in London society that I paid what was meant as the warmest of tributes to the agreeable qualities of the old Londoness of the higher social grades. Thinking of the great strength and endurance required to last the time of two or three generations in the strain of London social life, I could not help remembering the longevity of that pleasant bird which keeps its conversational powers and its comely aspect for an almost indefinite series of years. But the idea that I would make a personal comparison between any individual lady and any bird, except possibly a bird of Paradise, or a nightingale, or one as lovely in look or voice, is a great wrong to my sense of propriety. It had never occurred to me for one instant that the personal application spoken of in the gossiping story could have been made by any one. The published paragraph was the first thing which suggested it to me, and I looked upon it as a foolish story, which could hardly have any real foundation in fact. At any rate, it was utterly devoid of truth; the expression used to illustrate the tenacity of life which belongs to a certain class of ladies whom I found it so pleasant to meet and converse with is not elegant, it may be, but it belongs to generic, and not to individual, description.

I mention these small matters, about most of which nobody cares except myself, and I not very much, because it gives me the opportunity of saying something I have wished to say. As for answering criticisms, it is commonly unnecessary and unwise. I have had every reason to be pleased with the reception of my little book, "Our Hundred Days." It was very generally accepted just as I could have wished it to be, — as a sort of autobiographical record of a few exceptional months of my life. It served one purpose, at least, namely, that of keeping up my relations with the readers of The Atlantic, and after them with a still larger public. By means of these papers, very much such as I should have written home in private letters, I have held my patient public by the button, as it were, hoping that I should have something more to tell them after they had recovered from any fatigue the reading of my record might have cost them.

It does not become me to look to the future too confidently, but I hope in the course of the coming year to meet my old readers, and perhaps some more youthful ones, as an acquaintance who is at home in these pages, and does not like to leave them entirely so long as he has any good reason to believe that he is not an unwelcome visitant among the crowd of younger writers who are pressing forward to fill them.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

HOWELLS'S MODERN ITALIAN POETS.

Mr. Howells practices the profession of the critic somewhat half-heartedly, with little seeming care whether he is original, convincing, or even thorough. Does he suspect that his own critical work is as unprofitable as that of others? In his preface he prospectively "applauds the discernment" of the well-furnished scholar who may observe that this volume [1] "does not fully represent the Italian poetry of the period which

[1] *Modern Italian Poets.* Essays and Versions. By W. D. Howells. With Portraits. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1887.

it covers chronologically," namely, the hundred years ending with 1870; and in the text he finds occasions to confess his lack of acquaintance with considerable portions of the works of the poets under review. He is sure, however, that no name of importance nor any work of real distinction has been left out of the survey. With this the reader readily agrees. The last century in Italy has not been so fruitful of poetical genius that there need be any fear lest even a cursory account of it should be seriously defective. A more noticeable point is the great indebtedness of Mr. Howells to the Italian critics. He is full of praise for them, and he translates and condenses from their pages with almost a compiler's hand. These essays, consequently, exhibit an Italianated view. The natural error for a critic who neglects the drearier work of the poets of whom he treats is to overestimate their performance; and if he leans overmuch on the national and largely contemporary criticism of them by their countrymen, he may anticipate falling into still greater exaggeration. Mr. Howells's studies sometimes suffer from these causes, with others. Men of thorough poetic culture will be slow to ascribe such importance to the Italian patriotic school as is here allowed them. But to lend something to his subject is the privilege of an entertaining writer, and this book, besides being the only account of the matter in English, contains the impressions of a twenty years' rambling acquaintance with nineteenth-century Italian poems; moreover, Mr. Howells is a true lover of modern Italy.

Mr. Howells is so much more the novelist than the critic, his interest in manners so exceeds his interest in sentiment, passion, and the attractiveness of ideal things, that he succeeds best when he permits the novelist in him to displace the critic, and frankly paints the follies instead of judging the verses of the time. Much the most captivating of the essays, the one in which the author himself seems to be most enlivened with his tale, is the little sketch of the Arcadians of elegant society, who piped and sang at the levees of the people of good taste in the last century. There is no poet of the patriotic school, with which it is the purpose of this volume to deal, who lives before our eyes with half the vivacity and individuality of poor Frugoni, at the Casa Landi at Parma, in this introductory study of the conditions prevailing in Italy just before the modern poets began their career. It is the old trick of impaling the butterfly, but it is very happily done. In the body of the essays, too, Mr. Howells succeeds best with the satirical poets. The subject lends itself more naturally to his instinctive handling. Parini, for example, is not put to any critical account of himself, but the world he lived in, the trivial fop he put to shame, and in doing so shamed the whole state of things in the Italian degradation, and in fact the entire social furniture, all the theatrical belongings, of his principal poem, are very sharply rendered, in the satirical way, by the faculty Mr. Howells possesses of seeing and reproducing the minor morals of society. In the same way, in his translations he labors with most ease, and is at his best in his readings from Giuseppe Giusti, whose genius was strongly intellectual and dashed with wit. The feeling of the extracts which are here given is expressed in the English version with more completeness, with less sense of loss in the transition from the Italian, than is the case with the examples from the dramatic or sentimental poets. One reason is because the Beppo-like movement of the poems of Giusti accords with the novelist's temperament better than any other; and as with Parini and Frugoni, Mr. Howells penetrates the subject, and appropriates it more readily and completely.

When one comes to the leading names upon the roll, Alfieri, Manzoni, Leo-

pardi, he feels that Mr. Howells moves with considerable doubt and hesitation: he shows none of that conscious mastery of the subject which gives *verve* and flow to his sketches of Italian society; and even in his remarks upon the situation and characters of the dramas, his experience in dealing with similar matters in the novel does not help him so much as would be expected. In the biographical narrative, which makes a part of each essay, he exhibits his character-drawing; but the scale is too small, and the personal interest is too much blended with other matters. It is scarcely too limited a phrase to employ, to describe the critical substance of these essays, if we say they are nothing more than impressions: the author himself does not make any higher claim for them, and has apparently no intention of really drawing critical portraits of these men, of the kind in which one must be exacting. He has written down the thoughts of an interested reader on the literature with which he has been entertained, but without attempting that grasp, close comprehension, precision, unity, or that sleepless regard for relative values in literature which should characterize an adequate critical survey. He notes a few traits of the historical development, — the French classicism of structure in Alfieri, the romantic revival in Manzoni, the skeptical reaction in Leopardi; he finds in the poets, from Alfieri down to the last Sicilian song-writer of Palermo, the single trait, fairly to be called common were it not for Monti, of passionate devotion to the cause of Italy, and he calls them the heirs of the old Florentine anti-papal tradition. This characterizes them as men rather than as poets; in insisting on it so emphatically, Mr. Howells leaves the reader in danger of losing sight of other aspects of their poetry; in fact he uses this patriotic quality in their verse, apparently, to relieve himself of the onus of criticism from the æsthetic side.

His essay on Leopardi, in particular, is narrow; he tells his life and translates some of his verses, but he does not render the man with any completeness or lifelikeness; nor does he appreciate the reach and meaning of his genius, apart from his personality. On the other hand, where the patriotism of the poet is all there is to him, this point of view greatly helps his fame, and in the larger number of the poets dealt with this happy result is observable. The absorption of the reader's attention in the patriotic quality of the work under discussion gives a vital interest to what would otherwise be dry; and occasionally he is roused to a higher pitch of feeling by what is in itself fervid. The *stornelli* of Francesco Dall' Ongaro are often battle-cries, and they are rendered by Mr. Howells with great force, and even pathos. One of them may serve as an example of the mood of the times; its subject is from the Milanese massacre of 1848, and is called the Lombard Woman: —

"Here, take these gaudy robes and put them by;
I will go dress me black as widowhood;
I have seen blood run, I have heard the cry
Of him that struck and him that vainly sued.
Henceforth no other ornament will I
But on my breast a ribbon red as blood.

"And when they ask what dyed the silk so red,
I 'll say, The life-blood of my brothers dead.
And when they ask how it may cleansèd be,
I 'll say, Oh, not in river nor in sea;
Dishonor passes not in wave nor flood;
My ribbon ye must wash in German blood."

When poetry is so close to life as this, it is always stirring, and it will be a long time before the heat of these nineteenth-century revolutions passes away. In the land that produced them, this literary record of the conflict, in such verses as these we have quoted, and in others that do not so instantly wake sympathy, must have a special value from the appeal they make to the new

national feeling; their writers were the heroes of the fight, oftentimes, in person; and so, as a chapter of patriotic service done by literature for Italy, the work of these poets is spirited reading. To us the minor poets have frequently been most touching. In dealing with them, Mr. Howells forgets a good many things that a critic does well to forget: he forgets to be an advocate, and recollects his proselytizing vocation only when treating some more important matter, as, for example, in his attempted tolerance of Manzoni as a romanticist, because it was impossible at that time to be anything else; but this does not secure for him a catholic view of that distinguished writer, an understanding of his temperament and position; he translates the Ode to Napoleon, but he tells us little else about the man. Altogether, it must be acknowledged that the volume has drawbacks, of which one, let us say parenthetically, is the extraordinarily poor portraits; it is uneven in its interest and limited in the aspects it presents; yet it is an addition to the popular knowledge of a foreign and little known literature, and to the body of our translated poetry.

SCUDDER'S MEN AND LETTERS.

In the papers which Mr. Scudder has gathered in this modest volume,[1] many of our readers will recognize an old hand. He has prefixed to it a letter of dedication to an editorial friend, in which he pleasantly recalls their youth, — Bohemian days of "two young poets, who walked Broadway and haunted little back rooms in Fourth Avenue and Eleventh Street; who had theories about Homer, and discussed them in Harlem; who spent money before it was earned, and proposed the prudent course of retiring altogether upon an unexpected windfall of a hundred dollars, using the leisure thus happily secured for executing the epical work which required a continuity of time not easily had under customary conditions." In the humbler walk of criticism which it has been his fortune to follow, far from Harlem, he has remained anonymous, as a thorough contemporary critic must. The advantages of having a dozen Richmonds in the field for the literary usurper to run foul of are a personal convenience not lightly to be dispensed with by the one who is most concerned, and it is by no means undesirable that the disinterested reader should be left in an equanimity which closer acquaintance with the voice in the critical domino might disturb. Anonymity has its value, as is everywhere recognized; but the writer tires of it, as Mr. Scudder confesses, on coming out of what he designates as his solitary cell; and it becomes tedious to the reader also, certainly if he be discriminating, and, by the help of certain controlling thoughts and recurring mannerisms, the tricks and gait of style, detects the figure of a man, though, like the character of the ghost-stories he continually keeps his face turned away. To such a one there will be a pleasure in the discovery of this anonym's identity, for the strong personal note in the little preface we have mentioned is easily distinguishable in the essays that follow, and converts them from an oracular voice into the talk of an individual.

This new companionship is felt most agreeably in the two or three sketches of

[1] *Men and Letters.* Essays in Characterization and Criticism. By Horace E. Scudder. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1887.

personal friends which the volume contains. The subjects of these memorials were not greatly distinguished; to some, perhaps, their human interest will be more engaging because of this obscurity, or rather privacy, of life. One, the paper upon Elisha Mulford, has the charm of intimacy. It is one of those best of tributes to the dead which do not praise, but are content only to remember. Mr. Scudder found the man more than his works. Of Mulford's gravely reasoned books, of his theory of the organization and meaning of man's progress in history, he has little, indeed, to say; but he presents his traits, and this theologian from the Pennsylvania farmlands, in some ways reminding us of the self-assured, dominating, and laborious divines of the elder time, really lives in these few pages of almost affectionate reminiscence more humanly than in his own ponderous sentences, though perhaps less completely. The nuggets of character to be found in this paper, in the way of sayings and anecdotes, are of the sort that always seem new-found; but it was too recently before our readers to allow us the pleasure of extracting them. From Dr. Muhlenberg's life, also, Mr. Scudder gives us some beautiful scenes; and in the notice of Anne Gilchrist, in whom certainly the womanly element was of infinitely more consequence than the literary, the fact of personal acquaintance has helped the critic. It is hard to realize from her few essays and letters the vitality of her nature; but she is not the first of whom strangers have been willing to judge by the words of familiar friends, and have felt the ground firmer under them than if the opinion had been based on their own impression of her literary remains.

But a critic of the literature that springs up by the wayside cannot often have the happiness to write of his respected friends. This volume discloses, by the comparatively scanty number of its papers, the dependence of criticism on its subject-matter; the transient nature of the mass of it, which perishes with the market for the works it deals with; and the parasitic life which is all that most of the remainder enjoys. Here the topics are Landor and Shakespeare, Emerson and Longfellow. It is always interesting — at least among those benighted ones who still live somewhat in the past of the republic of letters it is interesting — to learn what a man of intelligence in our own time thinks of the classics of our tongue. It is true that Mr. Scudder does not attempt criticism in the grand manner; he looks rather for neglected veins in the well-worked mines; but he comes upon novel points of view, curious suggestions, observations that arrest and entertain. In the case of Shakespeare, of whom he forecasts the future, he takes rather a wide range, as no doubt one must; he seems to discern a time when the world will have moved so far from the Elizabethans, the democrat have left the aristocrat so completely out of sight, that Shakespeare cannot then be popular. But surely, in view of this dismal and remote prognostication, we can exclaim, with no touch of cynical carelessness for our fellow-beings (such a generation are scarcely to be spoken of as brother-men), *D'après nous* the glacial age! In Emerson and Longfellow Mr. Scudder had fresher material. This examination of the latter's artistic qualities is almost the beginning of useful criticism upon his works; and as to Emerson, it is treasure-trove to find a paper which contentedly leaves him to continue a transcendental mystery to the illuminated and a puzzle to admirers of Montaigne, while it attempts to show only how simple and natural a thing he was to himself.

Too close attention, however, should not be directed to the titular subjects with which Mr. Scudder heads his pages. He is a discursive writer, and often leaves his author to follow his own reflections.

Here, too, his personality counts. His thought is sometimes so entirely self-rooted that the word "critic" seems a misnomer, when applied to him; when the topic is impersonal, he philosophizes, and when he has an author whom he likes he is more concerned to exhibit the characteristics of the man than to weigh his books. At least, it is so in this volume. One notices, too, the strong humanitarian feeling that pervades portions of his work, and in other parts the settled belief in the reality and preëminence of those qualities in writing which make a book to be literature, and not a mere publication of knowledge or opinion; and throughout one observes how lively his own interest continues, even in the minor phases of his subject. In his inquiry as to the dramatic capabilities of American history as stuff for the American playwright, of which he takes a favorable view, he shows practical courage in leaving the safe ground of generalities, and plumply stating that John Brown's career affords the situations, characters, and national interest which, in combination, would build a good patriotic play. Elsewhere he has seasonable remarks upon the limitations inherent in the plan of writing history by coöperation, and the ineradicable distinction between such works and those which are the creation of a great and unifying mind; and in the course of this essay he makes the acute remark that the European discovery that the histories of the people and of the government are not the same does not apply to our annals, and is a misleading principle for our historians, since the institutions here are truly modes of popular expression. So the volume goes on, with here a characterization of some noticeable man, here a critique, here a minor essay, — a varied, ranging, conversational book; and in gathering the scattered papers under his name, Mr. Scudder has given them just that principle of unity which makes them individual, and so at once more attractive and more telling.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

The Bread-and-Butter Moments of the Mind.

It is astonishing how insensible we sometimes are to the most beautiful or sublime spectacles. Noble scenes, which at another time would inspire the imagination and thrill the heart with a tumult of emotions, now unfold their glory before our unmoved eyes, and the humdrum thoughts plod along their accustomed way. Travelers know this phenomenon very well. Ely cathedral lives in my memory as a delicious vision of solemn loveliness; but when my friends praise York minster, I hardly recall that I was ever there. This indifference is to be ascribed to the fact that in York my brain happened to be dough or putty, for the time being, and in no respect on the architecture of the minster. I remember that George Sand had this experience in her voyage to Italy. In the Histoire de ma Vie, she says: —

"Je poursuivis mon voyage quand même, ne souffrant pas, mais peu à peu *si abrutie* par les frissons, les défaillances et la somnolence, que je vis Pise et le Campo Santo *avec une grande apathie*. Il me devint même indifférent de suivre une direction ou une autre; Rome et Venise furent jouées à pile ou face. *Venise face* retomba dix fois sur le plancher. J'y voulus voir une destinée, et je partis pour Venise par Florence. . . . Je vis toutes les belles choses qu'il fallait

voir, . . . mais j'étais glacée, et, en regardant le Persée de Cellini et la Chapelle carrée de Michel Ange, il me semblait, par moments, que j'étais statue moi-même. La nuit, je rêvais que je devenais mosaïque et je comptais attentivement mes petits carrés de lapis et de jaspe."

But the same phlegmatic seizure often occurs to us at home and in familiar surroundings. Three nights ago, standing at my window, I saw the full moon rise superbly through a low horizon drapery of shadowed cloud-folds; and I said to myself, Let us go walk in the garden, and drink in the splendor of this celestial spectacle. So I sought my favorite pacing-ground, a wide path from the round rose-bed to the elm-tree, running between lines of stately cannas. There had been purifying rain, and the sky was deepened to its most lustrous dark; the soft billow-edges of the few fleeces, swimming over across the big moon, caught, turn by turn, a faint tinge of halo colors. The moon was dazzling. Who can believe that mere sunshine, falling on mere rock and sand, will reflect such a white-cold intensity of light? I gazed intently on the blinding shield, as if to compel it to seem to me what it really is, — the big globe, rolling there, dizzily unsupported, in empty space. I said, "That distance across the bulging disk is about that which the Pacific railroad traverses across our continent. Let me try to imagine the little train, full of earth inhabitants, creeping in a curve around yonder point of shadow, and across the bridgeless nose of the man in the moon." For an instant the conception of the globular form and the enormous bulk, swinging on its rounds, almost touched on the confines of my expectant imagination; then fled away, unseizable, and left but the silvery spot, stuck there inadequately against the blue ceiling, so ridiculously near that even the lighter clouds pass behind, instead of before it, and a venturous balloon might be capable of bumping it at any rash discharge of ballast.

Then I took up my pacing back and forth. The broad silvered leaves of the cannas seemed to float motionless in the great flood of light, and beneath each hung its motionless black shade. Every shadow of every delicate bough and twig of the beech and the elm was lace; and bough and twig themselves, less distinct and more ethereal than their shadows, were only the mentally conceived patterns, or Platonic Ideas, of the lace, hovering above it in the air. What a mysterious and glorious night, and what subtlest and most celestial dreams should throng the brain at such an hour! Back and forth, to and fro, I paced; and what, think you, were the sublime ideas I found in my brain, as I suddenly became aware of myself, after some minutes of floating in that sea of twice-distilled and space-traversing radiance? I was listening with lively displeasure to the squeaking of my own new shoes. I was thinking, "How can this intolerable thing be cured?" I was picturing in my imagination the sedulous shoemaker, anxiously handling the superintegruments, and discussing with me the possible ways and means of silencing this music of abandoned soles. I remembered that some one had once recommended a hypodermic injection of pumice-stone. As I turned from the shadow back into the full flood of radiance, I found myself wondering whether the leathern layers would have to be unstitched, or whether anything could be done with a gimlet.

I saw that the whole magnificent spectacle of the night was being wasted on such an insect as I, and that the most suitable scheme was to go ingloriously to bed.

A Word For Silent Partners. — Plaintively inquires Sir Thomas Browne, in a passage almost too threadbare for quotation, "Who knows whether the best of men be known, or whether there be not

more remarkable persons forgot than any that stand remembered in the known account of time?" Now, inclining to adopt the theory that "history is but a fable agreed upon," I do not so much grieve for the neglected great of far antiquity as for the worthies of our current life, on whose virtues — to quote Sir Thomas again — "the iniquity of oblivion blindly scattereth her poppy." I have long wished that some one would speak a glowing word in praise of silent partners; not that these are in need of verbal panegyric (for their reward is from within), but that we are all made better by generously acknowledging what has been done for us by those whose service otherwise remains unrecognized by the world. An imperial writer was not above this act of gracious justice, as they know who are familiar with that noblest piece of self-communing, The Thoughts of Antoninus, where are mentioned by name not less than sixteen persons, whom the writer gratefully remembers either for direct counsel or for the potential example afforded in their conduct. Would it not be of lively interest if all authors thus set forth their obligations in a proem of thanks?

Sentimental statisticians are fond of telling us that the great man was great because of remarkable qualities derived from his mother, or because of her influence exerted over his tender years. Such arguers are not to be quarreled with, for they have truth on their side; but they might as well go further, and assert that all good men, illustrious or obscure, owe to their mothers the same insolvable debt. Here we find the first and faithfulest of all silent partners.

If the precious thing we call genius, and are prone to regard as we would the "sole Arabian bird," — as unrelated and unsupported, — would only come forward and frankly testify of the upholding hands, the opulent hearts, the shrewd contriving brains, that have contributed to staying, cheering, and shielding its existence, what valuable revelations would in this way be obtained! Who helps our eloquent divine up-stairs to write his sermon, by adroitly detaining below the unwelcome visitor? Who covers our poet's footprints up Parnassus with a Mercury-like ingenuity, so that Black Care shall not overtake the sublime traveler? Silent partners. Sometimes, in this quiescent business, it is a whole family that have invested time and toil (and how much of love!) to offset the intellectual fund brought by some one of its members, — the partner that eventually carries off for himself, or for herself, all golden opinions. I wish it were possible to endow these silent partners with a modicum of self-glorification, even so much as that they should commit to heart Qui facit per alium facit per se. But no; the nature of the silent partner is incurably self-suppressing and unexacting!

Were a personal confession required of me, I should own that, beside a certain number of silent partners who are so (Heaven knows why!) for pure love, I have others who are completely indifferent to me, who indeed do not know me at all; others still, it may be, who are not indifferent, but averse or even hostile. Of the second class, whose cheerfulness in adversity is a factor working to my spiritual advantage, is the blind man, who daily goes about the village streets alone, and who in my hearing once dropped words like these: "Ah yes, we all of us live on hope," — spoken with a slight uplift of the sightless eyes. Of the same class is the rosy-cheeked German washerwoman, who brings her laundered linen a long distance in the freezing weather, and, receiving her money, hurries back light-hearted to her brood of broad-faced children. Nor should I forget to mention another, — the whistling lame boy, whose delicious mimicry of "wood-notes wild," discoursing brown thrush, whippoorwill, and oriole makes me quite forget that

he is a child of misfortune. Speaking of the third class of silent partners brings me back to the pensive author of New Burial, who mournfully observes that "Thersites is like to live as long as Agamemnon." Now, it strikes me that Thersites must have been useful in the Greek camp as a censor of conduct. If it were otherwise, it was not his fault. His scurrilous expertness in taking off idiosyncrasies of character and behavior ought to have afforded the honey-tongued Nestor a timely hint as to the latter's garrulity and long-windedness; Ulysses should have grown out of conceit with his own disposition towards *finesse;* while Achilles should have learned to modify his violent temper, through having the mirror so frequently and unsparingly held up to nature. Our opposers, inasmuch as they treat our faults with no loving tenderness, but help us to see them in their unattractive reality, should be counted among the forwarders of our life's scheme.

Idle or busy, I not infrequently look up at my bookshelves, and bless my silent partners there; and I do not forget how a fugitive verse, learned in childhood, may ring a watchword far down the years. Other unassuming, voiceless helpers outside our human fraternity are not to be ignored. How many a soul Nature's so-called soulless creatures in the out-door world have strengthened by their unconscious arguments for industry, courage, freedom, good hope! If a favorite story of our youth be no fable, it was a persistent little spider, succeeding in bridging a gap at the tenth effort, that by force of her example helped a despondent hero to knit together the rent web of his fortunes. In one of his genial essays, John Burroughs speaks of a rabbit that had her domicile under the floor of his rustic study. Her soft footfalls, heard at all times of the day, he fancied expressed good-will and amity toward himself. I would like to pay a tribute of thanks to my chief silent partner in Nature's domain; but his utter self-reliance and his tranquil indifference to admiration frustrate the intention of encomium. I would thus address

MY SILENT PARTNER.

Now, would that I might speak by breezy leaves,
Or thou couldst words from human lips divine!
For if I knew thy speech, or thou knew mine,
I'd tell thee, guardian of my roof and eaves,
What influence from thee my life receives,
When wave in green those sinewy arms of thine,
When stripped thou standest at the Shearer's sign,
Or when the stealthy night-frost's chisel cleaves.
Thy wordless counsel makes me glad and strong:
Thou showest, howe'er wild the winters be,
That they can do a rooted power no wrong;
And thou in summer's pleasance teachest me
To make my heart the covert for a throng
Of singing-birds, — as thou dost, joyous Tree!

Vicissitudes of Verse.

— Evidence of what may be called the intellectual depravity of human nature is found in the tendency to follow errors of citation, even from well-known authors.

Some one happens to blunder into a misquotation, and the incorrect version is sure, in a little while, to drive out the correct one from the minds of many persons who ought to know better. A few instances of misquotation occur to me, which I have myself noted, and the list might no doubt be easily lengthened. The first that comes to mind is Milton's line at the conclusion of the Lycidas, "To-morrow to fresh woods and pastures new," where *fields* is commonly substituted for *woods*.

So slight a change as that of a preposition puts a somewhat different meaning into Ben Jonson's memorial verse, "He was not of an age, but for all time." Here *for* is often made to replace *of*, in the first clause.

We are all supposed to know our Shakespeare, but in fact a good many persons' knowledge is of the second-hand sort that does not enable them to detect

a misquotation. When Mr. Booth or Mr. Irving delivers the "To be, or not to be" soliloquy, some who hear him speak of "the thousand natural shocks that flesh is heir to" may be surprised into fancying that the actor is making a slip, the substitution of *ills* for shocks being so common that the right word sounds strangely. In speech and writing how often mention is made of the "bourn" whence no traveler returns. Shakespeare wrote of the "undiscovered country, from whose bourn no traveler returns." These misquotations are from one of the best known plays, oftenest acted on the modern stage, and from the most hackneyed lines in it. Again, people cite from The Merchant of Venice "The man that hath no music in his *soul*," where the text has "in *himself*."

It is curious to note that certain verses, very familiar to us in their present shape, are plagiarisms — or allowable borrowings, if you please — from older authors. The modification of the original has sometimes been an improvement, sometimes not, but in either case the newer form has supplanted the old. The modern author gets that possession of the poetical property which is nine points of the law, as Campbell has done with the well-known line, "Like angels' visits, few and far between." This is tautological, for if the visits are far between, it is needless to say they are few. John Norris, who in the latter half of the seventeenth century compared the "joys most exquisite and strong," which soonest take their flight, to "angels' visits, short and bright," may never have written anything else worth the stealing, so it seems rather cruel that he should lose the credit of his happiest thought. Later Robert Blair helped himself to Norris's verse, altering "bright" into "far between." It is probable, therefore, that Campbell "conveyed" from Blair rather than from the original writer. In like manner, Pope made himself free with Dryden's verse, "From grave to light, from pleasant to severe," changing *light* into *gay*, and *pleasant* into *lively;* and with Prior's "Fine by degrees and beautifully less," in this instance altering the sense as well as the words. But "fine by defect and delicately weak" is an unmistakable imitation of Prior. No doubt the same thought may occur to more than one man, and since human experience repeats itself, reflections on life are likely to resemble each other. Gray wrote, "Where ignorance is bliss, 't is folly to be wise." Prior, before him, made the proposition a universal one when he asserted that "from ignorance our comfort flows, the only wretched are the wise;" and centuries before Prior, a nameless Jew had set it down in his book that "he that increaseth knowledge increaseth sorrow."

If a writer can add something to another's thought, or greatly better its expression, he need not fear to take the liberty, and borrowing of this sort does not appear to have lain on the conscience of authors at any age of the world. It was easier for the ancient classic writers to be original than for us nowadays. Many of the sayings of famous Greeks and Romans, which, sound trite in our ears, were striking novelties of thought to their contemporaries. Of course many old-time proverbial expressions have been a common stock, whence any writer might draw at will without being called up for petty larceny. A score of lines might be cited from as many different writers as variations of the same line. "But me no buts" is Fielding's version, and the best known of all. Ben Jonson, Massinger, and Beaumont and Fletcher have the same phrase in other words, and which was the first to find or invent it we cannot tell.

When, however, a writer appropriates and reproduces in slightly altered shape the thought of some comparatively little-known author, it is more than likely that he is simply stealing another man's thunder. There is something amusing in

Macaulay's frank audacity in borrowing the rhetorical sentence about the traveler from New Zealand sketching the ruins of St. Paul's, from the broken arch of London Bridge. He was so pleased with it as to employ it three times, in his reviews of Ranke's History of the Popes, Mitford's Greece, and Mill's Essay on Government. It is not possible that a man of such omnivorous reading and phenomenal power of memory was unaware that a similar phrase had been made use of by four preceding writers. Volney's paragraph upon the traveler who sits solitary amid silent ruins, to weep a people inurned and their greatness changed into an empty name, is to my mind the finest. Horace Walpole's traveler was to come from Lima; H. K. White's was simply "a savage;" and Shelley leaves the traveler out altogether, and the shadows on the Thames are cast by the "broken arches" of Waterloo, not London Bridge.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

Poetry. A Branch of May, by Lizette Woodworth Reese (Cushings & Bailey), is a brief collection of verse, containing two or three lyrics of more than ordinary merit. Anne would be quite perfect of its kind were it not for the feeble "I ween," in the concluding stanza. — Underwoods, by Robert Louis Stevenson (Scribner's Sons), is a volume of pleasant poetry. A stronger word than pleasant would overpraise the verse; a milder word would fail to do it justice. There is always a fine quality in Mr. Stevenson's work; but we like him best in prose. — Mr. Gilder's poems (Century Co.) come to us in three exquisite little volumes, with limp covers stamped in gold. This new issue, which includes a number of later lyrics, will give fresh readers a chance to make the acquaintance of a charming poet, and old readers the pleasure of rereading him. Books of verse that contain such honest poems as The Building of the Chimney and the lines to Robert Browning are not too common. — Early and Late Poems of Alice and Phœbe Cary (Houghton) is the title of a volume which precedes and follows in its contents the volume which has long done service as the poetical works of the sisters. Theirs was one of the infrequent cases in this country where verse was not only the staple of reputation, but the main resource of livelihood. Possibly for this reason, along with the facility of verse-making which constant occupation induced, the number of poems which have become fixed in the minds of people is not large. The somewhat tearful strain in which Alice Cary wrote was not an affectation, but was so large an element in her poetical make-up that the reader makes large allowance when he comes upon her pathetic ballads. — Letters from Colorado, by H. L. Wason. (Cupples & Hurd.) To turn the incidents of a Western trip into verse, one must see them poetically. Unfortunately, Mr. Wason was not thoroughly equipped for his journey. He left his ear behind, for one thing, and if he packed up his imagination he forgot to take it out. — Sketches in Song, by George Lansing Raymond. (Putnams.) If by the title Mr. Raymond means to intimate that his verses are preparation for poems, we might agree with him. They all have intentions, they suggest a thoughtful interest in art, but they lack the spontaneity, the lyrical freedom, the unconscious grace, which we ask in poetry of a similar cast. — After Paradise, or Legends of Exile, with other Poems, by Robert, Earl of Lytton. (Estes & Lauriat.) Whatever else may be said of Owen Meredith's poems, they are interesting, they have a charming air of worldliness, and they are neat. — Songs of the Mexican Seas, by Joaquin Miller. (Roberts.) The very audacity of this poet's imagination sometimes enables him to throw out lines of singular beauty, and if one does not object to a good deal of red, and scarlet, and magenta, and solferino, and other bright colors, genuine and bastard, he will find much in the tropical fervor of Miller to please him. — Garden Secrets, by Philip Bourke Marston, with biographical sketch by Louise Chandler Moulton. (Roberts.) It is impossible to read this little book without tenderness, so completely does the spirit of the bereft author pervade it; but it is not necessary to know the circumstances of his life to feel the winning beauty of the fancies which play about the lily, the rose, the grass, and the wind. It

is interesting and pathetically suggestive to see how little part the sight plays in these poems, and how much the poet relies on touch, scent, and hearing. — Dialect Ballads, by Charles Follen Adams. (Harpers.) Mr. Adams has made many friends by his Leedle Yawcob Strauss, and he will keep them by the poems in a similar vein in this volume. It is Hans Breitmann in a broader style, without Mr. Leland's scholarship, to be sure, and with an excess of mild punning. — Under Pine and Palm, by Frances L. Mace. (Ticknor.) Dignity, sweetness, and a generous temper characterize these poems. Not so much in single lines or phrases as in the free conception of her themes, this writer indicates her poetic sense. — The Sentence, a drama, by Augusta Webster. (T. Fisher Unwin, London.) Mrs. Webster's admirable work in translation from the Greek drama prepares one for receiving with interest this masculine play, in which Caligula is a chief character. The treatment is not archæological, but romantic, while based upon history. — Lyrics and Sonnets, by Edith M. Thomas. (Houghton.) Again Miss Thomas comes, in her half-bridal array of binding, with poems which will be read most eagerly by those who have previously read her A New Year's Masque. She has begun to make an audience of her own, and this book will strengthen her hold upon it. The volume has the same marks of grace, poetic insight, and a half-statuesque interpretation of nature, which characterized her former book. — The New Purgatory, and other Poems, by Elizabeth Rachel Chapman. (T. Fisher Unwin, London.) The somewhat strained expression of a woman who has, through intellectual labor, brought herself into a state of protest against prevalent forms of belief. There is an earnestness about the work which forbids the notion that she is a mere *dilettante* free-thinker.

Holiday Books. The Vision of Sir Launfal, by James Russell Lowell (Houghton), has been made the occasion for illustration and that decorative art which is making the externals of our books in proper keeping with the houses which entertain them, and the dress of the girls who handle them. Whatever has gone to the mechanical make-up of this book is certainly to be praised. The binding, the type, the paper, and the engraver's skill all show careful workmanship and forethought. Nor are the designs, when they intend simple effects, unpleasing. The sense of disappointment comes to one when looking for the highest ends, for portraiture, for idealization, — in fine, for the highest poetic expression. The artists, for the most part, seem to have been more bent on illustrating certain forms of technique than on divining the scenes presented, and reproducing them in sympathy with the poem. Mr. Juengling, by his marvelous fidelity of engraving, has done what they have not done. An exception should be made in the case of the two contrasting scenes by Bruce Crane and R. S. Gifford. — Geraldine, a Souvenir of the St. Lawrence. (Ticknor.) This rhymed story, which has somehow caught the ear of a good many readers, is now made to appeal to the eye by means of a number of matter-of-fact pictures which are happily married to the text. — An Unknown Country, by the author of John Halifax, Gentleman, illustrated by Frederick Noel Paton. (Harpers.) A souvenir of travel in the north of Ireland, which has a significance as the latest work of its kindly author, who throws her interest and sympathy into her studies of Irish character. The drawings are bold and, on the whole, effectively engraved. — Old Homestead Poems, by Wallace Bruce. (Harpers.) A volume of good-natured verse, with many illustrations, which generally accord with the verse, and one or two of more notable power, as Abbey's "I have sailed over many a sea." — Harbingers of Spring, edited by Susan Barstow Skelding, illustrated by Fidelia Bridges. (Frederick A. Stokes.) Four or five delicately tinted bird pictures, with well-selected verses, the whole looking, in its fanciful binding, like a spring bonnet. — Faust, the Legend and the Poem, by William S. Walsh, with etchings by Hermann Faber. (Lippincott.) A careful historical and critical study, accompanied by etchings, which are tolerably good, though rather stiff and conventional in handling. — The etchings by M. M. Taylor, illustrating Goldsmith's The Deserted Village (Lippincott), are rather more interesting, though scarcely successes. — Under the title On the Track of Ulysses, Mr. W. J. Stillman has reprinted three recent studies in archæology, which are not only readable and fresh, but have pictures which really illustrate. The subject is one which might have been treated with pedantic dryness, but Mr. Stillman writes as one who has read his Homer on the spot, and not merely with lexicon and grammar. (Houghton.) — The Longfellow Prose Birthday Book, edited by Laura Winthrop Johnson (Ticknor), is cleverly made up from the diaries of Mr. Longfellow as contained in his brother's Life. The limitation does not produce a sense of restriction; on the contrary, the strong personal element which is infused gives the book a very pleasing individuality. — My Old Kentucky Home and Old Folks at Home, Stephen C. Foster's familiar melodies, have been published with pictures and decorations. There was no difficulty in finding subjects, but it strikes us that a single picture, carefully studied by one who understood the

scene, and well engraved, would have answered better for both volumes — say Eastman Johnson's painting — than this collection of rather unimaginative and ineffective ones. (Ticknor.)

Sociology and Political Economy. It is a little difficult to find a term under which to class Mr. Henry T. Finck's Romantic Love and Personal Beauty, their Development, Causal Relations, Historic and National Peculiarities. (Macmillan.) Mr. Finck has made a sort of compilation from a variety of authors, has arranged his material in accordance with a system, and has encompassed the whole in a semi-philosophical treatise, with apparently two objects in view: to prove that we are more highly developed in our amatory nature than our rude ancestors, and to charge the young to be more beautiful and attractive. We suspect that the book will be read more for its curiosa than for its philosophy. — The Pleasures of Life, by Sir John Lubbock. (Macmillan.) This volume grew out of the author's opportunities for giving words of counsel and encouragement at opening meetings of schools and colleges. "Being myself naturally rather prone to suffer from low spirits," Sir John says, "I have at several of these gatherings taken the opportunity of dwelling on the privileges and blessings we enjoy." It is usually enough to produce low spirits to have to make such addresses, and we cannot too highly commend the author's courage and resolution. It is a moderate sort of pleasure, however, which he produces, for he has little power to stir enthusiasm, and his patchwork of quotations does not glitter the more for being attached to his own sober, not to say depressing, text. — Greater America, hits and hints, by a Foreign Resident. (A. Lovell & Co., New York.) The writer of this little book is an Englishman, apparently, who came to America with his faith in ideals sadly weakened, was gradually converted to a perception of the future of the new country, was inspired by the prevailing buoyancy, and now, heartily in sympathy with it, feels bound to turn honest critic. He touches on politics, religion, society, labor, land, and subordinate topics. His temper is excellent, his judgment sound, and many of the conclusions which he reaches are admirable. We particularly like what he has to say of the Romish church in America. His book should not be overlooked. — Henry George *versus* Henry George is a review, by R. C. Rutherford (Appleton), in which the author, by showing the inconsistencies of Mr. George, hopes to pull down the whole structure erected by him. Not only so, but by his sharp and quick-witted pursuit he drives the whole subject into an inescapable corner. — What to do? Thoughts evoked by the Census of Moscow, by Count Lyof N. Tolstoï, translated by Isabel F. Hapgood. (Crowell.) It was not so much what the census contained as what it did not contain that suggested thoughts to Count Tolstoï. In fact, he made his own census, appointing himself a committee of one to inquire into the condition of the poor in a great city, and reasoning therefrom upon the relations of the poor to the better classes. The book is in that tone of wondering seriousness which marks Count Tolstoï's work; and though the problems are not in the same terms always as those which confront the American student of cities, they are the same problems in the main. It is worth while to see how so individual a man strikes at evil, in these days when organization is the thought of most. — The Republic of the Future, or Socialism a Reality, by Anna Bowman Dodd. (Cassell.) This skit purports to be letters from a Swedish nobleman, living in the twenty-first century, to a friend in Christiania. This nobleman writes from New York, and describes the city and its life after individuality has been crushed out, machinery made to do all the work, and life reduced to a monotonous level. Rather profitless imagination. The satire is not very keen, and the monstrosity frightens no one. By the way, why does not the Swede write to Stockholm?

Books for Young People. The Boy Travellers on the Congo: adventures of two youths in a journey with Henry M. Stanley through the Dark Continent. By Thomas W. Knox. (Harpers.) This book grew out of a request from his publishers to Mr. Stanley that his large book should be condensed for youth. Colonel Knox has done two things: he has condensed Stanley, and supplied his customary machinery of a party of boys under a mentor. We doubt whether young people who like travel and adventure would not have been quite as well satisfied to take their Stanley straight, and not mixed with Dr. Bronson. The method used is mechanical. — Ida Waugh's Alphabet Book; verses by Amy E. Blanchard. (Lippincott.) A very pretty, ingenious, and graceful series of pictures and little stories in verse, beginning successively with the letters of the alphabet, the designs often including the letters very cleverly. — Bird-Talk, a Calendar of the Orchard and Wild-Wood, by Adeline D. T. Whitney. (Houghton.) A prettily printed volume, in which Mrs. Whitney has gathered a dozen or more little dramatic lyrics of bird-life, and has attempted to express the supposed individuality of the birds, going so far even as to imitate their notes. Her interpretations are ingenious rather than very melodious. — Juan and Juanita, by Frances Courtenay Baylor. (Ticknor.) A story of the very uncommon adventures of two young Mexi-

can children captured by Indians, and escaping after four years' captivity to find their way back by walking three hundred miles to the frontier of Texas. Miss Baylor fortunately had her story made for her by actual facts, and so had free play within excellent bounds for her humor, her pathos, her unfailing freshness of narrative. — Prince Little Boy, and other Tales out of Fairy-Land, by S. Weir Mitchell, M. D. (Lippincott.) Dr. Mitchell wrote these tales for the amusement of certain children, and to help forward some charities. They are bright, nonsensical stories, with some good random hits, and delightfully free from too urgent morals. — The Northern Cross, or Randolph's Last Year at the Boston Latin School, by Willis Boyd Allen. (Lothrop.) The writer has drawn upon his recollections of a period in the school history when a very marked figure, that of Dr. Gardner, was at the head. He has displayed considerable skill in reproducing the local color, and if the general treatment of boy and girl life is still touched with sentimentality rather than with the genuine poetry of youth, the book shows an advance upon this writer's previous work. — A Flock of Girls and their Friends, by Nora Perry. (Ticknor.) A collection of a dozen or more stories, in which girls still in their early teens figure. The stories are nickel-plated, bright, attractive, and almost as good, for ordinary uses, as the real article. — The Modern Vikings, Stories of Life and Sport in the Norseland, by Hjalmar H. Boyesen. (Scribners.) Mr. Boyesen manages to put into these stories a good deal of the vim and breeziness which belong to the earlier Norse life. There is activity, out-of-door energy, and a good manly hold on adventure. The book is charmingly dedicated in verse to his three boys. — Gritli's Children, translated from the German of Johanna Spyri by Louise Brooks. (Cupples & Hurd.) Mrs. Brooks made a happy find when she translated Heidi, but the subsequent translations hardly have the pastoral charm of that book, though they all share its sweetness. A certain sameness of incident marks them all. There is usually an invalid child who is taken to the mountains, and peasant life is brought into contrast with city life. However, we ought not to complain when such pure, simple stories are granted us, and the consecutiveness of the book gives more promise than the scrappiness of some recent stories by the same author. — The Boyhood of Living Authors, by W. H. Rideing. (Crowell.) The authors included in the list are all Americans save W. C. Russell, J. Payn, and W. E. Gladstone. Mr. Rideing remembers his title, and stops short when his heroes have begun to grow whiskers, but he is able in many cases to draw from their writings agreeable little sketches of their youth. There is a satisfactory absence of fulsome eulogy, and a willingness to rest in the main upon the outward incidents. — Who Saved the Ship and The Man of the Family, by J A K. (Crowell.) A couple of plainly written, well-planned stories, with a somewhat old-fashioned air about them and a little stiffness in their joints, but better worth reading than some more sprightly and showy books. — Elsie's Friends at Woodburn, by Martha Finley. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) A domestic tale, with an infusion of evangelicalism. There is a great deal of detail of youthful life, which tends, we fear, to make children think too much about themselves. — Uncle Rutherford's Attic, by Joanna H. Mathews. (F. A. Stokes.) A seashore story, with considerable incident and movement. The tone is natural. — In The Wonder Clock, Howard Pyle has a delightful book for children. (Harper Bros.) — A bound volume of Harper's Young People for the current year is one of the safest of holiday presents.

Literary Criticism. Two notable works in this department are to be mentioned here, — Mr. Howells's long-desired essays on the Modern Italian Poets (Harper & Bros.), and the new edition, the thirteenth, of Mr. Stedman's Victorian Poets, revised, and augmented by a supplementary chapter. This essay, which, like the fresh preface, is admirable, brings the work down to date. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) — Pen-Portraits of Literary Women, by themselves and others, edited by Helen Gray Cone and Jeannette L. Gilder, with biographical sketches by the former. In two volumes. (Cassell.) The subjects of these sketches are almost wholly English, ranging in time from Hannah More and Fanny Burney to George Eliot, but the number includes also George Sand and Margaret Fuller. The method is to give a brief outline of the facts in the life, and then a succession of extracts from the nearest, most accessible books, detailing special incidents or characteristics. The plan is not objectionable, but we think the editors might have made a little more diligent search for material, and not have relied so much upon books which are readily procured. The introductory sketches are in good taste.

Domestic Economy. Mrs. Shillaber's Cook-Book, a Practical Guide for Housekeepers, by Lydia Shillaber, with introduction by Mrs. Partington. (Crowell.) Again an attempt to get at the bottom of good cooking. If books could make cooks, we should be a nation of epicures. Perhaps every one helps a little, and this book wastes no words, but gives directions in a summary, authoritative fashion which it would seem impossible to misunderstand. A

sort of oil-cloth binding guards it against hard wear in the kitchen. — Childhood, its Care and Culture, by Mary Allen West. (Woman's Temperance Association, Chicago.) An octavo volume of more than 750 pages, intended for parents, and having to do with the physical, moral, intellectual, social, and religious well-being of children. Practical hints are scattered freely through the book, though for the most part the pages are taken up with profuse talk. The spirit and purpose of the book are well, but the writer has allowed herself altogether too much latitude of commonplace.

Hygiene and Medicine. The Curability of Insanity and the Individualized Treatment of the Insane, by John S. Butler. (Putnams.) Dr. Butler's long experience at the head of the Hartford Retreat renders his moderate but firm words in favor of the segregation of the insane worthy of attention by all. He writes earnestly, if discursively, and fortifies his position by several examples. His book is scarcely more than a tract, and perhaps as such will gain an entrance where a treatise would not. — Diet in Relation to Age and Activity, by Sir H. Thompson. (Cupples & Hurd.) The reissue of what was originally a paper in the Nineteenth Century magazine. It calls attention to the fact that in our close concern for the evils of drink we have overlooked the less obvious but no less certain evils of over-feeding, and in the short space at command lays down certain reasonable propositions as to the wisdom of lightening one's diet as one grows old. — The Children of Silence, or The Story of the Deaf, by Joseph A. Seiss. (Porter & Coates.) Perhaps the fact that Dr. Seiss is a director of the Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf and Dumb accounts for a singular weakness in this book. Statistics are produced, the causes of deafness are considered, an historical *résumé* given of the efforts made for the relief of deaf mutes, and yet hardly more than a page of the merest generalities is devoted to the extremely interesting and important subject of visible speech. A somewhat grudging assent is given to the usefulness of this new method, but the ordinary reader would hardly perceive the full meaning of this revolution in the treatment of deaf mutes.

Humor and Nonsense. — Rabelais is not an author usually placed in the hands of children, but John Dimitry's Three Good Giants, whose Famous Deeds are recorded in the Ancient Chronicles of François Rabelais (Ticknor & Co.), is likely to be a favorite book during the Christmas holidays. The exciting letterpress, as well as the grotesque illustrations by Doré and Robida, will make strong appeals to the imagination of the young folks. — Culture's Garland, by Eugene Field (Ticknor & Co.), is the whimsical title of a collection of very clever newspaper extravaganzas. Mr. Field is witty, scholarly, and delightfully good-natured; in spite of which Chicago has much to forgive in him. — The fourth series of Good Things of Life (F. A. Stokes) enables one to make a swift survey of the journal which is just now the fashion with society. The effect produced is of a general thinness of wit; but then society itself is a somewhat thin subject. Now and then there is a clever hit, but for the most part there is rather a waste of artistic energy.

History. The fifth volume of Justin Winsor's Narrative and Critical History of America has been issued by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. The great importance of this work does not need to be insisted upon. — Recollections of a Minister to France, 1869–1877, by E. B. Washburne, LL. D. (Charles Scribner's Sons), is a reprint in two volumes of the very interesting series of papers lately contributed by Mr. Washburne to Scribner's Magazine. The work, we infer, contains some material and several illustrations that did not appear in the periodical. Mr. Washburne had a stirring episode to relate, and he has told his story with great effect, simply and earnestly, and with a lack of literary intent that adds a charm to the narration. A more detailed reference to the book is deferred. — A Short History of the City of Philadelphia from its Foundation to the Present Time, by Susan Coolidge. (Roberts.) A well-written, interesting account of the origin and growth of the city, under the limitations which exist in the very nature of modern American cities, which start life with half their autonomy taken from them by the State. But is there not a slight impropriety in publishing an historical work under a pseudonym? — Half-Hours with American History, selected and arranged by Charles Morris. (Lippincott.) The work is divided into two volumes: one devoted to Colonial, the other to Independent, America. The method adopted is to arrange in an order as near chronological as possible the main topics of our history, and to give passages relating to them from historical writers, the editor occasionally supplying an introduction, connecting link, or note. The result does not impress us as very important. The authorities drawn from are not all first class, and it is not always fair to a writer to give an excerpt from his work, when a fuller reading would show how he reached his conclusions or what he deduced from them. Would it not have been worth more to have arranged a series of contemporary illustrations, drawn from obscurer and less accessible sources?

THE

ATLANTIC MONTHLY:

A Magazine of Literature, Science, Art, and Politics.

Vol. LXI. — FEBRUARY, 1888. — No. CCCLXIV.

AT GIBRALTAR.

I.

England, I stand on thy imperial ground,
Not all a stranger; as thy bugles blow,
I feel within my blood old battles flow, —
The blood whose ancient founts in thee are found.
Still surging dark against the Christian bound
Wide Islam presses; well its peoples know
Thy heights that watch them wandering below;
I think how Lucknow heard their gathering sound.

I turn, and meet the cruel, turbaned face;
England, 't is sweet to be so much thy son!
I feel the conqueror in my blood and race;
Last night Trafalgar awed me, and to-day
Gibraltar wakened; hark, thy evening gun
Startles the desert over Africa!

II.

Thou art the rock of empire, set mid-seas
Between the East and West, that God has built;
Advance thy Roman borders where thou wilt,
While run thy armies true with his decrees.
Law, justice, liberty, — great gifts are these;
Watch that they spread where English blood is spilt,
Lest, mixed and sullied with his country's guilt,
The soldier's life-stream flow, and Heaven displease.

Two swords there are: one naked, apt to smite,
Thy blade of war; and, battle-storied, one
Rejoices in the sheath, and hides from light.
American I am; would wars were done!
Now westward, look, my country bids good-night, —
Peace to the world from ports without a gun!

G. E. Woodberry.

YONE SANTO: A CHILD OF JAPAN.

VI.

LIGHT AND SHADOW.

On one of my semi-official visits to the school, during a certain winter, I observed with gratification that Yone had outstripped all her classmates, and stood, without a rival, the leader of the sixty young girls under instruction. She was then close upon fourteen, while several of her companions were three or four years older. Speaking of her rapid advance, the teacher — a foreign lady, of excellent parts, but as shallow as most of her sex when dealing with the women of the East — remarked that the pleasure with which she watched this exceptional progress was qualified by her pupil's obstinate indifference to personal neatness, a fault from which the child made no effort to free herself, and for which she offered no excuse or explanation.

"Look at her hands," said the teacher, — "red, disfigured with grime. It is shocking, and I have told her so, repeatedly. But she has no reason to give for her carelessness, and merely says she 'will try,' 'will try,' which she never seems to do."

"But look at what her face tells, Mrs. Steele," I suggested, as the child gazed at us, her intelligent features shadowed with an expression of anxiety, as if she knew she was undergoing an unfavorable inspection.

"Oh, to be sure," was the reply; "but we cannot make her face an example for the others, while her hands are a discredit to the school. I wish you would speak to her, Dr. Charwell; you have great influence with her."

"Come to me, Yone," I called.

She moved forward, her countenance betraying timidity and apprehension.

"Now tell me why it is that your hands are in this pitiful condition. Mrs. Steele is seriously displeased."

"I will try to keep them better," said Yone, in a scarcely audible tone.

"Try!" repeated the teacher. "Yes, you always say so, but they are forever the same."

"Is anything the matter with them?" I asked. "Do they pain you?"

"A little," she answered, still in a whisper.

"Come to my house, on your way home; I will give you some healing ointment. They certainly look very bad."

And so they did. I need not enlighten the reader as to the cause, though I had then no suspicion of it myself. Long years ago, it was, and yet those little hands, red, scarred, seamed with minute cracks, and torn with angry wounds in which the dirt had gathered, — they seem to rise before me now, with power to smite my heart.

"It is water and soap they most need," said Mrs. Steele, "not ointment."

Yone was dumb.

"Can anything be more provoking?" continued the teacher. "She stands like a statue, and never gives back a word. It is the sullen way of the race, doctor."

I knew it was not sullenness in Yone's case, and I had long before discovered that the tranquil, unresisting, and silent submission which aliens ascribed to a morose obduracy was often, if not always, rightly attributable to a widely different cause. To suffer uncomplainingly is a lesson which no Japanese girl grows to womanhood without learning, from sharp experience.

My *protégée's* English did not yet include the word "sullen," but she readily interpreted her teacher's accent and look.

"My clothes are clean," she faltered, with eyes cast down, and with fainter articulation than before.

"What sort of a plea is that?" said the offended school-mistress. "If you can keep your dress tidy, you might surely do the same with your fingers."

"Excuse me, Mrs. Steele," I interposed, catching a glimpse of the child's idea, though not altogether sure of my ground. "Excuse me; I think she means that the care she takes of her gown ought to show us that there is a good reason, somewhere, for the bad condition of her hands."

A quick, responsive glance told me that I had rightly understood her.

"I don't pretend to fathom her," returned the teacher, coldly, and with a perceptible dissatisfaction that anybody should assume to penetrate her pupil's mind more accurately than herself. "But her uncleanliness stands seriously in the way of her promotion. She speaks English quite well enough to be made an assistant tutor, but I cannot set her above the other girls as a reward for her persistent negligence."

"Listen to that, Yone," said I. "Will you not try again, and harder?"

For a moment she stood motionless, gazing at us with grave inquiry, and then, with an effort that sent a vivid flush over her pale face, moved her lips as if in speech. But no sound came from them.

"What is it, Yone?" urged the teacher, briskly.

Her mouth trembled, and, this time, an incoherent murmur escaped her.

"What is it, Yone?" I repeated.

She turned to me, with an expression of pain which I had never before seen on her countenance, and, struggling with each word, said: —

"Are the assistants — paid — a little?"

Sagacious Mrs. Steele looked down upon her with mingled pity and contempt. I waited for what was to follow, seeing that Yone was still battling with her shyness and reserve.

"I think — if they are paid — a little — just very little — I think — I could then make my hands better."

"Dear me, dear me!" exclaimed the teacher. "At least, I never thought she was mercenary. There, that will do, Yone; you may leave us."

"And don't forget to come for the ointment," said I.

That same afternoon, Yone entered my office, breathless, excited, and in deep distress. She had been running, and at first spoke with difficulty; but she gradually grew calmer, and resumed her customary placid self-control.

I looked at her hands, and asked if she really thought it would be too difficult for her to satisfy the teacher.

"In the summer, I could," she answered, after a pause; "or if I could be assistant tutor — with — a little wages."

I knew, well enough, that there was no unworthy motive behind these words; a more unselfish creature never breathed. But in a tone which I meant to be bantering, and with the hope of giving her thoughts a merrier turn, I said: —

"Why, Yone, do you, too, want to make yourself rich?"

She dropped on her knees as if struck down by a blow, and for the second time in our long acquaintance the mask of composure and restraint fell from her.

"What shall I do? What shall I say?" she cried, throwing aside her imperfect English, and using her own language, with which, by this time, I was fairly acquainted. "Oh, no, no, no! Why should I wish to be rich? But think for me, — think what I feel, and what I must not say. The school-mistress despises me, — I can bear it. But if you despise me, I shall die. Are there not little girls in your country who would be glad to get some money, and who are good girls, and who cannot tell you why they want it? Do you not understand?

You do understand. You must understand. You have always known what Yone thinks. I should be a wicked child if I said one word to explain it. I do not mean to be wicked; but if you would only understand. Oh, how unhappy, how unhappy" —

Her voice died away, and once more her slight frame shook, as at her father's house, when she first knew of her admission to the school. But she shed no tears. I would have given much if she had, but such natural relief seldom came to this overburdened little soul. Knowing that my eyes were dimmer than her own, I lifted her in my arms, and said, with such steadiness as I could command: —

"I do understand, my child. I understand enough. Do not fear, Yone; I have perfect confidence in your goodness, and you need never say a word to me that you do not wish to. You have every right to want the money; and if you fail to get the position in the college, you shall let me give you all you need. That, indeed, will please me best."

She was already soothed and mistress of herself.

"You are always my kind friend," she said; "nobody has ever been so kind as you. But because you have helped me to what I most wanted in the world, am I to go on and get more from you? No, that would hurt me. If you can understand me, and not despise me, that is all I will ask."

"Be calm, my little Yone. I have a great affection for you, and I shall never despise you. And now, let me look at the hands. They are very painful, I dare say."

"Oh, I do not care for the pain," she replied; "it is the ugly look, and now I think I can change that. And I must not wait. I have been so long. I shall be so late."

She looked anxiously at the clock. "I must get home before five," she added.

"That is impossible," I answered; "it is past four, and you have nearly four miles to go."

"I can do it," she insisted; "I often do. I must do it. Excuse me for hurrying. I *must!*"

"Then," said I, "I will drive you there. Be still; don't say no. I am going near your house, and you can wait and have the hand dressed."

She yielded reluctantly, and I took her home; going in with her to explain that I was to blame for the delay, and, in a few words, endeavoring to impart to the family a share of the pride I felt in her progress and the distinction that awaited her.

"Strange people," I thought, as I drove away. "One would imagine, if it were possible, that those estimable ladies, instead of being elated at the child's success, were as indifferent as if it concerned a stranger. The stoicism of the old school, no doubt. I must talk to her father."

In assuring Yone that I understood her, I had spoken in good faith, and in the conviction that I had really caught the clue to her feelings. But I was wrong. I thought her sole desire with respect to the money was to be able to contribute, as a child, to the scanty domestic revenues; and that she was stung by the teacher's imputation, which, however, she could not refute except at the risk of exposing the circumstances of her family with a freedom unbecoming to its youngest member. I was correct in so far as I judged her to be innocent of any venal thought, but all astray as to the use to which she contemplated devoting her possible income. Years of unkind treatment had at last forced upon her the painful certainty that no effort of hers could win the affection of her feminine relatives, and that she had only her father's careless attachment to rely upon. She felt she was tolerated, not loved, by her grandmother and aunts, and lived in constant fear lest her sole

consolation — the privilege of school attendance — should be withdrawn. The only happiness she knew was in her studies, and she had long been aware of the determination to compel her, if possible, to renounce this solace. At times, the pressure had been almost insupportable, and she saw approaching the period when she must of necessity yield; for she could not lay before her father a complaint against his mother, and to seek relief from her burdens in any other direction would have been to depart from all the traditions of her people.

Suddenly her hopes were revived by the possibility of earning money on her own account. It could be but a small sum, — five or six dollars a month, at the most; but with this she might pay the pittance of a man-servant, and thus relieve herself from the crushing and exhausting drudgeries which now threatened to undermine her strength, and leave her powerless to pursue the only cheering prospect of her life. There would be more than enough for this, and consequently, if her father would permit her, she might purchase a pair of mittens, and thus take a practical step toward restoring her offending members to their normal condition of neatness. Rough labor, not neglect, was the cause of their unwonted appearance. The performance of cruel tasks had bruised and lacerated her delicate skin; and the winter's cold had so discolored and swollen the wounded hands that no one would have known them for Yone Yamada's.

On reaching home, I made it my first business to write to Mrs. Steele that I had satisfied myself concerning her pupil's desire to earn money, and that, though I was not free to repeat the explanation, I could guarantee that her motive was irreproachable; furthermore, that it would be necessary to give her hands careful treatment for perhaps several weeks, at the end of which I hoped for a complete cure. All this, undoubtedly, was highly disingenuous. In strict truth, I had not a fact to stand upon; but I had abundant faith, and not a particle of fear that my faith would lead me into difficulty, in this case. Not to disguise the matter, I bore false witness in favor of my little friend, without a blush or a twinge of conscience.

But the harsh destiny which has thus far decreed that the women of Japan shall not escape from the narrow grooves laid down for them was not to be so easily baffled. A double calamity fell upon the child. A formidable rebellion in the western provinces imposed upon the government the need of sudden retrenchment, and, by imperial edict, the foreign schools for girls were indefinitely suspended. Yone's studies were brought to an abrupt end, for she had passed beyond the stage where the native or missionary teachers could benefit her. The civil conflict proved so severe that, in addition to the standing army and the drilled police of the large cities, the old feudal retainers were called upon to reassemble in defense of the state. Among the vassals from Owari who responded to the call was Yamada, now so reduced that he gladly welcomed even this precarious resource. But the black cloud hung over the unfortunate gentleman, wherever he turned. He fell in some ignoble skirmish, denied the soldierly fame for which many, not more truly valorous than he, willingly exchanged their lives.

Just before this last blow came, a happier outlook seemed about to open before his daughter. In his absence, an arrangement had been made for Yone's entrance into Miss Philipson's establishment as teacher and interpreter. In many respects, the engagement harmonized with the young girl's best feelings and sympathies. She found herself in a position where she could do good, — obvious, palpable, unmistakable good. The longing to help to raise the less gifted or less fortunate to a

higher level, which is a fine characteristic of the Japanese (though, I am sorry to say, commonly confined among the men to the uplifting of their own sex), was anxiously, almost yearningly, developed in Yone's nature. Her simplicity and inexperience were but slight hindrances to her determination to work, with or without good opportunity, for the intellectual advancement of the little charges entrusted to her. They were there to learn, she believed, and there were many things she could teach them. Best of all, for her, she could love them. Not only them, but also those staid, prim, unsmiling ladies whom she was bound to respect as her employers, and who claimed her reverence as representatives of that wonderful Western world, where — according to the flattering conviction of her soul — learning and wisdom prevailed, where the light of civilization beamed upon all, and the birthright of whose people was justice and goodness. Stiff and austere as these forbidding sisters might appear, they could not be so cold and pitiless as the only kindred she now had left to her. She turned to them as a flower blighted by darkness turns to the faintest ray of sunshine.

Nor were they in the beginning wholly unresponsive. Few American women could be utterly insensible to such tender and beseeching, though timid and unconscious, appeals as those which this lonely and neglected child constantly put forth. They could not quite understand her, but in their ungenial fashion they approved and, as it were, sanctioned her. Necessarily, they looked down upon her. To look down upon the heathen was, in a great measure, what they had come to the East for. Equally as a matter of course, they persecuted her; assailing her with uncouth religious battering-rams of their own clumsy contriving; cramming her with indigestible creeds; striving to force upon her a faith which they were incompetent to inculcate, or even to explain, and which, though she might willingly have accepted the essential substance of it under wise and gentle guidance, she was too intelligent to subscribe to, without some rational comprehension of what she was doing. But they did not frown upon her. In some respects they were rather proud of her, with a queer, complacent notion that she was something of their own design and making-up, like a piece of human patchwork, destined to still further improvement under their dexterous manipulation. Poor Yone! No conception could have entered the minds of those admirable ladies that the spirit of Christianity never shone so brightly in their household as when she dwelt therein, little pagan that she was. Their properly constituted souls were in no danger of contamination from such rank impiety as that would imply.

But, from the outset, their method of dealing with her was harmful. Probably unaware of the injury they were inflicting, and doubtless encouraged by her own ardent desire to meet every expectation, they pressed too many duties upon her; and she, rejoicing in nothing so much as in the fulfillment of her daily tasks, allowed herself no respite, until overstrained nature revolted, and her slender stock of strength forsook her. The fatigues of previous years were yet to be atoned for, and it became evident that in a long cessation of active labor and study lay her sole hope of recovery. It almost broke her heart to leave the place where she had found her nearest approach to happiness, and which had more closely resembled a home than any shelter she had known. In sadness and dejection she returned to her grandmother's dwelling. Her earnings in the mission school had reconciled her relatives to the association with foreigners, this being, since the father's death, their sole reliance for support. But now, having nothing to bestow, she fell again into contempt and neglect.

An opportunity of partial relief was opened to the grandmother. Her own family, in Nagoya, offered her a refuge for her declining years, and expressed also a willingness to receive, if necessary, her two daughters. Believing that Yone was in the way of gaining her own livelihood, they did not extend the invitation to her, but rather intimated that she would be expected to remain in Tokio, and to contribute thence to the family resources. That this had become impossible the grandmother was well aware; but no idea of taking the helpless child with her crossed her mind. The sole aim now was to get rid of her as speedily and with as little discredit as possible.

VII.

AN UNEXPECTED ANNOUNCEMENT.

On one of the lovely mornings which make the Japanese spring a season of unrivaled brightness and beauty, Yone came to my office, with an aspect as dainty and charming, in her youthful womanhood, as the fairness of the growing year, but with too little of the elastic vigor which I would gladly have seen. She had news to communicate, of no trivial character.

"My grandmother wishes me to be secret," she began, "and I am willing, except for you. I could not promise to hide anything from my best friend. I shall very soon be married."

"Married! — you, Yone? Bless me, child, how old are you?"

She smiled, as Japanese girls always smile when doubts of their maturity are suggested.

"I am sixteen by our reckoning, nearly fifteen by yours. A grown-up woman, doctor."

"A grown-up doll, you little witch! How dare you talk to me of marriage?"

"It is all true; my grandmother has consented."

"Oh, your grandmother, yes; but what have you to say, my child?"

"Why, nothing, doctor; what should I say? All is arranged. They are going to Nagoya soon, and I shall be married before they start."

It was a scheme, then, to free themselves of an incumbrance. Well, perhaps it was better so. I had begun to take a clearer view than before of Yone's home surroundings, and saw a possible emancipation awaiting her.

"This is indeed news," I said, with an assumption of the gayety which the subject appeared to demand. "And who is the young gentleman? Have I met him? Come, I hope you can tell me a thousand good things about him."

"I do not know," she answered; "that is, I do not know much. But he is not young."

"Not young? Ah, well, we do not care so much for that, do we? So the gentleman is not young?"

"He is not" — she continued, with rising reluctance and embarrassment — "he is not a gentleman."

"Not a gentleman? I do not understand you, my dear."

She reflected a while, and then, with much hesitation, said, —

"My father is dead, and now my grandmother decides. I did think — I hoped — my mother had such good rank — Doctor, I cannot tell you. I have no right to feel as I do. My grandmother knows best. There is no time to lose, she says, and a husband has been chosen for me. He is not a *samurai*. He is a merchant, — a boat-builder. Santo is his name."

A merchant, and a mechanic! I knew how hard a shock it must be to her fine and, no doubt, exaggerated sense of what was due to her lineage, but at the moment I saw no course before me but to soothe her prejudices, if possible, and help her to look cheerfully at the future.

"You say it is decided, Yone; is it really decided?"

"It is decided."

"And Santo, — he is a good man, I do not doubt. I will make his acquaintance. I will go to-morrow. What is he like, Yone?"

"I have not seen him."

"Well, I shall see him, and — you are sure, my child, *sure* that it is decided?"

I was impelled to this last question by the increasing sorrowfulness of her countenance, hoping there might be a means of escape from a dispensation which I now saw was repugnant to her.

"My grandmother has decided, and I obey her commands."

"Listen, Yone: you told me once about a school-fellow, a young girl who was to be married, and who was disinclined — who preferred" —

"Yes, that was Shizu Miura. Her parents were very poor, and they meant her to be married; but her uncle adopted her, and then it was not necessary."

"So then the adoption saved her?"

"Yes, doctor; but do not think of such things. I see what is in your kind heart, but I have no uncles, rich or poor. I have nobody. I am alone, — all alone."

"Wait, wait; let me consider. Yone, tell me something. In jest, you understand, — only in jest; a mere freak of my imagination. Do you suppose — does it strike you" —

"What is the matter, doctor? Are you in trouble, too?"

Undoubtedly I displayed some agitation, for a rather startling idea had occurred to me, of the value or the worthlessness of which I could form no estimate. Yone alone could enlighten me.

"No, no; I am only laughing. It is such a droll fancy. Do you imagine that any Japanese girl could take kindly to the notion of being adopted by a foreigner?"

"By a foreigner?"

"Yes absurd, is it not? I know what you will say, — quite impossible."

"Doctor, forgive me; I cannot jest, — not to-day. I am not entirely happy."

"I see; but without a jest, then, I should be glad to know if such an adoption would be satisfactory to a Japanese girl — or boy. Yes, an adoption by a foreigner; by an American, for example, — an old American. Suppose we say an old doctor. Come, now, what would you think?"

"Doctor, dear doctor, do not laugh at me. I am a foolish child. I am not very well. It is so easy to make mistakes. I am ashamed to be so weak, but I cannot help it. Tell me truly what is in your mind."

She came and laid her hand upon my arm, and her soft, pleading eyes looked piteously into mine.

"Tell *me* first, Yone. Answer my question. Don't you see, my little girl, that it is all earnest, very earnest, unless you wish it otherwise?"

But I needed no answer in speech. The expression of her face, which for a moment might have imparted beauty to even a plain countenance, was more eloquent than any words she could have uttered. All pain and anxiety had vanished, and a look of quiet content had taken their place. I sprang to my feet, exclaiming, —

"All sunshine now, Yone; no more clouds and storms. How simple it is, when we both understand. I see it all; and you" —

She, poor girl, saw nothing. A sudden change overcame her, and blinding tears streamed from her eyes. It was the strangest of coincidences, that this child, a type of Oriental self-restraint, and I, by profession and long habit the embodiment of rugged insensibility, should thus repeatedly belie our principles and training. This was the third time that the clash of unexpected circumstances had deprived her of the

composure it was her duty to preserve, and rendered useless my armor of hardened worldly proof; leaving us both exposed to highly unbecoming human influences, when it was our plain business to expel nature, sympathy, sentiment, all but common sense, from our thoughts.

I sent her home, as soon as she was fit to go, to lay before her people the contemplated arrangement. Then, as the hours went by, feeling that the duty rested upon me of announcing the impending event to the circle of which I was at least nominally a member, I sauntered forth to our informal agency for the diffusion of social intelligence. It was not a "Thursday," but I was reasonably sure of an audience any day in the week; and even if the esteemed sisters Philipson had chanced to be alone, I knew well that my trifle of news was safe to be spread over the foreign fraternity of Tokio before night, and well on its way to the contiguous colony at Yokohama.

VIII.

THE GOSPEL OF CHARITY.

On entering the Philipson drawing-room, I found it fairly filled, and would at once have proceeded to make known my purpose, had not the attention of the company been concentrated upon the head of the establishment, who appeared to be in the midst of a recital of more than common interest. She greeted me with an austere wave of the hand, and continued her remarks with scarcely a pause.

"We had already had a foreboding of evil, friends, and our minds were ill at ease. Only a few minutes before, just as sister Kezia began to conduct the interrogation in Genesis, I observed signs of inattention on the part of one of our smaller children, and, desiring to awaken her to the seriousness of her duties, I suddenly asked her who created the world. She answered — friends, it grieves me to declare it — she answered — Tell us, Kezia, what that child said when I inquired who created the world."

"Adam and Eve!" replied the younger Miss Philipson, in a sepulchral tone.

"Adam and Eve," repeated the elder, with stern emphasis; "A-dam and Eve! And no sooner had those words fallen from her sinful lips than four other, and I regret to say more advanced, girls broke into unseemly laughter."

"Only three, I think, Sophia," interposed the junior.

"Five girls broke into laughter," pursued the narrator, betraying no consciousness of the correction, excepting that conveyed by her augmentation of the number of delinquents. "Five sacrilegious giggles resounded through the schoolroom. But order was soon restored, and silence reigned. The lesson of the day was an exposition of the sin of disobedience, with a salutary review of the punishment inflicted by Omniscience upon our first parents. In the midst of the exercises we were thrown into confusion by the behavior of a scholar of whom we had thought well; in whom we had never before detected a stubborn and rebellious heart. When called upon to bear testimony to the all-wisdom of the chastisement, she hesitated, hid her face, and presently sobbed aloud; and when commanded to explain her extraordinary misconduct, she said she could not bear it, that it reminded her of the story of a cruel *daimio* who ruled in her province centuries ago, and who, on learning that a poor woman had stolen some fruit from his garden, not only condemned her and her husband and parents to a horrible death, but decreed that all their descendants should toil in bondage to the last generation. Judge, friends, what my feelings were as I listened to that misguided girl. I cannot hope to make you understand the shock that overcame me at that moment."

"For my part, my heart was in my mouth," said Miss Kezia.

"I will not," resumed Miss Sophia, "make use of expressions which might savor of extravagance, and which are repugnant to physiological probability, but I do not hesitate to affirm that the feeblest infant could have quelled me with a feather, and that my hair literally stood on end. The more so, as the girl asserted that she supposed the object of the Scriptural chronicle was the same as that with which the Japanese tradition is kept in memory, — or, as she intimated, to teach us the wickedness of tyranny, and to enable us to sympathize with unmerited suffering. And such was the force of her vicious example that before she had concluded all the pupils in that class were weeping and wailing together. I think sister Kezia will bear me out in the statement that the whole class participated."

"Nearly all, I should perhaps say," was the guarded response of Kezia.

"The entire class burst into floods of tears and hysterical outcries," persisted the senior, with a glance which implied that she was prepared to multiply indefinitely the aggregate of evil doers, in case any further modification of her report were attempted. Indeed, as if not fully satisfied with the gleam of her sister's eye, in which she perhaps descried a latent tendency to insubordination, she added, apparently to indicate the inexhaustible extent of her resources, "I believe, moreover, that some of the others within hearing caught the demoralizing infection, and were likewise carried away. Finding it impossible to control them, we suspended the interrogations, and dismissed the pupils. We are now considering what course we shall pursue with the greater and lesser offenders. It is not a matter to be lightly dealt with. But we hope to be guided. My sister and I propose to wrestle strenuously, throughout this night."

As the company proffered sympathy and condolement, in terms which showed that the tale they had listened to had deeply stirred their sensibilities, I began to doubt whether the occasion was altogether propitious for my errand, and to wish it were possible to defer the disclosure to a more fitting opportunity; but on weighing the circumstances, I judged it expedient to declare myself without delay. I watched the countenance of the hostess from a distance, and took advantage of the first perceptible expression of complacency.

"I have something to tell you, Miss Philipson, about Yone Yamada," I said. "I hope it will please you."

"Dear child," she answered; "anything that is for her good will please us."

"For her *real* good, Sophia," added the younger sister.

It was contrary to the habit of this amiable couple to accept any statement, even from one another, without some species of qualification or protest, but the elder was accustomed to regard the right of emendation as belonging exclusively to herself, and was not slow, as has been seen, to resent invasions of her assumed prerogative. Upon the introduction of a new topic, however, the younger lady was tempted to indulge herself once again.

"Surely, for her *real* good," conceded the senior.

Harmless as this remark would have sounded to the uninitiated, it threw a chill over me, from the unusual and ominous coincidence of opinion which it conveyed. But it was useless to pause.

"You have heard of her father's death," I resumed, "but you do not know that her family — that is, her grandmother and aunts — propose returning at once to their own province, and withdrawing their protection from her."

"How dreadful!" said Miss Philipson the elder.

"Dreadful indeed," I responded;

"and there seems to be no resource for her, — certainly no fitting resource, — unless she can be adopted by some suitable person. Now, unfortunately, she has not a relative in the world that we know of, excepting those who are resolved to disencumber themselves of her."

Various murmurs of commiseration ran around the room.

"Poor thing!"

"How hard!"

"How cruel!"

"Therefore" — said I, and then abruptly checked myself. The singular readiness of the elder lady, a moment before, to acquiesce in one of her sister's suggestions suddenly expanded, before my mind's eye, into portentous proportions; and although I had previously been utterly unconscious of a possible objection to my scheme, I was now seized with a vague apprehension that it might not be cordially received.

"Yes?" prompted the younger Miss Philipson, inquiringly.

"Therefore I have concluded to adopt her myself."

"Oh!"

The capabilities of an interjection have never, I am persuaded, been accurately estimated. Those of an "oh," I can confidently aver, are boundless. To compare its significance to that of volumes is to confess a total ignorance of its force and scope. This particular "oh," breathed forth simultaneously by a chorus of half a dozen feminine voices, was equivalent to whole libraries.

"That is my intention," I declared.

"But, excuse me, Dr. Charwell," said Miss Philipson No. 1, with great precision of utterance; "I think — you will correct me if I am wrong — I think you spoke of her adoption by some *suitable* person."

"So I did, madam," I replied. "Can you suggest any person more suitable than her oldest foreign friend, — the only one, so far as I know, who is prepared to take upon him such a responsibility?"

"Responsibility indeed," sighed Miss P. No. 2.

"Oh, I know well enough it is no trivial undertaking," I said. "I am far from coveting it. Domestic invasions are not agreeable prospects to men of my age and confirmed habits, even when the invader is so little likely to be troublesome as in this case. If anybody more accustomed to the bringing up of children will assume the charge, I am ready to resign it on the instant."

No one spoke.

"You see how it is, Miss Philipson. The child must be provided for. Come, I thought you would be pleased to hear of anything for her good."

"For her *real* good," softly purred the second Miss P.

"Precisely, madam," I rejoined. "I presume it will be for her real good to be fed when she is hungry, and to have a house to live in, and clothes to wear. And it appears to me that I am a very suitable person to supply her with these necessities. I can afford it, and, though I foresee inconveniences, I am willing to make the trial, at any rate."

"Oh, doctor, can you look at me with your inward eye, and say it is truly suitable?" asked the junior sister.

"I am a physician, madam," said I, somewhat testily, "and thus far my researches have not made me acquainted with anything in the nature of an inward eye. Nor do I know of the existence of such organs, excepting, possibly, in the fishes of the Mammoth Cave. But, looking at you with the only eyes I am conscious of possessing, I say it is eminently and superlatively suitable."

"Dear doctor, such extravagance of language" —

"Permit me, Kezia," interrupted the elder; "let us make allowances. Do not forget that we are in Japan."

"The very thing," I urged; "this is the one country in the world where

adoption is the commonest incident of life. There is scarcely a family without an adopted member. That makes it all the more suitable."

"But — dear me! the subject is so delicate. Consider the difference — the divergent — the opposite — the contrary — You understand me, of course."

"Indeed I do not, madam."

"I would say, then, the lack of identity in sex."

"Yes, indeed!" "Ah, truly!" were the whispered responses of the now excited listeners.

"Come, Miss Philipson," I argued, "let us be intelligible, if nothing else. You mean to insinuate that I ought not to adopt this child, because she is a young girl and I am an old man. That is your point, I take it."

"Oh, doctor," how can you say 'insinuate'? That is the last thing I should dream of doing. Insinuation is the — is a — What does Shakespeare say? What is it, Kezia, about insinuation, and" —

"Never mind Shakespeare or any other poet!" I exclaimed, driven to downright vexation by these silly airs. "Pray keep to lucid prose where I am concerned. If difference of sex, as you choose to put it, has any weight in your mind, be good enough to reflect upon the difference of age."

"Why, doctor, what possible idea can I have about a gentleman's age? Fancy such a thing!" and she tossed her antiquated head in a grotesque mummery of coquetry.

"Fancy has nothing to do with it, madam. In plain fact, I am more than three times as old as Yone. Old enough to be her father. Three times as old? Why, yes; nearly four times. Old enough, as marriages go in this country, to be her grandfather."

"Impossible, doctor!"

"Oh, quite impossible!" echoed the unanimous body of auditors.

"Perfectly possible," said I, "as I will take the liberty to demonstrate. By the custom of the land, I might have been the father of her mother when I was twenty, or yet younger."

"Doctor, I beg of you" —

"At sixteen, her mother might have given birth to Yone."

"I insist, Dr. Charwell, I insist" —

"And Yone is herself close upon fifteen. Now I think of it, I might be a great-grandfather at this moment. We are in Japan, you know, Miss Philipson!"

The good lady fairly gasped with indignation.

"I never thought to hear such things said — in my own house — to my own face," she articulated.

"Why not, madam? I merely state that I am more than three times, and very nearly four times, as old as Yone Yamada. Does any one doubt the truth of it?"

My genial little friend Kracken, who had watched the proceedings with quivering but good-natured anxiety, here broke in: —

"Now, Charwell, you will make us all feel like mummies, talking about great-grandfathers in that free-and-easy style."

"Nothing of the sort!" exclaimed Miss Philipson, roused to fresh activity. "I do not see how such allusions can possibly concern anybody present."

"Certainly not you, Miss Philipson," I remarked, in a tone of the deepest deference; "although it is altogether possible for me to be regarded as a grandfather, no one would ever dream of imputing grandchildren to you."

"I trust not, indeed, sir."

"I will go further, madam, and admit that nobody" —

"There, that will do," said kind-hearted Dr. Kracken, with a comical grin; "your apology is sufficient as it is. Now tell us, are they actually going to throw that poor girl off, without any provision, and leave her to utter neglect?"

"They decline to be burdened with her any longer."

"But is there no alternative?" asked Miss Philipson. "I think, doctor, you said something about 'no *fitting* resource.' Of course you will correct me if I am in error."

"Your memory is excellent, madam," I answered, grimly enough. "There is no other fitting resource."

"That would seem to imply that there is another resource of some description. Might I venture to inquire" —

"You shall know all that I know, madam," I answered. "Her grandmother proposes to marry her to an old man, of low birth, and in a station of life which it would be a degradation to her to enter."

Again the exasperating monosyllable "Oh!" reverberated around the room; this time more densely impregnated with meaning than before.

"One moment, friends," said the mistress of the house. "I am of opinion that we are all laboring under a mistake. It cannot be that we have heard Dr. Charwell aright. I will not believe — no, not my own senses, without further confirmation. Dr. Charwell *cannot* intend us to understand that he contemplates preventing this innocent young woman from contracting an honorable alliance with one of her own countrymen, with the ulterior design of introducing her into his bachelor establishment — under the — well, under the designation of an adopted daughter."

"Put it that way, if you like," I replied; "that is just what I intend."

"But I *cannot*, really I *cannot*," resumed the persistent spinster, waving her hand as an indication that the others should keep silent. "I *cannot* trust these ears of mine, unless Dr. Charwell solemnly" —

"There, there, madam," said I, nearly at the end of my endurance; "I don't know, nor care, whether your ears are entitled to confidence or not. They never came under my treatment. I have spoken, and you have had every chance to hear. The marriage they strive to force upon her is an outrage. She is a descendant of nobles, and he is of the scum."

"Is this our republican doctor?" asked one of the company.

"*She* is not a republican. She is a patrician, in an empire of castes. It is abhorrent, revolting, to her. The man is an ignorant mechanic, of sixty years and more."

"Disparity of age is no obstacle here," urged Miss Philipson. "We are in Japan, you must remember."

"So, then," I burst forth, "you would rather have this poor, delicate, refined child, not yet fifteen years old, shamefully sacrificed; her youth crushed out; her chance of happiness torn from her at the beginning of her life; bound down to the slavery of an uncongenial marriage; doomed to a misery which will be a thousand times intensified by the culture she has had, rather than see her sheltered, cared for, protected, by me, who know her noble and rare virtues, until she is sought in a becoming way by some person of her own grade, whose education and character shall entitle him to ask for such a prize. That is your preference, is it?"

"If you apply to me," said Miss Philipson, with undisturbed coolness, "I don't see how the question can be raised for a moment."

"And I dare say," I continued, "that you represent your party here."

"Oh, undoubtedly."

"No room for argument."

"Not open to discussion."

These and similar responses came from all parts of the room.

"You see, Dr. Charwell," proceeded the undaunted hostess, "we have on one side a respectable family, who wish to settle the respectable daughter of their house by means of a respectable marriage; and on the other, we have —

Oh, going so soon? *Good*-day, then. I can only say, doctor, that if this project is carried out, we shall be happy to see *you* as before, especially at our Thursdays; but we must beg to be excused from receiving Miss Charwell."

"*Miss* Charwell!" cried I, aghast.

"Why, certainly," said this embodiment of exalted propriety, with the unerring aim of a first-class Parthian sharpshooter. "The least you can do, I suppose, is to let her call herself by your name. You would hardly expose the unfortunate creature" —

I waited for no more. I got myself away as I best could, half blind with rage, and invoking all sorts of swift retributive justice against these experienced wolves disguised as ancient lambs, as it then pleased me to denominate them.

Not for a moment did the thought of relinquishing my purpose occur to me. I had set myself to the work of guarding a life which had thus far been overshadowed by undeserved suffering, and so changing its course that a fair share of the world's brightness should hereafter belong to it; and I was not likely to be diverted from my intention by any scarecrows which an absurd conventionalism could set up. Yone should be my daughter; and if the malignancy of persecution should threaten her peace in the new position, we would simply turn our backs upon Japan and the whole East, and remove to lands in which the proportion of Anglo-Saxon intolerance was not so disagreeably dominant. Among circles where theoretical humanity and charity were less aggressively proclaimed, I might easily find a more practical realization of those attributes.

IX.

THE LAST OF CHILDHOOD.

But there were other hostile influences which I had not taken into calculation. Stronger opposition than all the allied tribes of Philipsons could have brought together was directed against my plan. The grandmother, in her unreasoning hatred of the child whose mere existence had at last become an offense to her distorted sight, knew no dearer wish than to thwart and baffle Yone's hopes to the very end. This alone was sufficient to turn the old woman's mind against my proposal. Her inherent aversion to foreigners doubtless added to the antagonistic spirit. Under Japanese law, it was impossible to dispose of the child's future without the grandmother's sanction. The father's death left everything in the hands of this vindictive guardian. Unfamiliar as I was, and as most foreigners are to this day, with the rules governing the exercise of domestic authority, I was at first unwilling to believe that a young girl could thus be doomed to conjugal wretchedness by the simple word of a confessedly inimical relative; but it needed only a brief investigation to show that the case was absolutely beyond appeal. Yone herself would not authorize or participate in resistance to a principle which all her race regard as one of the foundations of their social system. She did not believe that her father, were he alive, would condemn her to such unhappiness; but now she was under the sway of her nearest of kin, whose rights over her were inviolable. In spite of all her distress, she bowed before the family traditions, and yielded to the obligations which morality and religious conviction imposed upon her. I could only look on, powerless to assist or to console her. The few suggestions which I offered, in the hope of stimulating her to direct rebellion, wounded her so that I had no heart to persevere in them. There was only one path of duty, she said, and those who now cared for her would soon cease to esteem her if she deserted it.

When my proposition was first laid before the Yamada household, it was

received in silence, according to Japanese usage, time being always required for deliberation upon an important topic, even though nothing is likely to be brought out that can affect the ultimate decision. During the few days that passed before the judgment was pronounced, while Yone believed she would be transferred to my protection, she admitted me to her confidence with a freedom never before, and I think never afterward, accorded. Assuming that she would soon be responsible to me alone, she relieved her overcharged feelings by relating many details of her past experience, which I should not have learned but for the impending change in her circumstances, and of which, indeed, I heard only enough, from her, to cause me to institute inquiries on my own account. Had I not pursued these with considerable diligence, I should have remained unaware of more than a faint reflection of the wrongs she had suffered.

She thought there could be no great disloyalty in anticipating, by a day or two, the time when she might unfold the outlines of her history, and explain some of the reasons why her new prospects afforded her such glowing satisfaction, to one who, she knew, would listen with sympathy. But she reproached herself, later, for having too frankly spoken her mind respecting the marriage planned for her by the grandmother, and for acknowledging her eager wish to escape from that humiliation. She had never deviated from the moderation and gentleness which habitually governed her speech; but when it became certain that no rescue was possible, and that the union was inevitable, she regretted that she had divulged a single thought which might be remembered as rebellious or as impatient of her lot.

As the time approached when she might be called upon to leave all the associations of girlhood behind her, the childlike simplicity of her nature seemed to renew itself in various ways. With many a blush, she gave me to understand that it had cost her a struggle to renounce the never forgotten and, till now, never neglected doll which had been the only intimate companion of her solitary infancy. With regard to her cat, the consolation of her more advanced youth, — now arrived at a stately and dignified maturity, — she decided to invoke my good offices. In proffering this priceless gift, she was evidently disturbed by the fear that mankind at large might not value her pet so highly as she herself did; and was not entirely free from the suspicion that what she deemed a precious prize might prove to another an unwelcome incumbrance. She was, moreover, embarrassed by the necessity of concealing her reason for parting from her four-footed friend; which was, in fact, a vivid apprehension of possible ill-treatment for him in the new home which awaited her. To reveal this cause of anxiety was not compatible with her sense of propriety; but as it was not difficult to divine, I at once averred that the only unfulfilled desire of my heart was to possess a cat of my own, and not any haphazard selection from cats in general, but precisely the sort of animal which Yone had rescued from aquatic perdition in Nagoya, and brought to years of discretion with prudent nurture and suitable training.

In a case of such extremity, she was not disposed to probe my sincerity too deeply, and with little delay the transfer was formally effected, — not without ceremonies and exercises which afforded me the liveliest amusement. What bond of intelligence had been established between the creature and its affectionate mistress, and to what extent the interchange of ideas had become practicable, no man could say; but it pleased Yone to assume, with a fraction of seriousness in her jest, that she could hold intelligible conversations with the neko, and that he was by no means insensible to the

spell of moral suasion. It is certain that the pair would often sit face to face and hold dialogues in a fashion to impress an attentive bystander with new and enlarged ideas respecting the animal's intellectual qualities. Yone would open the debate, and the cat would respond in accents of which I never believed one of its race capable. On this occasion, Master Tom was placed upon a chair, and informed, gently but gravely, of the altered future before him. As if regarding the announcement as a foolish fiction, unworthy of serious notice, he simply moved his lips slightly, in the direction of a mew, but without emitting a sound, — a common expedient of his when not interested in the topic under consideration. Being addressed with more earnestness, he endeavored to take possession of his mistress's lap, purring melodiously, and sending out entreaty in measured cadences. Finding himself repulsed, and compelled to listen to a more determined statement of the situation, he appeared to assume the attitude of a cat under the influence of extreme astonishment, reversing his ears, and wailing with increased energy. From this stage he proceeded to more vehement demonstrations; uttering prolonged and piercing screams, with his mouth stretched open to its widest capacity, as Yone reminded him, in resolute terms, of the principles of docility and obedience in which he had been reared, and by which it was his duty to be guided at this critical epoch. Nothing could be more comical. Even Yone's melancholy yielded for a moment to the mirthful provocation.

All this will be taken at its proper value, as a fanciful interpretation of the feline dialect; but an incident which followed showed that the girl had acquired, in some inscrutable manner, a curious mastery over the animal's usually wayward will. When about to take leave, her familiar prepared to accompany her, as a matter of course, but was put in a corner, with stern rebuke. Quite regardless of this unaccustomed severity, the creature insisted on following his mistress, and when I tried forcibly to detain him, shrieked at me with such wild vociferation of abuse that I began to doubt the practicability of the transfer. As a last resource, I fastened a little dog-collar about his neck, and tied him to a chair; but this had the effect of rousing him to such fury as Japanese cats seldom exhibit, — possibly because, having no tails to distend, they lack the chief accessory to an extreme display of frenzy. Here, however, was a notable exception to the rule. He broke the cord, upset the chair, tore off the collar, and abandoned himself to the wildest exaltation of declamatory emotion, until Yone, who had been watching the experiment through a window, returned, and announced that she would employ an unfailing device.

"You shall see," she said. "I shall work upon his self-esteem. I shall flatter him, and puff him with vanity and pride."

Then, replacing the collar, and again fastening the cord securely, she commenced an impressive appeal.

"Listen, Pussinole" (Pussinole was a name bestowed in the days of her early English, — a twisted version of Old Pussy, which designation had been applied in her hearing): "you must respect the good doctor's collar. It is a beautiful collar, and no cat ever had so wonderful an ornament before. It is a great honor for you, Pussinole, and every cat in Tokio will be envious. Why, it is like a king's necklace. You must keep it carefully, and not injure it. *How* beautiful he looks in it, does he not, doctor? Come and tell him he is now the handsomest cat in the world," — and so following, for a couple of minutes or more, at the end of which she rose, saying, "He will be quiet now, and give you no more trouble."

To my amazement, the creature did

not stir, and, while appearing not altogether content, pursued his mistress only with his eyes. I could not conceal my surprise.

"How did you do it?" I asked, turning over in my mind the possibilities of animal magnetism and similar enchantments. "Do you really believe the cat understands you?"

"Oh, doctor, Pussinole and I cannot let you into all our secrets. No, indeed. You had better tell me what you think."

"I think you are a witch, of course; I always thought so."

"Truly, doctor, I do not know what to say. I am not so silly as to suppose my cat knows the meaning of my words. Still, there is something not easy to explain. He is familiar with the tones of my speech, at any rate. I have always talked to him as I would to a friend. For many years I have hardly had any other person to talk to, at home; only my little cat. He *must* comprehend something, for you see how he answers. And he is very glad to be praised. He will do anything, if you compliment and admire him; I am sure of that. So there is nothing marvelous about it."

Marvelous or not, it was true that the animal made no further effort to escape, and allowed the restraining collar to remain unmolested. In course of time, a certain intimacy grew up between us; but his most ecstatic manifestations of affection were reserved for Yone, upon whom, whenever she visited him, he lavished every endearment of which a cat is capable; purring, chuckling, "chortling," closing and outstretching his claws, rubbing his head against her as if he would wear away the fur, and entering into animated conversation upon the slightest encouragement. But neither with me nor with any other human acquaintance would he ever exchange a word, on any subject. The power of engaging him in oral discourse belonged to Yone alone.

X.

THE BRIDEGROOM.

The marriage took place in the autumn of 1878, and this fair and fragile blossom of Japanese womanhood, not only gifted with the dainty grace which distinguishes the daughters of the higher Japanese gentry, but also endowed with the rare charm of an awakened and enfranchised intelligence, to which few among them have even yet attained, — this delicate body and gentle soul were delivered over to the mastery of a coarse-minded, rough-mannered, ignorant workman; a boat-builder, whom chance had thrown in the way of the heartless relatives, and whose sole motive in agreeing to the transaction was a desire to obtain undisputed control over one of the class which in his youth and middle age had ruled the land, and kept the populace, to which he belonged, in an ignoble and degraded subjugation. Times had changed since the advent of the foreigner, and the humble laborer could now not only hold his own, but might assert, at times, a degree of ascendency over the fallen members of the once-omnipotent aristocracy. By industry and moderate skill in his craft, this boat-builder had made himself sure of a sufficient income; and it suited his humor, in his declining years, to set up a well-born wife in his plebeian dwelling.

His character, like that of many in his station, seemed to a casual observer almost colorless. Not this nor the next generation of laboring men can lift themselves, as a body, from the posture of dependence and servility which was natural to them while feudalism lasted in Japan. This man, Santo Yorikichi by name, knew that the shackles had been taken from his limbs, and it gratified him to exercise his newly acquired liberty in vague and purposeless directions. But, at his age, he could not get

his spirit out of the ancient bondage, and it was plain that he would never learn the full value of his opportunities. He was illiterate to a degree rarely encountered among his countrymen, the rudest of whom receive at least some sort of elementary instruction, and was almost grotesquely uncouth in appearance. To the world generally he was good-natured, honest, peaceable, and dull. His frolicking days were past, and he had long ceased to look upon amusement in any form as a necessity of life. In his own home, where I sought him before the marriage, and where I found him waited upon by a couple of obsequious concubines and two or three active servants, he was autocratic, selfish, wholly indifferent to the feelings of those around him, and ready to rule his minions with cold-blooded tolerance, or with an equally cold-blooded tyranny, as his convenience or the whim of the moment might dictate.

When I first visited him, and opened negotiations for a pleasure-boat of his construction, he exhibited the animation appropriate to the prospect of a bargain. I spoke of his impending marriage, at which he evinced some surprise, but presently recovered himself, and put on an expression, the rigid stolidity of which I never saw equaled. I asked him, point-blank, if he should object to his wife's continued intercourse with her foreign friends, at which he grunted; not wholly in disapproval, it appeared, but because the idea was one which had not before occurred to him, and he was unprepared with a reply. I then suggested — this being an ingenious conception of my own, with which I had not acquainted Yone — that his future consort had it in her power to render good service, under certain circumstances, as an interpreter; and that I hoped an arrangement might be made by which she could go forth, at intervals, and practice that vocation. My idea was to relieve her, if possible, from the wearying monotony of constant confinement at home, to which most Japanese wives of humbler grade are subjected, — not so much to insure their fidelity as from a general carelessness as to their wishes, their comfort, their health, or anything pertaining to their physical or mental welfare.

When I paused, Santo Yorikichi grunted. I intimated that the labors of a translator were justly entitled to remuneration, whereat again he emitted the sound which he was evidently accustomed to employ as an effective part of speech, but to which no significance could be assigned by a stranger. I then feebly hinted that if she could not be spared from the premises, it might be so managed that those in need of her assistance should call at Mr. Boat-Builder's establishment, at such times as would be to him agreeable. This time the guttural response appeared to come from such a well-like depth of abstraction and vacuity that I could attempt no more, and returned to the ostensible object of my errand. Then his eye kindled again with the light of prospective traffic, and conversation became once more articulate and intelligible.

I feared that my efforts had been wasted, and that I should find myself burdened with the cost of a wherry, without the equivalent I especially wished to secure; but I was wrong. Before my departure, — the conditions and price of the craft being satisfactorily adjusted, — Santo turned to me with a listless air, grunted thrice, and unloaded his mind. As to a wife, yes, he was about to give himself one. He had never happened to meet her, but the fact was as I had stated. Also, she had several foreign friends. That he had heard. He did not object to foreigners. He believed they called him uncomplimentary names, sometimes, but as he could not understand them, that did not matter — much. In fact, it would not matter at all, if they did not occasionally

ramble, more or less tipsy, into his boat-yard, mistaking it for a neighboring tea-garden of hilarious repute, and order his women about. On the other hand, foreigners were good customers of his, and they always paid well. Not that his charges were ever excessive, he hastened to add; only, so to speak — yes — and a grunt. Well, though he was not adverse to foreigners, on the whole, he had a poor opinion of the learning they had brought into the country. It was bad enough to puzzle the minds of men with it, and uproot the everlasting principles of things; but to bedevil women in the same way, that was simply — grunt. If his wife brought any foreign learning into his house, she would have to keep it all inside her own body. The only possible use for it would be when some imperfectly educated person, with lingual faculties restricted to German, or English, or American, or such fantastic tongues, should approach him in the way of business; then it might be desirable to have a wife who could supply the deficiency. Curiously enough, he had never thought of that before. But then he had not thought much of anything connected with his impending nuptials. As to her running about Tokio, translating for people here and there, it would be entirely impossible for him to entertain such a notion. That was to say, he could not have entertained it if I had not also referred to compensation. This consideration naturally removed some of the objections which he, as a sober-minded Japanese workingman, would otherwise be bound to take into calculation. His wife's learning would make a mighty poor show in the boat-yard, but if it were marketable elsewhere, no doubt something might be done. But the money must be paid into his hands, not into hers, to be trifled away in books and other playthings; and as he was a person of independent means, under no necessity of adding to his income by the method proposed, the emolument must be on a large and liberal scale. He must — grunt — looking at what was due to his position as a man of substance — grunt — yes, surely, he could not afford to be content with — grunt, grunt, grunt — less than ten *sen* (at that time about seven cents) a day.

I was so rejoiced at this unlooked-for success in securing to Yone a fair opportunity for relaxation, and also for pursuing her studies, — which latter could easily be managed under the promised permission to interpret, — that my thrifty boat-builder at once saw he had failed to take the highest advantage of the situation. He began to grumble that he ought to have stipulated for twelve sen a day, or possibly fifteen; and I should doubtless have acceded to anything, in or out of reason, had I not feared worse consequences than the loss of an insignificant trifle of money. If his first demand had been twenty times what it was, I should not have refused. Indeed, it was far beyond my hope to arrive at any definite agreement in that original interview. But I composed my countenance, and insisted that hands should be clapped, and the contract ratified on the spot. Otherwise, I hinted, I might recede from my pledge with regard to the boat; for, as I remarked with severe dignity, though with questionable logic, a man who in an ordinary bargain will not stick to terms of his own making cannot possibly construct a boat that will not capsize as soon as it is launched. So, it was then and there set down in writing — not by the builder himself, who was unready with his pencil, but by his foreman — that from and after the date of her espousal, Yone, the wife of Santo Yorikichi, should be allowed to serve as an interpreter to Edward Charwell, or to others whom he might designate, during one complete and undivided day of each week, in consideration of the sum of ten sen, to be paid for each day of such service by the said Edward Charwell to the said Santo Yorikichi. To

this the requisite seals were affixed, and I retired in better spirits than I had been able to muster for many a day.

It was necessary to convey a warning to Yone, lest she should betray too much satisfaction on hearing from Santo of the profitable use he had discovered for her. This was done in a letter, which carefully smoothed away the scruples she might have labored under; for she had an uncomfortably tender conscience with respect to concealments or deceptions of even the most innocent character. I did not see her before the wedding, nor was I permitted to be present at the ceremony, — or, rather, at that which in Japan passes for a marriage ceremony. So positive were her relatives in their determination to break up her foreign associations that when a select party of the Philipson sisterhood went in state to offer their congratulations upon the auspicious occasion, and to express their content that the dear girl had safely weathered all the perils which environ Japanese girlhood in general, and the unspeakable peril of a dubious entanglement with that headstrong Dr. Charwell in particular, — so decided were the grandmother and aunts in their views that they temporarily stepped outside of the limits prescribed by conventional politeness, and astonished the good missionary ladies by a demonstration of such unmistakable malevolence that the most brazen effrontery was powerless against it. Probably the use of my name was an error, and the reference to my dark designs was misunderstood by those to whom it was addressed; for the elder Miss Philipson could not resist the temptation to reject Yone's assistance, and to conduct the conversation in that remarkable jargon which she evolved from her internal consciousness, and denominated Japanese, — partially encouraged thereto, it may be, by the admission of philologists that it could not possibly be mistaken for any other tongue.

"I spoke to them with the greatest distinctness," she subsequently observed, in describing the scene, "knowing that they were natives of a distant province, where the dialect is no doubt corrupted. But one cannot be expected to be equally at ease in *all* the *patois* of this heterogeneous country, and so I failed to make them — that is to say, they failed to comprehend me. I am disposed to believe they are very proper persons, for I am sure they made every effort to understand, until I mentioned, as in duty bound, the name of Dr. Charwell. Then, in their righteous indignation at his plots and schemes, they were unable to control themselves, and they broke forth with a volubility that quite confused me. We must make allowance for the feelings of a grandmother" —

"And an aunt," insinuated Miss Kezia.

"And an aunt, sister," assented the senior, not much liking the interruption, "*Two* aunts, I believe there were," she added, with the familiar Philipson disinclination to accept any statement without tacking an amendment or variation to it. "If they were not leaving so soon for the region where their singular dialect prevails, I should follow up the opening. Sister Kezia had an idea that we might do well to attend the wedding, and give our countenance to the affair; but I am not so sure that we are justified in upholding, by our presence, these unconsecrated heathen unions."

Sister Kezia winced, as if feeling too heavy a burden thrown unfairly on her shoulders; for, in truth, the design of "countenancing" the ceremony had originated solely with Miss Sophia, and had been abandoned in consequence of the unpromising demeanor of the Yamada household. The younger lady drew herself up, and seemed about to deliver a protest, but was promptly repressed by the dominating spirit of the establishment.

"No, dear Kezia, no," she said, "I

do not find it borne in upon me to go. I think, friends, that in these matters we are bound to obey the inward monitor. My sister is at liberty to follow the dictates of her own conscience, and I should not think of opposing her desires; but for my part, it seems to me that we can hardly be too mindful that we are in Japan. That is a fact which should never be lost sight of."

E. H. House.

THE SECOND SON.

XLVI.

THE LAST OF THE SQUIRE.

EDMUND did not return to Melcombe till late. He stayed all the delightful evening through at Mount Travers, dining there, as in his present position it was the right and natural thing to do. That afternoon and evening fled like a dream. Sometimes it happens that to two people thus suddenly brought together, after long tending towards each other, and when the first flush of youthful security has passed, the moment of union brings a completion as well as a beginning of life, which is unique in its perfection. It combines the rapture of early bliss with that deep-seated satisfaction of maturity, which is rarer, and if not so exquisite, yet the most real version of happiness. Up to this moment, they had not lived for themselves. The life of Elizabeth had been spent in that most perfect of filial duty which is exercised towards relations who have the claims of love and kindness without those of warm sympathy and congeniality. She was not like the kind old couple who had been so good to her. Both in what they had done for her and in what they had withheld, they had often wounded a nature which was not like theirs. Her uncle had been generous beyond measure to her in his will, but had put her into the most false position, and made her the apparent instrument of a wrong which was abhorrent to her. Edmund, on the other side, had lived a neutral-colored life, because, no doubt, of a certain spectatorship of nature, which often betrays a man who is without any prick of necessity or strong impulse of passion into indifference and mediocrity. He was one of those, not, perhaps, the least happy nor the least useful, who stand aside out of the conflicts of life and look on, and who seem to attain to little by persistence of wanting little, — by an interest which they have rather in life in the general than in any special objects to be appropriated to themselves. Such men can be emancipated and brought into a warmer existence only by love, which gives them a warmer and stronger identity by adding another life to theirs. Love that "smites the chord of self," till it, "trembling, passed in music out of sight," is one thing; but there is another, in which the selfsame love, not less noble, takes up "the harp of life, and smites on all its chords with might;" so that the musing spectator, the observer of other men, becomes himself a man by dint of the woman poured into him, filling his veins and his soul with an added vitality. This pair found themselves increased so, with a wonder and a delight beyond the reach of the simpler boy and girl, who only know themselves happy. They had each expanded, risen into a stronger individuality, become more in themselves by throwing everything into each other. To both the exquisite novelty of having another self was not only a blessedness

indescribable, but a marvel, an exhilaration, an elevation of individual being, such as no prophecy or description had led them to anticipate. They both seemed to begin to live from that moment, to understand what it was to have that possession of human capability and power. At once out of a world mysteriously indifferent, uncomprehending, uninterested, never able to divine what they would be at, to possess each an ear into which to pour everything that came into the heart, each an eye always awake to what each was doing, each another who was themselves, — what a wonder, what a miracle, what an expansion of living ; nay, what life and personal identity ! This day was a revelation, a kind of gospel, a new communication direct out of heaven for both. They spent those sunny hours together, which seemed like so many moments, and yet were of more account in their life than a dozen previous years. They dined together at a table which derived a curious dignity from the thought that henceforth it was to be the centre of life dispensed to others ; of meeting and communion ; of breaking of bread, half sacramental with the sacred seal of domestic unity, of possession in common. All common life became splendid and noble in this illumination ; they looked at each other, and read, radiant, the exposition of what existence actually was in each other's eyes.

Edmund walked home in the delicious darkness of the summer night. The road was white under his feet, the dark hedges standing up on either hand, the immense vault of sky over him sparkling with innumerable stars. In his present mood, moonlight would have been too much ; it would have introduced a more dramatic element, strong shadows along with the intensity of its white light. He loved better that soft shining which filled the heavens with delightful company and silent fellowship. He walked along lightly, as if he trod upon air, that same road which his father had traversed in a passion of physical and mental excitement, which made of it an awful, half-delirious pathway from life to death ; and which Stephen had trod heavily, with anxious thoughts, subsiding rage, and rising care. He thought of neither of them, nor of what he should find when he reached home, nor of how he should communicate the great event which had happened to himself. None of these things disturbed Edmund's mind. The fact that he was shut out from his inheritance had made him perfectly independent. In comparison with Elizabeth he was poor ; but that did not trouble him. It did not occur to him that any mean or mercenary motive could ever be associated with his name ; nor did he think of Elizabeth's superior wealth any more than he thought of the dress she had worn, or any other matter of insignificant detail. Every trifle comes to be important in its time, and no doubt the day would come when he would be critical about his wife's dress, and like her to wear this or that. But in the mean time he had no leisure in his mind for anything but herself, and the wonderful possession that had come to him in her, Elizabeth.

He repeated the name over to himself, looking up at the stars with a low laugh of pleasure, and moisture in his eyes. Elizabeth, — that was enough. Not Lizzy : Lizzy was not characteristic of her, as some pet names are. Elizabeth, — a name to be said slowly, savored in all its syllables, which embodied not softness only, but strength ; a queen's name, a common name, liquid in the beginning, coming up strong on the rock of that concluding sound. His laugh sounded into the silence, a low, congenial note, subdued, yet the uttermost expression of human pleasure, and satisfaction, and content. He was not laughing at himself in his lover's folly, as perhaps a wiser man might have

done, but only for happiness, for pure pleasure, for delight.

The door was still standing wide open when Edmund reached Melcombe, and a dog-cart stood before the steps, with lamps, which made a contradictory yellow glimmer in the paleness of the night.

As he approached, Larkins came out upon the threshold. "You need n't wait," he said to the driver. "Doctor 's going to stop all night."

"How 's master?" said the man.

"Don't say nothing in the house, but it 's my opinion he 's a dead man; and if Robson don't think so, too. I 'm a — But mind you, not a word; the family might n't like" —

"What 's that you are saying, Larkins?" Edmund laid a sudden hand upon the butler's shoulder, which made him jump.

"Mr. Edmund! I 'm sure I beg your pardon, sir. I did n't see you. I was telling James to put up — Dr. Robson, sir, he 's here, and will not be going — not for a bit."

"Who is ill? My father? What is it? You said he was a dead man."

"He 's had a fit, sir. There was nobody there but me, and it 's had that effect upon me that I don't know what I 'm saying. I hope it ain't so bad as that, Mr. Edmund. Don't go to master's room, sir; Dr. Robson says no one 's to go in. The captain, he 's in the library."

Edmund had gone half-way up the stairs, but he stopped at this, and came slowly down again. The shock of this intimation dispersed all that bright atmosphere about him, as if it had been a bubble, and brought him back with a sudden jar into so different a sphere. He was well aware of the significance of the words "a fit," and remembered, with a throb of painful sensation, his father's continual preoccupation on this subject, his occasional attempts at self-restraint, because of what had been said to him of the risks he ran. Poor father! overwhelmed at last by that tempest of rage and shame. His exclamation about the harm that had come to him from his sons recurred to Edmund's mind. The Squire had come safely enough through the contrarieties brought upon him by Roger: he had seen his first-born die, and buried him, without any danger from emotion. But now — Edmund approached the library very unwillingly, with hesitating steps. The very sight of Stephen would, he felt, be intolerable; nor did he know how his brother could look him in the face. The door was ajar, and he pushed it open with a reluctant hand. The apartment was dimly lighted by candles on the mantel-piece, which was at the opposite end of the room from the Squire's writing-table, usually the central point, with its one brilliant lamp. The fact that the lamp had not been lighted was already a sign of approaching change. Edmund saw with relief that the doctor stood with Stephen before the fireplace, — two dark figures in the ineffectual light.

"What is the matter?" he asked. "Doctor, I am most thankful at least to find you here."

"Not for much good, I 'm afraid," returned the doctor, shaking his head. "He has had a fit, and a bad one. I must not conceal from you that he is very ill. I 've been afraid of it for some time back. Nothing we have done has been of any avail as yet."

Edmund asked anxiously how it had happened, and received from the doctor Larkins's story, cut short of various details.

"He seems to have walked a considerable distance in the heat of the sun. Your brother does not appear to be aware of any other circumstances."

"He had been very much excited, — he had made a painful discovery."

Stephen turned half round, with a dark glance from under his brows.

"Oh," exclaimed the doctor. Then he added quickly, "These things, of course, would be but secondary causes. I have warned him repeatedly that he must take the utmost care, in respect of diet and — many other things. But with all precautions, disease cannot be staved off. It was bound to come, sooner or later."

"And you take a despondent view?"

"One can never tell," replied Dr. Robson. "He has had only threatenings, no attack before, and his strength is intact. I shall stay all night — or until — In the mean time, I have been saying to your brother, if you would like, to get a physician from London. The telegraph is closed by this time; but a message could be sent by the midnight train."

"I think it would be well to send one, doctor, notwithstanding our perfect confidence in you."

"I did n't see the use," objected Stephen, with averted head.

"It is no question of confidence in me. I should prefer it," the doctor said.

"Then I 'll send at once."

Stephen again gave his brother a darkling look. There was in it a curious defiance, yet timidity. Edmund was the eldest; he had the first right to act. He asked no advice from his junior, who was tacitly put aside altogether, while Edmund consulted with the doctor, after sending off his message, which was dispatched by a servant, with authority to engage a special train to bring down the great physician with as little delay as possible. Stephen walked up and down the room, while everything was thus taken out of his hands. He might have attended to these matters on his own responsibility, and saved himself from being thus superseded in what he felt, with a *sourd* mixture of anger and alarm and satisfaction, to be his own house. He did not wish to deprive his father of any care. He did not wish him to die, though that would be a solution of all the difficulties of the moment, which it was scarcely possible not to desire. Nothing so bad as this, however, was in his mind. He could not have told why he had not acted upon the doctor's suggestion and telegraphed, so long as there was time. Perhaps it had been with a vague idea of conciliating Dr. Robson, of having the doctor on his side; perhaps merely from a reluctance to act, a hesitation, a resistance, of which he was now ashamed and wroth with himself. He might have done it, and asserted his authority, instead of letting that fellow cut in, as if he had any right. Meanwhile, Edmund acted as if he had the sole right. He went up with Dr. Robson to the patient's room, when the doctor thought it time for another visit, leaving Stephen still pacing about, agitated by feelings which he did not dare to show. His position was one to try the strongest spirit. The probabilities were that if Mr. Mitford got better everything would be changed; and though, when he heard from Larkins, his father's order that Pouncefort should be sent for, he had stopped that communication, he had at the same time sent for his man, and ordered that everything should be packed up, that he might be ready to go off at once, if *that* was what was going to happen. He was determined he would not endure abuse and loss both. So that if the Squire got well, if he saw his lawyer and carried out his new intentions, Stephen had decided to leave the house in an hour's time, perhaps never to return; while if Mr. Mitford died, in a moment all would be his, without question or remark. The balance of possibilities was thus a very exciting and uncertain one: to be reduced to the position of a son banished from the paternal home, as Roger had been, or to be the master and owner of all; to feel himself set aside from all share in the matter by Edmund, who took the command naturally, by a right which everybody acknowledged, or to be the

master, and turn Edmund out. And all this hanging upon a thread, upon the living or dying of the old man up-stairs! Stephen did not wish his father to die. It was something, it was much, that he could resist that temptation. But he waited with sullen excitement, low-flaming, self-controlled. He was angry that the London physician had been sent for, and that he himself had not sent for him, — he scarcely knew which was most annoying, — and went on pacing in an angry mood, till Edmund and the doctor should come down-stairs again, perhaps bringing news.

Edmund saw his brother's boxes packed, as he passed Stephen's room on his way down-stairs, with some surprise. He would have preferred, had it been practicable, to have had no intercourse with him: but that, it was evident, could not be. He went, once more slowly and with reluctance, to the library, where he knew that Stephen was awaiting him. Captain Mitford stopped in his pacing up and down, and turned round, when Edmund came in. They stood and looked at each other for a moment silently; then, "My father is no better," Edmund said.

"I was afraid he would not be," responded Stephen. "Robson," he added, "seems to have very little hope."

"Very little hope. Did you see him before the seizure?"

"No."

"Then things are the same between you as when he left Mount Travers?"

"Yes."

After this brief colloquy, they stood for another moment looking at each other. To think that this fellow should confront him, as if he were the master, and that at any moment it might be he, Stephen, who was the master, and able to turn Edmund out! This was the thought that burned in Stephen's mind. On the chance of a moment! But as yet, no one knew how that chance might turn.

XLVII.

THE BREAK-UP.

The long night passed in discomfort and gloom, in broken dozes and broken conversations, with long pauses. The two young men sat opposite to each other, obliged to keep each other company, yet with nothing to say. A jealous alarm prevented Stephen from retiring to his room. He felt that something might happen, if he were not always on the watch. The Squire might recover his senses. Pouncefort might arrive, and find some means, which neither doctor nor nurse was capable of, to get him round. Who could tell what might happen? Edmund remained up to receive the report of the doctor, to watch for the possible arrival of the physician from town, and also partly because he could not sleep. Dr. Robson came, and went from the sick-room to the library below, throwing himself on the sofa in the intervals, to take that rest which doctors as well as nurses know to be so indispensable in face of eventualities. The doctor thought, in the breaks of his sleep, that he had never seen anything more strange than the aspect of the two brothers, seated each in his corner, exchanging few words, taking little notice of each other, while their father lay between life and death, up-stairs. Was it feeling? he asked himself, or what was it? He, too, had seen the packed and strapped portmanteaus within the open door of Stephen's room, and wondered who was going away, and why, and what had been the "painful discovery" the patient had made, which one brother had not mentioned, and the other had at once identified as one of the causes of the seizure. This wonder did not prevent Dr. Robson, who was a young man in robust health, from sleeping, any more than anxiety for his patient did; but

it passed through his mind, with some half guess at the cause, before he went to sleep, with these two dark figures before him, — one bolt upright in his chair, in a fictitious watchfulness, the other with his face hid in the shadow of the hand which supported his head. There was no reason why they should both sit up. They seemed to be keeping a watch on each other, like sentinels of two contending parties. Their aspect was so strange, and the consciousness of their presence so strong, that they made the doctor dream. He could not shake from his mind the certainty that they were there.

The London doctor came in the morning, not having hurried himself unduly, and regretting, as he said, the great additional expense that would have been entailed upon the survivors had a special train been necessary. He arrived, fresh and neat, upon the exhausted and excited household, and with a mind quite free from any tortures of suspense. But his examination of the patient did not come to much. He said, when he came down-stairs, that it was impossible to tell — the patient might linger a day or two; he might even rally, by extreme good fortune; or another attack might come on, and terminate the matter at once.

"There can be no doubt that it is to his advantage that he has survived so long," said this great authority, with a meaning which was comprehensible enough.

"To be sure," cried Dr. Robson, who was an imprudent young man, "it is to his advantage that he has survived, or he would be dead by this time."

But the fact was that no more light was to be thrown upon the question by science, and the London physician came and went, as such great authorities often do, in a case which is beyond the reach of mortal power.

The only incident in the miserable lingering day was the arrival of Mr. Pouncefort, who had, by some mysterious bird of the air carrying the matter, or other occult agency, found out that his client was dying, and had expressed a wish that he should be sent for. He arrived when Stephen had permitted himself to believe that danger was over, and was about to lie down for needful rest. But the sight of the lawyer roused the heir at once.

"I should n't advise you to stay," Captain Mitford observed. "He 'll never be able for business again."

"It 's hard to tell," said Mr. Pouncefort. "I 've seen a man turn everything upside down in his succession, after that had been said of him."

Stephen stared at the new-comer with glazed and weary eyes, in which a sullen fire burned behind the film of exhaustion; but restrained the impulse to reply. He sat down again, however, in the chair which he had occupied all night, determined to keep this dangerous visitor in sight. Mr. Pouncefort had no compassion for the supplanter who had been put into his brother's place, in spite of all he had himself been able to do against it. He asked a hundred questions: how the attack came on; what was the cause; whether there had been any "worry" at the bottom of so sudden a seizure. "People say something occurred to put him out, but of course you must know."

"I don't know; he was out in the sun, on one of those hot days, — that 's what the doctor thinks."

"Oh! that 's what the doctor thinks? Robson, is it? He ought to know your father's constitution. I should have thought the Squire was pretty well used to being out in the sun."

"You had better ask Robson," said Stephen; "he 'll be here presently;" and then there was a silence between them.

The lawyer had a bag with papers, which he opened and looked over, perhaps ostentatiously; he had no desire to spare the young man. Stephen was overcome

with fatigue. He kept dropping into momentary dozes, from which he started, opening wide in defiance his red and heavy eyes. But he would not now go to bed or do anything to refresh himself; he was like a jailer in attendance upon some troublesome prisoner; he would not let this new enemy out of his sight.

This suspense lasted till far on in the second night, when there was a sudden stir and commotion in the sick-room, and the doctor was hurriedly called upstairs. In a very short time the others were summoned. They stood about the bed, Mr. Pouncefort placing himself at the foot, with an anxious intention of catching what last glimpse of intelligence might come into the eyes of the dying man. But it was too late for anything of the kind. The Squire had been stricken down by another and more violent seizure. He was still so strong in vitality, and his physical forces were so little impaired, that even now he made a struggle for his life; but in vain. Presently the loud breathing stopped. Silence replaced that awful, involuntary throbbing of the human mechanism, from which the inspiring force had gone. Love and grief had little place in that death-scene; but there is something overawing and impressive in every transit from life to death. The two sons stood side by side, without a word. Simmons, the housekeeper, half with a feminine sense of what was becoming, half perhaps with a real human regret for the master of so many years, sniffed a little behind the curtain. The others all stood in dead silence, while the doctor closed those staring, troubled eyes.

Stephen was the first to leave the room. He went straight to his own, where his servant was hanging about, in the agitation which fills a household at such a moment. He kicked the portmanteaus with his foot, and said loudly, "Undo all that," before he closed the door. He wanted rest and sleep above all things, but he could not refrain from that one token of an anxiety now laid at rest. Only Mr. Pouncefort, however, took any notice of this symbolical action. Stephen had been of no account in the house during these two days, and when he disappeared without even a good-night, without a sign of civility, the others were too much preoccupied to notice. Dr. Robson was eager to get home, — he had spent the greater part of two nights out of his house; and Edmund went down-stairs with him, to settle and arrange everything. The lawyer stole away to the room which had been prepared for him, and after a few hours' rest left the house in the morning, before any one was astir. His mission had been a failure. Sometimes there is a moment of possibility, a place of repentance, afforded to a man at the very end of his life. But in this case there was nothing of the kind. The wrong done was done permanently, and all was now over. That strange injustice which lies underneath the surface of life, which gives the lie to all the optimisms of philanthropy, which is restrained by no law, and is so often permitted to establish itself in absolute impunity, had again gained the upper hand. There was no appeal to be made, no redress possible. The dead man might have repented, had time been left him. But all the stars in their courses had fought for the unworthy. Mr. Pouncefort felt this angrily, almost shaking his fist at the serene heavens which overlooked everything, and, so far as appeared, took no heed. To Edmund the same thought came, but in a different form, as he stood at his window, looking out upon a firmament all living with innumerable lights. The real sufferer was not angry. He looked out with a profound sadness, yet with that half smile of spectatorship which had been habitual to him all his life. Perhaps at no period would he have felt his disinheritance so sharply as another man might; at this moment he did not feel it at all. Poor father! was what

he thought, — who had taken that step of injustice in vain; who had rewarded the evil-doer, and punished him to whom he intended no wrong. It was hard to think of the Squire as changed into some heavenly semblance, a spiritual being moved by spiritual motives alone. Edmund's imagination could not reach so far. He thought of his father as perhaps suddenly enlightened as to this irony of fate, cognizant of the evil he had done, impotent to amend it, obliged to bow to the inexorable fact which his own arbitrary will had created, and carrying about the consciousness of this tremendous mistake and failure in a quickened being, to which perhaps there would no longer belong the happy human faculty of forgetfulness. Would not that be hell enough, — or purgatory, at least?

Things went on at Melcombe without further change for some days. Stephen took no charge in respect to the funeral, or any of the immediate arrangements which had to be made. He stood by, passive, while Edmund gave all the orders and attended to everything. Not a word was said while the father lay dead in the house. They even dined together in silence, broken only by a few conventional phrases from time to time. The brothers-in-law were abroad, out of reach; and though the entire county came to the funeral, there were no relations except a distant cousin or two, and no one in the house to break the brothers' *tête-à-tête*. When all was over, they returned alone together to the house. Mr. Pouncefort was the principal executor, and there was no question between them about any of the details. Once more the family table was spread for the two brothers, who had walked side by side after their father's coffin. It would be impossible to describe the scarcely contained excitement of Larkins and his assistants as to how this dinner would go off. Stephen solved the question for them without delay. He came in first, with his hands plunged deeply into his pockets and his eyebrows lowered over his eyes, and took his father's place. Instead of the restrained and formal conversation of the intervening days, he now began to talk. He spoke of what he was going to do.

"I 'll very likely go out and join the Stathams, for a bit. I 'm not fond of the Continent, but one does n't know what to do with one's self, just at first. It 's too early for Monte Carlo and that sort of thing. I don't know what sort of beastly place they may have got to, but Statham 's sure to look out for himself, and get something or other to do. And one can't have a lot of fellows down all at once to fill up the old place."

"No, that would hardly do," Edmund answered.

His brother gave him a surly look from underneath his lowering brows. "I don't see why it should n't do, if one made up one's mind to it. I don't mind gossip, for my part. But there would be nothing for them to do. I mean to have a lot of men down for September."

"Yes?" said Edmund, for Stephen had hesitated.

"And I think," he went on, after a moment, "of shutting up the house till then. There 's an idle lot of servants about." He had paused to say this until all but Larkins were out of the room. "I rather think of making a clean sweep. What does very well for an old lot, don't you know, does n't do when a man 's young. So I thought may be it would n't be a bad plan to — let it, perhaps, for a month or two, or else shut up the house."

"To let it — for a month or two!" exclaimed Edmund, in consternation.

"Well, quantities of people do; but I don't say I 've made up my mind to that. Only, I 'll either take that course, or else shut up. It 's dull enough here, Heaven knows. I was thinking, perhaps if you could make it convenient — when it suits, don't you know — that is,

as soon as you can manage it — to clear out."

"That is exactly what I had meant to tell you. I think of going to-morrow."

"All right," rejoined Stephen. "I did n't mean to put on the screw, but it 's always best that fellows should understand each other, don't you know, from the first."

"Much the best," Edmund said.

XLVIII.

THE MINGLED THREAD.

These were almost the last words which passed at this period between Captain Mitford of Melcombe and his brother. Stephen left within a few days, having succeeded so well in clearing the house that the servants forestalled him by giving their demission *en masse*, headed by Mr. Larkins and Mrs. Simmons, whom Stephen's speech about the idle lot, duly reported by the equally offended Larkins, had wounded to the quick. He was obliged to leave the place in the hands of some of the lower drudges of the kitchen, who had no feelings, and were delighted to succeed to the positions vacated by their betters; and to have the house set up anew, with expensive menials, supplied by a London agent, when he returned. He failed in ousting the Fords, for the excellent reason that they had finally decided to take advantage of his first hasty dismissal; so that his emissaries found nothing but an empty house, when they went to carry his decision into effect. Stephen was not aware that he escaped an action for wages and board wages, which Ford was bent on bringing against him, only by means of Edmund's entreaties and the compensation he offered, in order that the family name should not be dragged through the mire, in public at least. But notwithstanding these efforts, the facts of the case got breathed about in the county, creating not only a strong feeling against the new lord of Melcombe, but, what he dreaded still more, a wave of riotous ridicule, such as went far, sweeping through half the mess-rooms in the country in echoes of inextinguishable laughter: "Heard of Mitford of the Red Roans, — how he was sold? Thought he had got a simpleton in hand, that knew no better; but, by Jove! out she marched, colors flying, and left him *planté-là!*" The other tales about him, which roused a graver indignation, — how he had been the means of his brother Roger's death, and, by a sudden discovery of his ridiculous adventures and shameful conduct, of his father's, — though these rumors were bad enough, were not, either in the estimation of his special public or in his own, so overwhelming as the story of Lily's escape and the ridicule of his failure. Even Statham and Markham, his brothers-in-law, "roared" as they described it, at Steve's absurd position.

"But I 'd cut the whole concern, if I were you, for a year or two, old fellow," Statham said. "Don't go back there this year. Have a go at the big game, or something."

"Try Africa," said Markham.

"By Jove! I 'll do neither the one nor the other! What are you talking of? I 'll see you all at — Jericho, first! And if you don't care to come to Melcombe for September, — why, you can try Africa yourselves," Stephen said.

This somewhat changed the ideas of the brothers-in-law, who were not averse to coming to Melcombe for the partridges. They endeavored to make their wives laugh, too, at the story of Lily, with but partial success; for women are certainly destitute of a fine sense of humor.

"It was odious of Stephen, beyond anything!" Lady Statham said; "but still, that little set-up thing! — what did she expect, I wonder?" And, "It

must have been her own fault," Amy said. Nina told her little tale with the same gravity, without seeing the fun. "*I* knew Stephen was after Lily, when he used to go out in the park after dinner. What should he go out in the park for, if he was not after somebody? To smoke his cigar! Oh! as if a man went out like that only to smoke his cigar! Simmons always shook her head. She used to say a gentleman was up to no good, when he went out in the evenings. Would you let Statham go out like that, if you knew there was somebody at the West Lodge, Geraldine?"

"Bertie 's got his smoking-room," said Lady Statham, indignant, "if there were twenty West Lodges. But I do think poor papa was to blame about the boys, never letting them smoke at home."

"Boys are so ready to go wrong," sighed Amy, who was ten years younger than her brothers. Then the party melted away, dispersing in different directions, and leaving only Nina, who knew better than any one how much neglected the boys had been, and how natural it was that they should stray to the West Lodge, while they smoked their cigars.

Stephen came back in September, and found his house perfectly established with fine footmen from London, and not an old face to remind him of the past. His friends arrived soon after, filling the house. But though the covers were in very good order, and the birds abundant, it was not a successful performance, on the whole. Even the Tredgolds had other engagements, when he asked them to dinner. When the Stathams and the Markhams came, there was one entertainment which did well, and that was a garden-party, at which nobody was compelled to pay any particular attention to the master of the house. Otherwise the county cut him, to his intense astonishment and rage. And after that he took Statham's advice, and went abroad, — not to Africa, in search of big game, which would have been the best thing, but to Monte Carlo and other resorts of the same kind. Meantime, the London servants and the new establishment had cost him for three months more money than the old Squire had spent in a couple of years. Altogether, Stephen's affairs were not prosperous, nor his prospects bright. But, no doubt, if he stays away for a time, and keeps his estate at nurse, and especially if he marries well, and brings home a wife acceptable to the county, the weight of permanence and continuation will tell in his favor, and Captain Mitford will be received, if not with open arms, at least back again into a tolerable place.

Edmund left Melcombe the morning after his father's funeral. He did not see Stephen again. He made arrangements for the removal of all his special belongings, and went away without much regret from the house that should have been his home. There are some who feel more than others the loss of houses and lands; and there are some who tear themselves with difficulty from the walls that have been their shelter all their life. In both points Edmund was a little at fault. He felt no despair at the loss of his inheritance; he had never thought of it as his. All the emotion he had on the subject he had spent when Roger was sent away, and perhaps the only pang that had moved him concerning his own share of the loss was when Roger, unaware of what had passed, had anticipated for Edmund the heirship he had himself lost. Edmund had experienced a constriction of his heart when his brother had indulged in that half-melancholy, half-smiling picture of what he believed was to be: himself with Lily, not happy perhaps, after the ordinary meaning of the word, yet feeling his only possibility of life to be by her side; and Edmund and his Elizabeth in Melcombe, the centres of a wider existence. Tears, which had not been

drawn from Edmund's eyes by his own deposition, rose at the thought of that talk of things that were not to be.

After he had left the house, he went to the corner of the parish church in which was the Melcombe vault. He was not unmindful of his father, either. What disappointments, what self-deception, what vain anticipations, never to be realized, were shut up there in the darkness, in that gloomy place where the ashes of the Mitfords were kept from mingling with common dust! Edmund could not think of any failure of his own, in the presence of the failure of all their plans and wishes. He stood leaning upon the old brick wall, with his feet among the rank herbage; then, with an ache in his heart to leave there all that had been Roger, all the human hopes and wishes that were never to be fulfilled, and with that ache of wonder which is in all our hearts as to what they know of us who have left us, in the mystery of their new existence, Edmund turned away, and set out upon his own. Happy Edmund in his mourning, in his deprivation, with his home shut against him, and all natural expectation cut off! He passed through these troubles lightly enough, having his own happiness to fall back upon, which waited serenely for him after all was over; holding open the gates of another paradise, the individual inheritance, which is for every man who has a centre of love to turn to, and a meet companion awaiting him there.

Stephen, as it turned out, had been of the greatest use to the household at Mount Travers, by the firebrand he had thrown into the midst of it. Mrs. Travers did not, indeed, recover from the shock all at once; at least, she did not relinquish the pleasure of taking up that exhausted firebrand, and thrusting it at Elizabeth, as a sort of offensive weapon, inflicting a wound which, when she saw how it hurt, the old lady wept over and kissed to make it well, with an alternation of reproach and conciliation which was not without its enjoyment. Elizabeth, delivered from the incessant strain of keeping this secret from her aunt, was now free to use what means she could to set the wrong right, — a thing which in her ignorance she had supposed to be attended by endless difficulties, but which, with Edmund's help and backing up, became the easiest matter in the world. Before they were married Elizabeth settled upon Mrs. Travers the great house on the hill, with its plate-glass windows and all its luxuries, with an income sufficient to make the keeping up of the establishment possible to the widow. This was a serious diminution of her wealth, but Edmund liked it all the better. They were still rich enough for all their desires. They had the luck to get possession of an old house which had been the Melcombe dower-house, a picturesque, old-fashioned place, which had passed out of the hands of the Mitfords several generations before, and now came suddenly into the market, to the great satisfaction of the disinherited son. We will not deny that it gave Elizabeth a pang to think of her husband settling down in the same county, on a little bit of property so much inferior to Melcombe, and in a house which was nothing but a dependency of the family home possessed by his younger brother. But Edmund only laughed at this feminine grudge.

"Whatever he does, he must always carry that mark of cadency," he said. "It frightened my poor father almost out of changing his will, but it does not seem to impress you, Lizzy." By this time, our young man had got so familiar with his own good fortune, and so possessed by the ease of his happiness, and felt it so difficult to realize that she had not always belonged to him, that he had forgotten that superlative sentiment of his about the name of Elizabeth, and called her Lizzy, like other people, with the best grace in the world.

"If that were the only sign of cadency,

as you call it, I should not care much about it," said his wife, indignantly; "but when I think what you are, Edmund, and what he is" —

"I am no such great things, if I had not you to back me up. But whatever poor Steve has, he can't get rid of that little mark. I must be the head of the family, though I have nothing, and he has all."

"And you say 'poor Steve'!" cried Elizabeth, with a flash of disdain in her eyes.

"Yes, my dearest," Edmund said, "poor Steve. And when he thinks, as he must do now and then, you may be sure he feels it, too."

Mrs. Mitford shook her head indignantly (it was very certain that she was Mrs. Mitford, and that the lady of Melcombe, when there might come to be one, could be nothing but Mrs. Stephen), and perhaps hers, though the less generous, was the truer estimate. Stephen had sundry pricks to put up with, but in the end, no doubt, people would forget, and he would remain the most important personage in the consciousness of many persons who forgot that old story. It is much to be doubted whether Edmund himself, though he produced it laughing, to smooth down his wife's indignation, thought very much of the mark of cadency, or of the fact that he himself bore the family coat without a difference. What pleased him most was that he had possession of certain simpler things; that is to say, that he had got the wife he wanted, and the happiness which he had long despaired of, and a home such as he had dreamed of, but up to his marriage had never known. He thought these things were enough for a man, with or without the position which befits the head of the family; and a number of persons, we hope, will think that Edmund was right.

Lily Ford remained Mrs. Travers's companion, and a most congenial one, — more congenial than Elizabeth, though it was not necessary to say so. When the old lady received the deed of gift which reinstated her in full possession of what her husband ought to have left her, she accepted it with difficulty and much resistance, and would really have preferred to keep her grievance instead, which was a thing that involved no responsibilities. She managed to retain a little of that, however, by making her will instantly, and leaving the property again to Elizabeth. "What could I do?" she said. "Of course, whatever I wished, she left me no alternative, after the step she took." The plate-glass windows were all shut up for a long time, and the house stood blindly staring out upon the landscape, with no eyes to see it, while Mrs. Travers and her companion went abroad. It would be difficult to say which of the two more completely enjoyed these travels. Lily, with the honest, peasant foundation of her character, found it indispensable to give an equivalent for what she received, by bestowing double care and attention upon the old lady, who was not her mistress, but yet depended upon her for a great part of the comfort of her life. As she was quick and intelligent, and soon able to make her smattering of boarding-school French useful, and pretty and well dressed and pleasant to behold, and incapable of conceiving anything happier or more elevated than the little course of commonplace tours, which were to both the most exciting of travels, she satisfied Mrs. Travers's every requirement as a companion. No mother and daughter could have been more happy together. To travel about in first-class carriages, to live in grand hotels, to be looked up to as one of the simple tourist ladies, to whom every innkeeper was obsequious, filled Lily with an elation which had, after all, something more in it than personal aggrandizement; it was the ideal after which she had sighed, the plan that pleased her childish thought. Perhaps

the aspiration to be a lady, in the acceptation of the word which would occur to a gamekeeper's daughter, — to live among beautiful things, according to what her imagination holds as beautiful; to have the leisure, the grace, the softness, the brightness, of ladyhood about her, instead of inhabiting a cottage and working at needlework for a living, — is not, after all, an aspiration to be despised. It was the best thing she knew, just as traveling on the Continent was the finest occupation she knew, the thing which the finest people did. She would not have bought that elevation, as she had proved, in anything but an honest way. Meantime, her father and mother had charge of Mount Travers, Mrs. Ford occupying the fine position of housekeeper, while the "ladies" — oh! the delight of that word, which the mother, with profound self-abnegation, turned over in her mouth like a sweet morsel, as she said it — were absent on their tour. Lily had now a little fortune of her own, — the money which Roger had meant to settle upon her when she should be his wife. She was not sure that she could have chosen anything more desirable for herself, had she been permitted to choose her own fate.

Poor Roger! This was all his foolish love had come to, — the love which he knew to be foolish; which had cost him his inheritance, and, in a manner, his life. Was not his fate, perhaps, the best after all, — to escape from all the network of misery which would have caught his feet, the unsuitable companionship which never could have satisfied his mind, and to begin over again in a world where at least the same mistakes cannot be possible? But it is hard for men to think so, to whom it must always seem a better thing to fulfill the mortal course set before them, through whatever pains and troubles, and live out their life.

M. O. W. Oliphant.

T. B. Aldrich.

CARNATIONS IN WINTER.

Your carmine flakes of bloom to-night
The fire of wintry sunsets hold;
Again in dreams you burn to light
A far Canadian garden old.

The blue north summer over it
Is bland with long ethereal days;
The gleaming martins wheel and flit
Where breaks your sun down orient ways.

There, when the gradual twilight falls,
Through quietudes of dusk afar,
Hermit antiphonal hermit calls
From hills below the first pale star.

Then in your passionate love's foredoom
Once more your spirit stirs the air,
And you are lifted through the gloom
To warm the coils of her dark hair!

Bliss Carman.

GEORGE MEREDITH.

To most readers, even those who are fairly well informed concerning current literature and familiar with the creators of it, the name of George Meredith has long remained comparatively unknown. Yet he has been writing and publishing assiduously since 1853. He came forward — perhaps one should rather say, he first definitely took his place in the great background of letters — at a time when Dickens had just published David Copperfield, and Thackeray, having given to the world the History of Pendennis, was about to confide to the same august body the History of Henry Esmond. Meredith, we may say, was born to literature when these two luminaries were in conjunction, and shone with an almost equal splendor. If we conceive an astrology of art and intellect, there is warrant for saying that Dickens and Thackeray, being in the ascendant when the horoscope of Meredith was cast, had a perceptible power over his literary destiny; for the novels of Meredith reveal in some degree the mingled influence of these two stars. He, however, has lived to see them move in their courses, waxing or waning, as the case might be; and he has seen various other bright lights rise, vanish, or endure. He has witnessed the career of Charles Reade and haply that of Wilkie Collins (if he deigned to notice it). The triumph of George Eliot on distinctly elevated ground has also presented itself to his living eyes. Meanwhile, he himself has somehow continued to occupy his place in the background. Now, backgrounds may be very good things: they are certainly essential in every picture which pretends to completeness. We encounter persons who even contend that those whose attention is drawn chiefly to the principal figures in a group, or fastens upon the details of the foreground, are superficial observers. These observers, it is hinted, do not appreciate the depth, the beauty, and superior force of the background. There is an ineffable something in that remoter space which is beyond reach of the common gaze.

My own acquaintance with George Meredith's work began, in a fragmentary way, somewhere about 1868 or 1869, when his Adventures of Harry Richmond was moving through the pages of the Cornhill Magazine. That acquaintance, notwithstanding the strong impression made upon me, was not continued nor completed until the appearance, lately, of a dignified edition of the novels, brought out in this country by Messrs. Roberts Brothers. The edition marks an event, not only for Meredith, but for students of fiction. Perhaps one might even affirm that it partially dislocates the author from the background, and brings him into a new, an unwonted prominence. We may assume this much: that it places him in a neutral position, where we are free to discuss his qualities without prejudice.

Of his poems it will not be necessary to speak here, except, it may be, in illustration of a point or two. It was as a poet that he began his career. There are two volumes of his verse extant: Poems and Lyrics of the Joy of Earth, and Ballads and Poems of Tragic Life. A third volume is in preparation. The few of these pieces that I have read do not seem to be especially poetic. They lack the elasticity of the lyric; they fail to embody that quality which we vainly try to compass by words expressing motion, music, — an unclassified phase of graceful or beautifully passionate energy that, however hard to define, is instantly felt when we see it fitly and perfectly manifested. They are rugged, thoughtful, grim, philosophic; sown with spar-

kles of fancy that produce an effect of grotesqueness and crudity, like the similar specks of weird fire in his prose; and, like his prose, they bespeak in the writer a massive, original, and interesting mind. As for the prose itself, it fills some five thousand pages. Why, it may be asked, should the number of pages be mentioned? Does it occur to any one, in reviewing Thackeray or Dickens, to apply the measurements of arithmetic, or to weigh their value by quantity? Probably not. Nor did it occur to the present writer to take these considerations into account, on beginning a fresh examination of Harry Richmond and the brother novels of that family. On the contrary, I was surprised with delight at the keen perception shown by the novelist; his extraordinary energy; his graphic vividness; his versatility in entering into and representing the most intimate and familiar or the most out-of-the-way moods, sensations, and sentiments experienced by the characters of the story. But, long before I had finished, I wondered where it would all lead to, and began to count the pages. If this was so with one book, how much more was it likely to be the case with the rest! Hence the counting, which must be accepted as a natural, instinctive index to some quality in the author that inspires a sense of number and weight.

We have here ten volumes of fiction. The Shaving of Shagpat, issued originally in 1855, is in a measure an imitation of the Arabian Nights, half burlesque and half serious; with a moral concerning illusions in life and government, tucked away in the end of the story like a gold piece sewn into the lining of a coat. The garment itself, however, — that is, the substance of the tale, — is so richly bedizened, and so marvelous a mixture of splendors and tatters, that by the time we have pulled it to pieces, for the sake of the treasure it contains, the hidden coin seems of little worth. In this story there are picturesqueness and spendthrift imagery to excess. It abounds in fantastic imagination, some of which is startling and impressive; but more often the effect is so extravagant as to excite an unpleasant mental vertigo. Especially is this so in the last part, with its colossal conflict of lightnings, vultures, scorpions, and the bird Khoorook, having wings a league long. And all this gigantic spectacle centres upon the rich and hairy clothier, Shagpat, whose false power resides in a single hair of his head, called "the Identical," which finally rises up, and burns for three days and nights; then turns into a fiery serpent, and emits a stream of other fiery serpents. There is a wide difference between even the wildest flights of sane imagination and the fantasies of mania. It is hard to conceive how Mr. Meredith could have conjured up these half-delirious phantoms without losing the best part of his head amongst them. Possibly they were applied with deliberation, by himself, as a test of his own steadiness; a discipline, a temptation, such as the anchorites and ascetics of earlier times considered indispensable to their equipment for final victory. Meredith appears to have passed through this particular temptation with colors flying forward. He has not since exposed himself to the sorcery of unbridled fancies. But no one could have predicted, from Shagpat, the future novelist. Similarly, Farina: a Legend of Cologne, published two years later, is unworthy of notice, beyond the remark that it gives token of a Teutonic influence, traceable elsewhere through his writings, in an evident familiarity with German localities, a fondness for alliteration, tortured compound words, and an inverted order of construction. Whether this came from direct contact with German literature, or was derived from the impress of Carlyle, whose grandiose manner of manipulating little things is frequently echoed in Meredith, it is impossible to

judge. But the spurious Orientalism of Shagpat and the somewhat tawdry Germanism of Farina are interspersed with bits of verse little better than sublimated doggerel or the delusive Eastern poems of Mirza Schaffy; and Meredith has never quite shaken off his fondness for introducing this kind of sham pasteboard verse, which assumes the appearance of real golden goblets on the stage, into his serious novels. I have a suspicion, although I may be wrong, that in these two early compositions he had been emboldened by the example of Thackeray's success in semi-extravaganza. Natural gifts and power of expression they undoubtedly show; but the writer was trifling with his powers and gifts, and had not yet found his field. It was not until 1859, when he had reached the age of thirty-two, that he produced The Ordeal of Richard Feverel, his first mature novel, charged to the brim with earnestness, wit, strength of conception. It is ostensibly a sermon upon the folly of bringing up a boy on theory, in ignorance of the world, and then letting him meet the utmost rigor of temptation, in the fatuous belief that, being encased in theory and maxims, he will be proof against harm. This, the main moral purpose, is strictly carried out, with an immitigable vigor almost appalling, and with strict truth of probability and nature. Richard's father, the baronet, who writes aphorisms and tries to enact the part of an all-wise Providence towards his boy, is somewhat tediously presented. The moral primer sticks out from his pocket in an annoying way; and it obtrudes itself also in the author's treatment of Richard's comrade, Ripton, the son of a prosperous London solicitor, who is allowed more latitude by his less theoretical father, but abuses his parent's confidence. In all this there is a suggestion of little educational works, now happily obsolete, where the moral and immoral children were represented in blue and crimson and yellow, of tints only a little more crude than those in Mulready's paintings of English life. But the story of Richard's boyish crime of arson; the manner in which he faced the consequences; the manly, generous, ardent nature that he revealed; and, furthermore, the story of his love for the portionless ward of his old enemy, and his loyalty in following it out to marriage, — these things are superbly told, with an intensity and a sympathetic fire which would be hard to match. Then comes the final, irrevocable woe, in which the hero is involved by his father's craze for playing Providence. Meredith's stories generally end happily; but this one is profoundly tragic. I have read many of his chapters without being moved, even when the situation in itself must theoretically be acknowledged an affecting one. But it seems to me that the heart which is not touched, and the eyes that do not become moist, in the reading of the last portions of Richard Feverel must be indurated with a glaze of indifference which is not to be envied. The tragedy of the close is greatly heightened by the pathos and beauty of a scene in which errant Richard returns to his wife, who has borne him a son during his absence. Richard has but a few minutes with her. He suffers from a deep moral stain, unknown to his wife, and is pledged to depart secretly again, in order to fight a duel, which he madly believes to be required in defense of her honor. It is a thrilling moment when, "in the oblivion her lips put upon him, he was free to the bliss of her embrace." The suspense is still higher when she leads him to see his child: "His heart began rapidly throbbing at the sight of a little rosy-curtained cot covered with lace like a milky summer cloud." But Richard will not even look upon his son until he has confessed his sin. This is his Ordeal. The forgiveness of love comes unexpectedly; but even then he must break away, without explanation, to be in readiness for the fatal duel. The

scene is given with a mingling of force and of exquisite delicacy which is supreme. We must not forget, either, the chapter, equally powerful in another direction, entitled The Enchantress. Then, too, there is the wealth of character drawing and of searching observation scattered throughout the book. The nurse, Mrs. Berry, is almost Shakespearean in the fullness and fidelity with which she is depicted. Like the enchantress, Mrs. Mount, and others among the personages displayed by Meredith, she exemplifies a faculty which this writer possesses in a greater degree than any other novelist since Walter Scott. I mean the faculty of what may be called literary impersonation, the faculty of making fictitious characters move and talk, in a book, with the exact veracity of life; making them as real as if we met them in the street or saw them on the boards of the theatre; yet never making them resort to artifice or exceed the bounds of nature. On the whole, I incline to mark Richard Feverel, Meredith's first novel, as his best, excepting Beauchamp's Career. The longer I think of it, also, the more I incline to say that it is essentially a great novel. But in some respects it is not great at all. That very faculty of wonderful literary impersonation, in which Meredith is at times so eminent, utterly forsakes him in many places, where he causes his people to talk in the most artificial way. What, for example, could be more unnatural than that a young man of modern England should, in ordinary conversation, deliver himself of this sentence, ascribed to Richard: "You said it set all your marrow in revolt, — 'fried your marrow,' I think were the words, — and made you see twenty thousand different ways of sliding down to the Grim King"?

It is precisely this sort of alternation from the natural to the unnatural, from high artistic excellence to a disenchanting volubility closely resembling rubbish, that makes Meredith so perplexing a study. On the other hand, we find in Feverel those touches of description, those flashes of epigram, that frequently irradiate even the dullest stretch of his uninspired passages. Algernon Feverel, who had been wounded in the military service, was "possessed, it was said, of the absurd notion that a man who has lost his balance by losing a leg may regain it by sticking to the bottle." In another place, where a colloquy is going on between a tipsy man and Mrs. Berry, the narrator observes: "Their common candle wore with dignity the brigand's hat of midnight, and cocked a drunken eye at them from under it." These quotations evince humor and fancy; but, like many other amusing or pointed touches in Meredith's writing, they are not very well timed. They are dropped in irrelevantly, impede the main interest, and burden the mind with a feeling that it would be very pleasant to attend to all these bright things, if we only had leisure to do so.

Pause a moment, here, to reflect that Meredith's Feverel was drawing near the end of its publication as a serial in Once a Week, when the conductors of that English periodical made a bid for Hawthorne's Marble Faun (then lying finished in MS.), to succeed Meredith's tale. Hawthorne did not accept the offer; but this chance conjunction of the two works in time and place offers an interesting contrast. The romance of the American author, when published, rose to its due place in the monument of his fame which his own genius built for him. The Englishman's novel, published simultaneously, sank into obscurity. The author of it has, nevertheless, gone on working resolutely, although deprived of the incentive of renown, with a confidence and constancy that must have been begotten either by the firm inward sense of a justifying genius, or else by a vast, unshakable conceit. It behooves us to inquire which of these two forces

it was that actuated him. His next novel, Mary Bertrand, is not included in his latest and authoritative edition: we may therefore take up Evan Harrington, which came out in 1861. In that book, the theme is supplied by the fortunes of a young man, the son of a fashionable tailor in Lymport-on-the-Sea, who had been addicted to fashionable and aristocratic associations, gallantry, and debts. At the moment when the drama opens, this glittering but embarrassing father has died. His daughters have married well; one of them being the Portuguese Countess de Saldar. "It was a remarkable thing that these ladies thought no man on earth like their father, and always cited him as the example of a perfect gentleman; and yet they buried him with one mind, and each mounted guard over his sepulchre, to secure his ghost from an airing." Indeed, it is the terror of their lives that their origin will be discovered; that the dead tailor may arise metaphorically and confront them inopportunely amid the surroundings of their new and factitious social dignity. The shadow of this dread rests with especial darkness on the son Evan, who has had a taste of diplomatic life with his brother-in-law, the Count de Saldar, at the court of Lisbon, and has fallen in love with Rose, the daughter of Lady Jocelyn. He has been playing the fine gentleman, without title or money, and on returning to England, in the same ship with Rose, finds himself suddenly swamped, by the death of his father, in a mire of ignoble tailordom and mortification, as the residuary legatee of his father's debts, which he bravely and honorably assumes. It will be seen at once that this posture of affairs points to a fertile field of comedy and pathos; and it must be said without delay that Meredith gathers from it a rich harvest, in places. The trouble is that he has not sufficiently ploughed and tilled the ground. In the midst of the smiling crop, there remain obstinate ledges and fragments of dull stone, or patches of sand.

The story unfolds a large picture of English life in certain of its phases, which is both amusing and instructive; but the author's quick discernment and lifelike delineation are set in such a doughy mass of words that I am reminded of that singular man, Charles Sealsfield, who long ago spread himself over the larger part of the United States in a thin crust of fiction, once greatly lauded, but now forgotten. The same waste of uncommon energy in a dense medium of words, that oppresses the explorer Sealsfield, is a cause for lament in the case of Meredith, who nevertheless has much the more highly endowed mind. The vicissitudes of young Evan Harrington are sketched with great gusto and, at times, with a most entertaining effect. Nothing could be better than the portrait of old Tom Cogglesby, and the account of a meeting between him and his brother Andrew at the Aurora tavern. The human nature is exact; the drawing is broad, yet nice; the tints are mellow; a delicious humor pervades the whole episode. But Evan's vagabond comrade, Jack Raikes, is a total failure. In him we discern the temporary sway of the Dickens star; but none other than Dickens himself could have done justice to this irregular personage. Meredith, in attempting to portray him, is ready enough with words to put into his mouth; but the mimetic or impersonating faculty which I have mentioned does not answer at his call, and Mr. Raikes is all shell and no meat. The Countess de Saldar — a scheming, insincere woman, affecting the airs of foreign nobility, even to her accent in speaking — is very much better rendered; but the recital of her wiles and the extracts from her letters are given at too great length. We know the character when the half has been told, and the added illustration of it becomes a dead-weight. At last the bad tendencies in her are

pushed to an extreme in her sudden amorous advances towards her sister's husband, Andrew. This is done abruptly; so that, while her action may be a logical enough outcome of her character, it appears precipitate, and makes an impression of purely superfluous coarseness. But this is in keeping with the author's prevailing rigorousness in telling the truth at all hazards, even when he has to drag it in by the neck so awkwardly that it seems to be inverted, and looks rather like falsehood. As he elsewhere makes one of his people say, "You parsons and petticoats must always mince the meat to hash the fact," so he is resolved not to mince matters himself, even though, as a consequence, he should inflict indigestion upon us. In this pushing of his characters to an extreme, and his remorseless amplification of their attributes, he also betrays his overmastering impulse to make them absolute types. Obeying it, he makes of "Mrs. Mel" Harrington, Evan's mother, an iron female, repulsive in her hard constancy to her humble position as the widow of the defunct tailor. She it was who, for long years, had endured in silence the follies and infidelities of her showy husband. Naturally enough, she became hardened. She does not weep for her husband's death. Her sole motive is to face the debts, and make her son carry on business at the shop; while his love for Rose, his ambition, and the Countess are all tugging at him to withdraw from the smirching connection with "trade." Mrs. Mel in reality would be a pathetic figure; but Meredith admits no hint of that likelihood. In his hands, she is purely an embodiment of harsh duty and fatefulness. Distinct and tangible she certainly is, in this aspect, as much so as the contact with cold metal. But it may be doubted whether she is humanly true. You may mould examples of the perfect sphere in the form of billard-balls, and by means of those unresisting bodies may illustrate geometric and dynamic laws on the green table; but you will not stir the heart by doing so. Neither can you move the heart, nor produce a conviction of deep veracity, by playing off against one another, in fiction, characters which are simply hard, unmalleable bodies, representing a single passion or idea. More than this, Meredith is open to the charge of compelling a character, for the sake of effect, into a most unlikely and unmanly position; as when he makes Evan claim the authorship of an anonymous letter, really written by the countess, — a letter reflecting upon another woman's honor, and calling her husband's notice to a flirtation which his wife, Mrs. Evremonde, is carrying on with a young man. Evan temporarily blasts his own character by asserting to Lady Jocelyn, the mother of his affianced wife, that he wrote this contemptible letter. He does so in order to shield his tricky sister, and is unable to give any reason for his supposed epistolary effort. But, as Lady Jocelyn remarks, "when one *can't* discern a motive, it 's natural to ascribe certain acts to madness." And so we must ascribe Mr. Meredith's manipulation of Evan to a kind of madness. These things should be left to the melodrama, where there is no escape from the exactions of climax and curtain, and where *outré* proceedings are more admissible. But they are perhaps the inevitable result of Mr. Meredith's inclination to assume arbitrary control of his characters, and make them represent or do whatever he pleases.

Apparently conscious of this, he pauses at one point to say, "You may think the Comic Muse is straining human nature rather toughly in making the Countess de Saldar rush, open-eyed, into the jaws of Demogorgon, dreadful to her," — which, by the way, is an instance of unduly inflated language, to which he is prone. Now his Muse (of whom he has a great deal to say, in the course of his works) *does* strain human nature

very frequently. It would be well for him could he observe better the maxim laid down in his own poem, entitled The Two Masks : —

> " For this the Comic Muse demands of creatures
> Appealing to the fount of tears : that they
> *Strive never to outleap our human features,*
> *And do Right Reason's ordinance obey.*"

I am afraid that Mr. Meredith's creatures are not scrupulous in obeying the ordinance of reason. By this I do not mean to blame them for unreasonableness in the ordinary sense, for that is a state which all human beings are liable to fall into. What I wish to convey is, that his characters sometimes " outleap our human features," and fail to conform to the laws of nature.

But, on the same page where he tries to excuse his " straining," the author redeems himself with a witticism concerning the countess : " The Countess de Saldar, like other adventurers, has her star. They who possess nothing on earth have a right to claim a portion of the heavens. Much may be done with a star."

In spite of all its defects, Evan Harrington contains more ingenuity of plot and is better constructed than most of its author's novels. A robust, rollicking humor pervades portions of it ; and the chapter in which " Old Mel's " daughters have to " digest their father at dinner " — plainly speaking, suffer an exposure of their plebeian origin, at a brilliant dinner-party — is not only fine, spirited, and strong, but is also rendered tonic by a dash of searching satire. In this mixture of the bluff, sportive tone with wholesome castigation of shams, and with the intermittent moralizing or discourse about his personages, which Meredith allows himself, we may, I think, accurately detect the occult control of Dickens and Thackeray, side by side. Not that the more recent writer is imitative of either ; but he seems to have incorporated with his own singular and independent genius elements from the same sources on which those great but unlike masters drew.

In Evan Harrington, epigram, as usual, sparkles from the flint of even the most obdurate parts of the narrative ; and we come now and then upon refreshing little oases of description. He paints, for instance, a whole night-scene with these few words : " The white highway, beneath a moon that walked high and small over marble clouds." Again, in the landscape of the picnic episode, he happily touches in " a bending birch, which rose three-stemmed from the root, and hung a noiseless green shower over the basin of green it shadowed." Then there is the little brook at Beckley Park, the representation of which in words is so charming that it may well be partly quoted here : " The dive could be taken to a paved depth, and you swam out over a pebbly bottom into sunlight, screened by the thick-weeded banks, loose-strife, and willow-herb, and mint nodding over you, and in the later season long-plumed yellow grasses." Here Rose loved to walk at night ; and Evan's window overlooked the spot. " The view was sweet and pleasant to him, for all the babbling of the water was of Rose," — how Tennysonian this, in music and expression ! — " and winding in and out, to east, to north, it wound to embowered hopes in the lover's mind, to tender dreams ; and often at dawn, when dressing, his restless heart embarked on it, and sailed into havens, the phantom joys of which colored his life for him all the day. But most he loved to look across it when the light fell. . . . The faint blue beam of a star chained all his longings, charmed his sorrows to sleep."

We now approach two of the novels which, although Rhoda Fleming intervened between them, belong together. Emilia in England (which, in the new edition, is put forth as Sandra Belloni) is really no more than the first part of

a very extended recital, completed in the later story entitled Vittoria. In many respects they are very characteristic of Meredith; yet it must be confessed that they present a substance almost impossible to analyze. How any one ever came to conceive these tales, to what purpose they were directed in his own mind, why he should be at the pains to gather in one group so heterogeneous a lot of characters, and how he commanded the patience to pursue the threads of their actions and emotions, I am at a loss to guess. Briefly, these two books, taken all in all, are frightfully dull. Emilia (whose real name is Sandra Belloni), having an English mother, is first depicted as a woman with a wonderful voice, that augurs a great career for her as a public singer. But she is in England; she is undeveloped; and, above all, the main energies of her nature are devoted to the cause of Italian emancipation. She is sympathetic and self-sacrificing; is susceptible to love, also; and touches, at various points, the domestic history of her English friends. Two Englishmen love her; one of them, Wilfrid Pole, selfishly, and not quite worthily. The other, Merthyr Powys, spends his fortune and risks his life in the cause of freedom for Italy. But, while she apparently encourages both these men, she really does not love either of them absolutely. Wilfrid is unworthy of her, and she severs herself from Merthyr by accepting an engagement to go into training for an operatic career, under the auspices and at the cost of one Antonio Pericles, who worships her voice, and only her voice. This sacrifice is made by her, in order to obtain from the rich Pericles a sum of ready money for the relief of certain English friends who are in acute financial need. At this point, Emilia (or Sandra Belloni) ends. But in Vittoria we find the same heroine, now in Italy, masquerading under the name of Vittoria, and acting as an Italian conspiratress, who, in her guise of *débutante* at the opera, is to give the signal for revolt by singing a song with the refrain "Italia shall be free!" — which has not been submitted to the Austrian censor of the stage in Milan. The situation is strong; one expects all sorts of inspiring results from this beginning. But, with the broad champaign of the Italian revolutionary epoch open before him, Mr. Meredith fails to realize our hopes. Emilia, Vittoria, or Sandra, has a great deal to say; and her two former English lovers, Wilfrid and Merthyr, are present; the first serving as an officer in the Austrian army, the second being still at her beck in aiding Italian patriotism. She uses them both: forcing Wilfrid, through her fascinations, to betray his trusts as an Austrian officer, until he is broken and degraded from his rank; and leaving Merthyr to serve her faithfully on the Italian side, while she marries Count Carlo, a native Italian patriot, with whom she lives not very happily. The idea which the writer wished to convey was, I suppose, that a woman so entirely given up to the liberation of her native land as Emilia, or Vittoria, is conceived to have been must forego the happiness of a genuine and complete union with any man. She destroyed the careers of her two English devotees, for the sake of Italy; but when she married Count Carlo, she also sacrificed herself, because it turned out that her husband and herself were not wholly in unison, and that he did not trust her even in conspiracies for Italian freedom. Because he did not trust her, he lost his life in a futile revolt, and she was left to mourn him inconsolably. The lesson seems to be, For freedom and country everything must be sacrificed, even the love and the hopes of all individual patriots.

But if this be the meaning of these two novels, it surely might have been conveyed in much less space than Mr. Meredith has used. And he has filled

the space, to the very horizon, with such a cloud of characters and so bewildering a mist of universal talkativeness that it is hard work to extract even this much of meaning from the thousand pages which are appropriated to the chosen theme. The best piece of portraiture discoverable in this two-part tragedy is the delineation of Barto Rizzi, the powerful, restless, mysterious Italian conspirator, of noble birth, relentless towards the treacherous, and suspecting everybody. This figure is worthy of Balzac; but, unhappily, it is not fully developed. Still, when one looks back at these novels, and gives them the benefit of a liberal perspective, the character of Emilia (or Sandra, or Vittoria) comes out strongly, in a large coherence that embraces and atones for many minor inconsistencies and, it may be added, for capital faults. It is under circumstances like these, when he is wrestling with the adversity of his own mistakes, that Meredith's great power of representing types comes to his rescue.

Vittoria's friend, Laura Piaveni, the widow of an Italian soldier-martyr, is also a remarkable study of the feminine nature. A vital creature she is, — pure and sweet by native bias, but charged with tenderness, passion, memory, revenge, and tears and smiles, as the atmosphere of earth is charged with the mingled or conflicting potencies of sunshine, thunder, and gentle rain. Charles Reade was an adept in the knowledge and depicture of many feminine traits; but, despite his wiry alertness of observation and his consummate nimbleness in conveying his perceptions, the women whom Reade drew were cut a good deal according to one pattern. They are genuine, so far as they go; but they excite just a suspicion of clever mechanism, actuating their verisimilitude. One sometimes feels that their quick glances, the rising and falling of their eyelids, — nay, the heaving of the bosom itself, and the fountain of bright tears, — are under the control of cunning springs, or valves and pulleys. It is not so with Meredith. His female characters may be far less interesting, to the popular eye; but they are absolutely real and unimpeachably spontaneous. One is aware of a depth in them as hard to fathom as the sky is; endlessly palpitating like the sky, too, with shifting colors and mysterious light and darkness; unresting, yet steadfast as the firmament. Moreover, Meredith's women are very acutely and wonderfully differentiated; being strongly individual, as well as types. Another thing especially to be noted about them is, that they are not merely images of women as seen from the masculine point of view. Thackeray, Dickens, Hawthorne, Reade, — in fact, nearly all male novelists, excepting Balzac, perhaps, — however penetrating their insight or comprehensive their seizure of feminine character may be, leave upon their portraiture of women a trace of the process by which they have grasped the subject. They still seem to stand on the outside of it. I hardly think that even Mr. Howells should be excepted. Meredith, on the contrary, appears to identify himself with the women created by him; and here, again, he becomes in so far Shakespearean. Rhoda Fleming, an entirely English story, dealing with life in Kent and London, contains some telling examples of this quality. The elder sister, Dahlia, who comes to grief; her honest but too harshly upright sister, Rhoda; and the enigmatic, tricksy, but sincerely and consistently inconsistent Mrs. Lovell, are all extraordinarily vigorous and veracious creations. Read the chapter called The Expiation, and that other headed Dahlia's Frenzy, and see whether you do not agree that Meredith is a master of feminine nature. "The young man who can look on them we call fallen women with a noble eye," says the author, "is to my mind he that is most nobly begotten of the race, and likeliest to be the sire of a noble line."

That sentence sounds the spiritual key-note of the novel, Rhoda Fleming. There is nothing mawkish, nothing false, in the author's treatment of the most difficult of all problems that can be presented to the art of fiction. Far from that, Rhoda Fleming is one of the best balanced works, in this respect, that it has been my fortune to meet with. Justice is meted out on all sides, impartially; but it is the justice, not of theory, but of nature's law and logic. The errors of the sundry personages, good or bad, return upon them in consequences that are unerring. This is not pleasant for the personages of the tale, and therefore will not be pleasant for those readers who like to have terrible realities served up in fiction with cream and sugar. If the critic may be pardoned for acknowledging his possible fallibility or want of nerve, he will admit that it is hard to be perfectly sure that Meredith, in this case, has not cleaved too austerely close to the pitiless line of fact. He sends home each rivet, in his fearful demonstration of natural law acting on the life of men and women, as with a clang of iron. Nevertheless, the springs of pity and terror are unsealed, though it may be that the author has to drive an artesian well in order to reach them. Rhoda Fleming is a very grim book; but I should be unable to acquit myself before conscience were I to omit saying that it is also a great book, and for direct narrative and dramatic power ranks among the foremost of its author's works. Even the evanescent sketch of Mrs. Fleming, the mother of Dahlia and Rhoda, devoted to her flower-garden and her girls, is admirable; and their father, Farmer Fleming, is another portrait as solid, true, and living as a head by Franz Hals, or Bonnât, or our American Vinton. The rural low comedy is also excellently given in the fat, affectionate farm-cook, Mrs. Sumfit, "whose waist was dimly indicated by her apron-string," and her kindness was as exuberant as her person; likewise in the old farm-hand, Master Gammon, "an old man with the cast of eye of an antediluvian lizard." Gammon was fond of dumplings at dinner; and on an occasion when important news was to be deferred until the end of that meal, Mrs. Sumfit impatiently asked him, "When *do* you think you 'll have done, Mas' Gammon?" "He half raised his ponderous, curtaining eyelids, and replied, 'When I feels my buttons, marm.'"

I am not contending that Rhoda Fleming is great as a work of art; the truth being that it is marred by the same diffuseness which has always interposed as a barrier between Meredith and the public, by muffling the clear sound of his best notes, which carry an indubitable ring of greatness in thought and perception. Disproportion and tediousness are his besetting sins. In the closing chapters of Rhoda Fleming, however, he throws off these incumbrances. To speak tersely, he "comes down to business," and reveals an ability in condensed, rapid, nervous narrative which makes him the equal of Charles Reade where Reade is at his best. There is no blinking this ability. The evidence of it is found again in certain passages of Harry Richmond and of Beauchamp's Career. In Harry Richmond, the want of proportion is once more painfully felt; yet there, too, we find magnificent studies of character, massive — monolithic, if the term be allowable — as though they had been hewn out of solid rock. Such are Harry himself; his father, Richmond Roy, the motive of whose life is his claim to bastard royal descent; choleric old Squire Beltham; his niece Janet; and that woman of ideal grandeur and sweetness, Princess Ottilia. All the earlier part of the book, which relates to Harry's boyhood, schooldays, and boyish loves as described by himself, is fascinating beyond description. Everything that occurs seems to have happened to ourselves. For the time being

we live in his world, and there seems to be no other world at all, in our experience. But this illusion does not last. The story breaks down utterly, in the middle. Continual hammering on one line of effect dulls the edge. The length of the narrative, too, the multitude of persons introduced, and their all but endless involvements tax the attention beyond endurance. Yet the unabated energy with which old Roy, gradually developing into insanity in his schemes for recognition by the royal family, is kept before us, stimulates even a tired brain; and Harry's slow evolution from blind love and worship of his father to a perception of his really worthless, erratic, and scoundrelly character shoots through the whole an intensely vivid and pathetic ray of light. A sort of indirect advocacy of republicanism is perhaps discernible in the book. The pretense of royalty caricatured in the representative of a bastard line; the disgrace and humiliation which it brought upon Harry; and his final reconciliation with Janet, as the true union between equals, seem to point in this direction. But, on the other side, we have Ottilia, the German princess, sincerely loving and appreciating the hero, and representing in her own person the genuine royalty, which is of the heart and soul, while conventional royalty is a mere mask or husk. But this forms only a minor interest; hardly felt, as the book stands, until the very end. The main interest lies in the great, turbulent human drama which is exhibited; and of this the din and tumult swell to such a degree that, towards the close, one feels as if his brain were assailed by the harmonic din of one of Wagner's stupendous operas. I am not alone, am perhaps even one of the majority, now, in subscribing to a belief in Wagner's mastering genius. Perhaps I may have larger company by and by than, I fear, can be enjoyed at present, in the recognition of Meredith's greatness. The temptation is strong to quote, in this place, old Jorian's observation to Harry Richmond's father: "You have genius and courage out of proportion, and you are a dead failure, Roy!" One might address these words to Meredith, not inaptly. Yet that would not be wholly fair, because, instead of being a dead failure, he is a live one, with a possibility of some day stalking out into the broad light of success, bestowed by the more thoughtful class of readers. His failure thus far is no doubt due to his deficient art; but his merits call for mercy, and will probably obtain it. I have marked dozens of passages in Harry Richmond, for quotation; but they cannot be given here, for want of space, and I must content myself with a reference to the tremendous invective of Squire Beltham (page 497 *et seq.*), as instancing the writer's signal faculty of throwing himself into an alien character and speaking from fictitious lips with unlimited vehemence. I remember hearing an eminent Cambridge poet say, in conversation, that modern literature could not produce bursts of impassioned language like those of the Elizabethan dramatists, because modern life had become too refined and circumspect to admit of our writers being familiar with such extremes of utterance. But here, in Meredith, there seems to be a piece of proof to the contrary.

In all of Meredith's books there is a certain element of irrelevancy and inconsequence. He is apparently not quite sure of his purpose, or else loses touch of his fundamental conception, if he have one. Some of his chief persons are flighty: at all events, they have a strong tendency to run away from the situation when it becomes embarrassing, and to kite around the Continent or the globe, in extensive travels, by way of relieving their surcharged minds. This trick of theirs grows rather tiresome; but I suppose it answers to some kindred quality in their creator's genius. However this may be, the novel entitled

Beauchamp's Career is one of Meredith's best productions; and the central personage is one of the inconsequent, erratic kind, although he believes that he has a fixed purpose, and tries to serve it. The author warns us, in the beginning, that his book has no plot; and this is something of a relief, because, to say truth, Meredith is not an adept in handling plots. Beauchamp's Career, then, is a novel without a plot, as Vanity Fair was a novel without a hero. In the present instance, Meredith says, "The exhibition of a hero whom circumstances overcome, and who does not weep or ask you for a tear, who continually forfeits attractiveness by declining to better his own fortunes, must run the chances of a novelty." The hero proceeds to run these chances forthwith, and, to my thinking at least, he wins the goal of triumph. Anything more engaging than the impetuous generosity and bravery of Beauchamp it would be hard to imagine. This youth begins by trying to challenge all France to a single combat, in defense of the honor of England, at the time when invasion is threatened by the generals of Napoleon III. Later, he falls in love with a French girl, Renée, and takes up arms intellectually against his own country, on account of the insular narrowness and injustice that he discovers there. This new combat, in turn, engages all his energies; and, after distinguishing himself as a hero in the Crimean war, he plunges into politics at home, as a radical and the friend of the workingman, — at the temporary cost of ruining his worldly prospects with the wealthy earl who brought him up and meant to advance his fortunes. He nearly kills himself in working for the workingman; and he is in love with, or tries to marry, three several women, at different times. But when Renée, after marrying a French gentleman, runs away from him, and comes to London to throw herself into the arms of Beauchamp, he holds to the part of an honorable man by a tremendous struggle, and restores her to her husband by a masterly and considerate manipulation of circumstances, which leaves her reputation as intact as his own honor and honesty are. Conceptions like this are by no means common in fiction, and the ability to carry them out effectively is still more unusual. But this is by no means the whole of Beauchamp's Career. The young man, with all his faults and divagations, and with what his creator calls his "rocket-mind," is a hero, first and last. With such a hero, so generous, so genuine, so headlong in his enthusiasm, yet so self-contained, what need of a fixed plot? There is plot enough, however, — the plot of actual life. The story is consummately real, and the conclusion, succinct though it be, is deeply touching. It is a thoroughly manly book, but the women in it are as remarkable and commendable for truth as the central man is. One must search a long time in the masterpieces of fiction for a woman so complex, so natural, so wonderfully portrayed, as Rosamund Culling, who loves Nevil Beauchamp with a mingling of mother's and sister's love, and watches over him constantly.

These few words do no justice to Beauchamp's Career. But The Egoist may be passed in fewer words, without doing it any wrong. The Egoist is Meredith's worst novel: an inflated, obese, elephantine comedy, which is not comic. The idea of a rich young Englishman, so absorbed in himself that his egotism crops out offensively in the midst of his love-making with three different women, and keeps him hesitating, and them in suspense, as to which one he will marry, is amusing in a way. But Meredith's treatment of this theme is not only unutterably fatiguing, but also becomes revolting. I shall make but one quotation from this book, merely as an example of needlessly hideous metaphor: "Women whose bosoms can be tombs, if we

and the world allow them to be, absolute sepulchres, where you lie dead, ghastly. . . . You are no better than a rotting wretch to the world that does not have peeps of you in the woman's breast. . . . There are women that have embalmed you, and have quitted the world to keep the tapers alight; and a stranger comes, and they who have your image before them will suddenly blow out the vestal flames, and treat you as dust *to fatten the garden of their bosoms* for a fresh flower of love." Can any one wonder that readers, coming upon such enormities as this, should close the book, and refuse, henceforth, to read Meredith? Although he does not ordinarily offend so grossly, it is no more than fair to give warning here that he frequently makes a desert of his pages, by the sand-storm of his words; that he lets his characters diverge into by-ways of irrelevant talk; and that he wears out the mental tympanum with a variation of dull or sharp reports, caused by the intermittent explosions of his own accumulated philosophy and wisdom. If Mr. Meredith only knew when he or we had got enough of a good thing, both parties to the affair would be much better off.

In Diana of The Crossways, he has attempted, with partial success, to do something different from his usual line. He has, in fact, attempted to make himself popular. As a consequence, the book has, I believe, made better headway with the public than any of its predecessors; and yet there could hardly be a more convincing proof of the futility of the effort made by the author to render himself popular, than that which is supplied by this production. He has chosen a pure, beautiful, gifted, and dazzlingly brilliant woman as his heroine; he has put her through a severe matrimonial, amatory, and emotional experience, and matched her at last with a strong, patient, sturdy, yet sensitive type of man who is quite worthy of her. He titillates the impure appetite of readers by introducing scandal and divorce proceedings. It may be that these elements have served to give the novel an impetus; but they do not make it genuinely popular. His way of telling the story is, in the main, as excellent as he knows how to fashion it, — direct, dramatic, vivacious. Has he lowered himself, by this appeal to the mob? I cannot think so, although a friend, in whose judgment I have much confidence, assures me that Meredith *has* lowered himself, here. My friend puts it that Meredith has for years been playing on a great, resonant, piercing instrument, which produced sounds that struck the popular ear as discord. In Diana of The Crossways, he consents to insert a mute in his trumpet, and thereby agrees to compromise by pleasing the multitude with a muted resonance. I don't think this is quite true. Meredith's attempt is in the right direction. It is his duty to catch the general ear, if he can; and he has tried to do so, without letting himself down. Diana of The Crossways bubbles, sparkles, effervesces, with the customary Meredithean scintillating foam; and it is more direct and conversational than most of his novels. But it betrays in the author the same inability to hold his hand, after the final, effective touch has been given; and it is marred by the exuberance of fanciful imagery and the excess of half-poetical phraseology that suffuse all of Meredith's novels with a flush of over-excitement, resembling that of hysteria. It may not be amiss to cite here a startling instance of Meredith's cumbrous style, taken from the first page of Diana: "The promptness to laugh is an excellent progenitorial foundation for the wit to come in a people; and undoubtedly the diarial record of an imputed piece of wit is witness to the spouting of laughter." This may be capped by a quotation from The Egoist: "'Horace is an excellent fellow,' said Willoughby, wise in the Book which bids us ever, for an assuagement, to fancy

our friend's condition worse than our own, and recommends the deglutition of irony as the most balsamic for wounds in the whole moral pharmacopœia." Such is the tough sort of useless writing which the reader of Meredith must be prepared to face, at every turn.

Probably two or three volumes could be compiled of Gems or Beauties of Meredith, owing to the prodigality with which he flings epigram and apothegm into the trenches. It is impossible, in the limited space of this article, to give any adequate idea of his wealth in this respect. He lavishes, too, his utmost riches of color, of epithet and characterization upon the most unimportant persons and passages, without considering the cost. In a word, he is extravagant. He spends where spending is not needed. Does he do it for show? Perhaps. It should seem that he wishes us to consider him a Monte Cristo of novelists, whose resources are endless. But the result is satiety. There are people who pin together those pages of French novels which they do not wish their children to read; and probably these particular pages excite the liveliest curiosity of all. But there are many pages of Meredith which could be pinned together without arousing any curiosity in the reader thus debarred from them. The novels would read just as well — in fact, better — without them. Meredith is one of those men so determined to be original that he virtually declares, "I will mark off a ground here for my own." He marks it off, and, instead of originality, he finds himself surrounded by isolation. He does not really need to take this precaution; and he is to blame for the luckless result. Naturally, he is original enough; but he emphasizes his distinction by using an involved, tortuous style, and interrupting his story at all points for the sake of exploiting his own acumen. He is the Robert Browning of prose, and suffers oppression and misunderstanding, because of the involutions and wanton copiousness of his own style. Style is what his English friends have praised him for. They say there is no such master of English living. But then no one else would wish to be master of such a style as Meredith's, — so clumsy, at times ungrammatical, often affected and wearisome. The English critics praise him for exactly that thing in which he is weak; because mere command of words, hurled forth in a bewildering medley, is certainly not "style." But they fail to praise him for his mighty grasp of character, his subtle and pervasive insight into all phases and grades of human nature, his faculty of literary impersonation and of embodying types, which makes him Shakespearean; not, I grant, a Shakespeare in full play, lucid and free, but a writer who at moments unmasks guns of the largest pattern, and, though not a Shakespeare in action, is a Shakespearean writer at rest. The difference is very great; but then, also, the partial resemblance is well worth considering.

A cardinal fault in Meredith's novels is that they are lame in movement. He lacks, on the whole, narrative and dramatic skill, although he shows, in places, that he can command it. He is too much like a biographer. We look for a novelist, and find an annalist. The mere bulkiness of his novels cannot wholly account for our disappointment; because some of George Eliot's books are just as bulky, but do not oppress us so severely by their size. The difficulty consists rather, I think, in the fact that Meredith tries to give an epic largeness to every history that he undertakes. The result is a want of proportion; just as it is when painters choose a canvas too large for their composition, or, conversely, paint figures which are too large for the canvas on which they are placed. This was the case with Madox Brown's Work, and with the Rest of George Watts (exhibited in this coun-

try two years ago). It was also the case with some of the Russian Verestchagine's early paintings. The effect of disproportion found in these paintings of the Russian, and of two English artists representing a certain school, meets with a curious correspondence in the disproportion of Meredith. We discover the same thing again in Tolstoï's Anna Karenina. Russian and English! It is curious that these two peoples, so opposed politically, should develop the same uncouth disproportion artistically. One does not perceive the defect in Daudet or Zola, however heavy their outlines or gross their delineation may be. They, at least, preserve the sense of proportion.

In Tolstoï the waste of space and material is less annoying, because it seems to proceed from unsophistication. Meredith sins like Tolstoï; but it is not through unsophistication. Nor is it through willfulness entirely, but rather by the weakness of a too great self-consciousness, the pride of a brilliant, superior mind, which wants to make itself instantly felt by squandering superfluous treasures of diction and of sententious statement, instead of waiting to be slowly recognized at last. The crudities and disproportion in Meredith seem, at first glance, to ally him with the extreme so-called Realists, who believe that nature stunted and dwarfed is truer than nature carried to the largest development. He says, somewhere, "Romances are the destruction of human interest." But, in fact, Meredith, while realistic in certain ways, is highly romantic. He never hesitates to give a free rein to the impulses of human nature, however sentimental or extravagant they may be. He is also very romantic in his manner of heightening effects and idealizing emotions or actions. Possibly it is just this mixture of the two tendencies in him which has led to his missing popular approbation in his day. He is like a richly freighted boat that, launched on an eddy formed by the meeting of two rivers, is stranded at the very point of junction, and loses the momentum of both currents. This opinion of him I wrote among my notes long before I came upon the following passage in Beauchamp's Career, where the author, digressing for a moment, speaks of his own method, and says, "My way is like a Rhone island in the summer drought, stony, unattractive, and difficult *between the two streams of the unreal and the over-real*, which delight mankind — honor to the conjurers! My people conquer nothing, win none; they are actual, yet uncommon. It is the clock-work of the brain that they are directed to set in motion, and — poor troop of actors to vacant benches! — the conscience residing in thoughtfulness which they would appeal to; and if you are impervious to them, we are lost; back I go to my wilderness, where, as you perceive, I have contracted the habit of listening to my own voice more than is good." By the unreal, as the context shows, Meredith means "characters contemptibly beneath us," — which is his way of stigmatizing so-called Realism. I find in this utterance corroboration of my view of Meredith; namely, that he occupies a ground midway between the Realists and Romanticists. That he uses a peculiar style, unnecessarily repellent to the average reader, and indicative of a desire to indulge in verbal gymnastics, is not conclusive against him. The style of Robert Louis Stevenson is just as peculiar, in its way, — just as foreign to current habits of speech, and frequently very affected; yet Stevenson has won a wide popularity, and, oddly enough, stands forth as the man who triumphed with his New Arabian Nights, whereas Meredith long ago failed in his Shagpat imitation of Oriental story. There exists an elusive quality, a charm, which Meredith has not caught. He reviews and commands a broader range, a larger battalion of human characters, than came

within Thackeray's ken; he is far more sincere and trustworthy in his delineation of human nature than Dickens was; he understands women more radically than Charles Reade did. He is inferior to Balzac in the impartial yet sympathetic rendering of human individualities; and he manifests a much deeper and larger mind than that of Stevenson, who is excellent and popular. But, on the other hand, he is devoid of that exquisite, profound, reserved tenderness which made Thackeray, with his narrower range of characters and less titanic grasp, a greater soul and a finer artist.

What, then, are we to conclude? A critic who sets out to compare one creative writer with others is in much the same position as a juggler, who, having thrown one silvered ball into the air, projects other silvered balls after it, and keeps the whole group of glittering spheres in such constant motion that the spectators soon lose all sense of the object with which he began. It is possible that the juggler himself might forget the identity of the particular orb which he first tossed up to view. Let us, therefore, abandon comparisons, and hold fast to Meredith while we have him between our fingers. Meredith is simply Meredith, and we must take him as he is. Popularity is not an infallible test of merit. The Bible and the plays of Shakespeare — one an inspired work, the other, as the phrase goes, uninspired — are read, understood, and loved by all kinds and conditions of men. Browning, Landor, and Meredith are not. The particular disciples of Browning, Landor, and Meredith claim that to understand and love these authors implies a faculty of appreciation above that of ordinary mankind. Briefly, they make a cult; they rely upon an asserted superiority in themselves; they cultivate an egotism which, perhaps, their favorite authors prompt and share. I am unable to make common cause with these devotees, for the reason that, it seems to me, the primary object of writing for publication is that the writer should make himself understood by the public. If he be in advance of his time, or if he have revelations to impart for which the world is not ripe, or a manner of viewing things which is not yet in vogue, he has a hard task before him. The harder the task, by so much will it be harder for him to master the resources of art in such a way as to make his meaning clear, and the mode of its expression attractive. In this process, Meredith has, on the whole, distinctly failed. He ought not to be condemned on that account, nor should he be extravagantly praised for failing in this particular. There are mountains which we all admire, at a distance: they may be verdured heights or craggy snow-peaks. Worthy of admiration though we may think them as features in the landscape, few of us care to climb them; and if we make the attempt, it is likely enough that, before we have gone halfway, we shall regret our effort. Our shoes are injured; our eyes are blinded by the dazzle of the snow; we are troubled by the crevasses and the length of the route, and wish we were at home again. But if we hold out and gain the frosty summit, we discover a satisfaction in the circumstance that we have climbed, and in the new view that we command. So it is, I think, in scaling the rugged heights of Meredith's novels. If we persist in mounting to the places whither they lead, we shall at least have learned something of Meredith, and of the world, from his point of view. That which we have learned will enable us to judge him afterwards, not by scraps and particles, but by the large, mountainous scale on which he is built.

George Parsons Lathrop.

THE DESPOT OF BROOMSEDGE COVE.

III.

THE energy of a persecutor for conscience' sake is a robust endowment. Untrammeled by the sense of any personal shortcomings, by flouting doubts, or extenuations, or denials; devoid of compassion or sympathy; insistent, blind, unreasoning, it affords unique opportunity for the display of consistency.

Teck Jepson, as he strode along the red clay road toward the purple slopes, to meet a dun-colored mist rolling down from the black cloud, bore a strong heart within him, and the testimony of a conscience essentially his own. He encountered rebuke, or doubt, or remonstrance of those trudging on in company by the stalwart declaration, "Ez the Lord bade me, so I did act!" His manner implied a fierce elation, and his tall massive figure, his free strong gait, his erect head, were conspicuous in the midst of his more slouching companions. He flung the sonorous phrase over his shoulder, heedless whether it were answered or how, and often the interlocutor was silenced by this assumption of a subtly delegated authority. But there sometimes ensued excited argument among the portion of the congregation that chanced to go his way. In it he took no part; now and again he lifted his voice in the final chant of the meeting, "Grace is mine; I hev got my sheer!" joining the refrain, as it was sung afar off amongst groups wending northward or southward. Sometimes only a white-covered wagon was visible in the distance on some high slope, rounding a precipitous curve at the verge, and then disappearing in the dense foliage; and again the presence of the dispersing worshipers was merely intimated by the song rising faint and far from the deep coverts of the mountain, mournfully ringing from crag to crag, and now and then accentuated by a crash of thunder.

Often the comments assumed the third person, so imperatively did his manner imply the withdrawal of his attention: "I say, 'Ez the Lord bid him'! Shucks! The Lord ain't studyin' 'bout Teck Jepson," declared Joe Bassett, one of the horsemen who had watched the scene from the defile. "The Lord hev fairly furgot the critter war ever created," he continued, thus arrogating also intimations from above. "An' hyar 's Teck jes' a-settin' back an' purtendin' ter be gifted with wisdom from on high!"

He swung his feet in a disparaging manner in and out of his stirrup-irons, and rolled about in the saddle with an air burlesquing exaggerated importance. He was a tall, good-looking fellow, with a bronzed face and "sandy" hair and beard.

But when Parson Donnard rode by, the respect for Teck Jepson's views was enhanced by the reminder of the pastor's acquiescence. He cast his excited light gray eye upon Jepson. The young man glanced up, — not with the manner of seeking countenance or needing support; it was with the confident expectation of approval that he said, "Ez the Lord bade me, so I did act."

"Follow the voice of the Lord, brother," responded the parson's deep bass tones, and so he rode on.

He had an ascetic visage, with a hollow temple, a thin hooked nose, a long, firm upper lip that closed with a fixed expression upon the lower, which was equally as thin and straight. He was keen on doctrinal points, and had severely elective theories as to admission through the golden gates. In fact, heaven would be somewhat deserted and sorry as a final resort, if Parson Don-

nard's passport were essential. He drove a hard bargain in salvation, and there were those of his flock who feebly sought to resign themselves to damnation, so imminent did it seem under his ministration. He rode a big gray mule, that lifted him high above his people, amongst whom he deftly threaded in and out. His progress was unlike that of the ox-wagons; the burly teams, with their swinging gait to and fro, preëmpted the narrow spaces of the red clay road, and caused the passing pedestrians to betake themselves to the heavily gullied slopes on either side. Numbers of dogs, partakers in all mountain excursions, trotted demurely along under the wagon-beds, or followed close at their masters' heels. More than once a terrible forked blue flash of lightning rent the clouds, with a simultaneous detonation, significant and sinister. Some tree on the heights had been struck, but only the horses were restive. The women sat, unmarking, crowding the wagons, mostly elderly, slouching forms; here and there one, young and slender, rode behind her cavalier on horseback. The rain fell in large, heavy drops, then ceased, and the primitive procession wended its way, under the black clouds, toward the great steeps. It had gradually dwindled, and the horsemen were far in advance of the others, when Teck Jepson turned into the ragged little bridle-path that led up the mountain. He could distinguish, as he stood here alone, far along the curves of the road, figures whose guise was in some way familiar to him, and thus to be recognized. They suggested to him pilgrims and strangers journeying through life in forlorn and mournful ways. The mountains towered above. A great bird, buffeted by the rising wind, was fain to drift with it across the black sky. The river's reflection of a flash of lightning, writhing through the valley, betokened the presence of the watercourse among the timber; and suddenly the clouds began visibly to descend, shred by the wind, and here and there slanting into myriads of lines of rain. A hesitating drop fell upon the wide brim of his hat, and then the world was lost in the tumultuous downpour. Naught could be seen but its serried, dun-colored fibres, save when the lightning flashed through, revealing vague shapes of looming mountain, or rock, or forest. In one of these illuminations, Teck Jepson, walking blindly on, came to a place that he knew. He turned aside, and climbed up a rugged slope toward a great sandstone cliff which jutted out so far that the space beneath must be dry, he knew, while the wind held to its mood. He kept along the sides of the sheer sandstone walls for a time, helping himself by the outspread boughs of the laurel or a pendent vine, till suddenly a great rift in the rock was at hand. He could see its jagged edge beetling high above; could hear amidst the stormy dash of the rain the slow patter of the drops, falling by twos and threes from the eaves-like ledges. A tall bull-weed, that swung, purple and burly, among the rocks, was dry, and as he turned into the great niche, chill and white and sheltered, he saw that others had sought the refuge before him. In the depths within a child was standing, and a young girl sat upon a ledge, a great dog beside her, her elbow on her knee, her chin in her hand, her eyes fixed on the surging storm without. His cursory glance made sure only that she was a stranger. He hardly noted her start of surprise, her intent gaze suddenly fixed upon him, her murmured response to his succinct salutation, "Howdy!" He sank down on a boulder that lay near the entrance, leaning back against the ledge above, his elbow on it, and supporting his head in his hand. He, too, looked out at the rain surging before the entrance, enveloping all the world in its dim and misty veil; the bull-weed swayed; the drops that fell on the stone flooring, as it were, of the cleft rebounded slightly, sprang

into the air, shimmered with a steely glitter, and fell once more. The roar, the aggregated accentuation of every separate drop, was a distinct sound, easily distinguishable from the swirling frenzy of the wind, or the mutter of the thunder, or the turmoil of the noisy rills summoned into existence by the conformation of the slopes. He was as still as if he were carven in stone; a massive figure, not devoid of a certain grace, despite the rude garb of jeans, the high boots drawn over his knee, the drooping curves of his broad hat. The girl had not again glanced toward him, but remained motionless, her chin in her hand, her elbow on her knee, absorbed in her own thoughts. The manners of the ancient hound were less reflective. He sat upright on the ledge, looked out at the chill descent of the rain, elusively commingling with the mist, now and again swayed hither and thither by the pervasive gusts; and as he looked he shivered in every limb, and yawned shrilly and loudly. The inarticulate tones reverberated from the roof of the contracted space, and were repeated unmusically from wall to wall. Teck Jepson glanced up at the disaffected animal, who found this detention so dull, as the dog once more yawned to an unprecedented capacity, stretching himself to his extremest length, and rasping his long claws on the stones.

"Hesh up!" cried Jepson, in momentary inadvertence.

But the old hound, glad of conversation on any terms, wagged his tail good-humoredly, and came down off the ledge to lick the stranger's hand. The girl's face bore a shade of displeasure, although she made no sign that she had heard. Jepson's eyes fell upon her again. He sat gazing at her, a slow surprise kindling in his face. She took no heed, but looked out at the null mists and the monotonous rain with eyes that seemed as if they could never be dimmed by aught on earth, so pensively lustrous, so crystal clear, they were. They had long dark lashes, and were of a rich brown color, a tint that was repeated in her curling hair, and suggested to his homely experience the gloss and tone of a chestnut fresh from the burr. It curled backward with a deep undulation, which he called a "cow-lick," from a brow smooth and white and broad. She had no color in her cheeks, but her lips were deeply crimson and delicately cut, and there was a fine free line drawn from the lower one, defining the chin and her slender throat. Her dark blue homespun dress draped a tall, lithe figure, and the full skirt afforded sufficient amplitude for the old dog to ensconce himself upon its folds and lie wheezingly down, looking out once more at the rainfall, and then closing his eyes in a sort of blinking resignation. Before long he nodded, his lips languishing from their natural appearance; his expression would have seemed a clever caricature of himself, if it were intentional. Still she supported her chin in her hand, slightly bending forward, her elbow resting on her knee, her foot, in its little low-cut shoe with its leather lacing, on the stone below. And still Jepson gazed.

"I dunno ez I ever seen ye afore," he observed presently.

Her eyes turned slowly, as she gravely surveyed him.

"I hev seen ye, a-many-a-time, — at preachin'," she admitted naively, "at the church-house, and at camp, too."

Her voice was keyed low, and it had a soft and hesitating accent, as if she were solicitous for the impression conveyed.

"Waal, I don't see nuthin' at meetin'," he observed, with prideful piety. "I be all tuk up with the Word."

"I 'm a perfesser," she hastily stipulated, sitting upright and looking animatedly at him. "I hev been perfessin' a right smart time; but — I ain't — leastwise" — she hesitated, — "the sperit ain't never hendered me from seein'

some ez air a-goin' on, though I ain't gin over ter lookin' 'bout, nuther."

"Ye ain't hed much pourin' out o' the sperit, then," he remarked ungraciously.

"Mebbe not," she admitted. Then with a sudden thought, "I jes' tell ye, though, thar 'd be a mighty fallin' off in religion ef the saints could n't consort tergether somewhar, an' see one 'nother, an' talk an' laff, arter the preachin' 's over. Heap o' fun goes on at camp, too."

"Them ez enjyes tharse'fs at camp won't 'low 't war sech ticklin' fun whenst they gits ter blisterin' in hell, I 'll be bound," he declared, with pious relish.

She moved a little uneasily. "Mebbe not." She looked off a little drearily into the rain; for he had a coercively convincing manner, and perhaps she was reviewing with gloomy forebodings fun she had had at camp.

It was hardly mercy that prompted him to change the subject or any disposition to mitigate the terrors of future retribution as revealed to him. But he was a young man, and his mundane proclivities were none the less strong because unrecognized.

"That thar yer dog?" he asked trivially.

She responded with brightening interest to the more familiar theme.

"Naw," she said; "he 's jes' a sorter — a sorter frien' o' mine." She laughed a little, — a fascinating, elusive gleam upon her grave face, like the flitting presence of a sunbeam in a solemn and solitary place.

"Neighbor's dog?" demanded Jepson.

"Naw." Once more the smile rippled across her red lips, showing her even white teeth. "His owner lives toler'ble fur, over ter Chilhowee; but this hyar dog kem a-visitin' along o' him, an' he kem right off'n, an' the dog got purty well treated, till now the dog — comical old critter," she laughed, with her hand on the hound's head — "kems thar ez ef we war expectin' of him, an' sets up by the fire like folks. I never seen the beat!"

There was a sudden gleam in Jepson's eyes; the blue iris had a lighter tint. His lip curled.

"His owner got purty well treated," he said, with perverse and intentional misunderstanding.

"The dog!" She was fluttered in her haste to correct him. "The dog got purty well treated."

"Ef he kem so all-fired often," he observed, "the owner mus' hev kem a-courtin'." Then he looked quickly at her.

She flushed to her temples; her eyes were alight with anger; she seemed on the verge of an outburst. Checking herself, she said demurely, "*I* never thunk so, for one. His owner air eighty year old."

Teck Jepson had seldom known the twinge of ridicule. He looked away convinced that she was secretly laughing in triumph at his discomfiture because of this adroit turn of the conversation. But when he again glanced at her she had relapsed into her former attitude, her chin in her hand, her foot on the stone, looking out silently and dreamily. Her aspect was little that of a doughty opponent in a war of words; and he took heart of grace.

"That 's fust rate fur a perfessin' member," he declared. He did not fail to observe that she winced. "I 'll b'lieve that whenst I see that thar frequent vis'tor's white scalp, an' no sooner."

For a moment it seemed as if she might laugh again. Then she turned upon him with genuine anger, not less serious that it was sudden: —

"I ain't able ter see what gin ye a call ter meddle in it. The frequent vis'tor ain't wantin' ter be baptized, an' ain't a-ondertakin' ter go ter heaven along o' you-uns or enny other survigrous saint. Ef he ken git the folks he

wants ter 'sociate with in this worl', the Lord 'll hev ter poke him up with a mighty sharp stick ter make him keer ennything 'bout the nex' worl'. That 's the state o' the frequent vis'tor. Whenst I see ye kemin' in this place, whar me an' my little sister, Is'bel, hed got fust ter keep dry, I 'd hev made ye stan outside, ef I 'd know'd ye hed no mo' manners than ter ax me who kems a-courtin' an' who don't. I 'lowed, though, from the way ye cavorted down yander ter the baptizin', ez ye war powerful perlite an' pious, bein' sech a Christian, an' yer mind war n't set on courtin'. Talkin', 'bout courtin' ter folks ye never see afore ! "

" I 'll be bound I know jes' who ye air, — yer dad an' all yer folks," he declared, in hasty self-justification. " 'T ain't ez ef ye 'd met up with a stranger, — somebody from North Ca'liny, or the Lord knows whar. I mus' hev seen ye agin an' agin, 'ceptin' I jes' don't take much notice o' young folks," he added, in a staid, middle-aged manner. " Is'bel," — he leaned forward and addressed the child, a tousled headed, barefooted, wiry little lass of ten or twelve, who had been listening silently and staring at him, — " what 's yer dad's name ? "

" Eli Strobe," piped out Isabel.

" Thar, now ! " he exclaimed triumphantly. " Eli Strobe's cousin married my half-brother, an' I hev got ez much right ter talk 'bout courtin' or ennything else ez enny frequent vis'tor."

This conclusive logic seemed to daunt the girl. She offered no further reproof, and there was a sort of diffidence in her defeated mien, — the more as he continued : " I be mighty keerless o' who air in this worl' ; my interus' air in them ez hev gone afore. 'Pears ter me thar ain't none lef' like 'em, — none like Samson, an' Daniel, an' G'liath."

A vague solemnity dawned upon her face, at the mention of these names. She sat listening in brooding silence, her crystal-clear eyes on his face as he talked.

" I wisht I hed lived in them days, herdin' sheep, or suthin'," he added.

" Ye 'd be dead now," she remonstrated.

" Air ye one o' them ez cling ter this mortial life ? " he demanded, in reproof. " It 's jes' a span, a breath, a mist fur the wind to scatter."

" Waal, it be powerful comfort'ble whilst it lasts," she argued.

He glanced at her and shook his head, and then relapsed into silence. The continuous fall of the rain, now glimpsed through the mist, and again sounding dully from out the invisibilities of the vapors, accented the increasing chill of the air ; even their refuge was damp with its heavy saturations. A broad flicker of lightning, diffused through all the fine gray lines, showed the distant looming mountains and gray cliffs without, and illumined her pensive face.

" Yes, sir," he declared, shifting his position, his stalwart, handsome figure tense and alert, " none like 'em now. I could n't holp thinkin', whenst I war a witness in the court down yander in town, what pore shakes that thar jedge war compared ter Sol'mon. Sol'mon, now, would hev put Jake Baintree through, — he 'd hev fund out a way ter fix his guilt on the sinner. 'Member the time," he cried vivaciously, " Sol'mon hed ter jedge 'twixt them two wimmin ez claimed one baby ? "

She nodded doubtfully. The event was not to her in the nature of a reminiscence.

" Lord ! " he exclaimed excitedly. " I war afeard fur about three minits ez that thar leetle critter would git cut in half ! I never war so all-fired skeered."

He fell into silence, revolving in his mind the animation of the scene, — the splendid hall in which the kingly judge pronounced sentence, the crowds of soldiers and priests, the tumult of applause

at this vindication of his wisdom, this brilliant exploit of his administrative genius. How the spectacle allured him! How vacant the modern voids!

Once more he stirred and sighed.

"Yer dad 's runnin' agin fur constable," he said, a trifle wistfully; to such interests, forsooth, he must turn.

There came a shade of anxiety into her face.

"Yes, sir," she replied, the title a tribute to his arrogations of seniority and to his piety, of a strange quality though she felt it to be. She took one of the ears of the old hound in her fingers and pleated it, as she looked consciously away. The sleeping dog, vaguely discommoded, now and again lifted his head with a vigorous shake, and then dropped it.

The face of Isabel suddenly seemed less youthful. It too bore that anxiety so troublous and pathetic in women and children who can only suffer, and cannot help. "They think Eli ain't goin' ter be 'lected agin," he said sagely to himself. "Suthin' 's bruk."

"Waal, Eli 's a mighty good man," he observed aloud, his kindlier impulses uppermost. "He 's apt ter do his best, an' that 's all the fur we kin go in this life. He stayed up on the mounting along o' we-uns one night, not long ago, an he bruk the lonesomeness astonishin'."

The face of the elder sister was suddenly irradiated; a triumph was in her eyes all tenderly shining.

"Dad air a mos' servigrous talker, sure," she assented warmly. "Dad air powerful good comp'ny. 'T ain't often dad ain't got suthin' ter say. I tell ye, it air wuth while ter stop an' cock yer ears, whenst dad begins ter talk. Dad air ekal ter enny pa'son, ef the truth war knowed, ain't he, Is'bel?"

Isabel seemed almost profane in the eager precipitancy of her assent. But it was only "Laws-a-massy, yes!" that she said with so emphatic an accent. The child's face had flushed beneath its freckles. She sat upright, bending steadily on Jepson her concentrated gaze, its intensity redoubled in effect by the very close juxtaposition of her small, piercing dark eyes.

"That 's a fac'." Teck joined the laudations, their ebullition of enthusiasm proving infectious. "Eli 's a smart man, an' a good man, too."

"So good ter us chillen!" cried the elder girl, her eyes alight, — "me an' Is'bel; ain't he, Is'bel?"

"Laws-a-massy, yes!" Isabel once more seemed to swiftly take her oath upon it.

"Why, ef ennything goes wrong thar at home, — the cow gits inter the corn, or the gate swags off'n the henges, — an' dad gits ter rampin' an' ragin' 'bout'n it, they hev jes' got ter say 'T war Is'bel an' Marcella lef' the bars down,' or 'The gals war a-swingin' on the gate.' An' like ez not we hed n't been a-nigh thar. An' dad, he jes' cools down ez quick. 'T war them leetle darters, war it? Waal,'" imitating Strobe's slow bovine glance, "'t ain't goin' ter 'sturb *me!*' But ef it hed been ennybody else, though!" She shook her head in a way that promised amplest retribution, and laughed again.

"Yer name 's Marcelly, air it?" Teck Jepson said ponderingly.

"Done fund that out, hev ye?" she exclaimed. Then, with a swift transition back to the paternal perfections, she continued, "Dad 's a tremenjious scholar, — kin read an' write s'prisin'. Dad 's been ter school, I tell ye, an' what he larnt thar warn't how ter ketch grasshoppers. Dad 's the bes' shot in Brumsaidge Cove. Nobody kin shoot agin dad, though, bein' constable," — her voice fell with the sedateness of her logic, — "he ain't gin over ter shootin'-matches, like he war. An' dad kin arrest *ennybody*," she declared sweepingly, "bein' constable. The sher'ff ain't got no mo' power over folks, sca'cely."

"An' dad 'lows the sher'ff be made out'n dough, besides," said Isabel suddenly. "Dad say a biscuit hev got ez much backbone ez that thar sher'ff."

Her sister flashed a warning glance at her. Then Marcella's own bright face fell. "I reckon that 's one reason he hev got a better chance o' bein' 'lected agin than dad hev. Some folks 'low ez dad hev set too much store by the law," she observed, lowering her voice, and allured into a confidential mood by his apparent appreciation of "dad." "Some say ez dad hev whetted the law's scythe powerful sharp, whilst his own hev been lef' ter rust. He hev been mo' tuk up with seein' arter the law, 'n gittin' 'lected agin, an' — an'" — she hesitated — "folks air agin him, an' bound ter git him beat."

Isabel fixed an eager electioneering gaze on Jepson's face. "They lets youuns vote down in Brumsaidge, though ye do live some higher on the mounting, now?" she interrogated him.

"I kin vote fur him — ef I wants ter," he said, a trifle waggishly. "But I ain't a-goin' ter let ye buy my vote, so ye need n't try."

"I dunno ez I be a-tradin'," said Isabel shortly.

"Is'bel, shet up!" exclaimed the repressive elder sister, looking apprehensively at Jepson to note the effect of the child's curt speech.

But as he lounged upon the ledges of the rock, his head supported on his hand, he was looking with languid good-humor at Isabel, and had evidently taken no offense.

"Dad say it be powerful aggervatin' ter run fur office," resumed Marcella. "He say he don't mind sarvin' the people, — that 's mighty easy, fur the law be laid down plain, an' he sets a heap o' store by the law; but it 's a powerful differ ter please this man an' not git that one set catawampus, an' mos' of 'em air goin' ter be middlin' mad, no matter what he does or don't do. An' he say sometimes he feels, whenst he be axin' 'em ter vote fur him, like flyin' roun' an' kickin' 'em all right an' lef', an' goin' home fur good."

"Waal, I ain't never seen no candidate fur office do sech ez that yit, an' I 'd be powerful glad ef I war 'lowed ter live till I did see it," he retorted, the sensibilities of the suffrage with which he was endowed becoming roused at the suggestion.

She saw that she had impinged upon his sensitiveness. She looked at him a trifle deprecatingly; then, with that daring impulse which often furnishes a false step with stumbling sequelæ, she pursued the subject: "Granny 'lows it fairly sets her teeth on aidge ter hear me a-honin' an' a-moanin' 'bout the 'lection, an' dad's chances, an' voters, an' the office, an' sech. An' 't ain't nowise perlite an' sensible fur wimmin-folks ter spen' thar time in sech ez they ain't got no business in. I can't holp dad nor hender. But I jes' feel like ez ef I could take a rifle an' stan' at the polls, an' shoot down them ez don't vote fur dad!" Her eyes flashed, albeit she looked half laughing at him. "T'other night thar war a man at our house ez don't b'long somehows ter dad's party."

"Which party?" demanded Jepson.

"Dunno. Dad's. An' this man, he said, 'I be powerful sorry I can't vote fur ye, Eli, kase ye air on the t'other side.' An' dad, he say, ez slow an' onconsarned, 'Don't vote fur me, ef ye 'd ruther not. It ain't goin' ter kill me ter git beat.' An' I jes spoke up, an' I say, 'Naw, it air goin' ter *kill me!*'"

"Ye look toler'ble live yit," commented Teck Jepson.

"Granny 'lowed she war so 'shamed o' me, she could hev made soup out'n me, or minch meat, ez onconsarned ez ef I 'd been a Shanghai."

"What did Eli say?"

"Oh, nuthin'. Dad 'lows ez everything I do air right an' jes' so — me an' Is'bel, don't he, Is'bel?"

"Laws-a-massy, yes," Isabel affirmed without hesitation.

The rain was gradually subsiding. One could see beyond the jagged roof of the niche, far across the valley, the gray lines sparsely falling with a free motion and an effect of vast lengths, reaching as they did to the zenith. The dreary mists were gathering themselves together to coalesce in some uncomprehended symmetry of vaporous form, and in silent march were betaking themselves thence with reluctant and exiled mien. Dissimilar, as of a different texture and an alien origin, was the vague gray haze, hardly discernible, rising from the dank earth, and suspended only a few feet above. Suddenly the sun smote it, and how it glistered, now amethystine, now pearly, now a gilded gauze! The wooded mountain-side was splendidly green again, attesting that the rich, ripe August was still straying along the slopes. A sense of renewal, revivification, was in the silver-shotted, misty intervals. The moist leaves, glossy and emerald stirred in the air. Every blade of grass about the portal of the grotto wore globular gauds, as the raindrops caught the light where they swung. A quail called and called down the wet, briery tangles, — sweet vibrant tones! And all at once, that splendid apotheosis of color, that supreme triumph of light, the rainbow, was set in the clouds. How far it reached, — how far! From sombre Chilhowee to the cloud-capped Smoky Mountains, — and the vast landscape beneath was spanned by the glowing arch. And now it was dimmed, as the light fluctuated, and again it glowed in pristine brilliancy and softness; for albeit the rain steadily fell, the sun shone.

Teck Jepson watched the change with meditative eyes. The old dog took note of it, too, yawning with an expansive expression, and stretching himself to an unsuspected length; coming down off the ledges, dragging one slow foot after the other. He sat down on the wet grass, heedless of the drops that fell upon him, and gazed gravely about, as if he appreciated the scenery.

"Look at old Watch, now," commented Isabel. "Arter takin' so much trouble ter keep hisself dry an' out'n the storm, he air goin' ter git ez wet ez ef he hed been in the thick of it. Ain't that jes' percisely like a dog!"

"Waal, Watch ain't got no call ter be like nuthin' else." Marcella spoke absently, hardly heeding what she said, only mechanically defending her canine friend. She was leaning back amongst the vines that hung down the sides of the rift, and trembled above her head, and rested on her shoulder. Her eyes seemed to share the pensive brilliance of the hour, so full of a dreaming light, so softly shadowed by the melancholy droop of the long lashes, they were, as she looked, unseeing, into the illuminated sunset, through the soft falling of the glittering rain. The spirited pose of her delicate head on its slender throat was hardly less marked, in this moment of languor, than when held alert and upright. All her lithe and slender figure was relaxed, as she leaned back in the bower that the vines wove for her, and toyed with a tendril in her hand.

He gazed long and silently at her, as she sat there, wondering again that he should never before have seen her. He felt now as if they had often met, and he became sensible of the repetitious impression in a sort of doubting amazement. Her characteristics he seemed to have long ago conned. He was prepared for every turn of her alert head, every sudden uplifting of her definite arrogant eyebrows above those soft eyes. He even felt a fostering familiar regard for the wish nearest her heart, and in the fullness of a warm partisan impulse he abruptly spoke: —

"I 'll tell ye right now what 's doin' Eli mo' harm with the voters o' the deestric' 'n ennything else. It 's this

hyar everlastin' upholdin' o' Jake Baintree."

"It 's the law 's upholdin' Jake Baintree!" said Marcella quickly.

The dream-light had fled from her face; she looked at him with a deep shifting spark in her clear eyes, betokening a disquieted spirit and a touch of anger.

He changed his attitude, and glanced out over the landscape. "I never expect ter spend my time argufyin' with enny gal-folks," he said in an offhand way, and with a laughing sneer. "But ye kin set it down, ef ye air minded ter. Yer dad's rampin' round an' upholdin' Jake Baintree, kase this leetle old yearthly jedge down yander did n't hev sense enough or law enough ter fix his sin on him, air a-goin' ter defeat Eli, — besides all else folks hev got agin him. Ye mark my words."

"Waal, I dunno but they hed ez soon take the jedge's say-so ez yourn."

She resembled her father, when she gave herself to argument; the slow, calculating glance that she bent upon Jepson, as she turned her head, was singularly like the look she sometimes mimicked.

"I ain't a-settin' up my say-so agin the jedge's," he responded quickly. "It 's the fac's. He can't git around 'em. An' Eli can't git around 'em. An' the folks in the *dee*stric' can't git around 'em. The storm will burst some day, though. The Lord will repay."

There was an anxious flush on her usually pale face. Her eyes were bright and restless. The irritation of not being able to reconcile her father's opinions with the prospect of success was smouldering in her manner, and suddenly flamed out in words.

"From all I hev seen, ye air likely ter take the Lord's jobs off'n his hands. He need n't bother 'bout repayin' nobody in Brumsaidge, whar sech a headin' man ez ye air be a-loose. *Ye* 'll repay. Ye would n't let Jake Baintree git baptized, kase ye 'low he killed a man ez the jury say he did n't kill, an' kase ye fund somebody's old clo's hid somewhar. Now mebbe *ye* hev killed su'thin', — mebbe ye hev killed a man's soul stiddier his body. Mebbe he 'll never git ter the baptizin' p'int agin. He can't git the sperit whenst he want it; he can't whistle it back like a dog that follows him."

"That war my aim," he said coolly.

She stared at him, horrified, catching her breath.

"Did he gin Sam'l Keale time ter think on salvation? Ez the Lord bade me, so I did act," he protested.

She relapsed into silence.

"Jake Baintree be plumb cur'ous," said Isabel, knitting her brows, and laughing, — a constrained demonstration that had no mirth in it. She had wearied of the discussion, which she scarcely understood, and resorted with a freshened zest to gossip.

"How be he cur'ous?" demanded Jepson.

"Waal," said Isabel, twisting the corner of her apron in and out of her fingers, "he *looks* cur'ous. An' he sets an' stare-gazes an' stare-gazes the fire. An' he kin read an' write. He larnt in jail. An' his folks dunno what ter make o' him, nohow. He don't talk none, sca'cely. They 'low he war jes' a boy whenst he went away, an' now he be a plumb differ, ez ef he war somebody else. Mebbe he *air* somebody else." Isabel paused, with a contortion of the countenance, showing all her jagged teeth, as if she sought to express in some facial way the extreme curiousness of Jake Baintree.

"How ye know so much about him?" demanded Jepson, surprised.

"Marcelly, she useter go thar a heap, an' I jes' up an' go with Marcelly. Marcelly, she useter tote 'em things, whenst they war so powerful pore an' tormented how ter git along, — roastin'-ears an' 'taters, — an' holped 'em weave

some. She war holpin' 'em weave whenst he kem home."

A sudden repulsion seized Teck Jepson. "*He* ain't the frequent vis'tor?" he exclaimed.

Marcella drew back, with an abrupt cry. "I be afeard o' Jake Baintree," she said.

There was a moment of embarrassment. He had his regrets that he had spoken, and she had hers that she had answered. With a woman's tact, she would have passed it by in silence. But he made a blundering, clumsy attempt to better the situation, and asked, with a feint of mirth, "Who be that thar frequent vis'tor, ennyhows?"

"Ye kin hev that fur a riddle," she said, with a chilly accent. She glanced loftily past him, as she rose. "Kem 'long, Is'bel; it's quit rainin', an' we hed better be a-startin'."

She stood for a moment, tall, fair, erect, under the rugged arch, which was massively imposed upon the clearing sky. A red suffusion of light was over the valley. The mountains were darkling and purple. An inexpressible sense of freshness blended with the eventide languors. All the woods were vibrant with the ceaseless chirr of the cicada, and the antiphonal chanting of frogs rose and fell by the water-side. Pensiveness pervaded the hour, and melancholy. Far-away cattle, homeward bound, were lowing and clanking their mellow bells. And the misty air ministered to the sun's splendors, and bore the elongated rays far into space in gorgeous amplifications. The ground was dank, and Isabel's bare feet pattered along with a noisy sound, and she was beset with forebodings.

"I'll be bound the foot-bredge over the ruver air nigh under water by this time, an' I ain't one o' the swimmin' kind," Isabel observed with callow pertness. "I warn't raised ter be a frawg."

Jepson had hesitated behind the two girls. Isabel's words seemed to suggest his opportunity. "I mought ez well g'long home with you-uns ez no," he remarked. "'T ain't out'n my way none ter the Settlemint, an' I'll holp ye over the log."

They trudged along silently through the forest, with its ceaseless pulsations of sound: Isabel in the van, the other two walking side by side, and the dog of the "frequent visitor" in the rear. Sometimes the shadows fell on Marcella's fair face, sometimes the roseate glow of the west; and Jepson found a fascination undreamed of before in noting their fluctuations. Her expression betokened little favor toward him, — less, perhaps, than he realized. He had never sought the approval of others, and disapproval he was not quick to discern, since he had no self-disparagement to keep his fears alert.

Long before they reached the river they heard the water roaring, but the unhewn log that served as foot-bridge, thrown from bank to bank, was not yet submerged, and the two girls walked swiftly and lightly across, with no need for assistance. Suddenly the woods gave way, and Broomsedge Cove lay before them, vague in the closing dusk. Half a dozen log cabins were scattered at long intervals, — for this was the Settlemint, — their red lights growing distinct since the day had so waned. The sky was crimson above, and seemed to touch the gaunt, black, towering mountains that circled close about the sequestered nook. A star was gleaming near the horizon. Voices rose fitfully and fell to silence, and all was mute save for the nocturnal song of the woods, and a few strokes of an axe at some woodpile, that set the echoes all a-hewing.

They paused beside a rail fence inclosing one of the cabins, where the flare of firelight flickered out into the passage between the two rooms. Marcella's face had become only a vague suggestion, white in the closing dusk, as they stood together a moment by the bars. For

she had spoken at last, offering the customary invitation to come in and bide to supper.

"I mus' be a-travelin' up the mounting," he drawled in response. Then he hesitated. "This air the fust time I ever seen ye, but I reckon 't won't be the las'."

He strode off then, and she watched him as he went, a fine, stalwart figure, with an assured gait and a singularly erect pose. A deft, swift step he had, too, and she was presently gazing into the closing obscurity where he had disappeared.

"I 'd jes' ez lief 't would be the las'," she said to herself, — "I 'd jes' ez lief."

IV.

Locked in the stony grasp of the mountains was Broomsedge Cove. Rugged with sudden deep depressions and abrupt declivities, heavily wooded here and anon broken by crags and defying cultivation, this limited terrace of the mountains was all unlike the neighboring coves, those fair nooks of the ranges, fertile and smiling, and level as a floor. The road, dry in summer, was the bed of a stream in winter, and the denizens of Broomsedge then cared little to rove abroad. Certain stretches of abandoned land, once cultivated, had given the place its name, and down all the slopes flourished the graceless broomsedge, — pest, poverty-bitten, blight. It seemed to seek the manner of the worthier growths, to bear itself like wheat, or rye, or oats; it wore the semblance of a crop, as it shared with them the bounty of the sun and the benediction of the rain. It waved in the wind, half defiant, half forlorn. Wherever it possessed the fields, the grace of utility and the guerdon of labor was gone, and this flout of nature, this perversity of herbage, prospered unwelcome in their stead. But Broomsedge Cove could boast some fields of grain, fair and thrifty enough, their unripe green tint contrasting with the red-brown tones of the sedge.

By daylight the settlement was hardly so apparent to the casual eye as at night, when each scattered red light was the exponent of a fireside. The houses, sometimes a quarter of a mile apart, nestling amidst their orchards, were quite invisible while the foliage lasted. The inequalities of the ground further masked the size and extent of the hamlet; occasionally a blue curl of smoke from beyond a jagged hill gave the only intimation that its further slopes were preëmpted as a home. The blacksmith's shop was on the extreme outskirts, beyond the fields and the abandoned spaces where the broomsedge grew. The massive wooded mountain rose close behind it; the gorge narrowed just beyond it, and between the cliffs a stream, with a swift arrowy motion, and now and then a white flash, shot down the steeps. The smith made it useful in his simple art, and its song was a solace to his idle hours. But this was not the only chant flung forth upon the air. Loud and long were the sounds of revelry often issuing from the forge, and in a diminuendo of undiminished gayety reaching even the ears of the far-away neighbors, who thanked their stars that they were no nearer. The elders, constrained alike by dignity and religion, were wont to shake their heads, and sourly marvel what iniquity could be going on at the forge; and the younger men frequently found themselves obliged to go over at once and investigate. The forge was the resort of certain hilarious spirits, among whom the smith himself was chief. Concerning these roisterers grim reports were bruited abroad. It was averred that a greasy pack of "playin'-kyerds" was cherished there, and that a "streak o' luck" seemed to be more desired than light on salvation. A jug of a portly grace had been descried, one day, lurking behind the elevated hearth of the forge,

— quite empty, it is true, but an aroma lingered about its corn-cob stopper that was fresh, and fragrant, and unmistakable. They often sang; the blacksmith's burly bass voice could be heard with the supplementing echoes over many a furlong of his native wilds. They pitched horse-shoes in lieu of "quates," and wrestled and measured their strength in many good-humored combats. When the great barn-like doors were open and the forge fire flickered out into the night, the place under the overhanging ledge of the mountain was like the mouth of some vast cavern. To those chancing to look in from the glooms without, while the white light fell here and there in a brilliant gleam upon the faces within, and anon fluctuated, and then sank to a red glow, and so to darkness, the hearty mortal fellows at their turbulent sports were vaguely unfamiliar, and as uncanny as goblins, or gnomes, or troglodytes. And the Settlemint seemed wise in wishing them no nearer.

It was a weird and isolated place, and with these impressions astir about it, there was little wonder that a wilder fantasy should presently gain a circulation.

Teck Jepson heard it for the first time one momentous August day. As he rode slowly along the circuitous ways of Broomsedge, he was conscious that he surveyed the scene with an interest which it had never before elicited. The porch of Eli Strobe's cabin was vacant, but as he dismounted from his horse, and hitched him to the rack beside the door of the blacksmith's shop, he glanced from time to time at the house, the hop and gourd vines hanging motionless about it, for no wind stirred. Through their screen his sharp eyes descried a spinning-wheel — idle and motionless. No face at the tiny window, no flutter of a blue dress among the poultry in the door-yard. The place might have been deserted save for the tendril of smoke slowly curling out of the stick chimney, and the dog of the "frequent visitor," standing in the door, wagging his tail, which he had a call to do, Teck remembered, being "purty well treated." He momentarily canvassed the dwellers on and about Chilhowee with a vague desire to identify the owner, but the dog in no respect resembled his master, and Teck's musings were vain. Then he turned away, and sat down upon a log beside the blacksmith's shop, and silently gazed at the far-away blue mountains, against which, in an oblique line, the roof of Strobe's cabin was drawn.

There were half a dozen men lounging about the forge, for it was seldom that Clem Sanders was alone; and besides his special cronies, the mountain gossips were wont to congregate here. The forge was silent; the smith himself was leaning against the anvil, just within the door, his brawny arms folded across his chest, his pipe between his teeth, his languid eyes fixed on the majestic mountains without, dome on dome and range on range, stretching far away into the distance; while below, the sunlit valley smiled, with only the shadow of a flying bird or an uncertain mist, vague and vagrant, to mar the sheen. He was a tall, bluff fellow, with reddish brown hair, straight dark eyebrows, and a broad low forehead. He had many wrinkles in the corners of his eyes; not from age, for he was only some twenty four or five, but from persistent twinkling. They were brown eyes and bright ones, not large, but long and narrow. He had a square face and a flexible mouth with merry curves, the better revealed since he wore no beard. His checked homespun shirt was open at his throat; the sleeve was rolled up, showing his great hammer-arm; its swelling cords and muscle were a source of perpetual pride to its possessor.

He took little part in the conversation, the twinkling wrinkles about his eyes expressing his interest when it waxed facetious. Eli Strobe was leaning back

against the door in a rickety chair; two men who were sitting on the log moved, to give Jepson more room. A tall, slim, jeans-clad young mountaineer, booted to the knee and accoutred with shot-pouch and powder-horn, with long light hair showing a tendency to tousled ringlets, lay at length on the grass without the door.

"Howdy," said Jepson, succinctly and comprehensively, to the group. Then suddenly addressing the two men on the log, "I seen ye two bucks thar on yer critters, at the baptizin'. Ye hain't got no right ter mighty nigh ride down the saints that-a-way, 'mongst the congregation, an' ef I hed noticed in time I'd hev made ye 'light an' hitch."

There was a momentary hesitation. Then one of them, Gideon Dake, a languid, lank, loose-jointed fellow, observed, with as little animation as if he were an automaton, "Oh, shet up, Teck! Ye air too robustious. Ye 'low ter fairly rule the Cove!"

The other, Joe Bassett, spoke more briskly. "I ain't afeard ter be a sorter sinner, now, Teck. The devil's got his hands so full a-lookin' arter Clem Sanders hyar ez he ain't goin' ter stop jes' fur me. Hev ye hearn ez he war viewed right hyar in the forge?"

"Shucks!" said Jepson, surlily incredulous. Then leaning forward to look at the burly blacksmith within, "That ain't a true word, air it, Clem?"

"Dunno," said the blacksmith cavalierly. "Let them say ez seen him."

"Ef I do ride down the saints, I ain't never hed Satan ter kem a-bulgin' ter the Settlemint ter look arter me," protested Bassett.

Jepson glanced about him doubtfully. "Who say they seen him?"

"Old Pa'son Donnard," said Bassett, beginning to narrate the old story to a new listener with a relish proportionate to the rarity of the opportunity. "Old man war comin' from Piomingo Cove, whar he hed hed preachin' the day before. 'T war toler'ble late. Thar warn't no moon, an' the dark, it overtuk him. Waal, sir, he kem nigh hyar along o' the water-side. An' he say all of a suddint he seen this place like a yawnin' mouth o' hell, ez ef the mounting hed opened. An' the flames o' the forge fire, they le'pt up, an' sunk down, an' flared out, an' drapped in, kase Clem, he 'd let one o' them fool boys caper with the bellows. An' pa'son, he see two o' them boys a-wrastlin' in that unholy light; an' Jim Crane war a-dancin', an' a-shufflin', an' a-cuttin' the pigeon-wing; an' Buck Blake war a-playin' a reg'lar dancin'-chune on the fiddle; an' Clem hyar an' Mose Hull war a-playin' kyerds, an' a-bettin'. Clem war a-settin' on the shoein' stool, an' Mose on a plough, an' they laid thar kyerds on the top o' a cag o' nails. An' Clem war a-beatin' Mose. An' wunst in a while he 'd fling back his head an' holler, bein' so glad! An' suddint Pa'son Donnard say his eyes war opened. He seen settin' in the midst, propped up on the anvil, Satan hisself. He hed horns, an' he hed wings, suthin' like a bat's, — looked sorter bat-wise, only big ez a man. An' Pa'son Donnard say he knowed 't war Satan even before he tuk notice o' his feet, — one war a huff, an' the t'other war a club-foot! An' he hed 'em both propped up on the stump what the anvil sets on. An' the devil war a-lookin' over Clem's shoulder at sech kyerds ez Clem held. An' when Clem would beat, Satan would jes' hug hisself, an' rock back'ards an' for'ards, an' laff till his teeth flashed fire. An' sometimes Satan would lean over an' mighty nigh p'int out ter Clem which kyerd ter play. An' pa'son say the Lord opened his eyes agin."

"'Pears ter me they war stretched toler'ble wide a-fust," grumbled Clem. Although this graphic detail was no news to him, he was beginning to look much disaffected. He mechanically moved away from the anvil upon which Satan had made himself so much at

home. He came and stood outside, with arms still folded, leaning against the door.

"An' pa'son's eyes war opened anew," Bassett drawled on. "An' thar, he say, whilst the wrastlin' war a-goin' on, an' the dancer war a-dancin' an' a-shakin' his foot all around the floor, an' the fiddler war a-playin' ter the top o' his bent, an' the fire war a-flarin' red an' a-flamin' white over 'em all, an' Clem war a-laffin' an' a-hollerin', tickled ter death, an' a-playin' his kyerds, an' Satan war a-lookin' over his shoulder an' grinnin' till the smoke shot out'n his nose, an' eyes, an' ears, an' ye could see him spit fire wunst in a while, the back winder o' the forge opened slow. An' thar stood on the outside — who d' ye reckon?"

"Oh, shucks!" said Clem uneasily.

The others said nothing, and the narrator went on: —

"The back winder o' the shop opened, an' thar, holdin' the batten shutter in his han', plain, — it bein' so dark a-hint him an' so light inside, — war Clem hisself! Like he mought look in death, white, an' solemn, an' stony, a-gazin' in on hisself ez he looks in life, hearty, an' sunburnt, an' laffin', an' a-playin' o' kyerds, with the devil, tickled ter death, lookin' over his shoulder. An' pa'son say the bleached, white, dead Clem catched his eye of a suddint, an' clap! bang! the winder war shet, an' thar warn't nuthin' settin' on the anvil, an' Clem war a-gapin', an' a-stretchin' his arms, an' sayin' 't war bed-time, an' tellin' that Jeemes boy ter quit playin' the fool with that bellows, else he 'd shoe him all round with red-hot horse-shoes."

Teck Jepson listened in silence, his absorbed eyes upon the ground, now and then lifting them to the narrator's face with a glance of excited surprise.

The person most nearly interested in the chronicle spoke abruptly: —

"Pa'son Donnard never see sech ez that, sure enough; he air sorter moon-eyed, ef the truth war knowed. An' ez the boys war a-dancin' an' a-cavortin', he jes' *'lowed* he see it."

"Pa'son Donnard would n't be the fust, ef he *did* see the devil," argued Teck Jepson. "Plenty o' them the Bible tells about seen him."

The blacksmith's eyes had no merry twinkle in them now. He looked off loweringly at the scene, so familiar to him in its multitudinous phases, as he spoke.

"Waal, I don't b'lieve pa'son see nuthin'. Satan don't lope round in Broomsaidge none ginerally; never war seen afore. Takes pa'son ter view him. An' I ain't dead," he added, with a live insistence. "An' yit he seen me dead."

"Ye will be some day," said Jepson bluntly.

Sanders looked down, darkly frowning.

"Why n't he take somebody else ter go lookin' inter a winder at thar dead se'fs, stiddier me?" he complained. "I ain't the only mortial man in the Cove! I jes' did n't know fur awhile what I war goin' ter do 'bout'n it. An' at las' I went up ter pa'son's house, an' I called his son Jube out. An' I say ter Jube, 'Jube, ye an' me hev been powerful frien'ly since we useter play 'longside o' one another in the woodpile, 'fore we could walk. An' I hope I won't break none o' yer bones ez ye can spare or git the doctor ter set agin right handy, kase I'm useter hammerin' tougher stuff 'n ye be. But I 'm a-goin' ter take yer dad's visions out on ye, bein' ez I can't thrash a ole man an' a preacher. Ye 'll see mo' sights 'n ever he done."

"What did Jube do?" asked Jepson.

A dreary futility settled on the strong man's face.

"Flung his arm around my neck, an' begged an' begged," he said, baffled. "He 'lowed his dad wanted ter break up them meetin's at the forge, — gredges we-uns our fun. He never war young hisself, ye know." He attempted to

point the weak sarcasm with a sneer. "But Jube sneaks off, an' kems ter the forge every chance he gits. He war thar the night o' the vision. Old man war so bent on seein' Satan, an' dead folks ez air live an' hearty, he did n't see his own son Jube 'mongst the sinners. An' Jube war a-walkin' round on his hands, like a plumb catamount, with his heels six feet high up in the air, a-wavin' round."

"Mebbe that war why he did n't see Jube, his head bein' so nigh the groun'," suggested Jepson. "Jube don't generally kerry his heels a-top o' him."

The blacksmith listened, but made no response.

"I told Jube," he resumed presently, "I 'd let him off, ef his dad did n't put me in none o' his preachin'."

"Ev'ybody in Brumsaidge an' the mountings round knows 'bout'n it, ennyhow," said Eli Strobe. "Ye need n't be so powerful partic'lar."

"Waal, ennyhows, 't would in an' about kill me ef he war ter go ter blatin' out in the church-house, 'fore all the congregation, 'bout the devil a-laffin' at me whilst playin' kyerds, an' me dead, lookin' through the winder at my live self. Shucks!"

This unique slander had sunk deep into Clem Sanders's good-natured heart. He looked so harried and hopeless that he might well have excited sympathy, but the circumstance had certain grotesque phases which Eli Strobe could not fail to relish.

"Ye hain't done no work sence on that anvil, hev ye?" he demanded, with his slow side-glance and his air of burly jocundity, which did not always commend itself to his interlocutor.

The blacksmith shook his head.

"Waal, sir," exclaimed Eli, bringing his tilted chair upon its forelegs with an abrupt thump, and placing a hand on either knee, "ef ye an' that thar striker o' yourn gits enny mo' afeard o' that thar anvil 'n ye hev always been, all the critters in the Cove 'll be bar'foot 'fore long, or else hev ter go all the way ter Pete Blenkins's forge at the Notch ter git shod."

"Clem 's jes' a-purtendin'," said Gideon Dake. "He war a-workin' night afore las'. What ails ye ter be sech a liar, Clem? Ye want us ter gin ye the credit o' bein' convicted o' sin an' acceptin' o' warnin's, whenst ye air jes' sodden in the ways o' the worl'."

"I warn't at the forge, night afore las'," said the blacksmith, flustered and uncertain. "What would I be a-doin' of, workin' of a night? I ain't kep' busy in the day, let alone bein' obligated ter work of a night."

"I dunno what ye war a-doin' of," said Dake, altogether unaware of the significance of his disclosure. "I *know* the forge fire war lighted, an' the anvil a-ringin', an' the bellows a-blowin', an' the hand-hammer an' sledge a-strikin', fur I hearn 'em 'bout midnight, kase I war obligated ter go arter the doctor fur granny, ez war tuk powerful bad, an' looked like ter die."

Sanders gazed at the speaker in blank amazement for a moment. Then his color began to change. He grew as pale as his swarthy tints might ever blanch, — an ashen pallor, — like that white Thing, perhaps, which Parson Donnard had beheld gazing into the window at its hale and full-pulsed simulacrum. Was it this that closed the doors of the forge in the dead of the night, and kindled the fires, and beat out that metallic melody, as familiar to him as the sound of his own voice?

"Who strikes fur me, then, I wonder?" he said to himself; he was beginning to adopt this pallid, and joyless, and solemn identity. A sudden recollection of the malevolent presence on the anvil, a suggestion of an association with him as striker, and all at once Clem gave way. "Move up thar on that log!" he cried, as he sank down by the other men, outside of the familiar shanty where

he had spent all his days since first he was old and strong enough to strike for his father, succeeding at last from the sledge to the hand-hammer, which the elder had laid down forever. He had never thought to shrink from its very walls, to glance back over his shoulder into its familiar dusky recesses, and wince in prophetic dread of what he might chance to see. His heart beat so loud, with so erratic and tumultuous a throb, that he wondered the other men did not hear, did not notice his agitation. They had not appreciated the significance of this testimony to him who was sleeping half a mile or more distant, on that night and at that hour, when the fires were kindled in the midnight, and the anvil rang, and so strange an essence as that pallid identity of a live man so strangely busied itself, and handled his tools, and aped his gestures, and did his work. "Knows jes' whar ter find things, — hammer, an' nails, an' swage, an' tongs, I reckon." The others were talking of trivial matters. How could they? he wondered. And then he was glad that they could, and that they noted him not, had forgotten him.

An old dog had trotted over from Eli Strobe's, — the dog which Teck Jepson had recognized as the property of the "frequent visitor." He came along with the easy, confident manner appertaining to both dogs and people who are more highly appreciated than they deserve; for he was not useful, being too good-natured for a watch-dog, and having no particular nose for game and no compensating energy or joy in its pursuit, and he was by no means comely. His long tongue lolled out, his small eyes looked hot. He showed no signs of recognition of any of the men, but sat down gravely in front of them.

"I b'lieve that thar old dog hain't got no owner," Jepson said tentatively to Eli Strobe, with a craft of which he was ashamed. "Yer darter tole me the t'other day 't warn't hern."

Eli Strobe's slow side-glance was directed toward the long-haired youth, who lay at length on the grass, and who had not spoken. "Andy's," he said curtly, — "Andy Longwood's."

Jepson felt the blood mount to his face. So *this* was the "frequent visitor," whose name she would not speak; this was the riddle she had left him to guess, — this long-haired, curly-pated creature. "I 'd shear him like a sheep," he said contemptuously to himself.

The young man, at the sound of his name, turned upward a gentle, placid face. "Talkin' ter me?" he drawled slowly.

Eli Strobe gave him a bull-like, sidelong glower, and shook his head.

"Sheep, fur true!" Jepson thought, scanning his mild countenance. "I 'll be bound he kin say 'Ba-a!'" He looked with an easy contempt after the young fellow, as he rose and strolled away, the old dog at his heels. "Ef ennybody war ter take a notion ter Marcelly Strobe, he need n't mind that thar leetle spindle-shanked Woolly." He watched Andy Longwood take his way toward Eli Strobe's cabin without one qualm of distrust or displeasure. This the vaunted "frequent visitor"!

So strong a factor is jealousy in sentiment at this stage that, relieved of his unacknowledged apprehensions, Jepson's sudden assumption that he had only a sort of paternal or fraternal interest in Marcella, equally divided with the callow Isabel, was altogether sincere, and he was unaware of those subtle mental processes by which he was self-deceived. He produced much the same impression upon himself that he did on Eli Strobe, when he said with a casual smile, "He 's a-danglin' arter Marcelly, ain't he?"

Eli Strobe sullenly nodded. "He mought ez well dangle *off*, too." He cast an authoritative side-glance at Jepson, which intimated the possibility of paternal interference in matters of the heart. "Marcelly ain't sech ez ter take

a likin' ter him, but somehows she can't git rid o' the critter."

"I hev hearn," said Joe Bassett animatedly, "ez how Marcelly an Clem" — the blacksmith had strolled off, his hands in his pockets, his hat pulled far over his gloomy face — "hev been keepin' comp'ny tergether."

There was no cloud now upon the paternal brow. But Eli Strobe affected doubt or ignorance. "No countin' on gals; no way ter find 'em out. They will ter-day, an' they won't ter-morrer, like the wind blows. Yes, sir." He rose ponderously from his chair. "Waal, Teck," he continued, "I be powerful sorry ye won't bide along o' we-uns ternight. I never done ye this-a-way, whenst I war on the mounting."

For Jepson had declined his hospitality, and had expected to ride up the mountain before dark. He hesitated now, and glanced toward the gray little cabin, with its background of a roseate sky and an amethystine mountain. The evening star glittered in the haze above. A flutter among the vines, — a flitting blue dress, was it? How the grudging distance denied him!

"Ax me agin!" he exclaimed, letting his hand fall heavily on his host's arm. And so they strolled toward the cabin together.

Clement Sanders, moodily loitering along the river bank, followed them with anxious eyes.

"All them cussed critters a-waitin' on Marcelly! She 'll take a notion ter some o' em, whilst I 'm bein' lured by Satan. I reckon I ain't been doin' right; them kyerds hed a snare in 'em surely. I never won nuthin' sca'cely, nohow, an' it 'll go powerful hard with me ter lose Marcelly at sech a game."

Everything spoke of approaching night. The long, low nocturnal susurrus of the woods was already on the air. A bat came noiselessly flitting past. The color was fading out of the west. A whip-poor-will plained in the dense foliage hard by. A wind, willful wanderer, had sprung up somewhere, and was abroad in the slopes. The forge fire had not been kindled that day, and the ashes were gray on the hearth. He went within, despite some secret perturbation, and with the care characteristic of a good workman saw that all his tools were in place; he closed the doors, fastened the shutters, and betook himself homeward. He paused when he had nearly reached the cabin on the rise, and looked back. How lonely was the dark little shanty, with the looming mountain beetling above, — how far from any other building! Out of sight, indeed, when once over the hill, — out of sight and out of hearing. Anything might happen there.

The late moon came stealing into the broad, uninclosed passage between the two rooms of his mother's house, before he had finished his supper. He looked at it from the dusky red glow of the room, but half illumined by the smouldering fire, as he sat at the pine table, and strove to answer his mother's chat, and to eat and drink with a normal appetite. The sheen was melancholy and white, and the leaves of the vines that it limned on the floor scarcely stirred. A bird — a wren, perhaps, some tiny, house-loving thing — had built in their midst; a colorless simulacrum of the circular nest, of the delicate shape within, the head and bill distinct, was on the puncheons. But presently she put her head beneath her wing, and then one might hardly have distinguished amidst the tracery of the shadows the nest from a leaf of the gourd vines or from the globular fruit itself. When he strode up the ladder, presently, to the roof-room, he found the moon there, too, in the homely and solitary place. The glittering square of the tiny window lay on the floor; a soft irradiation from it seemed to enrich the narrow, tent-like space. He noted the glimmer on the white boughs of a gigantic poplar hard

by, and the pendent trailing branches of the beech. It was very still without: no dog barked, no foot stirred, — only the insistent cry of the cicada; he could even hear the sylvan chant of the stream as it hied down the mountain-side, in the lonely splendors of the night. "Seems ef they war laffin' an' talkin' at Strobe's, I mought hear 'em hyar," he said. He longed to join them, and yet he doubted. He was in no mood for company. "I be ez mum ez a dumb one," he said. "I don't want ter set thar tongue-tied, an' let them fellers show off talkin'." And still he doubted. Mental perturbation wrought upon his resources as toil could not. He sank down in a chair, and bent his head upon his hand, while he cogitated.

Suddenly, the moon had changed in the sky. The trees without caught the light from another quarter. He had slept for hours. He sprang to his numb feet, and bent down to the tiny aperture to look out. The next moment his heart seemed to stand still.

Out of sight had he thought the forge? He had not reckoned on the elevation of the roof-room window of the cabin on the rise. Far along the broad moonlit vista between the mountain and the cliffs of the gorge, he saw the dark little building, with the looming heights above; and could it be that here and there lines of red light gleamed through its ill-chinked walls? And did he hear, or did he fancy, vibrating in the midnight, the clink-clank of the hammer and the sledge, the sound he knew so well? For one instant the strongest feeling within him was the instinct of an outraged proprietor. And in that instant he reached out of the window, seized the shining beech boughs so close at hand, and swung down to the ground, having paused only to slip into his long boot-leg a "shootin' iron" for the intimidation of the unknown trespasser. He was on his feet and in the road before he remembered that strange, white-faced identity of his lurking about the forge and opening the shutter to look in upon its hilarious image. Not the first time had It kindled the fires and wielded the hammer, he recollected with a chilly thrill. Had not the chance wayfarer noted the uncanny sounds of forging in the night, while he, the smith, was lying far away in a deep sleep?

He was advancing mechanically along the road. Suddenly he paused. He could not face It; he would not encounter Its gaze. What a frightful thing to stand and meet It! He fell to trembling, and with his sleeve wiped the cold drops from his brow. How dark the mountains gloomed! With what a sense of silence was the moon endowed! Pacing the woods in stately guise, like some fair maiden, lily-crowned, — hath any heard her step? And all at once he lifted his head to the sound of the forge, the clinking and the clanking of the hammer and the sledge. Regular, sonorous, unceasing, it was. "*He* oughter understand the biz'ness," he thought. And he rolled up his sleeve, and wondered if the pallid resemblance wielded an arm like that.

He had turned about to go home. And yet he paused in the way, looking back over his shoulder. The idea exerted a morbid fascination upon him. He hardly trusted his resolve; he knew that he was toying with a temptation; he expected to flee even when he advanced, as he turned once more and ran fleetly, deftly, down the road toward the place. What if he should meet It running too! Would It seem so horrible to him but for the thought of that solemn pallor, that stony stillness, on Its face? More than once he paused and turned, only to change about again, and run swiftly toward the forge. A new terror presently beset him as he neared the building. He could no longer flee; he could not turn his back upon the forge, for the ghastly fear of what might issue forth and pursue. Perhaps the familiar sounds

of the forging had unconsciously some bracing effect upon his nerves. He was near enough now to hear the anvil ring and ring. Once he fancied a word was spoken, and then only the crash of the sledge following the imperative clink of the hand-hammer; his practiced ear detected the difference in the vibrations when the smith smote the face of the anvil instead of the metal in process of forging, as a signal that the blows of the sledge should cease. "Jes' like me!" he thought; and like any other smith, he knew. The blows had quickened anew, and rang resonantly vibrant when he was close at hand. Now and again the heavy sighing of the bellows burst forth, and the light of the fanned fire flared through the chinking. He stole cautiously to the window, — the window he remembered, through which It had looked at him. His hand was upon the shutter when he caught his foot in a vine of the dense undergrowth, and came heavily to the ground, with a noisy thud and a commotion of dislodged stone and gravel rolling beneath his feet.

Instantly the place was dark and silent. He drew himself up, bruised and shaken, and ran limping around to the door. It was closed. He pulled it open, and the pale moonlight fell through the broad aperture, revealing the empty and dusky place. A few coals glowed slumberously beneath the sooty hood. He could not at once remember whether he had left fire here. He doubted his senses. Had he seen aught, heard aught? Stay! the anvil, telltale, was still softly ringing, ringing, — fine and faint metallic tones. He could hardly have said why this obedience to natural laws should have shaken his superstition, but with the conviction that the intrusion was of human origin, he ran out into the night, and roused the echoes with his wild halloo. How they tossed the word to and fro! How they hailed the further steeps, and how the savage heights replied! And when he had listened until all had sunk to silence, a far and faint "Halloo!" from the vague upper air startled him with a chill tremor. He suddenly began to reflect that he had found both door and shutter closed, and this place, sounding and alight one moment, dark and silent and empty the next. As to the fire, he trembled to think where it might have been kindled. And the anvil, — would it not ring if that pallid simulacrum of a smith should smite it? With these thoughts he betook himself home, leaving the forge silent and dark behind him, although he often sought with a fearful fancy to think it alight once more, and to hear the ring of the anvil or the melancholy sighing of the bellows.

Charles Egbert Craddock.

THE MEDEA OF EURIPIDES.

Euripides first "received a chorus" — that is, was chosen as one of three contending poets, each of whom was to present a trio of dramas at the festival of Dionysos — in 455 B. C. His literary activity continued until his death, in 406. Though eighteen of his works survive, while the two elder dramatists are represented by but seven extant plays each, yet, if we permit our thoughts to linger over the wealth we have lost, the scattered remnants which we still possess will seem, in the case of Euripides as in so many others, to be but the chance drift from the wreck, cast in mockery at our feet by the tide whose waves are years.

The earliest drama of our poet now remaining carries us back only to the

year 438. It is the Alkestis, which was but the light after-piece appended to the graver tragic trilogy. The group of dramas of which the Medea alone has been transmitted to us was presented in 431, and "won third prize;" that is, was adjudged inferior to the trilogies of both the rival poets, Euphorion and Sophocles. The Hippolytos was performed in 428. No other of the eighteen extant plays can be referred positively, or even with probability, to so early a date, and these three are therefore naturally grouped together as our only specimens of Euripides' earlier art; though even these are by no means essays of a 'prentice hand.

Nevertheless, it was only after long hesitation that the Medea was selected as the subject for this third Euripidean study. The legend is a peculiarly painful and harrowing one; perhaps more so to us than to the original Athenian auditors. We fancy that children, as individual existences, are nearer and more precious to us than they were to the ancients, who seem to have valued their offspring, after all, mainly as the means for perpetuating the unbroken life of the family. Moreover, it is well known, at least within the walls of Alma Mater, that a complete translation, most brilliant and poetic in character, of this, among other Euripidean dramas, will doubtless soon appear. The translator is an eminent young Greek scholar, whose versions from our poet have for years been a source of enjoyment to his pupils and his friends.

But apart from the natural desire to complete a definitely limited task, the Medea has another, and on the whole irresistible, attraction for us. It illustrates, probably better than any other play of our author, certain characteristics regularly found in good Greek work, which are rightly regarded as indispensable to any truly artistic creation.

No sensible man desires a resuscitation of Greek forms and Greek subjects in dramatic art, any more than in architecture and sculpture. We are the children of our own age and land, and no work of our hands or of our imagination can have real value and vitality which is not the expression of our own experience, of our own aspiration. But there are some canons of art which are necessarily true everywhere and always, whose observance does not destroy our liberty, whose neglect is fatal to every attempt at the creation of the beautiful. The artist who refuses to study the methods by which success has been attained among other races and under different conditions is as short-sighted as the statesman who disdains all lessons drawn from the history of other nations, on the ground that our own country must work out a wholly independent science of political economy, suited to our unique circumstances.

Lessing, in his essay entitled Laocoön, finds that the essential peculiarity of a picture or a statue is its changelessness; its power to represent one instant of an action, and only that one. The artist may therefore add any number of accessory details, provided the eye, unaided by explanation, can readily perceive their connection with the central object of interest. The one absolute requirement is unity.

A literary masterpiece, on the other hand, says the great German critic, can be read only line by line. It is therefore worse than useless to attempt, in verse or artistic prose, to describe the various features of a landscape, — or a woman, — or the complicated details of any object, because the memory will not retain the successive impressions so perfectly as to form that complete mental picture which the poet desires to present. The one essential of a poem, then, he concludes, is progress, movement.

We cannot but feel how much of truth there is in all this. Every one remembers skipping the wearisome attempts to

draw word-pictures of natural scenery in particular, whether in narrative verse or prose romance. The only striking exception we recall from our own boyhood is the first canto of the Lady of the Lake. Every imaginative child enjoys that: partly, indeed, because his interest is so strongly aroused to know the fate, first of the stag, and then of the huntsman; but largely also for the very reason that the reader seems to be himself kept in rapid motion, either pursuing the deer over mountain, plain, and river, or following with the weary knight the devious course of the ever-widening stream. Even the description of the mountain which bars the wanderer's way is so managed that our own vision rises lightly with the poet's lines, higher and higher, from

> The primrose pale and violet flower

that nestle in the dells to where, upon the topmost ridge, the pine waves against the blue sky. Yes, it is most true that in reading or hearing a poem we require constant movement and action.

But is there not another side, even to a truth so important? We read the poem or the romance once: once, at any rate, with eagerness and suspense as to its plot. But if it appeals strongly to our imagination, it remains with us forever, as a picture in the long gallery of memory. The expression is too literally true to be called a figurative one.

Take the most thoroughly American romance of our greatest artist in prose. What is the Scarlet Letter to each one of us, as we pause to recall it at this moment? A picture, or at most two pictures. At first we see Hester, with her infant on her arm, alone upon the shameful scaffold, of which her imperial beauty makes a pedestal. The grim elders, the gray-haired witch-wives, the Puritan youths and maidens, the jeering children below, are but as the illustrative frieze wherewith the sculptor adorns the block on which his figures stand. The years and occurrences which then intervene we can only recall vaguely, as adding slowly a clearer meaning to that scene, until at the last we see Hester once more, the centre of a group which completes and fully explains the first picture; for now she stands between her guilty lover and her husband, who has been wronged so deeply and has so deeply sinned. Only Pearl's childish figure reminds us distinctly that years have elapsed during the progress of the simple narrative.

But it may be said that we have here selected an example where the author's own treatment of his subject chanced to fall in with our theory. Let us turn, then, to the far more ambitious and elaborate Florentine romance of George Eliot. What do we perfectly remember, or care to remember, but the Madonna-like figure of Romola herself, with the others most closely associated with hers? On the one side her blind old father, on the other the darkly beautiful face of the weak-souled Greek, while Tessa and the children nestle under her protecting arm. Little more, save perchance the despairing eyes and clenched hands of old Baldassarre. Even the carefully wrought figure of the great preacher fades gradually away into the wide historic background of our picture, because the romancer has not succeeded in connecting him inseparably with the fortunes of Romola.

We may venture, then, to use some of the same expressions in describing a good drama which would be applicable to a noble piece of sculpture or a great painting. For each, we may insist on unity of action, simplicity in design, complete subordination of every detail to the general effect.

Such canons we do not fear to apply to the myriad-minded one himself. Let us look at any Shakespearean drama; for example, Othello. The sole subject is the jealousy of the Moor. Not a character, a scene, a line, exists for any other purpose than to illustrate this terrible

passion. The plot could not be simpler. The incidents are in themselves trifles light as air. The drama is but the fierce current of Othello's suspicions, as it hurries him on to murder and self-destruction. When Edwin Booth throws all his genius into a purely subordinate part, while the character of the high-hearted Moor himself, stripped of half its lines, is assigned to some dull, aimless declaimer, what an unmeaning string of scenes does the drama appear to us, and how unmoved do we leave the theatre! But when Salvini fuses the force of his mighty personality with the heroic nature of Othello, then it matters not whether his words are familiar or meaningless to us. We have no strength to criticise or even to resist. We are carried along helpless in the rushing stream of action. This is tragedy indeed, purifying, through the terror and pity it excites, the emotions of men.

This unity and simplicity of plot, this subordination of details to heighten the general effect, the Medea possesses in a remarkable degree, as even our poet's severest critics generally concede. Moreover, the dramatist, alone among literary artists, since he appeals to eye as well as ear, has the power to illustrate the harmony of his design by the grouping of the actual figures upon the stage. Such an intention is clearly indicated by the text of several among the most faultless classical dramas still existing. Three in particular will occur at once to every student's mind, wherein the chief figure occupies during the whole action, or through most of the scenes, a position which may well have reminded the Athenians of the central figure in a temple pediment, such as the Apollo upon the Olympian sanctuary of Zeus. The tragedies we have in mind are the Prometheus Bound, the Oedipus Coloneus, and the Medea.

A prime requisite for a drama of this kind is a strong principal character, upon whom may be concentrated the chief interest of the plot. Such a personage is, in the present play, the terrible barbarian princess, who murders her sons to punish her husband's faithlessness.

This tale Euripides did not invent, nor is it probable that he added or suppressed any important feature in the legend which had been handed down to his time. His skill is chiefly shown in so leading up to the catastrophe, so clearly revealing the feelings and motives of the injured wife, that we, at any rate, comprehend her action; while our sympathy for her wrongs and sufferings is at least so great that we are the more deeply moved by her awful crime. Of course neither poet nor auditor can be in real sympathy with Medea; and though so much genius is employed in the effort to make her deed intelligible and credible, yet the dramatist would no doubt assent, as Medea herself apparently does, to the declaration of Jason, near the close of the play: —

"No Grecian woman ever could have done
This deed."

For such a drama of uncontrollable passion, the artist naturally sought his characters, not among the generation made familiar to us by the Homeric poems, but in that earlier age of mightier men and women, when the monsters were slain, the robbers quelled, and the land made habitable for mankind, — the time of Heracles, of Theseus, and of Jason. For we think it quite clear that the genius of Homer, or of the Homeric school, has unduly glorified in our eyes a race of men who by no means belong to the golden age of Greek mythology. Despite the haughty retort of Sthenelos, —

"Surely we claim to men who are mightier far than the fathers," —

the poet of the Iliad himself is in evident agreement with Nestor, who laments, —

"Never such men have I seen, nor shall I hereafter behold them,"

as those among whom his youth was

spent, two generations before. Homer is quite aware that Heracles sacked, almost single-handed, the city before which Agamemnon's host has lingered for ten weary years.[1]

At any rate, all three of these earlier dramas of Euripides draw their subject-matter from that earlier time. Heracles will be remembered as the hero of the Alkestis. Theseus is an essential character of the Hippolytos, and Jason plays a part, but a most unheroic part, in the Medea.

Of course we have not space to relate the entire legend of Jason and Medea. Any one who is not familiar with William Morris's Life and Death of Jason is to be congratulated on the hours of enjoyment yet in store for him. Perhaps a comparison of Morris's poem with the equally delightful Helen of Troy, by Andrew Lang, may serve to test the truth of our assertion that the quest of the Golden Fleece, rather than the war against Ilium, was the true culmination of Greek mythical heroism, and better deserved a Homer to sing its glories.

After performing the labors imposed upon him and securing the Fleece, through Medea's aid, Jason escaped with her from her father's realm, and after many adventures reached in safety his old Thessalian home in Iolcos. Here Medea persuaded the daughters of Jason's enemy, King Pelias, to kill their aged father, and boil his body in a caldron; promising to restore him, by her incantations, to life and youth. For this crime, Jason, Medea, and their two sons have been driven into exile, and have taken refuge in Corinth. Here Jason has found favor in the eyes of the royal family, and has accepted the opportunity to wed Glaukè, daughter of the monarch Creon. His connection with the barbarian Medea would not be regarded by Greeks as a legal bond, and it is not intimated that he has gone through any form of divorcing her. At this point the play opens.

This Corinthian legend of a Medea who murders her children has no original connection, we are told, with the tale of the sorceress in the far Orient or Occident, who aids the Argonauts to secure the Golden Fleece. They are two distinct examples of the sun-myth, or rather, in this case of the moon-myth. Our interest, however, is limited to the legend as tradition brought it down to the age of the dramatists; and Euripides certainly had as little conception of a dual Medea as he had of the origin of all the legends of his ancestors in the red clouds of sunset. We intend no disrespect to this meteorological explanation of all our favorite tales, but we do not wish to keep it in mind while listening to a Greek play. We acknowledge that Medea, sprung from Helios, was evidently in the beginning a parable of the moon; but to Euripides she was a most real woman, and he would no more have thought of explaining her story away as a fanciful description of natural phenomena than of applying the same method of analysis to Aspasia and Xantippe.

The whole action of the play occurs before the house in Corinth occupied by the deserted Medea and her sons, Jason having already taken up his abode in the royal palace. The prologue opens with the appearance of the nurse, lamenting the mistress' wrongs. This character bears a close resemblance to

[1] The remark attributed to Aischylos, that his own dramas were but "fragments from the great banquet of Homer," hardly seems authentic, since it is difficult to find any sense in which it is strikingly true, even if we remember how wide a cycle of poems he may have ascribed to the Homeric name. Only a single extant Greek play, of disputed authorship, the Rhesos, is identical in action with any part of the Iliad or Odyssey. With the exception of Agamemnon's immediate family, few of the generation who saw the fall of Ilium are favorite subjects of Attic tragedy; and the reason we believe to be, that it was not the age of individual prowess.

the loquacious confidante of Phaidra, in the Hippolytos, but, like all the minor characters in this drama, is almost entirely overshadowed by her imperious and passionate mistress. Into this monologue a clear account of the position of affairs at the moment is skillfully and naturally interwoven.

PROLOGUE.

Nurse (*coming forth from Medea's house*).
Ah, would that Argo's hull had flitted not
Toward Colchis through the dusky Smiting Rocks,
Nor ever fallen in Pelion's dales the pine,
Axe-hewn, to furnish forth with oars the hands
Of valiant heroes, who for Pelias sought
The fleece of gold!
For then Medea, my queen,
Unto Iolkia's towns had never sailed,
Her heart with love for Jason quite distraught,
Nor, bidding Pelias' daughters slay their sire,
Had she to Corinth hither come to dwell
With spouse and children. Dear indeed was she
To those whose land in exile she approached.
With Jason too she dwelt in harmony.
The mightiest security is this,
When wife from husband does not hold aloof.
— Now all is enmity. Their love has waned.
For, leaving his own children and my queen,
Jason is wedded to a royal bride:
Has married Creon's child, who lords the land.
Medea, unhappy woman, so disgraced,
Proclaims his oaths, invokes that sacred pledge
His hand-clasp, calls the gods for witnesses
What recompense from Jason she receives.
Fasting she lies, and gives herself to grief,
Wasting away in tears the livelong time,
Since she has known her husband does her wrong;
Nor lifts her eyes, nor raises from the ground
Her face, but like a rock or ocean wave
She hearkens, being chidden of her friends.
Except that sometimes bending her white neck,
She to herself laments her well-loved sire,
Her land, her home, which she betrayed to come
With him who treats her now disdainfully.
Calamity has taught the wretched one
How well it is to have a fatherland.
Her sons she hates, nor gladly looks on them.
I fear her, lest she plot some desperate deed.
Her soul is violent, nor will she endure
To suffer wrong. I dread, who know her well
A fearful woman! Nor will he who strives
With her bear off with ease the victor's prize.
But lo, the children, ceasing from their play,
Approach, unconscious of their mother's woes.
Not prone to sorrow is the childish heart.

As in the Hippolytos we breathe the fresh air of forest and field, and hear the enthusiastic praise of hunting and all athletic sport, so in this drama the poet's imagination seems filled with the beauty and mystery of the sea. Allusions to the far and adventurous voyage of Medea, and especially to the Symplegades, or Smiting Rocks, through which the Argo barely passed uncrushed, recur again and again. Even the metaphors are almost invariably nautical.

The children are attended by the pedagogue, an old slave especially assigned to them, who accompanies them everywhere outside the house. He corresponds, in a certain way, to the aged servingman who follows Hippolytos; but it is noticeable that he has no good words for Jason. Instead of the dual arrangement of characters so noticeable in the Hippolytos, the undivided sympathy of the stage and the orchestra is with Medea, at least so long as she is only suffering wrong, not retaliating.

The two gray-haired slaves condole with one another over the sorrows of the house. The pedagogue reluctantly makes known that another heavy blow is about to fall upon the head of Medea: —

I heard it said, appearing not to hear,
Approaching where the old men play at draughts,
As by Peirene's holy spring they sit,
That Creon, monarch of this land, intends
To drive Medea, with her children, forth
From Corinth. If the tale indeed be true
I know not, but would wish it were not so.

It is agreed that these tidings must be kept for the present from Medea's ears, and the nurse now requests the boys to enter the house; adding, however, to her fellow-servant, —

But do thou keep them, as thou mayst, apart,
Nor bring them near their mother in her rage:
For I have already seen her glaring eye,
That boded harm to them. Nor will she cease,
I know full well, until she smites, from wrath;
But may she wreak it not on friends, but foes!

The children and their protector are still lingering without, when suddenly the voice of Medea is distinctly heard within the house, bewailing her miseries, and calling for death to end them. The nurse now insists upon the children passing in, though she is in terror as to the result.

Ah! what will she do,
That imperious-hearted, implacable one
Whose soul has been smitten by sorrows!

Meanwhile, the boys have not succeeded in eluding their mother inside the house, and her shrill voice is again heard: —

Woe! Woe!
I have suffered in misery, suffered a wrong
That demands expiation! Ye children accurst!
May ye perish, who sprang from a mother abhorred,
May your sire and his house be extinguished!
Nurse (*turning toward the house*). Ah me!
Ah me! Thou 'rt bitterly wronged,
But what share have the sons in the deed of their sire?
Why are they so detested? Ye children, alas!
I am grievously worried lest ye may be harmed.
The passions of monarchs are fearful indeed;
They are ever commanding, and rarely controlled:
Not easily do they relax their wrath.
It is better, in truth, among equals to live.
For myself, though it be not in lofty estate,
In security may I at least grow old.
For even the name moderation, when heard,
Outweighs, and in actual life it is found
Far better for men; but power in excess
Is never a blessing for mortals, but brings
A heavier sorrow, whenever a god
Is enraged, on the house in requital.

These last dozen lines may perhaps seem like a digression, and they were no doubt written with a rather inartistic purpose; namely, to win the good-will of the democratic audience. It must be said, too, that the poet here speaks in his own tones through the lips of the nurse. Still, the reflections are suitable to the occasion, quite orthodox, and indeed somewhat commonplace. They contain the moral which the ordinary Athenian might draw from almost any tragedy. Here the prologue ends.

The chorus is composed of Corinthian matrons, and their devotion to Medea rather than to their own rulers is not explained. It is a curious coincidence, nothing more, that in every one of the three earlier Euripidean dramas which we possess, the chorus first appear expressing their sympathy for a languishing queen. The Parodos, or intermezzo occasioned by the entrance of the chorus, we desire to give in full, without interruption. The lyric portions alternate with bursts of excited recitative from the nurse and Medea, who is still unseen. The whole is well fitted to excite the feelings of the audience, and render them eager for the appearance of the maddened princess. As for the long passage about music, if the reader does not welcome it for its own sake, he may at least forgive the loquacity of the devoted old nurse, whose voice he will hear no more.

PARODOS.

Chorus (entering). *I have heard the voice,*
I have heard the cry,
Of the wretched one,
Of the Colchian, nor is she gentle yet.
Speak to us, prithee, thou ancient dame.
Wails from within have I heard at the gate.
Joyless to me are the woes of your home,
Since it is grown so dear to me.
Nurse. A home there is none, — that already is past!
For he has wedded a royal spouse,
The queen in her chamber is wasting away,
And in nowise the words of one of her friends
May bring to her heart consolation!
Medea (*within*). Ah me!
Through my head may the heavenly lightning dart!
What profit longer have I in life?
Alas! Alas! By death released,
May I flee an existence detested!
Chorus. *Hast thou heard, O Zeus, and earth, and sunlight,*
Heard the sound of lamentation
Uttered by the wretched wife?
Rash one, why does this insatiate
Passionate desire for wedlock
Hasten on the end of death?
This by no means shouldst thou pray for;
If thy husband
Holds a newer tie in honor,
Cherish not thy wrath at him.
Zeus shall be thy champion.
Do not waste away with wailing
For thy husband utterly.

Medea (*within*). O mightiest Themis and
Artemis queen,
See what I endure, though I bound unto me
By the strongest of oaths my accursèd spouse!
May I some day behold both himself and his
bride,
Along with their palace, to nothingness ground,
Since they first ventured to do me wrong!
O father! O city! from which I fled,
Most shamefully slaying my brother!
Nurse. Hear ye what words she utters and
shouts,
Invoking Themis in prayer, and Zeus,
Who is counted the keeper of mortals' vows?
It cannot be by a trifling deed
That the queen will sate her anger!
Chorus. *Would that, issuing forth into our
presence,*
She would listen to the accents
Of the words that we would speak,
That her soul-devouring anger
And her frenzy might be banished.
Never to my friends in need
Shall my zeal, at least, be lacking.
Prithee lead her
From her habitation hither;
Tell her, too, our loving words.
Hasten! lest on those within
Evil fall: for overwhelming
Is the grief that now begins.
Nurse. This will I do, yet fear I shall fail
To persuade my queen.
But gladly your thanks I will labor to win.
And yet, like a lioness over her whelps,
She glares at her servants, whenever each
one
Attempts to approach her, and utters a word.
In calling foolish and noway wise
The men of old thou wouldst not err,
Who composed their songs for occasions of
joy,
For festivals and for banquetings,
Those sounds that bring us delight in life;
But never has one yet learned to assuage
With music and many-stringèd song
The hateful griefs of men, whence spring
Death and disasters that ruin our homes.
And yet, 'twere a gain indeed if men
By melody might be healed of these.
When the banquet is ready, why raise a vain
shout?
For the feast of itself doth sate them then,
And brings enjoyment to mortals.
Chorus. *Tearful was the cry I heard.*
She with shrill lament proclaims
Him who cruelly betrayed her.
Suffering wrong, she calls on Themis,
Child of Zeus, of oaths the guardian,
Who across to Hellas led her,
Through the strait impenetrable,
Over seas in darkness veiled.

As the reader will have foreseen, the first episode opens with the appearance of Medea, for which the whole drama thus far has been preparing us. Henceforth she remains upon the stage through the greater part of the play, and leaves it at last upon an errand so terrible that our imagination can but follow her within. Her savage and masterful figure dominates the changing scene, and in the lyrical interludes she still remains before her gates, looking down in proud misery upon the chanting matrons, unresponsive to their sympathy, unmoved by their prayers.

Her long address to the chorus, when she now first comes forth, will alone convince any attentive reader that our poet thoroughly understands the thoughts and feelings of women.

Medea. . . . This troubleun foreseen befalling me
Has crushed my soul; and since the grace of
life
Is wholly lost, I long to perish, friends.
For he who was my all, — thou knowest
well, —
My husband, is revealed most base of men.
Of all created things endowed with soul
And sense, we women are the wretchedest;
Who, first, with overplus of gold must buy
Our lord, and take a master to ourselves.
. . . Entered on novel ways and customs, each
Must needs divine, if she has never learned,
How it is best to live with him she weds.
. . . A man, when vext with those within his
home,
Goes forth, and frees his heart of weariness,
Betaking him to comrades, or a friend,
While we may look but to one single soul.
They say we live at home a life secure
From danger, while they struggle with the
spear!
A foolish thought! I thrice would choose to
stand
Beside my shield ere once to bear a child.
— But the same words suit not myself and
thee.
Thou hast a city and a father's house,
A happy life, and dear companionship.
I, lonely, homeless, by my husband scorned,
From a barbarian land as booty led,
Have not a mother, brother, no, nor kin,
With whom to seek a haven from these ills.
This much I wish I may obtain from you:
If any means or plan by me be found

To avenge these wrongs on Jason, on the girl
He has wedded, and the sire who gave him her,
Speak not! A woman else is full of fear,
Nor dares to look on violence and arms;
But if it chance her marriage-bed is wronged,
There is no soul more murderous than hers.

It is important to notice how craftily Medea has aroused, first the sympathy of the chorus as fellow-women, and then their pity, before making this request. The promise demanded is given hastily but unconditionally, and the immediate entrance of Creon cuts off further discussion. Medea has been too shrewd to avow to them her intention to bring about the death of Creon and his daughter. This pledge of silence must be held to account for the failure of the women to interfere at subsequent crises of the drama; or, rather, it is merely a plausible excuse for that inactivity, which seems to have been really made necessary by the traditional proprieties of the stage.

Creon, doubtless attended by his suite, comes to make known to Medea, and put into instant execution, the decree for her banishment, together with her children. He is evidently prepared for a violent scene. In answer to Medea's calm inquiry, he frankly declares that his action is prompted by dread of her.

Cunning art thou, and skilled in many harms,
Grieved for thy marriage-bed and husband lost.
I hear thou threatenest — so 't is told to me —
To punish bride and bridegroom, and myself
Who gave her. I will guard me ere I suffer.

At this crisis of her fate, Medea tries upon Creon himself all the cunning skill of which he has just avowed his fear. The merciless eyes fill with tears. With well-feigned humility she clasps his hand as a helpless suppliant. She even denies that she has any reason for ill-will toward Creon.

How hast thou wronged me? Thou hast given thy child
To whom thou wouldst. My husband I detest!

(This concession is evidently forced from her by the consciousness that her look and tones still belie her pretense of goodwill to all mankind.)

But thou, methinks, in this hast acted well.

The king is clearly bewildered by this unexpected reception. At first he makes a firm resistance to her entreaties.

Thy words are soft to hear, but in thy soul
I fear me lest thou plottest harm for me;
So much the less I trust thee than before.
A choleric woman — and a man as well —
Is safer than a crafty, brooding one.
Nay, get thee gone at once, and speak no word,
For this is fixed; and by no arts shalt thou
Remain among us, since thou art my foe.

But she continues to beg for at least a respite of a single day,

That I may ponder whither we shall go,
And may secure resources for my sons,
Since now their sire for this has no concern.
Have pity on them! Thou art a father, too;
It is but natural thou shouldst be kind.

The king falls open-eyed into the snare, and against his avowed judgment grants the day's delay, which, as the auditors at once realize, is to be fatal to himself and his house.

By no means is my spirit tyrannous;
Much have I suffered through my gentleness:
And now I see my error, woman, yet
Thy wish is granted. But be thou forewarned:
If Phoibos' torch to-morrow see thy sons
And thee within the confines of this realm,
Thou diest!

As he turns to depart, we seem to see the look of contempt and hate which the wily sorceress sends after him. She at once casts aside all pretense of submission, and to the pitying words of the chorus, —

Pray, where wilt thou turn, or within what land
Or home wilt thou seek for a refuge from ills?
For into impassable billows of woe
The divinity leads thee, Medea! —

she replies in tones of rising confidence, openly avowing all her murderous intent: —

Deemest thou I had ever fawned on him,
Had I not aught to gain, or shrewd device?
Else had I spoken not, nor clasped his hands.
But he is gone so far in foolishness,

That while he might have overthrown my plans,
Driving me from the land, he grants this day
For me to tarry, wherein of my foes
Three will I slay: the girl, her sire, my spouse.

Her plans are not, indeed, fully formed. She considers whether firebrand or sword be the most effectual weapon, but decides upon poisonous drugs. The next instant, however, she recollects that she has no place of refuge thereafter. A general confidence that a way will open seems never to leave her.

A little yet I 'll wait,
If some safe stronghold may appear for us.
Then will I work their death with silent craft.
For by that power whom most I venerate,
And chose from all to help me work my will,
Hecate, dwelling in mine inmost shrine,
Not one of them shall vex me with his bliss.
Their marriage bitter will I make, and sad;
Bitter their kinship, and my banishment.
. . . Steal on to mischief! Now is courage tried!
. . . Thou child of Helios' illustrious son,
Full wise art thou: and women ever are
Unprofitable unto noble deeds,
But craftiest contrivers of all harms!

The episode closes here, though Medea does not leave the stage.

The last three lines, call for especial remark. Our poet excels, as all concede, in the delineation of women, good and bad. His plays furnish us a long line of most noble and lovable female characters. His wicked women are almost invariably masterful, at least, and usually have redeeming virtues. Yet he has always been called a woman-hater. If the charge is based on such occasional slurs upon the sex as this, he may be defended, but only by accusing him of a fault which in the artist, if not in the man, is more serious still. We fear that a fling like the present one is little more than an unworthy employment of a stock jest to tickle the ears of the groundlings.

We have little cause for quarrel with either of the great tragic authors, on such grounds. The Odyssey gives what is probably a true picture of social conditions among the ancestors of the historic Greeks. Woman is there the free and enlightened companion of man, hardly less than in the Boston of to-day. This state of things is, on the whole, fairly reflected in that delineation of the heroic foretime which was attempted by Aeschylos and his successors upon the tragic stage of the fifth century. Had the women of Periclean Athens occupied, or been worthy to occupy, the position held by the matrons and maids of the Homeric Ilium, Scheria, and Sparta, Athenian freedom might have lasted longer; certainly, Attic civilization would not have rotted at the core, as it did. But this beguiling subject leads us too far afield.

What we have to say of the first Stasimon is true in general of the lyric interludes throughout the play. They are suitable in sentiment and dignified in tone. They rarely supply anything essential to the action of the tragedy; but as they were doubtless rendered with a simple and fitting musical accompaniment which permitted the words to be distinctly heard, they may well have deepened the earnest impressions made by the drama proper, while affording a welcome relief from the close attention required during the dialogue.

The first pair of strophes declare that women need no longer bear the infamy of fickleness in love, since men are grown no less treacherous. The two closing stanzas we quote:

Thou hast fled thy father's house in frenzy,
Sailing by the double sea-girt crags;
On the stranger's soil abidest,
Of thy marriage-bed bereft.
In dishonor art thou driven
From the land to exile forth.

Reverence for an oath is gone, and Honor,
Leaving mighty Hellas, flits on high.
Thou hast not a father's dwelling,
As a haven for thy woes;
And another mightier princess
Rises to oppose thy home.

With the arrival of Jason the second episode begins. He enters, moralizing

gently on the harmfulness of uncontrolled anger, which has brought Medea to this sad pass, despite his unceasing efforts to save her!

I still have striven to allay the wrath
Of angry princes, wishing thee to stay.
Thou dost not cease from folly, uttering still
Evil of rulers: hence thy banishment.
Yet even so, I come, unwearying,
To aid my dear ones, taking thought for thee,
That ye may not go forth in poverty,
Nor lacking aught.

Medea pours out upon her dastardly husband all her fury and contempt: —

Thou 'rt come to us, — thou 'rt come, detested one?
Not boldness nor audacity is this,
To face the dear ones thou hast treated ill,
But — greatest of all evils among men —
'T is shamelessness! Yet thou dost well to come.
I in reviling thee shall make more light
My heart, and, hearing, thou wilt suffer pain.

She reminds him in detail of the wonders she has worked to save his life and rid him of his foes, and continues: —

Thou, treated so by me, most base of men,
Winning a newer tie, betrayest me,
Though we had offspring. If no child were thine,
To seek this wedlock had been pardonable.

She taxes him with perjury; shows him how, through the crimes committed for his sake, she has no home or refuge anywhere; and closes with a most bitter taunt, apparently recalling former words of his: —

Envied of many women in Greece, forsooth,
Thou hast made me in return! A wonderful
And faithful spouse have I, alas, in thee,
If I must flee, an outcast from the land,
Alone and friendless, with my sons alone!
A fair reproach for the new-wedded one,
If I, who saved thy life, and thine own sons
Wander in poverty!
Why, Zeus, hast thou
Bestowed on men sure tests for spurious gold,
But on the human body is no stamp
Whereby to know the base among mankind?

But he who doubts that Jason, even in this sorry position, will make at least an ingenious and fluent defense little knows the resources of Euripidean sophistry. Perhaps the hero ought to have a hearing. With our poet, Kypris is a favorite name for Aphrodite.

And I — since thou dost raise so high my debt
To thee — think Kypris, on my venturous voyage,
Alone of gods and mortals rescued me.
Thou hast a cunning wit: for me to tell
Would be presumptuous, how with his sure darts
Eros compelled thee to preserve my life.
Nor will I weigh this all too curiously.
Whatever aid thou renderedst, 't is not ill.
Yet in my safety greater good hast thou
Received than given, as I will explain.
And first, instead of a barbarian land,
Greece is thy home. Thou knowest righteousness,
Enjoying law instead of violence.

Perhaps at this point we may imagine that a satirical smile played over the face of the deserted mother of his children, for he hastens to strike a more effective note.

Now all the Greeks perceive that thou art wise,
And fame is thine. On earth's remotest bounds
If thou hadst dwelt, there were no thought of thee.
I would not wish for gold within my halls,
Nor sweeter gift of song than Orpheus' self,
Unless my lot might be illustrious.
Thus much of mine own efforts have I said;
And since thou railest at my royal marriage,
Herein I, first, will show that I was wise;
Then virtuous; last, most earnest in my love
To thee and to thy sons. Nay, pray be calm!

Medea, in her impatience, has evidently made a threatening gesture.

When I came hither from the Iolkian land,
Dragging with me full many desperate griefs,
What luckier treasure-trove could I have found
In exile than to wed a monarch's child?
Not wearied, as thou 'rt vext to think, of thee,
Nor struck with longing for another bride;
Nor for much offspring did I wish to strive, —
The sons I have suffice, I am content.
This most I sought: that we might live at ease,
And not in destitution, for I knew
How every friend deserts the impoverished man;
And that I worthily might rear my sons,
And might, begetting brothers for thy boys,
Bring them together and unite my race,
And so be blest.

. . . Have I counseled ill ?
Thou wouldst not say so, had my marriage not
Aggrieved thee : but ye women go so far
As to deem all is well if wedlock be
Assured ; but if mischance to that befall,
The best and noblest actions ye account
Most hostile. Would that mortals otherwh
Might get them offspring, and there were no women ;
For then there were no ills among mankind !

The plea, however ingenious, is so perverse and shameless that even the chorus, instead of the usual line or two of conciliatory commonplace, interpose their decided disapproval : —

Jason, thy arguments are ordered well ;
Yet, though I err, to me thou dost appear,
Betraying thy wife, to do an evil deed ;

and Medea herself disdains to refute him in detail : —

One word shall lay thee low.
Wert thou not base, first winning my consent,
Thou shouldst have married ; not unknown to us.

As he repeats his claim of devotion to her best happiness, Medea utters the striking lines : —

A prosperous life that brings but pain, and bliss
That gnaws my heart, I pray may not be mine !
Jason. Thus shouldst thou change thy prayer, and seem more wise :
May blessings not appear as griefs to thee,
Nor in good fortune deem thyself ill-starred.

Jason offers money for the journey, and tokens which will secure to the mother and children the hospitality of his guest-friends in other cities. These proffers are rejected, with a phrase that reminds us of Ophelia's words : —

Gifts of an evil man no blessing bring.

Jason makes final assertion of his good intentions, but is dismissed with a sneer and a threat.

Medea. Begone ! Desire for yon new-wedded girl
Seizes thee, if thou lingerest forth from home.
Ay, wed her ! Yet perchance, if the god wills,
Thy wedlock thou 'lt be eager to disown.

The first two strophes of the second Stasimon are a prayer for security from excessive or sinful passion. The third stanza we will quote : —

O my native land, my home !
May I not an exile be,
Leading a most helpless life,
Pitiable for its woes !
Erst by death may I be quelled,
Should I live to see that day ;
Since there is no other worse disaster
Than to be of fatherland bereft.

The Stasimon closes with an earnest condemnation of Jason's deeds.

Medea still remains upon the stage, and the third episode is chiefly taken up with an interview between her and Aigeus, king of Athens. This prince chances to pass, on his way from the Delphian oracle — which he has consulted in regard to his childlessness — to the court of his friend Pittheus, in Troizene. This purely accidental arrival of Aigeus has been often criticised ; and indeed the successive incidents of the plot should arise naturally, as it were inevitably, out of one another. To the audience, however, there was no shock of surprise, as Medea's plans evidently required that some place of refuge should open to her. Moreover, the Athenian audience surely knew that the traditional story made Medea escape to Attica, and the introduction of a national hero in so honorable a fashion would be likely to gratify their pride.

In order that the spectators may not be wearied by repetition, the state of things is made known to Aigeus by means of a conversation carried on in those alternating single-line speeches which are the despair of a translator. A few verses will suffice as an illustration.

Medeia. Ay ! we are unhonored who before were dear.
Aigeus. From passion, or through hatred of thyself ?
Med. A mighty passion ! Faithlessness in love.
Aig. Well lost is he, being, as thou say'st, so base.

. . . . . .

Med. Creon from Corinth drives me exiled forth.

Aig. Jason permits it? This too I condemn.

Med. Nay, not in words; but he 'll be reconciled!

At this point Medea bursts into an appeal which would be hard indeed for any chivalrous monarch to resist: —

But by thy beard I do entreat of thee,
And at thy knees am I a suppliant.
Pity me! Pity me, the wretched one!
Do not look on while I go forth alone,
But in thy realm receive me, and thy halls.
So may thy wish for children be fulfilled
At the gods' hands, and happy mayst thou die.
Thou dost not know what boon thou here hast found:
Thy childlessness through me shall have an end;
Thou shalt beget thee sons. Such drugs I know!

Aigeus is quite ready to promise the exile a secure asylum whenever she reaches Attic soil, but objects to affording her any aid in Corinth, since it might be regarded as a hostile act against his ally Creon. When Medea asks him to swear a solemn oath that he will faithfully protect her, the king asks if she then distrusts him. Her reply is a model of conciliatory persistence: —

I trust thee. But the house of Pelias
And Creon are my foes. Yet, bound by oaths,
Thou wilt not let them hale me from thy land.
If thou but promisest, by gods unsworn,
Thou mightst befriend them, and their herald's words
Perchance might win thee; for my cause is weak;
Prosperity and royal homes are theirs.

He readily consents, and swears,

. . . By Earth, by Helios' holy power,
And all the gods,

to keep his plighted word. The Athenian ruler now leaves the stage, passing off to the left, as if returning to his own land, and the chorus speed his departure: —

May the son of Maia, the guide divine,
Escort thee homeward, and mayst thou win
That boon thou hast sought for and greatly desired;
For an upright man,
O Aigeus, to me thou appearest!

To the Athenian king Medea has given no hint of any retaliatory intentions on her own part. Already, however, her plans are fully matured, and they are now rehearsed by her, without reserve, to the matrons of the chorus: —

One of my servants will I send, to beg
Of Jason that he to my presence come;
And I will speak soft words when he arrives,
Saying his doings please me, and are well.
But I will beg my children may remain;
Not that I mean to leave on hostile soil
My sons, to be insulted by my foes,
But that by craft the princess I may slay.
For I will send the boys with gifts in hand
To give the bride, that they be not cast forth:
If she accepts and dons these ornaments,
She perishes, and whoso touches her;
With drugs so strong will I anoint the gifts.
But I will leave that tale no further told.
Even now I groan when I recall what deed
Must next be done: for I will slay my sons,
My own! and no one shall deliver them.
Thus utterly destroying Jason's race,
Fleeing my murdered sons will I go forth.
. . . Let no man think me indolent, or weak,
Or helpless, but of nature quite diverse;
Fierce to my foes, and gentle unto friends, —
For such men win most glory in their lives.

The last line, if compared with a previous utterance of Jason, seems to show that this passionate desire to be known of men, for good or ill, is common to both these lawless natures, who have wrought, or are bringing about, so much misery for each other.

The chorus, or rather the leader, cries out with unusual boldness: —

Since thou confidest thine intent to us,
For love of thee and by the laws of men,
I do forbid it, and arrest thy hand!

This courageous protest Medea puts aside calmly, with the remark that they have never suffered like herself. The prompt departure of her servant, to seek Jason, closes the episode.

The opening portion of the third Stasimon is an eulogy of Athens, suggested by the appearance and manly words of Aigeus. It contains some beautiful and famous lines: —

Children of Erechtheus, blest of old,
Sons of holy gods,
Culling fruits of most illustrious wisdom
From unharried land,
Gently moving through the shining ether,
Where, as runs the tale,
Once the sacred nine Pierian muses
Fair Harmonia bore.

But how, the chanting chorus ask, can the helpers in every virtuous deed, who dwell in the city of the holy rivers, whose land is the safe refuge of their friends, receive and harbor a mother stained with her children's blood? And so the song of praise to Athens glides naturally into an impassioned prayer to the queen to refrain at least from this most awful of crimes.

There is no hint of a response from Medea.

The fourth episode contains only the brief second interview of Medea with Jason. Her pretended penitence seems almost overdrawn, but is unhesitatingly accepted by him as sincere. Indeed, in this scene her husband is far more plastic in her hands than were Creon and Aigeus. She expresses regret that she has not heartily aided in bringing about his marriage, and thanks him for replying so gently to her wild reproaches. The children are summoned forth to greet their father. Medea says to them, —

Be reconciled, out of our former strife,
To loving kindness, as your mother is.
We are at peace, and wrath has passed away.

But as she leans over them to clasp their hands in Jason's, her self-control suddenly gives way altogether, and amid wild sobbing she utters words which seem to betray clearly her intention to murder the boys: —

Ah me! My misery!
When I bethink me of what yet is hid!

(meaning her own secret plans). Instantly, however, she realizes that both her utterance and her tears must be explained; and continues in such a strain that the former words now appear to have applied mainly to the uncertainty of all mortal events: —

Will ye live long, my children, to extend
Your loving arms? Oh, wretched that I am,
How prone am I to tears and full of dread!
Ending at last my quarrel with your father,
Thus have I filled mine eyes with tender tears.

She fearlessly raises her face to meet Jason's, assured that the signs of real grief will now disarm all suspicion, instead of exciting it. A fearful woman, indeed! The father expresses the utmost confidence that his sons will soon be restored to a prosperous life with him in Corinth. To Medea's future lot he gives not a single thought, but something like suspicion rises within him, as her wild grief overpowers her once more.

Jason. But thou! Why dost thou stain
with gushing tears
Thine eyeballs, turning thy pale cheek aside,
And joyless dost receive these words from me?
Medea. 'T is nothing. With the children
were my thoughts.
Jas. Be cheered, for I will order this aright.
Med. I will, nor do I doubt thy words; but
yet
Woman is feminine, and apt to tears.
Jas. Why dost thou mourn for them, unhappy one?
Med. I bore them. When thou pray'dst for
them to live,
The piteous thought came, if this should not
be.

Recovering herself, Medea explains to Jason her plan to send the boys with gifts to the young bride, to win her intercession for their release from banishment. He consents, but is sure his own request will have far more weight with Glaukè than the presents. Indeed, his speech, when the magnificent robe and coronet are brought out for him to see, is the most manly word we hear him utter: —

Why, rash one, dost thou empty so thy
hands?
Dost think the royal house hath lack of robes,
Or yet of gold? Save this, and give it not.
For if my wife have any care for me,
That shall outweigh thy treasures, well I
know.

Jason departs first; then the boys,

who are enjoined to place the gifts in the princess' own hands.

The chorus perceive that the first of the train of disasters is now inevitable, and the Stasimon is a lament successively for the boys, the young bride, Jason, who unconsciously leads his sons upon an errand fatal to themselves as well as Glaukè, and lastly for the frenzied mother herself.

Meanwhile the children return from the palace, and the pedagogue, who as usual has attended them, briefly announces to Medea that the princess has joyfully accepted the gifts, and will intercede with her father that Jason's sons may remain in Corinth. Medea receives these words with a sharp cry of grief, as she realizes that her sons must now perish, in any case.

Pedagogue. This harmonizes not with my report!
Medea. Ah me!
Ped. Have I some evil tidings brought,
Unknowing, missing thanks for happy news?

With more self-control than Cleopatra, his mistress responds: —

Thy news is but thy news. I blame not thee.

Without receiving any explanation, the pedagogue is sent within the house, and Medea, left alone with her sons, begins the famous monologue, in which she is swayed this way and that, until her thirst for revenge finally overmasters the love of offspring. The reader's imagination will easily enable him to see how thrilling the scene might be made by the genius of a great actor. Through it all, her words are carefully chosen, so that the boys themselves do not comprehend her intention.

My sons, my sons! Ye have a city indeed
And home wherein ye shall abide for aye,
Bereft of mother, leaving me forlorn!
I, exiled, to another country pass,
Ere I had joy in you and saw you blest,
Delighting in your wife and wedded bliss,
Holding aloft for you the marriage torch.
Accurst am I in my perversity!
In vain, O children, have I nurtured you!
In vain my labor, and my agony
When I the heavy pangs of travail bore!
High hopes were mine, alas! in other days,
That ye should be the prop of my old age,
And honorably care for me when dead,
That men should envy me.
But now is lost
That fancy sweet; for I, bereft of you,
Shall spend a sad existence, full of pain.
And you with loving eyes will watch no more
Your mother, passing to another life.
Ah me! Why do you gaze on me, my sons?
Why are ye smiling with that final smile?

Alas! What would I do! My courage fled,
O women, when I saw their beaming face!
I could not do it. Fare ye well, my plans
That were! My sons I will lead forth with me.
Why need I, but to grieve their father's heart
Through harm to them, have twofold harm myself?
Nay, that I will not do. My plans, farewell!

And yet, what mood is this? Shall I be mocked,
And leave unrecompensed mine enemies?
— It must be done! Fie on my cowardice!
That I should utter such faint-hearted words!
Enter the house, my sons; and whosoe'er
Must not be present at my sacrifice
Be on his guard! My hand shall weaken not!
Ah me! Ah me!

But prithee yet, my soul, do not the deed!
Release them, wretched one: thy offspring spare
To live with us elsewhere, and give thee joy.

Nay, by the avengers in the world below,
This will I never do, to leave my sons
To be insulted by mine enemies.
'T is quite fulfilled. There shall be no escape.
Even now the crown is on the princess' head,
And in her robe she is surely perishing.
But, — for I go a way most pitiful,
And send them forth by one yet more forlorn, —
I fain would greet my sons. My children, give,
Give to your mother your right hands to clasp.
O dearest hand, and head most dear to me!
O noble face and figure of my children!
May you be happy yonder! What is here
Your father robs from you. O gentle touch!
Ah me! my sons' soft flesh and breath most sweet!
Begone! Begone! For I can look no more
Upon you, but by woes am overborne.
I realize what evil deeds I dare;
But mightier than my conscience is my pride,
The source of utmost ill to mortal men!

A pause in the action now occurs, after the children have entered the house, during which Medea is watching restlessly for a messenger from the royal palace. The interval must be occupied in some way by the chorus, but, possibly for the reason that a regular Stasimon or lyrical intermezzo would make the drama exceed the maximum of five episodes, the coryphæus, or leader of the chorus, recites instead an anapæstic monologue, in which is elaborated at great length the theme that children bring to mankind far more of sorrow and anxiety than of joy.

Medea probably pays no attention to these words, which indeed give us the impression of being directed avowedly toward the audience only, almost like the Parabasis of a comedy.

Medea. My friends, long since, awaiting the event,
I watch what tidings shall from yonder come.
Now one of Jason's followers I descry
Approaching; and his heavy-laboring breath
Shows that he will announce some new mishap.
Messenger (*entering*). O ghastly deed, and lawlessly performed!
Begone, Medea! Begone, neglecting not
Thy ship, nor chariot traversing the land!
Med. What cause for exile is befallen me?
Mess. The royal bride has perished even now,
And Creon, who begat her, by thy drugs!

There is nothing but joy in Medea's tones now, as she hears that her rival is already destroyed.

Med. Most sweet the tale thou tellest! Of my friends
And benefactors shalt thou be henceforth.

The breathless messenger is amazed afresh at her reception of his tidings.

Mess. What say'st thou, woman? Art thou sane, not mad,
Thou who art not affrighted, but rejoiced
To hear the monarch's home is desolate?

But there is no fear, only exultation, in her heart. She even answers gently his rude words of surprise, so happy is her mood.

Med. Somewhat have I wherewith to make reply
Unto thy words; but pray be calm, good friend.
Tell how they died; for twice as much shalt thou
Delight me, if they perished miserably.

And forgetful for the moment of the awful deed she has yet to do, indifferent to the avengers of blood who may at any moment appear, she listens with delight to the long and distressing account of the fate which has befallen Jason's bride.

Such passages of prolonged narration are not acceptable in the modern drama, accustomed as we are to rapid action and realistic effect. The dialogue, however, of Attic tragedy would probably seem to us little more than a solemn and dignified recitation in costume, and even this speech of the messenger, ninety-five lines long, would not weary spectators who had doubtless often heard a large part of the Iliad or Odyssey, if not the entire poems, recited on a single day by the rhapsodes. In Sophocles' Electra, the death of Orestes is described at a length of eighty-six lines, although the audience have just seen him alive, and know that the tale is a mere invention to beguile Clytaemnestra. Of course, to us, who only read the whole drama, the want of action on the stage is no real loss.

Medea is doubtless still the centre of attraction, and expresses by gestures her delight in the miseries she has caused. The messenger is one of her family-servants, who, sympathizing, like all the household, with Medea, and rejoicing at the happier prospect for the children, had followed them into the princess' rooms.

The lady whom now we honor in thy stead,
Ere yet thy pair of sons she had descried,
Fixt upon Jason kept her eager gaze.
But when they came indeed, she veiled her eyes,
And turned the other way her shining cheek,
Wroth at the entrance of the boys.
Thy lord
Strove to allay his young wife's wrath and ire,

Saying, "Be not unkindly toward thy friends,
But cease thine anger, turn again thy face,
Accounting dear e'en those thy husband loves.
Accept the presents, and beseech thy sire
To free these boys from exile, — for my sake."
She, seeing the ornaments, withstood him not,
But did his will in all; and ere the sons
And father were far distant from her halls,
Taking the well-wrought robes, she put them on,
Upon her ringlets set the golden crown,
And at a shining mirror dressed her hair,
Smiling upon her soulless counterfeit.
Then rose she from her seat and crossed the room,
Daintily treading with her fair white feet,
Exulting in the gifts; and evermore,
On tiptoe rising, backward cast her eyes.

The realism and grace of this picture have always been admired; but the reader should study it closely for another reason. Glaukè has not been seen upon the stage, doubtless because her youthful beauty would have made Medea's crime seem utterly unendurable. She is now about to perish by an agonizing death, and, in order to intensify its horror by contrast, her girlish loveliness must be brought vividly before the hearer's imagination. But the dramatist was unwilling to increase our detestation of Medea by enlisting our deeper sympathies at all for the victim; and therefore, by a series of most delicate touches, Glaukè is made to appear so heartless, vain, and childish that in comparison with the faithful old servant, or even with the fatherly affection of Jason, she is to our thoughts as soulless and characterless as the mirrored image at which she smiles.

We follow William Morris's example in passing lightly over Glaukè's death. She is not, in this account, burned to ashes, as Morris describes, but lies, an unrecognizable corpse, smouldering and blood-stained, upon the pavement, when Creon enters her abode summoned by the panic-stricken servant-women. The firm lines with which the whole picture is drawn may be exemplified, quite sufficiently for modern taste, in the briefer description of the old king's death: —

The wretched sire, who knew not her mishap,
Entering the palace, stumbled on the corpse.
At once he moaned aloud, and clasped her form,
Kissed and addressed it thus: "Unhappy girl,
What god destroyed thee so disdainfully?
Who hath bereft an old man's tomb of thee?
Ah, would that I might perish with thee, child!"
But when he ceased from moaning and lament,
And fain would raise again his aged frame,
Like ivy to the laurel's boughs he clung
To her soft robes: and fearfully he strove;
But as he attempted to uplift his knees,
She held him back; and when too hard he tugged,
Tore from the bones his venerable flesh.
At length he ceased to strive. His soul had fled;
For he no more was mightier than his woe.
Together now they lie in death, the child
And aged sire, — a grief that cries for tears.

Medea stands unmoved and triumphant. To afford a moment's relief from action, the messenger concludes with a half dozen lines on the fallacious nature of all human happiness, — one of those commonplaces of which the Greeks seemingly never grew impatient, — and the chorus in response express sympathy for Glaukè, though they feel that Jason has deserved all he is to suffer.

Medea hereupon announces her intention to put her sons to death at once, lest delay should deliver them into "more unfriendly hands;" that is, of course, the hands of Creon's kinsfolk. She does not enter her home upon this errand without a final struggle with herself, in which the poet doubtless intends us to see that womanly feeling is not yet dead in her savage soul.

Be armed, my heart! Why do we hesitate
To work this dread, inevitable ill?
Come, my unhappy hand, seize thou the sword, —
Seize it, and steal to life's grim racecourse forth!
Weaken not, nor recall how thou didst bear
Thy children well beloved; but for this one

Brief day, at least, do thou forget thy sons,
And mourn them then; for though thou slay them, yet
Dear are they, and a wretched woman I.

So she passes in, closing the fifth and last episode.

The last Stasimon begins at once with an impassioned prayer to Earth and Helios to save these children of divine race from death at human hands; a curious fancy of the poet, as it is through Medea herself that the boys are descended from the sun-god Helios. The antistrophe seems an attempt to reach the ears and soften the heart of the murderess herself. In the place of a third purely lyrical stanza is the following passage: —

Chorus. *Dost thou hear the children's cry?*
O thou wretched woman, evil-starred!
Elder Boy (*within*). Alas! how may I flee my mother's hands?
Younger Boy (*within*). I know not, dearest brother; we are lost!
Cho. *Shall I enter in? Methinks I ought*
From the children to avert their doom!
Boys. Ay, aid us, by the gods, for there is need!
To the sword's snares we are already near.
Cho. *Art thou rock or iron, wretch, who slayest*
With thy hand the children thou hast borne?

But the chorus certainly do not enter the house, and there is no indication that they make any attempt either to arrest Medea's hand, or to summon aid. Instead, they merely sing the fourth stanza of the Stasimon.[1] This contains merely an account of Ino, the only example of a mother murdering her children of which the Corinthian matrons have any remembrance. We may remark in passing that in this play Euripides draws his mythology largely from some unknown source, this form of the Ino legend, as well as the birth of the muses in Attica from a mother Harmonia, being otherwise quite unknown.

Jason now arrives in haste from the palace, and his entrance is the beginning of the Exodos, or final scene. His first words give us the impression that the matrons of the chorus have perhaps left the orchestra and rushed upon the stage, where they are probably standing and listening near the door of Medea's abode.

Jason. Ye women, who beside this dwelling stand,
Is she within who wrought this fearful deed,
Medea, or has she escaped in flight?
For surely she must hide beneath the earth,
Or rise, a wingéd creature, toward deep Heaven,
If she atone not to the royal house.
Does she, who slew the rulers of the land,
Trust to escape unpunished from this house?
But for my offspring, not for her, my care;
They shall do harm to her whom she has wronged.
But I am come to save my children's life,
For fear the kinsmen should do aught to them,
Exacting vengeance for their mother's crime.
Chorus. Unhappy Jason, to what ills thou 'rt come
Thou know'st not, else thou hadst not spoken so.
Jas. What is it? Does she wish to slay me too?
Cho. Thy sons have perished by their mother's hand!

Jason is rendered almost frantic by this second blow, and, learning from the women that the murderess and her victims are within, he rushes madly at the bolted gates, striving to break them down with his hands, and shrieking to be admitted, that he may see his children's bodies, and avenge their fate. But the dramatist realizes that we have horrors enough already. It is rather time to calm somewhat the feelings excited by the last scenes, before the close of the play. Anything like reconciliation is impossible. The best means at his command is to remind us of Medea's divine origin and superhuman resources, in a manner which shall make her life with

[1] This is, in metrical form, identical line for line, as usual, with the third stanza, which we have just quoted. We say sing, since that is the usual arrangement, but, as we have indicated, the four lines assigned to the children are in the metre of the ordinary recitative, and so, of course, are the corresponding lines of the fourth stanza, or antistrophe.

Jason seem little more than the voluntary descent of the great goddesses from Olympos; as when Aphrodite deigns to dwell for a brief season on earth as the wife of a mortal man.

The voice of Medea is heard, and as Jason looks up he beholds her rising aloft upon a chariot drawn by griffins, her children's bodies lying beside her.

> Why dost thou strive to move and force this gate,
> Seeking the slain, and me who wrought the deed?
> Cease from that toil. If thou hast need of me,
> Speak what thou wilt. Thou shalt not touch me more.
> This chariot has my grandsire Helios
> Given me, to save me from my foemen's hand.

Jason assails her, nevertheless, fearlessly with the bitterest words, and shows to the end no consciousness of his own wrong-doing. Our sympathy is not drawn to him by his self-satisfied tone.

> Thou hated woman! Most detestable
> To gods, to me, and all the race of men!
> . . . Accurst be thou! Now am I sane; not when
> From thine abode and a barbarian land
> I led thee to a Grecian home, thou wretch!
> Betrayer of sire and land that nourished thee!
> Thy line's avenger the gods cast on me!
> Thy brother at the hearthstone thou hadst slain,
> Ere thou didst enter fair-prowed Argo's hull.

But these are crimes committed for his sake and with his full knowledge, for which he has professed in the past only gratitude and devotion.

> Such thy beginnings! And when thou wert wed
> With me, and children unto me hast borne,
> In lustful jealousy thou murderest them.
> No Grecian woman ever could have done
> This deed: instead of whom I chose to wed
> With thee, — a deadly and hostile tie for me!
> A lioness, no woman, with a soul
> More wild than Scylla the Tyrrhenian!

He breaks off, only because he feels his powerlessness to touch her heart, and bemoans his own hapless destiny, bereft at once of bride and sons. Medea disdains to justify herself against his reproaches, assured that Zeus knows fully what she has done and suffered. She taunts him, however, mercilessly: —

> 'T was not for thee, dishonoring my bed,
> To spend a joyous life and mock at me.
> The royal girl, and Creon who made the match,
> Were not to thrust me from the land in shame.
> So call me, if thou wilt, a lioness,
> And Scylla who dwelt in the Tyrrhenian land;
> For I have wrung, as it deserved, thy heart.

The chariot is apparently slowly departing, while the wretched pair, in a dialogue of single-line speeches, still revile one another. But presently, in reply to Jason's demand, —

> Leave me to bury and mourn for these my dead, —

Medea makes an announcement clearly intended to remind the auditors that what they see and hear is after all only an ancient legendary scene: —

> Nay! But to Hera Acraia's holy close
> I 'll bear and with mine own hand bury them,
> So that no foe may do them violence,
> Breaking their sepulchres: and on this land
> Of Sisyphos a solemn festival
> And rites I enjoin hereafter for this crime.
> But I am going to Erechtheus' land,
> Where with Pandion's son, Aigeus, I 'll dwell.
> Thou, base one, basely, as is fit, shalt die,
> Smitten upon the head by Argo's wreck.

The expiatory rites still performed in the poet's times at the shrine of Juno, in the neighbor-city, were no doubt well known to many Athenian citizens, and the reference to them is quite in character with the usage of Attic tragedy, though it is a little strange that their celebration is enjoined upon the Corinthians by the guilty shedder of blood herself.

A moment later Medea exclaims, —

> Betake thee homeward, and bury thy spouse!

to which Jason replies, —

> Of both my children bereft I go.

And from this point he doubtless stands as if just about to leave the scene, and return to the palace. The dialogue of recrimination goes on, however, twenty lines longer, and seem to us a rather

ineffective repetition, in varied form, of thoughts already sufficiently expressed. Jason finally utters an earnest appeal to Zeus to observe Medea's utter inhumanity in refusing to permit him even to touch his children's bodies and kiss their lips ; and exclaiming, —

I would that I ne'er had begotten my sons,
Thus slain by thee to behold them !

he apparently departs to bury his dead bride, while the chariot passes out of sight. The chorus close the drama, and doubtless also march out of the orchestra, chanting the lines which are familiar from their occurrence in nearly the same form at the close of five Euripidean tragedies : —

Many things Zeus in Olympos controls,
Much unforeseen the gods fulfill.
What men have expected comes not to pass,
For what we expect not a god finds way,
And so has it fared in this matter.

These verses are hardly appropriate here, as there has been no evident intervention of any deity, and the catastrophe is not an unexpected one, except perhaps to Jason. It has been distinctly foreseen by the servants, openly proclaimed by Medea ; and Creon also had a foreboding of evil to come.

Doubtless every earnest reader has already become conscious of the great lack in this play. There is a striking absence of noble character and lofty sentiment. The Hippolytos is preëminently a drama of unflinching courage. Phaidra and Hippolytos, foes in life and death though they be, are alike in choosing destruction in preference to dishonor. In the Alkestis self-sacrifice is made lovely, and cowardly selfishness contemptible, though we confess the poet does not himself seem to realize how pusillanimous a figure his Admetos is.

In this drama, guilt triumphant in Medea, and guilt punished but unrepentant in Jason, are almost alike abhorrent. To both of them fame seems equally precious, whether it be won by great good or terrible evil wrought for other men. Sin is indeed made repugnant, but the sinners should have been brought nearer to our human sympathies, so that we might take deeply into our own hearts the lesson of their fall.

This lack of which we complain can perhaps best be felt by comparing the Medea with that other tragedy of murder inspired by jealousy, to which allusion has already been made. The error and the atonement of Othello have infinitely more moral significance and value to us, because we feel the warmest admiration and affection for the chivalrous soldier, the ardent lover, the devoted husband. As the last scene closes, our hearts tell us, Here is a man like unto, in much far nobler than, ourselves. Heaven guard us all from such temptation ! At Medea we shudder, and rejoice to see her at last lifted away from earth and out of full sisterhood with mortal women : but what wife or mother can feel she has learned the lesson which she would ever need to recall ?

It is perhaps not a satisfactory plea for the poet, but it is the simple truth, to reply that he probably used the legend just about as he found it. It is only justice to appreciate the skillful simplicity of the drama as he has given it shape, and the fitness of every part to its place. We regret extremely that our space has not permitted us to show this by a presentation of the entire text.

Noticeable also is the reverent tone of all allusions to the higher powers, even by the worst of the characters. The choral odes in particular breathe a spirit of earnest piety. The faithful devotion of the old house-servants, here as in many Euripidean plays, lightens the painful effect produced by the vileness of the more prominent figures.

We venture to question the soundness of one criticism made by the highest authority. The vengeance of Medea is said to be left incomplete, and perhaps ineffective, because the poet has over-

looked the obvious possibility that Jason may yet have offspring by a third wife. It seems to us that this view fails to give the proper significance to the closing scene. Medea is not merely successful in her plans. She is revealed as under especial divine protection, endowed with prophetic power, and with complete knowledge of Jason's fate. One of her merciless responses to his outcries of agony is: —

Lament not now! Await old age!

and the clear intention of the dramatist is that Jason lives only to prolong the vengeance inflicted on him by this demoniac and superhuman savage, whom he wedded in madness and blindness, and whose might, though only now entirely revealed, was in fact resistless from the first.

It is true that in the earlier scenes Medea is not fully aware of her own power: but surely here every one will agree with the judgment of the poet, who has tried to paint the central figure of his tragedy as at least half woman, not all dæmon.

It is for men and women, after all, that our sympathies can be enlisted.

William Cranston Lawton.

THE GIFTS OF THE FATES.

When I was born, the Fates inscrutable,
Who do the will of Providence in men,
Came where I slept, and brought their awful gifts.

First leaned the Eldest over me, and said,
"This seed, my child, Desire-of-Truth is called.
I plant it in thee; with thy growth 't will grow,
And sweet and bitter shall its harvests be, —
Bitter, and sweet, and fleeting. It will bear
The plenteous apples of fecund Philosophy,
Red-cheeked and fair, but tainted at the core;
And from it thou shalt pluck the grapes of Art,
Which of themselves can never slake thy thirst;
And all the fruits of Science spring from it, —
Eat them thou shalt, with hunger unappeased.
But ever must thou wait the coming crop
To satisfy thy wants. This is my gift."
She paused, and sowed the seeming-tiny seed.

The second Sister, with the mien of one
Who mocks, pretending friendship, smiled, and said,
"Let my boon, little godson, make thee great!
Let it incite thee to excel, to soar
And sing above thy fellows!" And she blew
Ambition's orient bubble in my brain.

Then the third Sister, in whose haggard face
The wreck of beauty swam the waves of age,

Came to the cradle, looked at me, and stopped,
As one who bears irrevocable news
Delays a while to tell them. When she spoke,
A lover's pity trembled in her words:
"Life's youngest hope! my benison to thee!
Pilgrim and waif, too soon the knowledge comes
That Earth is vast and lonely. For thy mate
A Woman's Image in thine inmost soul
Indelibly I cut; nor Time, nor thou,
May blot it out or mar. It is thy lot
To wander through the world and seek a face
To match thy soul's presentment. By decree,
These eyes shall haunt thee when thou fathomest
The dark or purple eyes of half a race
Of women; and distinctly from these lips,
Though Folly lure thee, and though Circe tempt,
A voice shall speak, — *My Lover, come away,* —
Till thou shalt turn and listen. Books and throngs,
The stress of circumstance and pride of power,
And the strong urge of emulous desire
To trample evil for another's good, —
These shall detain thee, but they may not keep.

"Thy baffled yearning haply may create
In casual friend the semblance of thy Love, —
A pitiful illusion! Sad, like it
The shadowy counterpart thy restless mind
May conjure from his hopes, and designate
To be in fancy worshiped for the true, —
This lifeless changeling shall thy passion scorn.
Oft thou shalt feel, but vaguely guess the cause,
Amid the heat of spectral merriment,
Cold, sudden pangs, as for a world bereaved;
Tears shalt thou shed, that thine estate, the Earth,
Is but a film ensphering emptiness,
Which lately seemed an empire, boundless, bright,
Where Hope may mate him with heroic deeds,
And splendid Enterprise may kindle Will
To glory, as the sunrise kindles ocean.
Nay, even in thy triumphs thou shalt grieve,
And sigh the cheapness of success that lifts
You nothing nearer her. Yet evermore,
Above the victory, beyond despair,
Her smile shall teach reproof, encouragement.

"At night, beneath the solemn stars and moon,
Thou shalt have inklings that thy Lady lives;
In forests dim, across the sea's repose,
By vales of noon, near ever-youthful brooks,
Contented lakes, and islands slumberous,

And on the mountains which outspread their slopes
To hoard the golden bounty of the sun,
Thy heart shall cry, *She lives!* The birds shall sing
Their hints of her; the flowers murmur, *Haste,*
But now our Sister passed; thou shalt believe
The poets are her prophets; thou shalt start
To hear her voice when violin or flute
Wafts notes ineffable on Music's tide;
And when dead Beauty looketh down on thee
From out the fading Past, as angels shine
Upon believers, through the Future's veil,
Thou shalt exclaim, *'T is she! The painter saw*
Or dreamed my Love! I may not rest! On! On!

"This, darling, is the destiny I grave
Upon thine inmost soul. Thy quest shall be
The pattern of this Image. Thou shalt search
Through all the dark and open ways of life,
Retreat, repose, despair prohibited;
And often shalt thou think of Death itself
As of a stream upon whose farther bank
This Form, elusive, beautiful, and dear,
Thou shalt pursue no more."

She softly kissed
My lips, and then departed with her mates.
The babe slept on, unconscious of his doom.

Paul Hermes.

MADAME NECKER.

Of the ladies who were the leaders in Parisian society when it was on the verge of the Revolution, no one arouses our interest more than Madame Necker. This Swiss girl, who became the wife of one of the foremost political characters in France, and the mother of one of the most famous of French women; who excited love in Gibbon when a girl, and a tender friendship in Buffon when a woman; who in a corrupt society kept her purity above suspicion, and amid Voltaireans and Encyclopædists never wavered in the faith of her forefathers; and who, after a brilliant career of almost thirty years in Paris, went back to die among the Alps, where her childhood had been passed, was no commonplace character.

Suzanne Curchod was born in 1737, at Crassy, a little village in Switzerland. Her father was a Protestant clergyman, and her mother belonged to a good French family of Dauphiné, who had left their country to avoid religious persecution. Suzanne once sought to trace her pedigree to a noble source, and to find the plebeian-sounding Curchod assuming the more euphonious form of Curchodi. Such efforts were in vain, and she consoled herself at times by taking the name of her mother's family,

and bidding her friends address her as Mademoiselle d'Albert de Nasse. But though no mythical nobility could be discovered for her father's race, the Swiss clergyman possessed qualities more valuable to his posterity than a descent from robber chiefs or claims to extinct titles. He had the sturdy rectitude, the firm faith, the love for learning, the trust in God, that form the warp and woof of Swiss character of the best type. He was reared among the everlasting hills, and no less steadfastly than they he bore himself in life, performing with fidelity and contentment his duties as a humble parish priest.

The daughter of such a man was not only trained to faith and piety, but received an education far superior to that of most of the daughters of noble houses. Her parents had only moderate means, but they lived in a society where few were rich, and simple modes of life were adopted by all. The family of the clergyman would naturally have a social position equal to that of any in the community, and the charms and accomplishments of Suzanne Curchod made her an especial object of admiration. She had the fresh beauty of youth. It was observed by others, and she herself was not oblivious to it, — a fact which perhaps does not distinguish her from young girls of other nations. She has drawn her own portrait: "A face which announces youth and gayety; the complexion and hair of a blonde, with eyes blue, laughing, and soft; a nose small, but not ill turned; a mouth whose smile accompanies that of the eyes; a figure tall and well proportioned, but with a village air, and a certain brusqueness of movement rather than an enchanting elegance." Thus the village maiden described herself, recognizing, but not exaggerating, what was fair to see, and lamenting the lack of that elegance which had impressed her in the aristocratic and fashionably bred ladies with whom she had occasionally been thrown.

Her accomplishments and charms gained admirers both young and old. She wrote a letter in Latin to one of her father's friends, and he answered, praising her Ciceronian epistle, and admiring so great learning in one so fair. There are expressions in her letter not wholly Ciceronian in their turn, but one is not strict in criticising the Latinity of a pretty girl, whether she dwells by the shores of Lake Leman, or walks the halls of Vassar. The young divines of the country discovered the charms of the parish of Crassy. Her father often exchanged his pulpit, and he found a plentiful supply of youths ready to expound the gospel to his parishioners, and enjoy the hospitality of the Curchod rectory. "You have admirers," writes an envious friend, "who, under pretense of preaching for your father, come to talk with you. You should drive them out with a broomstick." Suzanne did not deem it necessary to use the broom, and the divines still came; talked to her, whether love or theology who can say? and sent her poems, which are found among her papers, and which certainly treat of sentiment more than of doctrinal points.

But Mademoiselle Curchod carried her charms beyond the parish limits. Lausanne was near by, and at this beautiful place she was a frequent and an admired visitor. There, was an academy with learned professors and enthusiastic students, and a society influenced in its tone by such members. A young lady with laughing eyes, who could write Ciceronian epistles, naturally pleased both professors and students. A literary union or order was formed, of which she was chosen president. Its meetings were often held in a valley near Lausanne, by a spring which bubbled and prattled, while the youths and maidens talked poetry or nonsense. Each cavalier of the order wore the colors of the lady of his choice; and if he changed them, his conduct was tried before tri-

bunals deeply versed in the free-masonry of the heart and the laws of courts of love. But one of the rules of the society advised the members that fickleness was a useful quality, and they were not to seek a too heroic constancy. Essays and poems were read, and many of them dealt with subtle and perilous questions: Does mystery render love more delicious? Can friendship exist between man and woman like that between two men? Such matters were debated by the springs and fountains of Lausanne, and the fair young president listened to the curious speculations of ardent youths and pensive maidens, as she gazed on the waters of Lake Leman, or at the glaciers of Mont Blanc. But her visits at Lausanne led to a more serious passion than had been excited by the young Levites who preached for her father, or the academicians who chose her as their president. In 1753, Gibbon was sent to Lausanne. He was then sixteen, but he had embraced the errors of papacy at Oxford, and his father hoped that the air of Switzerland would restore him to a pure Protestantism. Four years after his arrival he first met Suzanne Curchod. She has drawn her own portrait, and she has also drawn that of the youthful historian: "He has beautiful hair, a pretty hand, and the air of a person of quality. His expression is 'spirituel' and peculiar, and excites a constant interest. He knows the respect that one should pay to women, and he is polite without being familiar." "He dances poorly," she adds, but the picture shows that its subject had already found favor with the Swiss girl.

Gibbon has described the rise and fall of this passion in sentences as dignified and sonorous as those in which he told of the decline of the Roman Empire. In June, 1757, his journal has this entry: "I saw Mademoiselle Curchod. 'Omnia vincit amor, et nos cedamus amori.'" The love that begins with Latin quotations is often too classical to become romantic. The scholastic passion of Gibbon lacked the fire and constancy of that of many who knew less of Roman inscriptions or Byzantine chronicles. Thus he proceeds in measured tones, in his account of this episode: "The personal attractions of Mademoiselle Suzanne Curchod were embellished by the virtues and talents of the mind. Her fortune was humble, but her family was respectable. . . . In her short visits to some relations at Lausanne, the wit, the beauty, the erudition, of Mademoiselle Curchod were the theme of universal applause. The report of such a prodigy awakened my curiosity. I saw and loved. I found her learned without pedantry, lively in conversation, pure in sentiment, and elegant in manners. . . . She listened to the voice of truth and passion, and I might presume to hope that I had made some impression on a virtuous heart. At Crassy and Lausanne I indulged my dream of felicity, but on my return to England I soon discovered that my father would not hear of this strange alliance. After a painful struggle I yielded to my fate. I sighed as a lover, I obeyed as a son. My wound was insensibly healed by time, absence, and the habits of a new life. My cure was accelerated by a faithful report of the tranquillity and cheerfulness of the lady herself, and my love subsided into friendship and esteem." The passage quoted is as familiar as any in the Decline and Fall, but it is much less accurate. Gibbon excited a deep and passionate attachment in Mademoiselle Curchod, — an attachment such as one of his temperament could neither share nor understand. His conduct towards her was disingenuous at best, and her tranquillity and cheerfulness, to which he in part attributes his own cure, were reached only after years of neglect.

It was not strange that the youthful Gibbon should have proved attractive. He possessed both learning and wit.

His figure was not yet weighed down by the superabundant flesh that came with age. This young Englishman, the son of a wealthy father, with the manners that come from intercourse with the world, might excite both the admiration and the ambition of a girl situated like Mademoiselle Curchod. Gibbon at twenty had not attained to the epicurean repose of his later years. When older, he recognized how unfitting his character was the passion of love; and he confesses, "I am rather proud that I was once capable of such a pure and exalted sentiment." But even at twenty he wooed with a certain philosophic calmness; the sedate and meditative historian can be detected in the youth who would fain turn couplets, and exhale sentiment and sighs. In his letters written at this period, which have lately been exhumed from the archives at Coppet, there is much that savors of the *bel esprit*, and little that suggests the lover. Even in one where he asks how she can doubt his love and fidelity, he indulges in conceits, and signs himself her humble and most obedient servant. He wrote sonnets to his mistress, but they do not remind one of those of Petrarch. Still, the young couple, if not formally engaged, regarded themselves as pledged to one another. Mademoiselle Curchod's parents favored the match, but she refused to consent to a marriage without the approval of Gibbon's father, though in a moment of passion he had urged her to do so. In the next year he returned to England. From his memoirs it seems that his father's disapproval was soon ascertained, and one would think that when he had decided to obey as a son, he would not have left the virtuous heart, on which he justly claimed to have made an impression, in ignorance of such a resolution.

But for years he contented himself with sending no message to his lady-love, except a copy of his Essay on Literature. He cannot have supposed that he was forgotten, for after he had been four years in England he sent a letter announcing, apparently as a recent event, the fact that his father had forbidden the match. The letter contains some attempt at the semblance of woe. "The decision is pronounced," he says. "My heart laments, but before my duty all else must be silent."

Even without such a declaration, Mademoiselle Curchod might have been convinced, by years of almost entire silence, that Gibbon had grown indifferent towards her; but the quiet life of a Swiss village, the lakes and mountains, which Byron justly chose for the birthplace of deep love, had kept her affection strong and fervent through years of absence, and it was not wholly overthrown even when she was thus openly discarded. In the next year Gibbon again visited Lausanne. In his memoirs of this period he makes no mention of Suzanne Curchod. She was, however, brought to his attention in a manner which he could not have forgotten, though he chose not to record it. Doubtless the more dignified, the more fitting, course for her would have been to have given no further heed to a recreant lover. But Suzanne was capable of a passionate strength of devotion, and she believed that she still possessed Gibbon's love; it was only the father's objections that had checked his suit. Among the dusty letters at Coppet are one or two which she wrote him at this visit, that touch the heart even now, though they tell of a love that has been dead for more than a century. "I blush for what I do," she says in one, "but for five years I have sacrificed myself to a chimæra. My mind is convinced of its error. Release a foolish heart, sign the avowal of your indifference, and the certainty will produce the tranquillity for which I sigh. You are the most despicable of men, if you refuse this act of frankness." At the bottom of this letter is a line in English, written afterwards, undoubtedly, which shows the suffering of the unhappy girl: "A thinking soul

is punishment enough, and every thought draws blood."

A clergyman named Moulton, who was all his life one of Mademoiselle Curchod's most constant friends, resolved to ask the great apostle of sentiment for assistance in this affair of the heart. Rousseau was his friend. He was then in Switzerland, and it was expected that Gibbon would visit him. Surely the author of La Nouvelle Héloïse, who knew all the secrets of the passionate heart, could move this cold Englishman, and kindle in his faithless bosom the sentiments of Saint Preux. Rousseau answered the request very sensibly: "M. Gibbon is not the man for me, and I do not believe he is the man for Mademoiselle Curchod. He who does not feel her value is unworthy of her, but he who could feel it and abandon it is a man to be despised." Nevertheless, he agreed to lend his aid, but Gibbon did not visit him, and the creator of Julie had no opportunity to teach the historian lessons in love. Gibbon sent to Mademoiselle Curchod's letters a chilly and affected response, in which he said that it was better for both that the correspondence should cease; and when he happened to meet her at Ferney, he treated her with marked indifference. Her cure was at last effected. She sent one final letter, in which she expressed her opinion of his conduct in language as scathing as that of Junius. It was not to the real man, as she justly said, but to a fictitious creation of a romantic imagination, that she had sacrificed five years of her life, and the affection and the ideal were now laid in a common grave.

In the mean time Mademoiselle Curchod had lost her father, and in 1763 her mother died. She was left with very scanty means, and she gained her livelihood by teaching. Except for her friends, she would almost have suffered from need. Her misfortunes did not repel her Swiss admirers, and an advocate of Yverdon was especially zealous in his devotion. Her circumstances seemed to demand that she should find shelter for herself, and her friends favored his suit. She was at last brought to give a half-consent, on condition that she should not be required to live at Yverdon with her husband more than a third of the time. The faithful and enamored advocate would perhaps have decided that a third of her society was better than none at all, when Suzanne was suddenly called to a very different life from that of a Swiss village, and one where a brilliant fate was in store for her.

Madame de Vermenoux, a widow of twenty-six, of some rank and wealth, met the young teacher, and was attracted by her beauty and accomplishments. The intimacy soon resulted in Mademoiselle Curchod's accepting an invitation to make her home in Paris, and in 1764, for the first time, she found herself in that city. She at once met M. Necker, who was also a Swiss, but was then a Parisian banker. He was only thirty-two, but had already acquired a large fortune, and he sought the hand of Madame de Vermenoux. Whether because his origin was too *bourgeois*, or because in other respects he failed to please, that lady declined his suit, and he met Mademoiselle Curchod just after he had suffered this reverse in love. Her attractions furnished an instant balm to his woe, and the affection which had been blighted by the lady of the house was at once revived by its new inmate.

Mademoiselle Curchod became not only a faithful, but an affectionate wife, and she lavished upon her husband a devotion which was almost excessive, if in such attachments there can be excess. But she seems to have accepted Necker as a lover more because such a marriage was, for her, a great and extraordinary piece of good fortune than from any especial interest which he excited. His somewhat cold character and reserved manners were not calculated

to charm at first sight a romantic young lady; his recent rejection by her friend and his immediate search of consolation might suggest the suspicion that the wealthy young banker had decided on matrimony, and was resolved to stay in the market until he found some one ready to accept his bid. On the other hand, the prospect of a brilliant social life at Paris, with almost unlimited wealth at her command, might well have dazzled a poor Swiss girl, who could look forward to nothing better than the career of a lady's attendant, or an insipid existence as the wife of an advocate of Yverdon. From her confidential letters to Moulton, one could almost charge Mademoiselle Curchod with a good deal of worldly planning for the capture of the young banker. "We must not flatter ourselves," she writes, discussing the possibility of Necker's becoming a suitor: "this matter will not succeed. If anything could decide him it would be your conduct. You seem inspired as to the character of this man, and I will not forget it." "I will follow your plan," she writes again, "but without a miracle I despair of success. If our brilliant chimæra vanishes, I will marry Correvon [the Yverdon advocate] the coming summer." The hope did not prove a chimæra, and immediately after his return from a visit to Geneva Necker proposed to Mademoiselle Curchod, and was accepted at once. The poor advocate of Yverdon wrote, complaining justly that she had kept him as a last resort, and encouraged hopes that had proved vain. However, he forgave her, and closed his letter by praying for blessings on herself, her husband, and her progeny.

With her marriage commenced a new and exciting life for Madame Necker. Her husband had attained a respectable position; he was rich, and his wife resolved that she would gather about her men who should make her salon as brilliant as the Parisian salons which were already celebrated. By her own charms, by the luxuries and attractions that wealth can provide, by an unlimited hospitality, and by the assistance that struggling genius is often glad to receive from an opulent Mæcenas, she soon succeeded in her endeavor. Within two or three years the salon of Madame Necker did not yield in literary lustre to any other in Paris. The former president of the union of Lausanne now received the admiration and listened to the wit of men who were famous in the world.

Time and new circumstances soon change our feelings, and even soften our animosities. But two years after their final severance, we find Gibbon visiting his former lady-love, and affably received by her. The past, indeed, even though it is forgiven, is not forgotten. "She was very fond of me," Gibbon writes a friend, "and the husband particularly civil. Could they insult me more cruelly? Ask me every evening to supper! Go to bed, and leave me alone with his wife! It is making an old lover of mighty little consequence."

Necker was too sensible a man to think that his wife needed to be watched, even when she was exposed to far more dangerous admirers than Gibbon, but there was no one as to whom he need have felt less concern than the former lover. Madame Necker could justly feel that the parts were now reversed, and that her position was by far the more conspicuous. In a letter she confesses her satisfaction that the man who had discarded her now appeared abashed, and very much impressed by the opulence he observed. She treated him with the frank cordiality which is far from being the greatest compliment that a woman can pay a man. Gibbon had already become fat, and he had not yet become famous; there was nothing to disturb M. Necker's peaceful and conjugal repose.

In truth, Gibbon was the last man in the world who would have desired to

disturb it. The slight emotion about the heart which he had experienced had long been calmed, and calmed forever. He and Madame Necker became in time good friends, and this friendship continued through life, sincere, tranquil, and unemotional. In her last letter to Gibbon, Mademoiselle Curchod had told him that some day he would regret the irreparable loss he had suffered in alienating a heart that had been too tender and too frank. She was wrong in her prophecy. He never regretted that his romance had soon ended, and it was better for both that it had. Marriage would have added nothing to Gibbon's happiness or his success. Few men have led a life so perfectly adapted to their tastes and their talents; few have had a better right to call themselves happy. To be free from sordid cares; to live by the shores of Lake Leman; to have always before one beauties of sky and water, fertile valley and snow-clad mountain; to spend one's hours in the study of the great deeds and the great men of the days that are gone; to produce a work that the world will not willingly let die, linking to the history of the mightiest of earthly institutions in imperishable union one's own name and fame, — life can offer no better fate, man's lot can furnish no more perfect felicity.

While Madame Necker's training in many respects fitted her to be the mistress of a salon, she sometimes suffered from the want of the tact and exquisite urbanity that come from early and long intercourse with the world, and which have been marked characteristics of the best bred Frenchwomen. A certain brusqueness, a want of *finesse*, sometimes appeared in her conversation. She brought from Switzerland more steadfast views than were to be found in most of the social leaders of the day, and that perfection of easy conversation which suggests an opinion rather than asserts it, and softens opposition by a flavor of banter, she did not acquire. She was, however, a charming woman. The strength and earnestness of her convictions and the purity of her character added to the admiration which she excited, and a breath of rural freshness was not unwelcome in a Paris salon.

Though she gathered about her most of the leading writers of the day, at a time when religious unbelief was almost universal among them, Madame Necker was so firm in her own faith that she would allow no conversation on such subjects. "I like the philosophers," she said, "but I do not like their philosophy." Her rule was regarded, and Madame Necker's salon was probably the only one in Paris where the freest discussions upon all forms of religious belief did not constitute an important part of the conversation. Once, when Grimm was led on to advance some skeptical views, she burst into tears; and the courteous philosopher wrote her, apologizing for his indiscretion in talking on subjects which she thought should be kept sacred from discussion.

Madame Necker's relations with all the habitués of her salon were amicable; with some they were specially intimate. It was an era of friendship. We have little, now, of deep, tender, undying friendship between persons of different sexes. Such a thing, we are inclined to think, has gone out of existence. Men and women have not given up falling in love with one another, but the platonic attachments of the last century seem as strange to us as the customs of the Aztecs or the politics of the Blues and Greens. Madame Necker could count among those who were thus united to her in the bonds of amity some of the most famous men of the time. There must have been a great charm, a fund of just and tender sympathy, in the woman who excited a friendship, constant and yet respectful, in such different men as Buffon, Moulton, and Grimm, besides

the many others who, though less intimate, joined in a common admiration.

Buffon was perhaps the most illustrious, as he was the most fervent, of her admirers. He was already an old man when he met Madame Necker, and in the fullness of his fame, but his correspondence with her is a curious illustration of the man and the time. In these days of more exact science, the fame of Buffon's great Natural History has somewhat waned. We cannot forget that to describe an animal in eloquent and poetical language is one thing, and to know it, as Darwin knew it, is another. But in his own day Buffon was deemed a very mastodon of intellect. "Where wast thou when I laid the foundations of the earth?" asked the Lord of Job. Buffon, according to the wit, would have answered, "I was there." Certainly he described with confidence cosmic schemes and animal kingdoms. He led a stately and solitary life; mingling little with the world, communing with nature, composing with dulcet charm of words his mighty volumes, and by his character and his life, as well as by his writings, impressing the imagination of men. The opinion which the world had of him, he also held of himself. In his letters to Madame Necker, he discusses, with a frankness that rises above ordinary vanity, the mottoes he wished to be placed on the monument erected to him. "Buffoni os insigne videns mirabere," he suggested. Or again, "With sublime intellect, into the mysteries of subdued nature penetrated Buffon," etc. But it was not for himself alone that he indited Latin verses. He sent them also to Madame Necker, and his letters overflow with laudatory adjectives, streams of sentiment, a very torrent of praise. "My noble, my sublime, my adorable friend, my guide and model! My days are consecrated to you. My friendship is a very fire of the soul, a joy free from trouble; not pleasure, but bliss." She visited him and tended him in his last illness. "I find you charming in a moment when nothing else is charming," said the great naturalist, leaving the world as a courteous Frenchman should leave it, with a well-turned compliment upon his dying lips.

It was not with men alone, but with women, that Madame Necker's social life brought her in contact. Perhaps the friendships of the latter were not so fervent, but her attractions and her character gained her access, in time, not only to literary and political circles, but to places more difficult to penetrate, — the palaces of the old and exclusive aristocracy.

Such a woman as Madame Necker found herself sometimes embarrassed amid a society of which the morality was sadly relaxed. The marriage ties often bound but lightly; religious beliefs were discarded by many; sentiment and philosophy were feeble checks where moral restraints had lost their efficacy; the friendships of men, that could be innocent with a woman like Madame Necker, were full of peril for those whose self-control was less, and who acknowledged no divine law to which they were amenable. No curious inquiry was made into the private life of many, and some, whose rank was high, made little endeavor to conceal their disregard of social laws. "In France," said a cynical observer, "if one is wealthy and bears an illustrious name, all is forgotten; after a profligate youth, one can enjoy a respected age." Madame Necker bore herself with moderation, making no loud outcry against those whom society recognized, content to keep her own character unspotted from the world.

There is a certain tragic element in a society like this, full of charm and of unrest, unsettled and unsettling, nearing a revolution which was to sweep it away, and yet utterly unconscious of the doom that was at hand. There were to be found in it many who uttered rev-

olutionary ideas, but none who dreamed of the revolution that was soon to come. Like the fabled dolphin, its colors were brightest just before death. Not only over Frenchmen, but over foreigners who had once mingled in it, the social life of Paris exercised such a charm that to abandon it seemed an exile into dreary monotony. "I must leave the fairest place in the world," said the Neapolitan minister, when he was appointed viceroy of Sicily, "and that is the Place Vendôme." After Galiani, the witty abbé, was recalled to Naples, he poured out his woe in his letters to Madame Necker. "For two years," he writes, "I have not known what conversation is. . . . St. Thomas says that the angels can love without talking with one another. They are fortunate if they can find pleasure in that."

The salon of Madame Necker acquired new prominence from the extraordinary political career of her husband. He had not taken a conspicuous part in the literary society which gathered about his board. He was not a ready nor a brilliant talker; he was not interested in many of the questions which were debated by the savants and philosophers at his table; his manners were formal and reserved, and he often took little heed of their talk. His preoccupation and absent ways were familiar subjects for amusement to his guests, who were content to weary the husband, if they interested the wife. The treatment of which Gibbon complains was suffered by many others. M. Necker went off to his bed, and left his wife to listen to poets, wits, and philosophers to her heart's content.

But the pecuniary embarrassments of France constantly increased, and economical questions acquired an overshadowing importance. Necker was known from his career as a banker, and still more from some essays he had published on commercial topics, which had attained great success. Though he was a citizen of Geneva, he was, in 1776, called by Louis XVI. to the office of director of the royal treasury, and was afterward made director-general of the finances. He was for five years the chief financial minister of France, and in that position he gained a European reputation and immense popularity among the French people. His writings increased that popularity, though they diminished the scanty favor in which he was held by the extreme royalist party. In an age of sentimentality, tears flowed easily. When Necker published his famous Compte Rendu, philosophers and bishops wrote that they wept as they read it. Apparently, half of France used its handkerchief, as it perused the report of the treasury. Its publication was added to the minister's offenses, and soon after Necker found his position so uncomfortable that he resigned his place. He did it with great regret, for he was an intensely ambitious man, and believed himself called to be the saviour of France in her distress. Expressions of sorrow at his retirement poured in from every quarter, but none, perhaps, were more felicitous than those of Gibbon. "The lot of your husband," he wrote Madame Necker, "is always enviable: his enemies respect him, Europe admires him, and you love him."

The salon of Madame Necker had now become the political centre of France. Necker himself was regarded as the head of the liberal party, which was constantly growing more urgent in its demand for reformation in the government. In the discussion of the questions and theories which now absorbed the attention of France, M. Necker naturally took an active part. But though her salon had increased in importance, Madame Necker may have regretted the days when Grimm and Galiani and Diderot were its chief ornaments, and when all the world was not occupied in talking about deficits and States-General.

Her health was somewhat impaired; her beauty had in some degree faded; she had reached the sad period when a woman finds that her ascendency has begun to wane. Her daughter, the future Madame de Staël, was born in 1766, and when still young her wit and sprightliness attracted the attention of all. Such a girl soon passes from the control of a mother, and her unrestrained vivacity sometimes exceeded the prudent bounds which Madame Necker would gladly have drawn. To her father she was specially dear, and there is a certain subtle, unacknowledged, exquisite pain that at times fills the heart of a fond wife at the thought that even her child should hold a place in her husband's affection as near and dear as her own. Though M. Necker was not a demonstrative man, he had the deep, permanent emotions which are often found in such natures, and his tenderness for his wife never abated, even though it was not always proclaimed in words. But Madame Necker had a faculty for self-torture, and in moments of despondency she would fancy that her husband's heart was now absorbed by his ambitions, and that her own hold upon it had weakened. Such feelings were short-lived, and she herself recognized their injustice, but they threw occasional shadows over a life that was nearing its end.

The only child of a man who united great wealth with a conspicuous political position, might expect to marry brilliantly. An alliance was planned between Mademoiselle Necker and William Pitt; a German prince did not think it beneath his dignity to ask for her hand; but the Baron de Staël, the Swedish ambassador, was the fortunate man. The king of Sweden agreed that the baron should remain as ambassador at Paris, and should receive a liberal pension at his retirement. Necker bestowed on his daughter a dowry which was regarded as enormous, and in 1786 she was married, and assumed the name which she was to render famous.

During the seven years which followed his first retirement from office, Necker employed much of his time in frequent publications. Not only did he discuss financial questions, but he wrote a treatise that was largely read, on The Importance of Religious Belief. He adhered to the faith of his wife, and in his zeal for reforming the state he did not join those who sought to destroy the church as a part of their task. His writings have long formed a portion of that stupendous literature which is of considerable value, and which no one reads. His style was but mediocre: like his person, it lacked ease and grace; like his conversation, it was enlivened by no wit, and relieved by little variety. Historical students are the only ones on whom the duty now rests of reading his somewhat valuable, highly respectable, and wholly unentertaining works.

Madame Necker herself did some literary work, and after her death her husband published several volumes containing her miscellaneous writings. They reflect the purity and kindliness of her character, and portions of them possess a considerable degree of merit. But she had none of the literary genius of her daughter; her style is often affected, and Madame Necker's writings do not, on the whole, add anything to the reputation which she gained by her life.

In 1788, Necker was again called to office, and he was made controller-general, amid universal applause. The discussion of his political career would not be in place in this article. If he had not been called to the office which he desired with a craving ambition, posterity might have thought him the man who could have saved France. Unfortunately for his fame, the opportunity was afforded him. In peaceful times, Necker would have been an upright, an economical, and a useful minister. But he was sadly misplaced when he had to

deal with a revolution, which he could neither stem nor direct. The crisis which stimulates a great man paralyzes a weak man. An upheaval which furnished an opportunity for a Mirabeau and a Napoleon rendered a man like Necker worse than useless. His return to office was greeted with the acclamations of all France. When in July, 1789, he received orders to retire forthwith, and privately took his way to Switzerland, the news was received with an outburst of reprobation from the Mediterranean to the Straits of Dover. Hardly two weeks had passed when he was summoned back to his office, recalled by Louis XVI., acting as the mouthpiece of the National Assembly and the whole people of France. His return was a triumphal progress, such as has been vouchsafed to few kings or victorious generals. Bonfires blazed from Basle to Paris; crowds lined all the roads to see the saviour of France return to his task; he was presented with addresses from almost every municipality in the kingdom, and these now make two enormous bundles in the archives of Coppet. But fifteen months later, and he left Paris, unchecked, unheeded, and unobserved; abandoning public office forever, struggling under a heavier burden than public hatred, — the weight of popular indifference and contempt.

Madame Necker played a less conspicuous part in these last years. When revolutions were seething, the time for salons was past. Philosophers had yielded the field to patriots, and instead of savants debating was a people singing the "Ça ira." The Neckers were active in charities at a time when private charities were rare. Madame Necker gave great attention to the foundation of a hospital which still bears her name, and introduced into its management reforms which, though familiar now, were almost unknown then. The amelioration of prisons was another work in which the action of Necker, when in office, was guided by the zeal and good judgment of his wife. Her interest in such labors continued to the last, and in her benevolence towards the poor and suffering she excelled most of her own age, and anticipated the charitable activity which is so widespread in this century, and was so rare in the last.

The years spent at Coppet, after Necker's final retirement, were clouded by personal and public misfortunes. He was disappointed in his ambitions, and distressed by the anarchy that had spread over France. Madame Necker felt the end drawing near, and was unable to shake off the terrible fascination of approaching death. She arranged with gloomy minuteness the details of her funeral and the disposition of her remains. She had been faithful to her husband in life, and she besought him that in death they might not be separated. "I fear death," she said to him, "for I love life with you." She died on May 6, 1794, when she was but fifty-seven. Three months before, Gibbon, with whom her lot had been so long and strangely associated, had also passed away.

Her last wishes were respected, and in a tomb closed to the world, and concealed by the trees that have grown about it, her ashes rest with those of her husband and her daughter.

James Breck Perkins.

NO SONGS IN WINTER.

THE sky is gray as gray may be,
There is no bird on wing or bough,
There is no leaf on vine or tree.

In the Neponset marshes now
Willow-stems, rosy in the wind,
Shiver with hidden sense of snow.

So too 't is winter in my mind,
No light-winged fancy comes and stays:
A season churlish and unkind.

Slow creep the hours, slow creep the days,
The black ink crusts upon the pen —
Just wait till bluebirds, wrens, and jays
And golden orioles come again!

Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

THE MARRIAGE CELEBRATION IN EUROPE.

IN the United States, few social questions have in recent years caused more anxiety and elicited more discussion than that of the family. The prominent and startling fact has been the rapid increase of divorce; and it is to the investigation of its cause, and to the discovery of means of checking it, that this discussion has been chiefly directed. But the integrity of the family is dependent no less upon its legal inception than upon its legal termination, — upon the celebration of marriage than upon divorce; and to the former very little of our attention has been given. "The law makes clear and full provision for contracts affecting the sale of houses and lands, horses and dogs, and goods and chattels of every description; and why marriage, the most important of all human contracts, should not be as anxiously defined and provided for, and thus placed beyond the reach of both fraud and doubt, appears to me to be one of the greatest anomalies in the law of a Christian country." These are the words of an eminent Scotch lawyer, with reference to the law of Scotland. They equally apply to the common law of the United States.

But our common law is a heritage from the past. It has descended from nation to nation, in the course of modern jurisprudence. To Europe, and thence to America, it came as an inheritance from the Roman law, through the mediæval church or canon law. In the leading nations of Europe, the Roman law has been so modified by statute as to give a system of marriage celebration conducive to the protection of individuals and to the stability of society. In the United States, however, there has been not progress, but retrogression; and to-day our common law is looser than was the law even in later Rome. Statute law

we have, indeed, but only too much; for not only does it contain within itself great conflict and confusion between the various States, but, in addition, the courts have generally held the statute law to be ineffective and inoperative to increase the scanty requirement of the common law. To this subject Congress has recently directed its attention, to the extent of providing for an investigation and report; and the question, What amendment, if any, of our law is practical and expedient? may soon come under discussion. Too often, in the consideration of social and legal questions, is our attention restricted to our own law and experience; but it is believed that on a subject like the present — at the foundation of society, and of deep interest to every human life — it will be both pertinent and timely to set forth the European development above referred to, especially as it involves the early history of our fundamental law.

Among the early Romans, the celebration of marriage was a solemn religious ordinance. It could take place only when the divine approval had been obtained through the auspices. When these were favorable, the priest, in the presence of ten witnesses, sacrificed an ox, and in a set form of words divided between the man and the woman a cake of wheaten bread, as an emblem of the *consortium vitæ*, or life in common. This ceremony, called *confarreatio*, was at first the only nuptial rite, and was open only to the patricians or aristocratic class. The marital union of the plebeians, or dependent class, though tolerated, was not recognized as legal marriage. But the absorption of surrounding nations caused a great relative increase of the plebeians, and, as the confarreatio remained restricted to the patricians, the former obtained for themselves a less formal marriage ceremony. As the wife was in law but a chattel of her husband, it was provided that she might be acquired, like any other chattel, by purchase (*coemptione*). *Coemptio* was then a fictitious or symbolical purchase in a set form of words. Though no real price was paid, the *æs*, or piece of money simulating a price, was weighed out at the home of the bride by the balance-holder, in the presence of the parties and of five witnesses. This fiction of a sale was carried out by a public delivery called the *domum ductio*,— a leading of the bride in public procession from the house of her father to that of the bridegroom. The domum ductio took place, it seems, in the confarreatio also, and was significant chiefly as a public expression by the parties of their consent, — the fundamental requisite to the constitution of the marriage state.

But even before the Twelve Tables there had grown up among the plebeians a custom of tying the marriage knot in a still less formal and less expensive fashion. In this, too, as in coemptio, an existing legal form of acquiring chattels was copied, — that of prescription or long possession (*usus*). If a man and a woman lived together as husband and wife uninterruptedly for a year, *ipso facto* the marriage state arose, with all the legal consequences.

By any one of these three forms, confarreatio, coemptio and usus, if with the consent of the respective *patres familiarum*, or heads of families, the so-called strict marriage of the early Roman law was constituted, and "the husband acquired," says Sir Henry Maine, "a number of rights over the person and property of his wife, which were, on the whole, in excess of such as are conferred on him in any system of modern jurisprudence." Her person and property came absolutely into his power, and at his death she passed into the tutelage of a guardian appointed in his will.

The Roman matrons soon became restless under this strict discipline and severe oppression, and about the time of the Twelve Tables they obtained concessions which revolutionized their legal condition, and the theory and celebration

of marriage. This came about through a modification of the above form of "strict marriage" called usus. It was provided, for the benefit of the wife, that if, during the first year of the consortium vitæ, she were absent from her husband's house for three successive days, the constitution of the marriage state should not indeed be prevented, but the vesting in the husband of the power over the wife's person and property should be avoided. Speaking of this later development, Sir Henry Maine says, "The three ancient forms of marriage fell gradually into disuse, so that at the most splendid period of Roman greatness they had almost entirely given place to a fashion of wedlock, old, apparently, but not hitherto considered reputable, . . . amounting in law to little more than a temporary deposit of the woman by the family. The rights of the family remained unimpaired."

In Justinian's time, to constitute the marriage state there was required merely the consent of the parties and of their respective patres familiarum. At first a solemn religious ordinance, and then a *quasi*-mercantile transaction, though still attended with public ceremonies, the celebration of marriage became at length only a private bargain, a civil contract, requiring no ceremony, civil or ecclesiastical. "Christianity," says Maine, "tended somewhat, from the very first, to narrow this remarkable liberty. Led at first by justifiable disrelish for the loose practice of the decaying heathen world, but afterward hurried on by a passion of asceticism, the professors of the new faith looked with disfavor upon a marital tie which was, in fact, the laxest the Western world had seen." The law of the Eastern Empire did, it seems, break away from the precedent set by Justinian; and the Emperor Leo, A. D. 886, declared the ecclesiastical benediction essential to the creation of the marriage state. But in the Catholic countries that arose on the ruins of the Western Empire, the Roman law of Justinian became the mediæval church or canon law. In the transfer, however, one important change was made. The Roman law had always required the consent of the patres familiarum as essential to constitute matrimony. In the canon law, however, the consent of parents was not required. The requirements of the Church were soon adopted as those of the State; and hence, by the general law of Western Europe, from the thirteenth century to the middle of the sixteenth, merely the consent of the parties themselves made them husband and wife.

The Church had always recommended that for the sake of decency and order marriage should be celebrated publicly, with the intervention of the priest. But as her canons required merely the consent of the parties, there was frequent resort to the celebration of marriage by the private interchange of consent, without the presence of witnesses and without any religious rites; and this "free marriage," inherited from the Roman law, spread so rapidly that it brought upon the Church abuses, scandals, and laxity of discipline. Immediate and radical reform was demanded in self-protection. The canon law was changed, and what before had been recommended was strictly enforced with spiritual sanctions. For the Council of Trent, summoned by the Pope in the middle of the sixteenth century, after admitting that the clandestine celebration had been valid, affirmed that marriage was one of the sacraments, and decreed that in the future it should be solemnized *in facie ecclesiæ*, — "in the presence of the parish priest and two witnesses." This is to-day the ecclesiastical law of Roman Catholic communities.

This famous decree made an epoch in the celebration of marriage. For in Spain, in Italy, and in other Catholic countries of Europe, it was promulgated by the State, and thus acquired the force

of municipal as well as of ecclesiastical law; and though not received in Protestant states, it helped to bring about in them the later reaction toward religious rites. In Protestant countries of Europe, the law long remained as it was before the Council of Trent; and it was not till the eighteenth century that a religious ceremony was generally regarded as indispensable. Such ceremony was then ordained by law, and the minister celebrating it was made the delegate of the civil power.

In France, the ordinances of Trent were not promulgated by the civil authorities; but a decree of Louis XIII., in 1639, directed that the priest should celebrate marriage "according to the forms practiced in the Church." In this indirect way, the German municipal law also adopted the Catholic reform. In fact, ere the close of the eighteenth century this great reform had, directly or indirectly, found expression in the law and policy of most Continental nations; and the concurrent belief that the marriage celebration was primarily a religious rite, to be solemnized and controlled by the Church, under the recognition and protection of the State, seems to have been shared, in various degrees, by the several bodies of Christians.

At this point came the French Revolution, bringing radical changes in the theory and the celebration of marriage. Indeed, a new epoch was then inaugurated, second in importance only to that of the Council of Trent. To this transition there were two stages. In 1787, a decree of Louis XVI., while recognizing the Church of Rome as the established church, exhibited toward Protestants a new spirit of tolerance. It gave to them the option of celebrating their marriages before the civil authorities, — such *le mariage civil facultatif* to be equally valid with the ordinary *le mariage religieux*, celebrated before the clergyman.

But in 1792 the second and more important step was taken, quite in accord with the spirit of the time. It made the civil celebration obligatory, thus introducing *le mariage civil obligatoire*. It was declared that marriage was a civil institution, its celebration a civil transaction, requiring in no case the offices of religion. Of course to this position the Romish Church did not assent. Ever since the Council of Trent that church had held marriage to be a sacrament, to be celebrated by its clergy, without interference from the State; and in this view civil forms could not constitute the marriage state. Hence, because Napoleon and Josephine had been united by the civil officer, the Pope refused, in 1804, to crown Josephine, on the ground that by so doing he would give the divine consecration to an estate of concubinage; and that the coronation might not be delayed, the night preceding it, Napoleon, yielding, permitted this sacrament to be solemnized in the chapel of the Tuileries.

But in spite of clerical resistance, the principle that marriage is primarily a civil institution, to be governed and celebrated by the State alone, survived the French Revolution, and was incorporated, in 1804, with the Code Napoléon. According to this code, before the celebration can take place, the registrar — the mayor or municipal officer — must cause the publication of the banns on two distinct occasions, separated by an interval of eight days, in the commune or communes where the contracting parties have their domicile, — that is, have last resided for six successive months; if the domicile is not yet obtained in the place of present abode, then in the commune of the last domicile; and if the consent of any person is indispensable to the marriage, then also in the commune of such person. The banns, containing the Christian names, surnames, trades or callings, and domiciles of the contracting parties and of their parents, are posted on the door of the town-hall. If opposition is made

to the proposed marriage, the registrar is forbidden, under heavy penalty, to proceed to its celebration until the opposition has been withdrawn, or annulled by a decision of a competent court. Before the ceremony, each contracting party must present to the registrar, first, a certificate of birth, or, if this cannot be obtained, a declaration, made before a justice of the peace and sanctioned by the court, by seven witnesses who remember the birth; and secondly, an affidavit, made before a notary, of the consent of the proper person or persons, — parent, grand-parent, or family. When three days have elapsed after the second publication of banns, the ceremony may take place in the commune of the domicile of one of the parties. The registrar in the town-hall, in the presence of four witnesses, reads to the contracting parties the certificate of birth, etc., and the laws detailing the rights and duties of husband and of wife. He then receives from the parties the declaration of consent, and pronounces, in the name of the law, that they are united in marriage. Immediately thereafter, the act or registration of marriage is drawn up by the registrar, is read to the contracting parties, and is signed by him, by them, and by the witnesses. This act contains the legal description of the parties, of their parents, and of the witnesses, and recites a detailed account of all the transactions before the registrar and other civil authorities. A subsequent religious ceremony is optional. But the French penal code punishes with fine (in aggravated cases, with imprisonment or banishment) the clergyman who proceeds with such ceremony before receiving the marriage certificate of the civil officer. Professor Carrard, of Lausanne, said in 1874, "European law tends continually more and more to approach a common type, which can be seen to detach itself from local diversities, then to grow, and to take the place more and more of national manifestations." Especially in the celebration of marriage does recent history show such a tendency in European law, and the "common type" is the French le mariage civil obligatoire.

The French principle was first spread by means of Napoleon's conquests. The French Empire, at its formation in 1804, included Belgium, and in 1811 it absorbed Holland. In both countries le mariage civil obligatoire was adopted; and with but slight interruptions it has survived the subsequent political revolutions, and become the basis of their marriage laws. It was recognized in the Belgian constitution of 1831, and incorporated with the civil code of the Low Country in 1833. As in France, it is the celebration before the magistrate, preceding any religious rites, which establishes the legal status of marriage.

But Italy was the first important European nation to copy the French model through the study of comparative legislation; and this was done in the new Italian civil code, which went into effect January 1, 1866, for the whole Italian peninsula. Up to that date, there existed within those limits several distinct systems of constituting marriage. Only Tuscany, the Pontifical States, and the Duchy of Modena had continued to rely directly upon the canon law; but indirectly, through the Code Albertin, the laws of the Church were followed also in the States of Sardinia. In the two Sicilies and in the Duchy of Parma, there was a system partly civil, partly religious; and the Lombardo-Venetian territory was governed by the Austrian law, which subjected the form of the nuptial celebration to the religion professed by the parties. In all these systems, however, it was recognized that marriage was primarily an institution of divine origin, drawing from this source its nature, its formalities, and its effects. But the new Italian civil code took from the Code Napoléon, on which

chiefly it was based, not only the forms, but also the fundamental principle, of civil marriage. For it affirmed that marriage is first of all a civil institution, and, like other civil institutions, it is to be governed by the State, independently of the Church; and that the marriage state can, therefore, be constituted only by a civil celebration, to which religious rites are wholly unnecessary. But while in the Code Napoléon the civil ceremony must precede any religious formalities, in the Italian civil code it may precede or follow them at the option of the parties. As a consequence, in Italy many unions solemnized by the priest never become legal marriages by the confirmation of the magistrate, the civil celebration being neglected; and a man secretly joined to one woman by a clergyman may be legally married to another by the judge, and at the same time not be a bigamist in the eye of the law. Cases of this sort have been so numerous as to attract the attention of the government, and as a remedy the adoption of the French rule has been strongly urged.

In Germany, the transition from the religious to the civil celebration of marriage, though beginning earlier than in Italy, went through more stages, and has but recently been accomplished. The *Allgemeines Landrecht*, or common law of Germany, at the close of the eighteenth century required for the creation of matrimony a religious ceremony, of a form, in each religious sect, to accord with its ritual. This was interrupted, in 1806, by the forcible introduction of the French civil code, including le mariage civil obligatoire, into those German states which Napoleon either subjected to, or incorporated with, his French Empire. On the left bank of the Rhine, the civil form thus introduced has been maintained. But elsewhere, on the expulsion of the French in 1813, the German states restored their ancient law. By this law the clergy were the delegates of the civil power in the celebration and registration of marriage. First of all came the publication of the banns from the pulpit. The neglect to do this did not make the marriage void, but was punishable with fine, and in some cases with imprisonment. The consent of parents or of other legal guardians was required; but when unjustly withheld, it could be dispensed with, at the discretion of the local court. The celebration was completed by the nuptial benediction.

To this ordinary celebration the growth of tolerance soon required exceptions. There were in Germany large numbers of Jews and dissenters. In some states, the former were allowed to publish banns and celebrate their marriage in their synagogues according to their customs. But for those persons not belonging to sects whose clergy had similar authority, and for those for whom their clergy, though legally authorized, refused to perform the office for a reason not deemed by the state an obstacle to marriage, there was introduced *le mariage civil subsidiaire*, a celebration at the last resort before the civil authority. In 1848, this form was adopted in Prussia for dissenters and for Jews. To render marriage possible between a Jew and a Christian, it was admitted in 1848 in Brunswick and in Hesse-Hombourg; in 1849, in Hombourg; and in 1855, in Oldenbourg. It was allowed for Jews and dissenters, in 1851, by Anhalt-Bernbourg; in 1855, by Würtemberg; in 1863, by Nassau; in 1864, by Saxe-Weimar; in 1867, by Hanover; in 1868, by Bavaria; and in 1872, by Reuss. This civil celebration was made obligatory for dissenters, in 1863, by Saxe-Cobourg-Gotha; in 1870, by Saxony; and in 1872, by Schwarzbourg-Sandershausen. The above statutes concerned classes of citizens; but in two states comprehensive laws were enacted. In Hamburg, civil officers made the publications and kept the registers, and

in 1865, the civil celebration was made optional for all. In the Grand Duchy of Baden, in 1869, obligatory civil forms were adopted, and the registries were put in charge of the burgomasters.

Although these numerous statute modifications of the Allgemeines Landrecht were progressive steps toward the civil celebration of marriage, they brought about great complexity and confusion. For this reason, they early engaged the consideration of the imperial government. Moreover, the great conflict with the Church (*Kultur-Kampft*) had begun, and the desire to lessen the clerical power was an important inducement for interfering with the matrimonial laws. It was also thought that upon the matter of marriage, before all others, it was important to arrive at legislative unity. In 1869, the congress of jurisconsults at Heidelberg adopted a report by Professor Gneist upon this subject. "Civil marriage," says this report, "ought to be regarded as the only form of marriage possible in the actual relations of the Church and State in Germany. . . . Marriage demands first complete publicity of formalities which precede it. This publicity is no longer secured by the reading in the pulpit of promises of marriage. The State alone, with the concurrence of the press, can secure it. The proof of the union — that fact so important to the life of the State — can be made only by officers responsible to the State and controlled by it. . . . The only acceptable measure is le mariage civil obligatoire."

After the formation of the German Empire, the agitation for a general law upon this subject was continued in the Reichstag. Finally, the law of February 6, 1875, applying to all parts of the German Empire, was adopted by a large majority. This was intended to be the first chapter in a common civil code then forming for all Germany; this law was based on the Code Napoléon, and adopted le mariage civil obligatoire substantially as therein set forth. As in the case of France, the penal code of the German Empire, adopted in 1871, punishes with fine or with imprisonment a minister of religion who proceeds to the religious celebration before proof is presented to him of the completion of the civil ceremony.

In the Scandinavian peninsula, the history of our subject has been much as it was in Germany. The Swedish ecclesiastical code of 1686 and the civil code of 1734 established the rule that all marriages should be celebrated with the nuptial benediction, under the auspices of the Lutheran Church. From the acceptance of the Reformation, in the sixteenth century, the Swedes had associated the preservation of their civil and religious liberty with the subjection of Catholics and dissenters. Moreover, they are conservative in customs and in legislation. Hence it was not till 1860 that the above strict and intolerant rule was relaxed. In that year the Edict of Tolerance allowed those belonging to a non-Lutheran sect to have their marriages celebrated by their own clergymen. But the banns were still required to be published and the marriages to be recorded by the national Church. The Lutheran clergy always deemed themselves debarred from using the nuptial rites prescribed by their liturgy in a marriage between a Christian and a Jew; and this fact hastened the evolution of le mariage civil. In 1863, for these mixed marriages there was introduced *le mariage civil de necessité*, — a celebration in the cities before the municipal authorities, and in the rural districts before the officer of the bailiwick, — no religious rites being available.

The liberty thus granted was soon coveted by other classes, and the second stage of development was finally obtained. The Baptists and other non-Lutheran sects were rapidly growing, and were unwilling to submit in any respect to the nuptial rites of the Established

Lutheran Church. But the masses of the people were Lutherans, and were attached to their ancient religious forms. They would not accept the substitution of le mariage civil obligatoire. It was proposed, therefore, to extend the right of a civil ceremony by the adoption of le mariage civil subsidiaire. A law to that effect was promulgated in 1873. In case both parties to be married belonged either to the Established Church, or to some non-Lutheran sect recognized by law and authorized through their clergy to celebrate marriage, the preëxisting religious rites were retained. But a civil ceremony, in the form already required in a union between a Christian and a Jew, was allowed in the following cases: where the parties were members of different non-Lutheran sects recognized by law, where one party was a Lutheran and the other a non-Lutheran Christian, where but one party was of a recognized sect, and where neither party was of such a sect. In 1880, the provisions of this law were extended to the case of parties professing no Christian faith. Likewise in Norway, a civil celebration before a notary, allowed in 1845 in a union between dissenters, was permitted, in 1863, in that between a Jew and a Christian; and in Denmark, le mariage civil de necessité, introduced in 1851 for those who belonged to no religious body, was joined with le mariage civil facultatif for members of any recognized sect. But neither country was yet prepared to adopt from the French the obligatory civil celebration.

In Austria, the development of our subject was considerably influenced by the prevalence of the Catholic faith. The decrees of Trent were promulgated by the civil authority, and until the reign of Joseph II. the ecclesiastical courts governed the celebration of marriage, while only its pecuniary effects were regulated by the civil tribunals. No Catholic sovereign had dared to antagonize Rome by asserting it to be the right of the secular power to legislate generally upon marriage. But Joseph II., in 1783, wishing to subject the Church to the State, declared that, "marriage in itself being considered as a civil contract," the rights and obligations proceeding therefrom should be governed by the State. In this he anticipated the action of France in 1792, and of Germany in 1875; but, unlike those countries, he ordained that, the celebration of marriage being a sacrament, the offices required therein should be performed by the Church. Three publications of the banns were prescribed, and the nuptial benediction was preserved.

The Austrian code of 1811 copied the ordinances of Joseph II.; and this religious form long continued to be the only one recognized by the State. But the new constitution of 1848, by assuring to all citizens full liberty of faith and of conscience, rendered necessary more liberal marriage laws in the form of a civil celebration. Hence, in 1868, le mariage civil subsidiaire was introduced, and Austria entered a stage analogous to that seen in many of the German states prior to 1875. For by this law, when ministers, charged by the civil code with celebrating marriages, refused to perform this office, for a reason not admitted by the State as an impediment, it was declared to be "lawful for the parties to demand the publication of their banns by the civil authorities, and to make before the same the solemn declaration of their common desire to be married." In that case, all the powers and duties usually belonging to the priest devolved upon the civil officer. Harum, an Austrian jurist, commenting upon this law, said, "Our recent legislation upon marriage has created an intermediate situation, which bears in it the source of incessant clashings and conflicts between the civil and the ecclesiastical powers. . . . All the inconveniences are obviated by le mariage civil obligatoire."

This subject came up in the Chamber of Deputies as early as 1867, and a committee was instructed to draw a new matrimonial law, "in which the celebration of marriage should be considered as a civil act, independent of religious limitations." The law was drafted and submitted, but was not enacted. The following substitute was, however, adopted in 1870, with reference to those not belonging to any recognized sects: "All the functions which the law gives, in respect of marriage and the keeping of marriage registries, to the ministers of religion shall be discharged, in the case of a man who belongs to no church or religious community recognized by law, by the chief officer of the district," clothed with civil functions.

In the session of 1874–5, a committee of the Austrian Reichsrath was charged with considering the advisability of introducing le mariage civil obligatoire. Moreover, the Hungarian Chamber of Deputies has several times, with the approval of the leading men of all parties, pronounced itself in favor of the French system. Professor Hoffmann, of the University of Buda-Pesth, states that in Hungary, in the matter of marriage, there are almost as many rules of law in force as there are different religious sects. To obviate this "chaos," as he terms it, he deems it "necessary to make a uniform rule, rigorously conformed to the dignity and the importance of this institution."

In Spain, Philip II., in 1564, adopted the decrees of Trent as the municipal law. This policy was followed in Portugal. In both countries, ancient legislation embodied the sacramental theory of the marriage celebration, and Catholic influence thus firmly established has seriously retarded the introduction of civil forms. Spanish legislation before the revolution of 1868, says M. Emile Roux, *docteur en droit de Paris*, "was inspired with the theory that marriage was instituted by God and ruled by the Church. . . . Under the regency of Marshal Prim, a law was enacted which, on the contrary, made the validity of the nuptial tie to depend, as to its legal effects, no longer so much on the conditions prescribed by the Church as on those newly introduced by the State." This law of 1870, modified by that of 1875, established a civil registration for all marriages, but otherwise left intact the ancient religious celebration. Unions solemnized by the Church were required to be recorded on the civil registry within eight days thereafter, upon the presentation of a certificate from the priest; and this certificate of the sacrament, when thus recorded, became proof of the celebration. At the same time there was instituted by the side of this ancient form of marriage, and of equal validity with it, a civil form based upon the French system, and substantially embodying most of its principles. Accordingly in Spain is seen a new phase of the subject, — a double system. For all, Catholics and non-Catholics alike, there is the option of solemnizing their unions before the clergyman or before the magistrate, — in either case, however, going for proof to the civil authorities.

A similar plan was discussed in the Portuguese parliament in 1875. It was advocated by the liberal publicists and jurisconsults, who emphasized the civil aspect of marriage; but, as it was vigorously opposed by the clerical party, a compromise measure was adopted, and, together with a law for the civil registration of all marriages, was made a part of the new civil code. This code makes the celebration of marriage for Catholics a sacrament, for non-Catholics a civil contract. The unions of the former can be solemnized only according to the forms of the Church, those of the latter only before the civil authorities. The legal status and legal effects will not ensue from a civil ceremony between Catholics, or from a religious cel-

ebration between non-Catholics. Hence this, like many compromises, is full of anomaly and contradiction, and may foreshadow the early adoption of a consistent measure.

As a learned writer has said, "However small the Swiss Confederation may be, its geographical and political situation, its historical formation, its remarkable nature, at once one and many, simple and complex, progressive and conservative, — all these circumstances combined give a special importance to the changes which take place in its fundamental institutions." By the compact of 1815, the Helvetian Confederation was composed of twenty-two cantons or separate states, each retaining most of the powers of sovereignty, and possessing its own legal and administrative system. But by the constitution of 1848, the cantons were to be "sovereign in so far as their sovereignty is not *limited* by the federal constitution," and thus Switzerland, before a confederation of states (*Staatenbund*), became a federal state (*Bundesstaat*). But this tendency toward centralization did not yet disturb the regulation of marriage by the cantons. Most of these recognized only le mariage religieux. Others had admitted some civil form. Vaud and Glaris had le mariage civil facultatif. Zürich, Shaffhausen, Aargau, and Thurgau had le mariage civil subsidiaire. But le mariage civil obligatoire existed only in Geneva, Bern, Ticino, and Neufchâtel. The registration of marriage by the civil authorities had been imported from France into Neufchâtel, Geneva, Ticino, Saint-Gall, and Bâle-Ville. Elsewhere, ecclesiastics either had unlimited control over the registries, or in that function were under the commission and direction of the State. Moreover, some cantons permitted a general jurisdiction in the Church parallel with that in the State, over the subject of marriage. Hence many conflicts arose.

In 1867 and 1869, the intervention of the federal authorities was invoked to secure uniform matrimonial laws. It was denied, however, that the federal jurisdiction embraced this subject, and so the movement was unsuccessful. But the new federal constitution of 1874 further enlarged the powers of the confederation at the expense of the states, and declared expressly that "marriage is placed under the protection of the confederation," and that "the ecclesiastical jurisdiction is abolished." This established beyond question the competence of national legislation upon marriage, and a new law on this subject for all Switzerland went into effect January 1, 1876. It provides that the ceremony must be preceded by the publication of banns, not from the pulpit by the minister of religion, but by the civil officer, upon the official bulletin or in the official newspaper. After the lapse of fourteen days, if the marriage is not opposed, and the proper certificates of birth, consent, etc., are presented, it may be solemnized publicly at the town-hall by the civil officer, in the presence of witnesses; and the whole transaction is then enrolled upon the registry. Only after these formalities, and upon the presentation of the civil certificate thereof, can a religious ceremony take place. As with the German imperial law of 1875, the execution of the law was left to the separate states, and their statutes, through revision and modification, were harmonized with the federal law.

Thus Switzerland, like France, Germany, Italy, Belgium, and Holland, has carefully separated the civil from the religious celebration, prescribing the former as the only source of the legal status, and the civil registry as the only means of proof. Even where this French principle has not yet been adopted, steps preparatory to this have been taken, and its substantial acceptance by most Continental countries seems near. That marriage is at least an institution of society, and as such its celebration

must be guarded and regulated by the State for the common good, has become a fundamental principle.

Prior to the Council of Trent, the law of England, on the celebration of marriage, radically differed from that on the Continent. The latter, adopting the canon law, made mere consent sufficient to constitute matrimony; but in the former the canon law was amended, and, besides the consent of the parties, the presence of a clergyman was always required. In England, a marriage by mere consent was indeed indissoluble, and its solemnization *in facie ecclesiæ* could be enforced at the suit of either party. "Such marriages," says Eversley, "were regarded by the ecclesiastical court as complete in substance, but not in ceremony, and the ceremony was enjoined to be celebrated as a matter of discipline; whereas they were not so regarded by the temporal courts unless celebrated by some one in Episcopal orders. If so celebrated, the temporal courts would adopt the marriage, and hold it good *ab initio*."

By the English common law, therefore, down to 1753, there were but two forms of constituting a marriage complete in all respects. The first was by solemnization in facie ecclesiæ, — requiring banns, or an Episcopal license dispensing with banns; religious rites solemnized by a priest (before the Reformation), or by a person in holy orders (after the Reformation); and, if the parties were minors, the consent of guardians. The other form was by clandestine celebration, — requiring simply the presence of a priest, or of a person in holy orders.

The Episcopal Church, however, never deemed the presence of the clergyman alone sufficient to secure the notoriety, certainty, and sanctity of the marriage ceremony. It always required, on pain of ecclesiastical censure, the above solemnization in facie ecclesiæ. The strict discipline of the Church, reinforced by the convictions of the people, at times influenced the civil courts; for in the reign of Edward IV. it seems to have been held that a scrupulous observance of the prescribed ecclesiastical forms was essential.

On the other hand, the arrogance and ritualism of Episcopacy aroused to revolt a large party among its adherents; and in the issue was deeply involved the theory and the celebration of marriage. Out of these religious dissensions came a new system, which, carried to America, has existed to this day. But to understand this change and its bearing on our problems, we must examine briefly the principles beneath it, and its stages of progress. In separating from Rome, the Church of England, though adopting in the main the Protestant theology, had retained many Catholic forms and usages; and for her purification from these relics of popery there gradually arose within the Church a large party, calling themselves Puritans. United only in antipathy to popish tendencies, the Puritans differed among themselves in opinions and in measures, and soon split into a number of sects. Of these, the most noted was formed about 1581, by one Robert Brown. The Brownists, holding extreme views regarding the nature of the Church and the rules of ecclesiastical government, met with severe persecution, and finally took refuge in the Netherlands. While there, mainly through the influence of John Robinson, one of their pastors, the more severe, more uncharitable features of the founder's plan were modified. They took the name of Independents, and from Holland a body of them came to America as the Pilgrims in 1620.

Meanwhile, Henry Jacob, an associate of Robinson at Leyden, had returned to London. There he founded a church, from which Independency spread throughout England. Its main doctrine was that "each congregation of Christians, with its office-bearers, which meets

in one house for public worship, is a complete church; has sufficient power to act and perform everything relating to religious government within itself; and is thus *independent* of all extraneous control in spiritual matters." Besides this democratic church government and the principle of religious freedom, Independency possessed all the old Puritan hostility to popish tendencies; and in all these respects it came into conflict with Episcopacy. Between the two the seventeenth century witnessed a long and mighty contest. Under the Commonwealth, the Independents became the dominant power in the State, Cromwell himself being of their number. Obtaining control of Parliament, they disestablished the English Church, instituted a policy of broad religious toleration, and sought to effect a national reformation toward freedom and purity in religion, in politics, and in society.

In this comprehensive scheme, as well as in the downfall of Episcopacy, there was necessarily involved a fundamental change in the institution of marriage. On the one hand, the law of the celebration of marriage, both in origin and in administration, had been inseparably connected with the Established Church. Through the influence of that Church, the canon law, which on the Continent required, to constitute matrimony, only the exchange of consent between the parties, when adopted into the English common law was made to require in addition that this consent be exchanged in the presence of a clergyman, and that too a clergyman ordained by the Church of England. These privileges, as they were gained through the alliance of the Church with the State, could not be retained after that alliance was dissolved. On the other hand, Independency could not, consistently with its plan of reform, permit marriage to be celebrated and controlled exclusively by any single denomination, especially by Episcopacy, which it deemed the synonym for ecclesiastical oppression and popish tendencies. Indeed, the Independents did not deem the presence of any clergyman at all essential to the sanctity or to the security of the ceremony. Denying the Episcopal doctrine that Christ had instituted a permanent order of ministers in his Church, they believed that while the minister or pastor should indeed feel himself called to his work, and should be gifted with a "mightiness in the Scripture," yet he otherwise differed from the members of his congregation only in being chosen by them to lead in devotion, and to communicate public instruction. Hence they saw but little, if any, reason why a minister rather than any other Christian should be required at the celebration of marriage.

Moreover, the Independents believed that marriage was primarily an institution of the State, not of the Church, and on the principle of complete separation of Church and State, should be in the control of the civil authorities. Hitherto no marriage had been valid unless celebrated in the presence of a clergyman ordained by the Church of England. This law was obnoxious to the reformers, not in principle alone, but in practice also; for there already existed those flagrant abuses which, a century later, compelled the enactment of Lord Hardwicke's Act. Hence one of the first proceedings of Cromwell's Barebones Parliament was, in 1653, to abolish the ancient religious rites, and to institute what was unknown in modern Europe, the civil publication, solemnization, and registration of marriage. First, a publication of the banns by the registrar — a civil officer chosen by the parish householders — had to be made, either in the church on "three several Lord's days," or, if the parties preferred, in the marketplace next to the church, on a market-day in each of three successive weeks. The parties were then required to present to "some justice of the peace" of their town or city a certificate of such

publication, and, if they were minors, proof of the guardians' consent. The justice, in the presence of at least two witnesses, receiving the parties' declaration of "consent unto marriage," declared them husband and wife. A certificate, signed by justice and by witnesses, could then issue, and the registrar entered the transaction upon the parish registry. "And no other marriage whatsoever, within the Commonwealth of England, . . . shall be held or accompted a marriage according to the laws of England."

This, then, was the first statute in modern Europe to embody a system of civil celebration. In England, it seems to have effected no permanent change; for in 1661, the monarchy being restored, Episcopacy and the former religious rites were reëstablished. Not until the French Revolution, over a hundred years later, did Europe obtain a model for the development of the civil celebration of marriage.

Although at the Restoration the former law was regained, the religious discipline which had reinforced that law was not so easily restored. Clandestine marriages increased, especially the so-called Fleet marriages, celebrated by clergymen of low character near the Fleet prison, at any time of day or night, without publication, witnesses, or guardians' consent. These clergymen being "in holy orders," the marriages were valid. The consequent demoralization of society brought about, after a century of delay, the enactment, in 1753, of Lord Hardwicke's Act, so called because presented by the Lord Chancellor Hardwicke. This law was truly called by Blackstone "an innovation upon our ancient laws and constitutions;" for it provided that no longer should marriage by mere consent be indissoluble, nor its solemnization in facie ecclesiæ enforcible. It declared that all marriages celebrated in any other place than a church of the parish where the parties dwelt, unless by special license, or without publication of banns or the Ordinary's license, should be null and void, and the parties celebrating it liable to fourteen years' transportation.

Thus was abolished not only the quasi-marriage inherited from the Roman law, but also the slightly improved form, — that by clandestine celebration. The solemnization in facie ecclesiæ became the only legal form. In these respects Lord Hardwicke's Act marked the acceptance in England of the reform already begun in the Protestant countries of the Continent toward the religious celebration of marriage. But in the strictness of its provisions and the narrowness of its scope, the act worked great hardship and proved inadequate. As it operated only in England, its delays, restraints, and technicalities were avoided by thousands each year by a short trip to Gretna Green, a small village in Scotland just across the border, on the main road from the south. There, according to the law of Scotland, the parties became husband and wife by simply expressing their consent to be such before the well-known blacksmith as witness; and "the Gretna Green marriages were recognized by the English courts," says Mackenzie, "though the parties had eloped to Scotland on purpose to evade the law of their own country." This state of things continued till 1856. In that year, Lord Brougham's Act provided that "no irregular marriage contracted in Scotland by declaration, acknowledgment, or ceremony shall be valid, unless one of the parties had, at the date thereof, his or her usual place of residence there, or had lived in Scotland for twenty-one days next preceding such marriage."

The omission of any one of the many formalities prescribed by Lord Hardwicke's Act made a marriage void ab initio, though the suit for nullity was begun years after the defective celebration and after children had been born; and

such omission was not excused to ignorance of the law nor to honesty of purpose. Hence decrees of nullity increased to an alarming extent. Nevertheless, English legislation was again so tardy that seventy years elapsed before a remedy was obtained. By an act of George IV., in 1823, "the penalty of nullity was confined to the case of persons *willfully* consenting to the performance of marriage before publication of banns, or before obtaining a license, or by one not in holy orders, or elsewhere than in a church or licensed chapel."

The beneficent principle thus adopted, however, did not relieve all the grievances which resulted from Lord Hardwicke's Act. The clergy of the Established Church were still the only persons authorized to celebrate the marriages of Catholics and of dissenters. These classes were then gradually emerging from a long period of legal and political disability, and to grant to them the privilege of solemnizing their unions according to their faith was essential to their emancipation. Thus in England, early in this century, existed the motives and the occasion for modifying the ancient religious celebration closely analogous to those seen later on the Continent. The change was accomplished in 1836 by Lord John Russell's Act. With slight amendments, this is still the law. It introduced the optional civil celebration; "and for the first time in English law [Cromwell's Act excepted], whether ecclesiastical or civil," says Eversley, "the purely temporal and civil element in marriage is recognized."

Those persons unwilling to be married by Episcopal rites are permitted to resort either to the customs of any other denomination, or to a ceremony wholly civil; but in either case the presence of the civil registrar is required, except in a solemnization according to the usages of Jews or of Quakers. The rules prescribed by the rubric are still to be observed by every person in holy orders of the Church of England. But any marriage that might before have been solemnized after publication of banns may now be celebrated equally as well upon the production of the registrar's certificate. When it is intended that the celebration shall take place in any way other than by a license from the Archbishop or from the Ordinary, or after the publication of banns, one of the parties to be married must present to the superintendent-registrar of the district where the parties have dwelt for at least seven days next preceding (if they have dwelt in separate districts, then to such officer in each district) a written notice, containing the full name, the profession or condition, and the place and length of residence, of each party, and the registered church or other building in which the solemnization is intended. The notice is then entered on the Marriage Notice Book, and for the ensuing twenty-one days is posted in the office of the superintendent-registrar. A certificate of publication may then issue. If, however, the parties can show a residence of fifteen days next preceding, a license authorizing an immediate celebration may issue on the second day after the notice is entered. But in either case, if objection has been made, it must have been obviated either by its withdrawal, or by its disallowance upon a hearing before the registrar. The certificate or license is delivered to the minister, to the registering officer of the Quakers, to the registering officer of the synagogue, or to the registrar, according as the celebration is to be by Episcopal or dissenting rites, the usages of Quakers, those of Jews, or by the civil forms. In the first three cases, the ceremony accords with the forms peculiar to each. In the last, it must take place at the registered church named in the notice, with such rites as the parties choose, or it may occur at the office of the superintendent-registrar. But whether at the registered church or at the office, there must be

present a registrar of the district. In all cases, the ceremony must take place between the hours of eight and twelve in the forenoon, and in the presence of two creditable witnesses; and the contracting parties must declare that they know of no impediment to the marriage, and that they take each other for husband and wife. Thereupon the registrar enters the facts upon the Marriage Registry Book, and the entry is signed by the witnesses, the officiating minister if there be such, the registrar, and by the parties married.

The spirit and import of this legislation are thus set forth by Eversley: "Matrimony, with all its requirements, was formerly looked upon as a spiritual act within the province of the courts Christian; but the spirit in which modern legislation affecting it has been conceived clearly evinces that its temporal and civil nature is to be held paramount, and the basis of present and future change."

In Ireland, the Church obtained the control of matrimony on the plea of providing for the spiritual welfare of the people; and even after the Reformation her canons governed the celebration of marriage by the Churches of England and of Ireland. This uniformity was interrupted in 1753 by the passage in England of Lord Hardwicke's Act; and by this and subsequent statutes the ancient religious rites were made in England more nearly to accord with the requirements of modern society. To the presence of the priest there were added, as we have seen, various other safeguards as to time, place, notice, consent, and registration. Within this century, similar Irish statutes have been passed; and hence, as to the celebration by the Protestant Episcopal Church, the former uniformity between England and Ireland again substantially exists.

But besides this, there are in Ireland at least three other forms of the nuptial celebration; and, as regards these, English legislation presents a disgraceful history of neglect, harshness, confusion, and sectarianism. By the common law, — which for Catholics in Ireland has not been changed, — the celebration of marriage, if only it be in the presence of a clergyman in holy orders, may take place in public or in private, at any time or place, and in any form or manner. No publication of banns, no notice, no previous residence, no consent of parents or of guardians, is required. In practice, it should be said, the Roman Catholic Church, in obedience to the decrees of Trent, requires the presence of witnesses and the publication of banns, or the procuring of a license or of a registrar's certificate; and an act of Parliament in 1863 provided for the registration of Catholic marriages. But those decrees never became part of the common law; and the omission to register the marriage does not make it void. Hence the "marriage by clandestine celebration," abolished in England over a century ago, is still, if between Catholics, legal in Ireland.

But besides neglecting to give to Catholics that protection, in this matter, long since granted to other denominations, Parliament has in the past interdicted with harsh penalties the celebration of marriage by priests, except when both parties to be married were Catholics. In the reign of George I., Catholic priests were forbidden, on pain of death, to marry two Protestants, or a Papist and a Protestant. Early in the present reign, the penalty of death was superseded by that of transportation for seven years; but marriages between Protestants and Catholics, by whomsoever celebrated, were absolutely prohibited until 1783. It was not till 1869 that this disability was wholly removed.

While Parliament restricted Catholic priests, the common law disabled nonconformist ministers; and relief was nearly as tardy in the latter case as in the former. Such ministers, not being

"in holy orders," could not legally celebrate marriage. By the act of 1738, however, Presbyterian clergymen obtained this privilege, though the legality of such unions was not directly affirmed. Their validity was not finally settled till 1844, over one hundred years later. In that year, the Irish Marriage Act was passed, closely following the system already provided for Protestant Episcopalians. Thereafter, a marriage between persons, one at least of whom was a Presbyterian, was to be celebrated by a minister of that denomination, in one of its certified meeting-houses, according to its usual forms, and after the publication of banns or the procuring of a license.

For those persons in Ireland not Catholics, Episcopalians, or Presbyterians, but Quakers, Jews, and others, Parliament has, within the present reign, gradually instituted a course of procedure as to notice, certificate, license, time, place, and other particulars, varying but slightly from that existing in England. At the option of the parties, the nuptial celebration may be wholly civil, or partly civil and partly religious. Likewise, as to registration, besides the parochial and other registries of the Episcopal Church, there is a civil registry, under the registrar-general in Dublin, with county districts under district registrars.

While in England and in Ireland early jurisprudence mainly grew out of native habits and customs, and but slightly copied Roman models, in Scotland it was founded on the Roman law, and the canon law of marriage, as copied from Rome, was early introduced, and has never been changed. The provincial synods did, indeed, make some effort to adopt the reform begun at Trent; but the reformation from popery immediately came, and prevented their success. Nor was Scotland materially affected by the later English legislation and judicial decision prescribing the religious celebration of marriage. Hence Scotland alone, of European nations formerly influenced by mediæval canon law, still retains that law, and does not require the interposition either of Church or of State to constitute the status of marriage. "A marriage may be constituted," says Fraser, "according to the law of Scotland, by declarations made by the man and the woman that they presently do take each other for husband and wife. No sacerdotal benediction is required to make this a valid marriage. This declaration may be emitted on any day, at any time, and without the presence of witnesses. Such a marriage is as effectual, to all intents and purposes, as a public marriage solemnized in facie ecclesiæ." According to a recent decision of the highest court of Scotland, "the governing principle is that consent makes the marriage."

Although these "free" or irregular marriages have always been valid, their celebration, especially if it included any religious ceremony, exposed the contracting parties, the witnesses, and the officiating clergyman to penalties including corporal punishment and even banishment. The severity of punishment indicates the determined opposition of the Church of Scotland and of the ruling classes to these mediæval principles. "Public opinion," says Eversley, "does not approve of the laxity of their regulations in matrimonial matters, or of the opportunity they offer for clandestine, improvident, and secret unions." Accordingly, by the side of this "facile code of irregular or inorderly marriages" there was early introduced and zealously fostered a strict system of "regular or public marriages," with a celebration by a minister of the Established Church, preceded by the proclamation of banns. To the latter form the intervention of a minister has always been necessary; and down to the reign of Queen Anne, this office was forbidden, on pains and penalties, to a clergyman not of the Establishment. The privilege was then extended to ministers of the Protestant Episcopal Church,

and in the time of William IV. to all clergymen whatsoever. Before Queen Anne's reign, the churches of the Establishment were the only places where banns could be proclaimed. It was then allowed Episcopalians, besides this, to publish banns in their own churches. Other dissenters, including Quakers and Jews, were still required to have their banns proclaimed only in the Established Church.

Prior to 1878, the publication of banns was indispensable to the celebration of a "regular marriage." But by the Marriage Notice Act of 1878, "a considerable modification in the ideas of marriage prevalent in Scotland has been introduced. For the first time it is acknowledged by legislative enactment that it is no longer necessary to have recourse to the Established Church." A "regular marriage" was formerly authorized only by a session-clerk's certificate of the publication of banns; it may now take place also upon a registrar's certificate of the publication of marriage notices. Eversley states that "the new law has been regarded as breaking down one of the barriers between regular and inorderly marriages; . . . the chief religious denominations . . . hold it to be an intrusion of the civil power on purely spiritual and ecclesiastical matters."

Thus in the British Isles, as well as on the Continent, the development of the law is toward the adoption of the civil celebration of marriage. In both, laxity, multiplicity, and confusion are gradually giving place to strictness, unity, and definiteness. In both, the functions of the State, as compared with those of the Church, have constantly increased in extent and in importance. But while in the former the prevailing type is *le mariage civil facultatif*, in the latter it is *le mariage civil obligatoire.*

Frank Gaylord Cook.

ENDYMION.

A MYSTICAL COMMENT ON TITIAN'S "SACRED AND PROFANE LOVE."

I.

My day began not till the twilight fell,
And, lo, in ether from heaven's sweetest well,
The New Moon swam divinely isolate
In maiden silence, she that makes my fate
Haply not knowing it, or only so
As I the secrets of my sheep may know;
Nor ask I more, entirely blest if she,
In letting me adore, ennoble me
To height of what the Gods meant making man,
As only she and her best beauty can.
Mine be the love that in itself can find
Seed of white thoughts, the lilies of the mind,
Seed of that glad surrender of the will
That finds in service self's true purpose still;
Love that in outward fairness sees the tent
Pitched for an inmate far more excellent;
Love with a light irradiate to the core,
Lit at her lamp, but fed from inborn store;

Love thrice-requited with the single joy
Of an immaculate vision naught could cloy,
Dearer because, so high beyond my scope,
My life grew rich with her, unbribed by hope
Of other guerdon save to think she knew
One grateful votary paid her all her due;
Happy if she, high-radiant there, resigned
To his sure trust her image in his mind.
O fairer even than Peace is when she comes
Hushing War's tumult, and retreating drums
Fade to a murmur like the sough of bees
Hidden among the noon-stilled linden-trees,
Bringer of quiet, thou that canst allay
The dust and din and travail of the day,
Strewer of Silence, Giver of the dew
That doth our pastures and our souls renew,
Still dwell remote, still on thy shoreless sea
Float unattained in sacred empery,
Still light my thoughts, nor listen to a prayer
Would make thee less imperishably fair!

II.

Can, then, my twofold nature find content
In vain conceits of airy blandishment?
Ask I no more? Since yesterday I task
My storm-strewn thoughts to tell me what I ask:
Faint premonitions of mutation strange
Steal o'er my perfect orb, and, with the change,
Myself am changed; the shadow of my earth
Darkens the disc of that celestial worth
Which only yesterday could still suffice
Upwards to waft my thoughts in sacrifice;
My heightened fancy with its touches warm
Moulds to a woman's that ideal form;
Nor yet a woman's wholly, but divine
With awe her purer essence bred in mine.
Was it long brooding on their own surmise,
Which, of the eyes engendered, fools the eyes,
Or have I seen through that translucent air
A Presence shaped in its seclusions bare,
My Goddess looking on me from above
As look our russet maidens when they love,
But high-uplifted o'er our human heat
And passion-paths too rough for her pearl feet?

Slowly the Shape took outline as I gazed
At her full-orbed or crescent, till, bedazed
With wonder-working light that subtly wrought
My brain to its own substance, steeping thought
In trances such as poppies give, I saw
Things shut from vision by sight's sober law,

Amorphous, changeful, but defined at last
Into the peerless Shape mine eyes hold fast.
This, too, at first I worshipt: soon, like wine,
Her eyes, in mine poured, frenzy-philtred mine;
Passion put Worship's priestly raiment on
And to the woman knelt, the Goddess gone.
Was I, then, more than mortal made? or she
Less than divine that she might mate with me?

III.

Long she abode aloof there in her heaven,
Far as the grape-bunch of the Pleiad seven
Beyond my madness' utmost leap; but here
Mine eyes have feigned of late her rapture near,
Here in these shadowy woods and brook-lulled dells,
Moulded of mind-mist that broad day dispels.

Have no heaven-habitants e'er felt a void
In hearts sublimed with ichor unalloyed?
E'er longed to mingle with a mortal fate
Intense with pathos of its briefer date?
Could she partake, and live, our human stains?
Even with the thought there tingles through my veins
Sense of unwarned renewal; I, the dead,
Receive and house again the ardor fled,
As once Alcestis; to the ruddy brim
Feel masculine virtue flooding every limb,
And life, like Spring returning, brings the key
That sets my senses from their winter free,
Dancing like naked fauns too glad for shame.
Her passion, purified to palest flame,
Can it thus kindle? Is her purpose this?
I will not argue, lest I lose a bliss
That makes me dream Tithonus' fortune mine,
(Or what of it was palpably divine
Ere came the fruitlessly immortal gift;)
I cannot curb my hope's imperious drift
That wings with fire my dull mortality;
Though fancy-forged, 't is all I feel or see.

IV.

My Goddess sinks; round Latmos' darkening brow
Trembles the parting of her presence now,
Faint as the perfume left upon the grass
By her limbs' pressure or her feet that pass
By me conjectured, but conjectured so
As things I touch far fainter substance show.
Was it mine eyes' imposture I have seen
Flit with the moonbeams on from shade to sheen
Through the wood-openings? Nay, I see her now
Out of her heaven new-lighted, from her brow

The hair breeze-scattered, like loose mists that blow
Across her crescent, goldening as they go
High-kirtled for the chase, and what was shown,
Of maiden rondure, like the rose half-blown.
If dream, turn real! If a vision, stay!
Take mortal shape, my philtre's spell obey!
If hags compel thee from thy secret sky
With gruesome incantations, why not I,
Whose only magic is that I distil
A potion, blent of passion, thought, and will,
Deeper in reach, in force of fate more rich,
Than e'er was juice wrung by Thessalian witch
From moon-enchanted herbs, a potion brewed
Of my best life in each diviner mood?
Myself the elixir am, myself the bowl
Seething and mantling with my soul of soul.
Taste and be humanized: what though the cup,
With thy lips frenzied, shatter? Drink it up!
If but these arms may clasp, o'erquited so,
My world, thy heaven, all life means I shall know.

V.

Sure she hath heard my prayer and granted half,
As Gods do who at mortal madness laugh.
In sleep she comes; she visits me in dreams,
And, as her image in a thousand streams,
So in my veins, that her obey, she sees,
Floating and flaming there, her images
Borne to my little world's remotest zone
With messages of her, and her alone.
With silence-sandalled Sleep she comes to me,
(But softer-footed, sweeter-browed than she,)
In motion gracious as a seagull's wing,
And all her bright limbs, moving, seem to sing.
If life's most solid things illusion seem,
Why should not substance wear the mask of dream?
Let me believe so, then, if so I may
With the night's bounty feed my beggared day.
In dreams I see her lay the goddess down
With bow and quiver, and her crescent-crown
Flicker and fade away to dull eclipse
As down to mine she deigns her longed-for lips;
And as her neck my happy arms enfold,
Flooded and lustred with her loosened gold,
She whispers words each sweeter than a kiss:
Then, wakened with the shock of sudden bliss,
My arms are empty, my awakener fled,
And, silent in the silent sky o'erhead,
But coldly as on ice-plated snow, she gleams,
Herself the mother and the child of dreams.

VI.

Gone is the time when phantasms could appease
My quest phantasmal and bring cheated ease;
When, if she glorified my dreams, I felt
Through all my limbs a change immortal melt
At touch of hers illuminate with soul.
Not long could I be stilled with Fancy's dole;
Too soon the mortal mixture in me caught
Red fire from her celestial flame, and fought
For tyrannous control in all my veins:
My fool's prayer was accepted; what remains?
Or was it some eidolon merely, sent
By her who rules the shades in banishment,
To mock me with her semblance? Were it thus,
How 'scape I shame, whose will was traitorous?
What shall compensate an ideal dimmed?
How blanch again my statue virgin-limbed,
Soiled with the incense-smoke her chosen priest
Poured more profusely as within decreased
The fire unearthly, fed with coals from far
Within the soul's shrine? Could my fallen star
Be set in heaven again by prayers and tears
And quenchless sacrifice of all my years,
How would the victim to the flamen leap,
And life for life's redemption paid hold cheap!

But what resource when she herself descends
From her blue throne, and o'er her vassal bends
That shape thrice-deified by love, those eyes
Wherein the Lethe of all others lies?
When my white queen of heaven's remoteness tires,
Herself against her other self conspires,
Takes woman's nature, walks in mortal ways,
And finds in my remorse her beauty's praise?
Yet all would I renounce to dream again
The dream in dreams fulfilled that made my pain,
My noble pain that heightened all my years
With crowns to win and prowess-breeding tears;
Nay, would that dream renounce once more to see
Her from her sky there looking down at me!

VII.

Goddess, reclimb thy heaven, and be once more
An inaccessible splendor to adore,
A faith, a hope of such transcendent worth
As bred ennobling discontent with earth;
Give back the longing, back the elated mood
That, fed with thee, spurned every meaner good;

Give even the spur of impotent despair
That, without hope, still bade aspire and dare;
Give back the need to worship that still pours
Down to the soul that virtue it adores!

Nay, brightest and most beautiful, deem naught
These frantic words, the reckless wind of thought;
Still stoop, still grant, — I live but in thy will;
Be what thou wilt, but be a woman still!
Vainly I cried, nor could myself believe
That what I prayed for I would fain receive.
My moon is set; my vision set with her;
No more can worship vain my pulses stir.
Goddess Triform, I own thy triple spell,
My heaven's queen, — queen, too, of my earth and hell!

James Russell Lowell.

THE BLUE-JAY.

THE blue-jay came out of the egg with his mind made up. He always knew exactly what he wanted, and never doubted that he knew how to get it. I wrote of this bird some time ago, but he was then a comparatively new acquaintance. He lived with us many months after that, and became much more familiar; for besides being slow to feel thoroughly at home, he was very young, and he grew in wisdom with age. So I have more to say of him.

Human society was necessary to the jay; he cared for the other birds of the room only as objects on which to play tricks for his own amusement. He was peculiar, too, in never having more than one friend at a time, and was very decided in his opinions of people, having a distinctly different reception for each one of the household, as well as for strangers. His mistress was always his prime favorite; and although, during my absence from home, he adopted some one temporarily in my place, he was never so affectionate to that one as to me, and the instant I returned resumed his old relations to each of us.

To his best beloved this bird never squawked or whistled; on the contrary, he talked in low, sweet tones, hardly more than a murmur, slightly lifting and quivering his wings, sidling as near as he could get, and if I put my face down to him touching my cheek or lips gently with his beak, in little taps, like kisses. Any one else in that position would receive a violent peck. Sometimes, when I was busy, and therefore silent a long time, and the jay was in his cage, where I was obliged to put him in order to work at all, he stood perfectly quiet and motionless an hour at a time; moving only when he was hungry, and apparently watching me every instant, — a performance very uncommon in a bird, who usually has some interests of his own, however fond he may be of a person. The moment I spoke to him his whole manner changed. He came at once as near as he could, about four feet from me, and began to talk, holding his tail on one side, and both wings spread to their fullest extent and parallel with his back. In this attitude he hopped up and down his three perches, always

as near my side as possible, and evidently in great excitement. If, during this exhibition, any one came in, his wings instantly dropped, though he did not stop talking to me. This action of the wings showed extreme affection, and must not be profaned by common eyes. When I came close and replied to him, his agitation was almost painful to see, — such loving tones, such gentle kisses, such struggles to express himself. Not only did he insist on sharing his dainties with me, offering me mocking-bird food or bread and milk in the most loving way, but he wished to share mine; ice-cream he delighted in, cake he was as fond of as any child, and candy he always begged for, though, instead of eating it, he hid it somewhere about the room, — under my pillow, or between the leaves of a book, all sticky as it was from his mouth.

Second in the blue-jay's affections was a lady to whom at first he took a great dislike. She tried her best to win him, talking to him, treating him to various tidbits, and offering him the hospitality of her room, — separated from the bird-room by a passage, — and above all dancing with him. These attentions in time secured her a warm place in his regards, though his treatment of her was very different from that reserved for me. He was always gentle with me, while in her society he exhibited all his noisy accomplishments, — squawked, whistled and screamed, stamped his feet, and jounced (the only word to describe a certain raising and violent dropping of the body without lifting the feet). He ran after her when she left the room; he pecked her hand, and flew up at her face. Gradually, as he grew to like her better, the more violent demonstrations ceased; but he was always boisterous with her, generally expected a half-fight, half-frolic, and I must say never failed to enjoy it greatly.

The dance spoken of was droll. His chosen place for this indulgence was the back of a tall chair. His friend stood before this, whistled, bowed, and moved her head up and down as if dancing; and he on his perch did the same, jumping up and down in a similar way, answering her whistle for whistle, moving his feet, sidling from one side to the other, curtsying, lowering the body and flattening the head feathers, then rising, stamping his feet, and drooping his wings. This he kept up as long as she played second to him.

When this playfellow went away, the jay missed his dances and frolics. He flew into her empty room, perched on the back of the rocking-chair, where he had been wont to stand and pull her hair, and began a peculiar cry. Again and again he repeated it, louder and louder each time, till it ended in a squawk, impatient and angry, as much as to say, "Why don't you answer?" After awhile he began to whistle the notes she used to imitate; finding that this brought no response, he returned to the cry; and when at last he had exhausted all his resources, he came back to my desk, and consoled himself by talking to me.

A young lady in the family he greeted by flying at her, alighting on her chair-back, clawing her neck, and squawking; and before a youth who often teased him he trailed his wings on the floor, tail spread and dragging also, uttering a curious "Obble! obble!" something like the cry of a turkey. The head of the household he met with stamping of the feet, and no sound; while at a maid who came in to sweep he always flew furiously, aiming for her head, and invariably frightening her half out of her wits.

The jay was extremely wary about anything like a trap, and being always on the lookout for one, he sometimes, like bigger persons, fooled himself badly. Finding him fond of standing on a set of turning bookshelves, I thought to please him by arranging over it a

convenient resting-place. He watched me with great interest, but, when I had finished, declined to use the perch, though ordinarily nothing could keep him from trying every new thing. I put a bait upon it, in the shape of bits of gum-drops, a favorite delicacy; but he plainly saw that I wanted him to go on it, and in the face of the fact that I had heretofore tried to keep him off the papers and magazines lying there, he decided that it was suspicious. He flew so as almost to touch the stick, and hovered before it to snatch off the candy placed there; but alight on it he would not, and did not, though I kept it in place a week.

In many ways this bird was wise; he knew exactly where to deliver his blows to effect what he desired. A cage door being fastened with fine wire, he never wasted a stroke upon the door, but gave telling blows directly upon the wire. A rubber band was looped about a rod for him to play with, in the expectation that he would pull on it and make sport; but he disappointed us all by hammering at the loop, until he loosened it and easily pulled it off. Again it was tied on with strong linen thread; he turned his whole attention to the knot of the latter, till it yielded and was disposed of also.

Dear as was this bird, he was a more than usually troublesome pet. My desk became his favorite playground, and havoc indeed he made with the things upon it; snatching and running off with paper, pen, or any small object, destroying boxes, and injuring books. Finally, in self-defense, I adopted the plan of laying over it every morning a woolen cloth, which must be lifted every time anything was taken from the desk. This arrangement did not please my small friend in blue, and he took pains to express his displeasure in the most emphatic way. He came down upon the cover, tramped all over it, and sought small holes in it, through which to thrust his bill. One day he was busily engaged in hammering a book through an opening, and to cure him of the trick I slipped my hand under, caught his beak between two fingers, and held it a moment. This amazed, but did not alarm the bird; on the contrary, he plainly decided to persevere till he found out the secret. He pecked the mounds made by my fingers; he stooped and looked into the hole, and then probed again. This time I held him longer, so that he had to struggle and beat his wings to get away, and then he walked off indignantly. Still he was not satisfied about that mystery, and in a moment he was back again, trying in new ways to penetrate it. I was tired before he was. He was baffled only temporarily; he soon learned to draw up the fabric, hold the slack under one foot while he pulled it still further, and thus soon reach anything he desired.

The blue-jay always pried into packages by pecking a hole in the wrapper, and examining the contents through that; and boxes he opened by delivering upward blows under the edge of the cover. The waste-basket he nearly emptied from the outside, by dragging papers through the openings in the weaving. Seeing two or three unmounted photographs put into a book, he went speedily for that volume, thrust his beak into the slight opening made by the pictures, and pulled them out, flying at once across the room with one in his mouth. It was secured and put back, and the book held down by a heavy weight; but he found the place at once, and repeated the naughtiness. The book had to be completely covered up before the photographs were safe.

After the blue-jay had put on a new suit of feathers he flew with great ease, and selected for a retreat the top of a door into the passage-way mentioned, which usually stood open. It was not long before his curiosity was roused to know what was outside the door that so often

swallowed up his friends, — that into the hall. He resolved to find out, and to that end, when stationed on the elevated perch of his choice, held himself in readiness, upon the exit of any one, to fly out. He did not wish to get away; he merely took a turn in the hall, and came back; and once, when accidentally left in that unfamiliar place, he stayed in the bath-room, with window wide open, for half an hour before he was found. He became so expert in flying out of the door that it was a difficult matter to pass through without his company; we had to train ourselves in sleight of hand to outwit him. There were two ways of getting the better of him; mere suddenness was of no use, — he was much quicker than we were. One way was to go to the room on the other side of the passage, where he was sure to follow, and before he fairly settled there, to dodge back and shut the door, — a proceeding so unexpected that he never learned to allow for it. The other way was to go to the hall door, as if intending to open it; instantly the bird swooped down, ready to slip out also, but finding the way closed, swept around the room and alighted somewhere. This was the second to open the door and step out, for he always paused a moment before flying again.

The only notice the jay ever took of the birds, as said above, was to tease them, or put them in a flutter; as society he plainly despised them. They soon learned to regard him as a sort of infernal machine, liable at any moment to explode; and they were fully justified, for he was fond of surprising them by unexpectedly flying around the room, tail spread, feathers rustling, squawking madly in a loud voice. He usually managed, in his career, to sweep close over the head of every bird, of course frightening them off their perches, and thus to put the whole room into a panic. They took refuge anywhere, — under the bed, behind the chairs, against the wires, and on the floor, — while the mischief-maker circled around, filling the air with shrieks, then suddenly dropped to the round of a chair, and calmly dressed his feathers, as if he had merely been exercising his wings.

Poor little fellow! he was hardly more than a baby, and not very brave. A big grasshopper which once got into the room afforded him great excitement and the spectators much amusement. He saw it before his cage was opened, and as soon as he came out he went after it. The insect hopped up three feet, and so startled the bird that he jumped almost as high. When it alighted he picked it up, but, seeming not to know what to do with it, soon dropped it. Again it hopped, and again the jay repeated his bound; and this performance went on for some minutes, one of the drollest of sights, — his cautious approach, the spring of the insect, and his instant copy of the same, as if in emulation. After being picked up several times the grasshopper was disabled; then when the bird came near, it lifted its wings, plainly to scare its persecutor; it did awe him. Meanwhile, an orchard oriole had been eagerly looking on, and on one occasion that the grasshopper was dropped he pounced upon it, and carried it off to a chair, where he proceeded to eat it, though it was so big as to be almost unmanageable. The jay did not like being deprived of his plaything. He ran after the thief, and stood on the floor, uttering a low cry while watching the operation. In the oriole's moving the clumsy insect fell to the floor, when the jay snatched it; and it was evident that he had got a new idea about its use, for he carried it under a chair and demolished it completely, — not even a wing remained.

More disturbing to the jay, strange as it may seem, was a tree. It was really touching to see a bird afraid of this, but the poor youngster had been taken from the nest to a house. A

Christmas tree was brought into the bird-room to please the residents there, when, to our amazement, the jay went into a wild fright, flew madly around near the ceiling, squawking, and making the other birds think something terrible had happened. He flew till he was breathless, and was evidently very much distressed. For three or four days he was equally alarmed, the moment he caught sight of it in the morning and whenever I moved it an inch, though the other birds liked it, and were on it half the time. When he did get used to it, he did not go on it, but to the standard below, where he could pick the needle-like leaves, and carry them off to hide about the room.

The blue-jay took his bath in an original way, as he did everything else. First, he stood beside the wide, shallow dish, looked at it, then at me and all around the room, one wing drooping and the other laid jauntily over the back, while he talked in a low tone, as if he said, "If anybody is going to object, now is the time." No one ventured to dispute his right, and suddenly he plumped into the middle, neither alighting on the edge nor testing the water. Then there was a lively frolic, with tail spread, crest raised, wings beating, and the water flying several feet around. He was a very beautiful bird when in perfect plumage. There were six distinct shades of blue, besides rich velvety black, snowy white, delicate dove color, and blue-gray. He is too well known to need description, but a jay is not often so closely seen, when alive and in perfection of plumage. This bird had a charming way of folding his wings that hid all the plain blue-gray. When held thus, and laid together over the back, there were displayed first the beautiful tail, with broad white edges to the feathers; above it the wings looking like a square cut mantle, of the same colors; above this a deep pointed shoulder cape, of rich violet blue, the feathers fluffed up loosely; and at the top of all his exquisite crest.

Olive Thorne Miller.

THE COLEORTON PAPERS.

Coleorton was the country-seat of Sir George Beaumont, the artist, whose principal claim to remembrance is the share he had in establishing the National Gallery, of which he is fairly to be regarded as the liberal and patriotic founder. He is known in literature as the friend of Wordsworth, and it is this intimacy which makes the Coleorton Papers,[1] just edited by the most competent of Wordsworthians, Professor Knight, an interesting contribution to literary history. Sir George, who was a painter of landscape, discovered the Lake Country at an early period, and is reported by Southey to have spent at Keswick part of the summer in which he was married. He was fifty years old when he met Coleridge at Greta Hall, in 1803, and shortly afterwards he opened correspondence with Wordsworth by presenting him with a small estate near Coleridge's abode. The friendship thus begun between Wordsworth and his patron proved permanent. To it we owe the letters which principally compose these

[1] *Memorials of Coleorton.* Being Letters from Coleridge, Wordsworth and his Sister, Southey and Sir Walter Scott, to Sir George and Lady Beaumont, of Coleorton, Leicestershire, 1803 to 1834. Edited, with introduction and notes, by William Knight, University of St. Andrews. Two volumes. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1887.

two volumes, and afford us glimpses of the ordinary course of human events with the poet in his retirement. The correspondence is simple and homely, on the level of the daily life of the participants; it wanders occasionally into subjects of taste, but is on the whole closely bound down to the topic which happened to be uppermost in mind and nearest to life. There are persons who would call this sort of talk about friends and visits, houses and lands, and the trivialities of domestic economy "chatter about Wordsworth;" books, principles, intellectual matters in general, have no more share here than in life itself, — they form a portion only of the being of men with bodies and affairs. But it is not unpleasant for us to look in so faithful a mirror of the days at Grasmere, to see genius off of its pedestal and alive in its own home; to relax the intellectual faculties, if need be, and be content to listen to the converse of two men of cultivation about common things that interested them, without insisting that they should teach us very much.

Coleridge's letters form a kind of prelude to those of Wordsworth and his sister Dorothy; but they are very different in style, in the temperament they show, and in their subject. The latter is usually the ego; and in reading the apologies of the writer for treating of this ever-present theme, and his observations on his own lack of vanity and the danger he is in of undervaluing his powers and works, one can scarcely fail to be struck by the identity in many respects of the egotism of the overweening and of the self-depreciating kinds. The aspects are different, but the weakness has the same root. In Coleridge it was, perhaps, no more than a question of the state of his stomach whether his assiduous interest in himself should result in intellectual pride or in self-abasement; but without giving too severe a touch, it is clear enough that his eye, when fixed on himself, was on the wrong object, and it is little palliation of the moral error to hear him exclaim that the sight he beheld there did not make him vain. Humility and low spirits are quite different things; if Coleridge considered that his egotism was less because he fancied that he sometimes thought very little of himself, the reader must regard it as a delusion. The earlier letters are a chapter of invalidism; they might have been written to his physician; there is no pleasure to be had in them any more than in other diagnoses, though the illustration they afford of Coleridge's temperament is valuable.

One long epistle, however, in which he devotes himself to an analysis of his mental condition at the time when he was what is now known as a Social Democrat, is of passing interest, as it shows by an eminent example in what ways the minds of young men of enthusiasm, who have caught the contagion of new ideas, commonly act, and how their tongues are kept going. Coleridge and Southey were rampant young radicals for about ten months, and might many times have been justly thrown into jail for the use of unlawful language and seditiously fomenting the passions of the people. Coleridge ascribes the beginning of his ramblings from the true path of respectable politics partly to his intellectual isolation among his relatives and virtuous acquaintances generally, who thought that his "opinions were the drivel of a babe, but the guilt attached to them, — this was the gray hair and rigid muscle of inveterate depravity;" and partly, he declares, it was due to the thirst for kindness planted in himself, in that "*me*, who," he says, "from my childhood have had no avarice, no ambition, whose very vanity in my vainest moments was nine tenths of it the desire and delight and necessity of loving and of being beloved," — needs which he found satisfied in the welcome and company of "the Democrats." So he fell among evil companions. On becom-

ing an agitator upon the platform he succumbed to the temptations of the fluent speaker, gifted "with an ebullient fancy, a flowing utterance, a light and dancing heart, and a disposition to catch time by the very rapidity of my own motion, and to speak vehemently from mere verbal associations; choosing sentences and sentiments for the very reason which would have made me recoil with a dying away of the heart and unutterable horror from the actions expressed in such sentiments and sentences, namely, because they were wild and original, and vehement and fantastic." Here is a choice specimen of his eloquence, on the occasion of a supper by Lord Somebody, to commemorate an Austrian victory: "This is a true Lord's Supper in the communion of darkness! This is a Eucharist of Hell! a sacrament of misery! over each morsel and each drop of which the spirit of some murdered innocent cries aloud to God, This is my body! and this is my blood!" There was one sin against society, however, which he declined to commit, and he takes great credit to himself for his obstinate refusal. He joined no party, club, or any of the radical societies, which he characterizes as "ascarides in the bowels of the state, subsisting on the weakness and diseasedness, and having for their final object the death of that state, whose life had been their birth and growth, and continued to be their sole nourishment." He remained outside of these entangling alliances, a free-lance speechifier, in the condition of mind of the willing martyr: "The very clank of the chains that were to be put about my limbs would not at that time have deterred me from a strong phrase or striking metaphor, although I had had no other inducement to the use of the same except the wantonness of luxuriant imagination, and my aversion to abstain from anything simply because it was dangerous." Such was Coleridge at twenty-four years, — the age at which Emmett was executed; whose death called out this long letter of reminiscences concerning his own career as an agitator, and of reflections upon the impulses and justification of revolutionary orators, their temptations, errors, and illusions. He understood the fate of Emmett with greater clearness because of this little episode in his own life, and it is noticeable that he has the grace not to think that the young patriot's career bore too much resemblance to his own; but this confession of his foolishness in general, spread out somewhat magniloquently before the eyes of his aristocratic correspondent, is a lesson in human nature well worth a moment's attention from conservative and orderly people. Coleridge does not enter the volumes again, until after his return from Malta, and then only as an occasional correspondent; in his later letters, when he touches on an intellectual subject, the sentences read like notes for some one of his many "projected works," and there is nothing of consequence in them not elsewhere expressed in his writings.

Wordsworth was a sympathizer with revolution, too, but the feeling had died out of him as out of Southey and Coleridge. Here he appears only as a genuine, unaffected friend, living in the retirement of the country, and enjoying his tastes by communication with one who shared them. His life did not mingle with Sir George's to any great degree; they lived apart, and Sir George was a man of the world, with many connections with the world's life, and varied interests. The principal monument of their friendship will always be the characteristic and great poem suggested by the picture of Peele Castle in a Storm, which Sir George painted; the art of the latter is also associated with Wordsworth's works by some illustration of Peter Bell and other poems, known to collectors of editions; the Inscriptions, too, written for the grounds at Coleorton, and ranking high in that kind

of verse, are a notable relic of their common life. Coleorton, in fact, is said to bear, at the present time, more traces of Wordsworth's actual presence than the region about his own home. He occupied the farmhouse there for a year, and found recreation in the intervals of composition by attending to the laying out of the winter garden on the estate. It is not unlikely that Sir George's influence was felt by the poet in the growth of his taste for landscape. The former belonged to that school which selects and rearranges the natural features of a scene. As Wordsworth was not a lover of wild nature in the same degree as Byron or Shelley, and as he adopted the principle that a landscape, to have the highest interest, must be humanized, he developed a strong liking for the practical art of landscape-gardening. Not only in his own work at Coleorton, but also in his remarks upon the estates which he saw from time to time upon his journeys, he shows this trait, and he was evidently much pleased with the opportunity Sir George gave him of experimenting according to his own ideas. The topic is a very prominent one in the letters that passed between them.

Of matters connected with his own poetical work, and especially of criticism upon it, of which we would gladly have more, there is less than one would naturally expect, and what there is has seen the light before in the poet's biography. He was laboring at this time upon his long poems. It appears that he wrote at the rate of about two hundred lines a week, and afterwards corrected more slowly and with great difficulty. He was not altogether oblivious to the faults of these narratives, and especially to their tedious length. He hoped to succeed in so modest an effort as describing the development of his own mind; nevertheless, he acknowledges it "might certainly have been done in narrower compass by a man of more address; but I have done my best. If, when the work shall be finished, it appears to the judicious to have redundancies, they shall be lopped off, if possible; but this is very difficult to do, when a man has written with thought; and this defect, whenever I have suspected it or found it to exist in any writings of mine, I have always found incurable. The fault lies too deep, and is in the first conception." This is plainly sincere, and is a true statement of the case. On the other hand, he is entirely sure of his genius and of its future, though his poems meet with little sale. He ascribes the neglect to an incapacity on the part of men engaged in the trivialities of business and society to understand poetry. He commiserates them on their misfortune, because, he says, "to be incapable of a feeling of poetry, in my sense of the word, is to be without love of human nature and reverence for God;" but the dispersion of the minds of the worldlings among things of transitory interest does not disturb his faith in the value of his art, and in the final recognition of the work he has done in it. This is his well-known attitude; but when it is taken so simply and as a matter of course, in correspondence with a confidential friend, it has a peculiarly manly quality.

The glimpses one gets of Wordsworth's poetic life, however, are very few. The subject of the story is rather the ordinary human concerns in which two families, attached to each other, take interest, whether there is a poet in one of them or not; and for this reason the letters of his sister Dorothy are a valuable supplement to those of Wordsworth. She was a woman of character, and full of femininity. When taken by itself in a special biography, her life loses its most pleasing aspects, because she must remain a subordinate figure, for one to understand the womanly help she gave. As the attendant of her brother, his companion in his walks and thoughts, she is seen from the right point of view; by

herself, she has the incompleteness of one figure of a group of which the rest are lost. In this correspondence she occupies just the place which belonged to her in life, and by her letters to Lady Beaumont she throws those minor side-lights on the domestic ways of the family at Grasmere which are needed to bring out with truth the interior of the home. After reading them, one understands better how Wordsworth lived. This is the use, and to us the charm, of the collection; it admits us to the usual tastes and common affairs of a man of genius, and makes us for the time being housemates, where there is only cheerfulness and serenity. The distinctly intellectual element is not large in this home of genius, outside of the study; but the cultivated and kindly element is pervasive, — hard, possibly, to put the finger on, and say it is here and here, but felt in different degrees continuously. We learn better from such books than from more pretentious ones what constitutes amity of feeling; there is no precept, but much delightful practice; and genius does not lose, but gains, by the knowledge that its ways are as our ways.

At the close, one is much struck by the atmosphere of old age that comes upon the pages. The children are grown up and seeking their fortune; Edith Southey is married, and a new Sir George and Lady Beaumont are at the hall; the tone of all is one of calm, consolation, and hopefulness, — the Wordsworthian spirit. Wordsworth's last words are worth quoting as a farewell; they illustrate how the love of nature and enjoyment of it, unlike most of youthful emotions, gain an increasing glow with years, and they express his faith and life in the most elementary terms: "I never had a higher relish for the beauties of nature than during this spring, nor enjoyed myself more. What manifold reason, my dear George, have you and I had to be thankful to Providence! Theologians may puzzle their heads about dogmas as they will; the religion of gratitude cannot mislead us. Of that we are sure, and gratitude is the handmaid to hope, and hope the harbinger of faith. I look abroad upon nature, I think of the best part of our species, I lean upon my friends, and I meditate upon the Scriptures, especially the Gospel of St. John; and my creed rises up of itself with the ease of an exhalation, yet a fabric of adamant. God bless you, my ever dear friend." The Christian resignation of Southey and the geniality of Sir Walter Scott, whose letters are not remarkable, have also this touch of the years. So close, in pleasant and quiet tones of lives happily and purely lived, these memorials of the friendship of a few eminent men, which make Coleorton a remembered name.

DOYLE'S HISTORY OF THE NEW ENGLAND COLONIES.[1]

THERE is little to be said of Mr. Doyle's work except in the way of praise. He is at some pains to inform us that he has written entirely from the original sources, and in this he has adhered to the best and soundest principles of modern historical work. But in his zeal for original sources he did not need to pass over in absolute and contemptuous silence all contemporary historians.

[1] *The Puritan Colonies.* By J. A. DOYLE, M. A. [English Colonies in America, Volumes II. and III.] New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1887.

Mr. Doyle refers occasionally to Mr. Palfrey with disapprobation, and once or twice approvingly to Mr. Tyler's history of American literature; but with these exceptions one might suppose from Mr. Doyle's foot-notes that he was in an unexplored field, and that no histories worthy of the name had preceded his. It is very proper not to rely on contemporaries, but it is foolish not to mention that they have existed, and that their opinions are such and such, whether correct or not. There is never anything lost by giving credit to others, and it guards a writer from any accusation of plagiarism. This is especially true in Mr. Doyle's case. He has, without doubt, reached his own conclusions quite independently, but it is safe to say that not one of them is novel, and that all have been put forth by historians and essayists on this side of the Atlantic, and are familiar to American students, and in large measure to the American public.

It is not, however, for the American public that the volumes are most valuable, and the lack of novelty which is apparent to us does not detract from the importance of the work. The English public will read Mr. Doyle, while only a small fraction of them would read an American writer upon American topics. The English are not so ignorant of this country as they used to be, and they are slowly waking up to the fact that the United States are at least as important as Turkey or Afghanistan. This may seem a bold statement, but we are inclined to believe that it is not exaggerated, though the awakening process has not gone very far. Nevertheless, they have not reached the point of reading, to any great extent, American histories of America, and it is well that they should have a teacher of their own, so competent as Mr. Doyle, to instruct them and enlarge the scope of their vision.

To us the attraction of Mr. Doyle's work is chiefly comparative. It is both interesting and instructive to see how an outsider, of our own race and speech, deals with historical questions which have been for years familiar to us. We can learn a good deal from observing what impresses him, and noting the manner in which he emphasizes certain points and passes over others. With an inferior workman this would not be of much consequence, but all Mr. Doyle's work is of the best kind. He is absolutely thorough and painstaking. He is not only master of his subject, but he has gone to the very bottom of it, and grappled with the driest details and the most obscure authorities. He is clear and strong in statement, and is scientific and dispassionate in his conclusions. The accuracy and care of his work is shown by the absence of errors. Some trifling mistakes are of course to be found, but the only surprising ones are two in relation to Mrs. Hutchinson, of whom he naturally has a good deal to say. Mr. Doyle states that Mrs. Hutchinson was the sister of Wheelwright, and that she was killed in the Narragansett country. She was a daughter of the Rev. Francis Marbury, and a relative of Wheelwright, probably his sister-in-law; and after the death of her husband, in 1642, she removed to New Netherlands with her family, and perished there in an Indian raid upon the Dutch settlements near Hell-Gate.

In his first volume, Mr. Doyle says that his work is chiefly directed to the development of institutions, and this portion of it is certainly executed with great thoroughness and keenness. It is gratifying to New Englanders to have an impartial outsider say, "The records of the Southern plantations are not wholly free from disputes and conflicts. But these almost always turn on matters of personal conduct or details of administration, scarcely ever on questions of principle. In New England, we are brought face to face with those great problems of legislation and government which are common to all free and pro-

gressive communities." There can be no doubt of the fact, but it is pleasant to have it stated so forcibly by a writer wholly unbiased by state or local prejudices. Indeed, Mr. Doyle is particularly successful in dealing with the political life of New England, and it is not too much to say that no one has treated it better. He sees that there the great problems of democratic self-government and of federation were first dealt with, and that from the Puritan colonies in their earliest days emanated the ideas and principles which were destined to become dominant, after centuries of growth and struggle, throughout the United States. To have brought forward from a new point of view these great facts is a very important service to American history.

Mr. Doyle is almost equally successful in dealing with the religious side of New England history. His criticisms on the Massachusetts persecutions are temperate and just. He does not give quite sufficient weight to the fact that, harsh as the Massachusetts rulers often were, they maintained order and insured prosperity; keeping clear in a sometimes tyrannical way, no doubt, of the distractions on which so many of the colonies were wrecked. Mr. Doyle sees the rigor of the system rather more clearly than its force and success, and he gives altogether too much credit to Rhode Island, which was turbulent, disorderly, and far behind the other colonies, and by no means so tolerant in deeds as in words. The only absolutely untenable ground taken by Mr. Doyle on this point is the comparison, on page 141, of Massachusetts with the Church of England. The Puritan clergy of New England may have been bigoted persecutors, but in their worst estate they never fell below the Church of England; and the English Church continued to impose disabilities upon Dissenters and Roman Catholics a hundred years after every man in Massachusetts was free before the law to worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience. The truth is that an Englishman's sense of humor and of facts always seems to desert him when he comes to deal with that venerable and by no means immaculate institution of successful compromises, the Established Church.

Although Mr. Doyle places the development of political institutions in the front, he covers with great thoroughness all parts of the field which he has chosen. He has a full and excellent narrative of events, which is thoroughly well done, and he gives a very good picture of social life and habits. His analysis of New England thought and character is particularly keen and true.

As we stated at the outset, there is little to be said of these volumes except in the way of praise. Mr. Doyle is to be congratulated upon a very marked success, and the succeeding volumes will be looked for and read with the interest to which they are entitled, both in this country and in England.

PATRICK HENRY.

THERE was a time when American schoolboys "spoke pieces." From a cursory examination of such speakers and books of selection as are now published, we should say that a change had come over the general custom; that there was a good deal of tawdry rhetoric and cheap humor in place of the old-time stirring patriotic passages. Possibly an explanation may be found in the

disappearance of the old oratorical school, and the rise of more matter-of-fact and business-like appeals. Be this as it may, the declamations of American youth thirty or forty years ago were of a passionate order, and those orators were drawn from chiefly who had heated the iron words of opposition to tyranny to a white heat. The war for independence left a legacy of fervid speeches, and of them all none was so popular as that of Patrick Henry's in which occurs the splendid burst beginning, "Mr. President, it is natural to man to indulge in the illusions of Hope," and closing with the words, "We must fight! I repeat it, sir, we must fight! An appeal to arms and to the God of hosts is all that is left us."

This speech and others of Henry's came down to young Americans, accompanied by traditions of the orator's power of delivery which represented it as something transcending description. To those who read the book, Mr. Wirt's biography seemed always struggling to set upright the colossal figure of Patrick Henry the orator, and the impression which the Virginian undoubtedly made upon his contemporaries was so magnified in the clouds of Mr. Wirt's rhetoric, by which chiefly it was conveyed to the imaginations of later generations, that Henry was scarcely thought of except as a fiery man who spoke pieces.

Patrick Henry's fame as an orator will not be lessened by the latest biography [1] which has appeared; it will rather be increased, because his power over men is reaffirmed and proved by many cogent instances, and his oratory is shown to be a less erratic and more stable element in his nature, — to be set in the midst of so much variety of mental gifts as to take hue from them, and not to be some exceptional, unaccountable manifestation. Mr. Tyler has set himself the task, not of demonstrating that Henry was a great orator, but that he was a statesman, and has succeeded amply in justifying his title to the one name without loss of his claim to the other.

We think it fortunate that Mr. Tyler should have come after Mr. Wirt. The earlier writer not only saved for the later some biographic details which might have been lost, he also preëmpted the rhetorical domain of the subject; and whereas Mr. Tyler, as evidenced by his History of American Literature, might easily have "dropped into poetry" in his work on Patrick Henry, though we do not believe he ever would have been such a spendthrift of emotions as Mr. Wirt, we suspect he has painted Henry's portrait in a lower tone than he would have chosen if he had not had Wirt for a warning example.

Be this as it may, — and we prefer to think that, with added experience, Mr. Tyler looks a little askance at the somewhat undisciplined ardor of his own two volumes; else why is he so late in giving us the rest? — it certainly can be said of Patrick Henry that the book is a studied attempt at accurate statement, and not a *tour de force* of brilliancy. Mr. Tyler has sought, with praiseworthy industry, for every scrap of printed matter or document which would throw light upon Henry's career, and has built up from carefully sifted material a durable and reasonable historical figure. His familiarity with the period embraced by Patrick Henry's life has enabled him to see the Virginian in his relations, but he has not overburdened the reader by too detailed a narrative of the surroundings of his subject. His main object has been to give solid form and sharp outline in place of vague, traditionary impressions; and we think that no character in the series of American Statesmen owes more to its interpreter than Patrick Henry owes to Mr. Tyler, for he now for the first time really stands forth, distinct,

[1] *Patrick Henry.* By Moses Coit Tyler. [American Statesmen Series.] Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1887.

unmistakable, and of life size, instead of being indefinitely heroic, — a great gain, we conceive.

The first service which Mr. Tyler performs is to define the limits of Henry's alleged illiteracy. We may remark, by the way, that our restorer of Henry's figure is constantly tracing the disfiguring brush to the hands of Thomas Jefferson. It was partly to Jefferson's slur, but quite as much to the natural disposition for sharp antithesis, that the popular notion of Henry's early illiteracy is due. To find a great natural orator is always more gratifying than to be obliged to refer splendid achievements to training and practice. Patrick Henry's native genius for oratory was unquestionable, but he was no merely impassioned backwoodsman. His oratory was like the poetry of a man who has had no thorough academic training; it discloses the power of a man who can appropriate whatever comes within reach, and turn the results of even desultory reading into a force which is mighty by the side of the expression of a man ten times more learned, but whose learning is a dry accumulation of unrelated facts. Many an Oxford or Cambridge scholar could have passed with ease a tough examination paper, when Keats might only have blundered through a question or two; but when it came to writing odes on Grecian urns, — that was another matter.

Mr. Tyler's sympathy with his subject and his intelligent appreciation of the conditions of Virginian life enable him to read with clearness and reasonable understanding the facts of Henry's early life. "What," he asks, "is the intellectual record" of the nine years which elapsed between the time of his leaving school, at the age of fifteen, and the beginning of his study of the law? It is upon his habits during these years that most of the weight of the charge of illiteracy appears to fall. "It is obvious," he replies, "that they were years unfavorable to systematic training of any sort, or to any regulated acquisition of knowledge. During all that time in his life, as we now look back upon it, he has for us the aspect of some lawless, unkempt genius, in untoward circumstances, groping in the dark, not without wild joy, towards his inconceivable, true vocation; set to tasks for which he was grotesquely unfit; blundering on from misfortune to misfortune, with an overflow of unemployed energy and vivacity that swept him often into rough fun, into great gusts of innocent riot and horse-play; withal borne along, for many days together, by the mysterious undercurrents of his nature, into that realm of reverie where the soul feeds on immortal fruit and communes with unseen associates, the body, meanwhile, being left to the semblance of idleness: of all which the man himself might have given this valid justification: —

> 'I loafe and invite my soul,
> I lean and loafe at my ease, observing a spear of summer grass.'

Nevertheless, these nine years of groping, blundering, and seeming idleness were not without their influence on his intellectual improvement, even through direct contact with books. While still a boy in his teens, and put prematurely to uncongenial attempts at shop-keeping and farm-keeping, he at any rate made the great discovery that in books and in the gathering of knowledge from books could be found solace and entertainment; in short, he then acquired a taste for reading. No one pretends that Patrick Henry ever became a bookish person. From the first and always the habit of his mind was that of direct action upon every subject that he had to deal with, through his own reflection and along the broad primary lines of common sense. There is never in his thought anything subtle or recondite, — no mental movement through the media of books; but there is good evidence for saying that this bewildered and undevel-

oped youth, drifting about in chaos, did in those days actually get a taste for reading, and that he never lost it."

In similar spirit Mr. Tyler disposes of the fiction that Henry was a briefless barrister. He shows conclusively, by means of the young lawyer's fee-books which have come to light since Wirt's biography was written, that so far from having to struggle into business, and to wait for clients, Henry, in the earliest years of his profession, was exceedingly busy; far busier, indeed, than Jefferson, who had been more thoroughly equipped for practice. He received a great impulse from the famous Parsons Cause, as it is called, in which Henry took the popular side, and by his impassioned eloquence carried the jury with him, when, as Mr. Tyler clearly believes, both law and fairness were with the opposite party. Mr. Tyler, in his treatment of this part of his subject, shows a true biographic instinct; for while he recites the facts in the case coolly and without partisanship, he uses the opportunity for bringing out more clearly the relations which Henry held to his neighbors, and his character as seen under the strong light of this incident in his life. The law, we have said, was on the side of the parsons, but we think Mr. Tyler has not emphasized sufficiently the general spirit of antagonism to the church establishment which made the community deaf to the demands of justice.

In following Patrick Henry through the early years of his public life, Mr. Tyler shows great skill in justifying the popular impression of Patrick Henry's stirring eloquence by bringing together all the scraps of contemporaneous narrative which bear upon his hero's part in Congress and convention, and at the same time pricking the bubbles blown by Mr. Wirt regarding the same period. He easily convinces the reader that he is not constructing an imaginary Henry, but patiently arranging the bits of evidence. It is not so much, however, in the proper habilitation of Henry as an orator that Mr. Tyler shows his honesty and skill as in the disclosure of those more homely traits of executive faculty which explain why Patrick Henry should have been constantly called to posts where oratory would be very much in the way, and plain sense the most desirable attribute. By diligent search and comparison of records he shows conclusively that Patrick Henry was always a working member on committees which called for hard-headed business understanding, and that his associates, who ought to have known what he was good for, did not save him for great oratorical exhibitions. They made him first governor of the State of Virginia, and twice afterward elected him to the same office.

The most interesting passage in this interesting book is that in which Patrick Henry's attitude toward the work of the constitutional convention is discussed at length. From being a champion of the Federal cause, Henry became suddenly its chief antagonist. He opposed the confirmation of the Constitution in the Virginia convention, and when he lost his case applied himself with renewed energy to securing the passage of the amendments. At the time, and in the passion of political strife, Henry was vehemently accused of inconsistency. The full history of his course shows him faithful to his convictions throughout, but in order to make this clear Mr. Tyler finds himself compelled to see the contest from Henry's point of view; and in doing this he has achieved a brilliant success, for he has accomplished the difficult feat of restating political problems as they appeared to those engaged in deciding them, while at the same time keeping the historic proportions as conceived by a later generation.

It sometimes happens that a very pressing political question, one which taxes the minds of men to whom it is immediate and vital, becomes by its

solution so completely lost out of the number of political forces as to fade into comparative obscurity. Such is the case with the question of the rights to the navigation of the Mississippi. John Jay, as secretary for foreign affairs in 1786, proposed a treaty with Spain, one article of which surrendered the navigation of the Mississippi for twenty-five or thirty years. There was a distinct possibility that the Northern States, for the sake of securing certain advantages of foreign commerce, might force such action upon Congress. In the prevalent sectional jealousy which prevailed, all sorts of schemes were imagined, and correspondents were busy detailing plots and counterplots. It is very clear from the action of legislatures and the debates which took place in Congress that this project for bartering away the right to the Mississippi was no chimera, and hence it becomes necessary to take it into account when attempting to explain the political action of men at the time when it was a leading question. To us, to-day, the main issue of the constitutional debate was between a loose confederacy and a strong union; that was the main issue then, but it was complicated by such considerations as this of the navigation of the Mississippi, which we are obliged to reach by historical study and imagination, since they have left no trace in our current political thought.

It is for this reason that we think Mr. Tyler shows himself at his best when he comes to set forth Patrick Henry's part in the great struggle over the Constitution. He does not inform the reader whether or not he thinks Henry took a somewhat blind and unphilosophical view of the situation; he does not sum up the succeeding events for the purpose of weighing the arguments for and against Henry's position; but he takes a dramatic delight in following his character as it shows itself in successive emergencies, and in watching the splendid fight which his hero makes for the cause into which he had flung himself. He describes with special ardor Patrick Henry's immense labors in the Virginia convention. After reciting the names of Madison, Pendleton, Marshall, Wythe, Lee, and others who defended the Constitution, he proceeds: —

"Against all this array of genius, learning, character, logical acumen, and eloquence, Patrick Henry held the field as protagonist for twenty-three days, — his chief lieutenants in the fight being Mason, Grayson, and John Dawson, with occasional help from Harrison, Monroe, and Tyler. Upon him alone fell the brunt of the battle. Out of the twenty-three days of that splendid tourney, there were but five days in which he did not take the floor. On each of several days he made three speeches; on one day he made five speeches; on another day, eight. In one speech alone he was on his legs for seven hours. The words of all who had any share in that debate were taken down, according to the imperfect art of the time, by the stenographer, David Robertson, whose reports, however, are said to be little more than a pretty full outline of the speeches actually made; but in the volume which contains these abstracts, one of Patrick Henry's speeches fills eight pages, another ten pages, another sixteen, another twenty-one, another forty; while, in the aggregate, his speeches constitute nearly one quarter of the entire book of six hundred and sixty-three pages.

"Any one who has fallen under the impression, so industriously propagated by the ingenious enmity of Jefferson's old age, that Patrick Henry was a man of but meagre information and of extremely slender intellectual resources, ignorant especially of law, of political science, and of history, totally lacking in logical power and in precision of statement, with nothing to offset these deficiencies excepting a strange gift of

overpowering, dithyrambic eloquence, will find it hard, as he turns over the leaves on which are recorded the debates of the Virginia convention, to understand just how such a person could have made the speeches which are there attributed to Patrick Henry, or how a mere rhapsodist could have thus held his ground, in close hand-to-hand combat, for twenty-three days, against such antagonists, on all the difficult subjects of law, political science, and history involved in the Constitution of the United States, while showing, at the same time, every quality of good generalship as a tactician and as a party leader."

The whole story of this struggle, and then of the retirement into private life which followed, with its affecting close, is told with a fine sense of its dramatic properties and the contrasting repose. We think Mr. Tyler might have gone further, and drawn a fair inference that the neglect of Patrick Henry, the disposition to exaggerate his oratorical powers and to think of them almost exclusively in connection with the early days of the struggle for independence, are due largely to the position which he took in the question of the Constitution. History has made him even more in the minority than he was then, for the victory of the constitutional party has relegated its opponents very considerably into semi-obscurity. Henry, moreover, was not one of the Virginian noblesse, and the depreciation which he met with at the hands of Jefferson was a part of a general disposition to regard him as an unpleasant and very troublesome man of the people. The Virginian aristocracy holds so brilliant a position in the early years of the republic that the virtues of so uncompromising a democrat as Henry have been allowed to suffer some eclipse. Mr. Tyler's book will do a great deal toward giving Patrick Henry his rightful place among American statesmen.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

Sauce for the Latin Goose and English Gander.

BORNE down by the humiliating consciousness that I am an old-fashioned man, and being reiteratedly assured by all my condescending acquaintances of a younger and therefore wiser generation that "*e pur si muove*," I have not the temerous intention of disputing for a moment the correctness of the modern pronunciation of Latin, as now taught at most institutions for the indoctrination of adolescents *in literis humanioribus*. When my latest born comes home from school, and quotes an ancient warrior (whom he indicates as Yulius Keyser) to the effect that "Wayny, Weedy, Weeky," I try to persuade myself that my ear rather than his tongue is at fault, as regards an apparent loss of virility in the once differently familar utterance. Similarly, when what seems to me like the Germanified ghost of the dead language is raised in the baccalaureate oration of my second son, I bow to his superior scholarship; and if I fail (as I usually do) to comprehend any three consecutive words, I think to myself (I dare not venture to say it with my antiquated accent): "Si volet usus, quem penes arbitrium est et jus et norma loquendi." Who am I, that I should oppose my tympanum to the pipes of tripodists who had the advantage of being born thirty years after me? I never heard an old Roman speak his native tongue in the flesh, — neither have they, for that matter, — but in these later days of mediumistic materializations, mayhap some more

authoritative connection than I wot of between the letter and the spirit has been made out; and when I hear the venerable head of my Alma Mater repeat his classical formula with the old-time sonorousness, in distributing diplomas on Commencement Day (so called, with old-time perversity, because it is the ending of the collegiate career), I feel that we are both sadly behind the age of one and twenty.

But in the mental attitude of an erased tablet, plastic under the style of recent orthoepy, I would humbly ask if consistency do not demand also an application of these classical wise saws to vernacular modern instances. Accepting the dogma that the Latin "g" had always the guttural guise of gamma; that all the "c's" were hard as kappas, "Omnia Græce, cum sit turpe magis nostris nescire Latine;" and that to "spell it with a we, my lord," signified the sound of "w" even more in the Virgilian than in the Wellerian orthography; throwing out of court, as altogether irrelevant, the degraded softness of to-day's Italian inheritance of dialect, I would submit that the large part of our English vocabulary which was derived from the Latin in the bygone days, when our ancestors were ignorant of proper pronunciation, ought to be revised in accordance with correcter present views. If the times be changed, we, too, should be content to change with them.

Such Græco-Roman wrestling, so to speak, with our stepmother-tongue cannot, in this enlightened republic, be shirked under the specious pretense that we received these parts of speech second-hand and somewhat the worse for wear from the Norman French. Our lexicographers have discarded the flimsy sham of "-our," and honestly confessed the immediate Roman ownership of "valor," "favor," and the like; and many, if not most, of the derivatives in commonest use were adopted directly from the original long after the roots planted in the Norman conquest had ceased to bear verbal branches.

To put the process to the test, oblige me, gracious peruser of this paper, by reading aloud (if to some erudite upholder of the "Roman pronunciation," so much the better) the following paragraph, remembering to throttle every "g" into a tetanic hardness which typography cannot indicate: —

"An ekkentric gentleman innokently exerkising keremonious kiwility and wigilant solikitude in kelebrating his akkession to easy kirkumstances after warious wikissitudes, the kensorious akerbity of the wikinity excrukiated him by the general and inkessant kirkulation of exaggerated, ungenerous, and unwerakious wokiferations that his inwinkible wiwakity prokeeded from kerebral inkapakity. Wikious elderly wirgins of the prekinkt, espekially, prekipitately perwerted his geniality in the rekeption of his fellow-kitizens into a takit ewidence of mental hallukination and degeneration, nekessitating a yudikious wegetable regimen, if not medikinal agents and incarkeration."

These may not at first sound quite like familiar household words, but no conscientious inculcator of Kikeronian oratory can impeach the propriety of their intonation, and I confidently anticipate its adoption by the pulpit, the rostrum, the bar, the stage, and polite society at large, unless the Fonetik expositors of the "Inglish langwag" succeed in abolishing etymology altogether, or pedagogues admit that

"Grammatici certant, et adhuc sub judice lis est."

Art in Nature. — Fortunately for our love of art, our love of nature is becoming more subject to artistic guidance. The latter sentiment is to a great degree inherent; right in impulse, but too often crude and inartistic in its manifestations; leading, by false logic, to the conclusion that because a thing is "natural" it must therefore be beauti-

ful. The results of good intentions misapplied are proverbially identical with the fruits of the intentionally bad. Fortunately, however, mistakes are the most potent of educators, and in view of the violence of some of the horticultural art that delights the multitude in and about many of our cities, although it may be to the artist like a needle-thrust in the eye, there is the consolation that finally it must become painful to the sight of all.

In a certain great city that rejoices in a reputation for cultivated taste, there is a favorite piece of public ground, which exhibits qualities of color and design so inharmonious as to make it comparable to a patchwork quilt. It is almost an article of faith with the larger number of the inhabitants that this piece of ground is a Garden of Eden in beauty. As the presence of the good is in time certain to awaken a consciousness of the bad, it is safe to predict that, in the city in question, the creation of extensive public grounds, designed by an artist who has made such work the study of a lifetime, will make even the great mass of the population aware of the room for improvement in their pet garden.

The classes known as cultivated need training in this respect almost as much as do the generally untutored. Indeed, the former too often have a certain self-sufficiency of taste which makes them more difficult to reach. Some of us, who can easily tell if a landscape-painting be good, cannot say if a landscape itself be bad, although the same principles hold in the latter as in the former. Few persons who know good paintings would care to venture to paint for themselves, but at times the amateur steps in where the artist fears to tread. There are too many, however, who consider their admiration for nature sufficient to warrant them in the attempt to create their own landscapes, when the pictures they would compose involve a dealing with elements so complex that, in comparison, the problem of the painter is simplicity itself.

The common error that because a thing grows out of the ground it is peculiarly "a work of nature," and therefore of necessity beautiful, is a most fruitful source of failure in gardening and landscape. In this light, it seems almost a heresy to state the fact that many of our garden flowers are as much the work of man as are aniline dyes, for instance, and that one may be as atrocious in color as the other. Akin to this error is the idea that things which may be excellent and beautiful in themselves must be correspondingly excellent and beautiful in conjunction. The women of a certain insular realm have a reputation, in other lands, for ill-taste in dress. The silks, velvets, laces, etc., of which their garments are made may be of admirable quality, and even beautiful in themselves; but an array like a green velvet bonnet with a purple feather and scarlet ribbons, combined with pink waist and blue skirt, constitutes a spectacle which would probably have startled the eyes of one accustomed even to the sight of King Solomon robed in all his glory! But this combination is artistically no worse than that displayed in the garden heretofore alluded to, with lawns blotched and tattooed with unmeaning floral designs, shrubs and trees planted without reference to unity of composition or any effect of spaciousness, a small pond attempting to imitate the irregularity of a lake, but margined with stiff granite curbing and crossed by a ponderous bridge.

Another false tendency, born of good intent, is the sentimentality manifest in a sort of arboreal fetichism, regarding a tree in itself as something sacred, a sort of sentient being, invested with an inherent right to existence. This feeling often stands formidably in the way of the development of the artistic qualities of a landscape.

For the popularization of this, as of other arts, a familiarity with the works and the teachings of its best masters is essential. Our land has been lavishly endowed by nature, and for art to become something besides an exotic we need to appreciate that fact. A true art must be founded in nature, and not in the art of another people. The practical field for the exercise of the noble calling known as landscape-gardening, or landscape-architecture, is a large one in this country, and young men of artistic tastes, who seriously apply themselves to the study, need not fear to find its ranks overcrowded. The growth of taste will keep their services in demand, however their numbers may increase. A notable advance in the past few years is evident. Greater attention is paid to the artistic character of private grounds; our cities are learning to regard public parks as necessities, and through them the best of missionary work is done in bringing the poorest classes out from their noisome surroundings, opening their eyes to the beauty of sunlight and the common things of nature; a public sentiment has been developed which has secured the preservation of Niagara from the vandalism which for years has prostituted it; important steps have been taken for the protection of the Adirondacks; and perhaps Congress may be persuaded to save our national forest domain before the trees have been entirely cut away, or licked up by the flames.

Truthfulness as a Possible Defect.

— What a confusing thing it is that opposite moral qualities shade so almost imperceptibly into each other! Abstractly considered, good and evil stand in strict mutual contradiction; but when we come to particulars, it appears that one vice is often only another virtue carried to excess. It is a wise man who can tell exactly when he ceases to be firm and begins to be obstinate; while in all theological quarrels (what outsider has not observed the fact?) neither party finds it difficult to perceive that the inflexible conscientiousness of the other side is in the main nothing better than an unregenerate passion for having one's own way; and a like ambiguity (which has at least the advantage of enabling us to think more complacently of ourselves than otherwise might be possible) pervades the whole round of human motives and conduct. Stinginess is inordinate frugality; laziness, a kind of immoderate good-nature; swindling, an over-development or misapplication of shrewdness. Even the cardinal virtue of honesty needs to be kept within bounds. *Dis*honesty is a bad neighbor; it is outrageous to have to watch one's coal-bin; but, on the other hand, who has not suffered at times under the tongue of some well-meaning Mr. *Too*-honest?

I have just come from an interview with one of my every-day acquaintances, a man who makes it his business to keep me in mind of my faults. His favorite Scripture (I have no question, although I never heard him quote it) is Proverbs xxvii. 6. We have known each other, this worthy neighbor and I, for many years. He passes for an excellent citizen; and for myself, I join in the general verdict — with a measure of reserve. If I were as hungry after personal perfection as all good people are supposed to be, I should probably value my every meeting with him as a means of grace; but speaking as a natural man, I must confess that I have sometimes found it no hardship to dispense with his society. Perhaps it would hit the mark to say, in ladies' language, that I esteem him, but cannot love him; or, in men's language, that I love him, but cannot like him. When he looked at my last new horse, the other day, and declared offhand, in a perfectly indifferent tone, — as if it were nothing to him either way, — that it was too bad I had been taken in again, I could not help thinking

for a moment that he had no special call to criticise either my horse or my business sagacity. Again, when he told me, last month, that my story in the —— magazine was well enough, but rather commonplace (why need he have read it, if he did n't like it?), while my unfortunate mannerisms of style were plainly growing upon me, I fear that my smiling rejoinder did not sound so altogether spontaneous as I endeavored to make it.

He does not say any of these things in an unfriendly spirit; but neither does he seem (to me, at least, and at the time) to be influenced by the contrary feeling. In fact, he is a Laodicean; he talks *without* feeling, though it would be putting it too severely, perhaps, to call him *un*feeling. His heart is "in the right place," for aught I know, but it has very little to say for itself. He wants imagination. All his views are purely intellectual. He picks to pieces your half-dry sonnet, — if you are foolish enough to show it to him, — as if he were checking a ledger account, and mentions a piece of misbehavior or a personal defect in a tone such as one might use in commenting upon yesterday's weather. "What a malapropos speech that was of yours to Mrs. ——, last evening! The whole town is laughing about it." Thus he remarked amiably half an hour ago, precisely as if he had said, "Whew! It 's a hot day, is n't it?"

Such plainness of speech is in one aspect highly complimentary. It takes for granted that I am not vain or supersensitive. "You are a man," it seems to say, "and can safely be dealt with accordingly;" but I sometimes feel that I would rather be taken for a man, and *not* treated accordingly. Perhaps, if I can express myself, the truth is something like this: I do not wish — by my familiar acquaintances, that is — to be looked upon simply as a man in the abstract, a sort of Tom, Dick, or Harry, one of forty millions, but as a person, personally known and regarded; in short, as a friend. I wonder whether it really is childish to dislike hearing one's weaknesses bluntly remarked upon. If they were of a sort to be corrected, and I were under thirty, no doubt it might be a kindness to call my attention to them, — though, even at that, a little delicacy of treatment would not come amiss; but if I am not a great poet, nor an elegant man of the world, why be forever advertising me of the painful and irreversible fact? Nobody thinks it polite to talk to a hunchback about his deformity.

So, as I say, I like my outspoken neighbor, but am compelled to file some exceptions. I would n't have him soil his conscience with a falsehood; but one may be sufficiently truthful, I do believe, without saying everything that comes into one's head.

"You can't bear to be told of your faults, can you?" he broke out, the other day. A very considerate and soothing remark! I had it at my tongue's end to answer that I ought to be able to bear it by this time, after ten years of practice under such a tutor. But I restrained myself. Uncomfortable as he sometimes makes me, I should be sorry to drive him away altogether, — if such a thing were possible. Medicine has a prescriptive right to be more or less offensive, but it is prudent to keep a little of it in the house. One need never be without compliments, if he is willing to bid for them, and is not too particular about their sincerity. That is a game of give and take at which nearly everybody knows how to play. But fault-finders (fault-finders to one's face, I mean) are not to be picked up at every corner. Deficient in poverty of spirit as I still am, notwithstanding my faithful mentor, there is no predicting what I might become were I left to the doubtful mercies of a dissembling world. "Let the righteous smite me; it shall be a kindness:

and let him reprove me; it shall be an excellent oil." I repeat the text bravely; but it sounds, somehow, like a malediction, and even with the words on my lips, I catch myself ducking my head. Poor human nature! The wisest of men do not always like best what is best for them.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

Fiction. Uncle 'Lisha's Shop: life in a corner of Yankee land. By Rowland E. Robinson. (Forest and Stream Publishing Co., New York.) Twenty-two sketches of homely life in Vermont, as it was a generation ago. The sketches are continuous in so far as they deal with the same characters who meet for the most part in the shoe shop of 'Lisha Peggs, and the incidents relate chiefly to hunting, whether bears, foxes, coons, or bees. So much for the mere external features of the sketches. It would be a mistake to think that the book belonged in the category of threadbare New England dialect fiction. Mr. Robinson has the art of a story-teller, and the gift of portrait-painting; and when now and then he touches upon the tenderer side of this homely life, he does it with a sure hand. The compactness of his style is remarkable, and his eye for picturesqueness in nature is keen and sympathetic. The book is racy, but very close to the soil. It is long since we have seen so masculine a treatment, and in spite of the extreme Yankeeism of speech and phrase, the book impresses one as singularly fresh and genuine. — A Border Shepherdess, a romance of Eskdale, by Amelia H. Barr. (Dodd.) A strong, effective tale upon the somewhat worn theme of a noble house with a black sheep. Mrs. Barr's tales are apt to be a little strained in their moral tone, and she is somewhat lacking in humor; but this, though not likely to be popular with the ordinary reader, is well worth respectful attention by those who want something more than entertainment. — The Autobiography of a Slander, by Edna Lyall. (Appleton.) An ingenious little story, though the author has hardly art enough to take advantage of the somewhat clever conceit expressed in her title. — Fools of Nature, by Alice Brown. (Ticknor.) A painful story, in which the struggle of a woman who has become involved in the life of a divorced man, whom she loves, is told with force, but with a blurred kind of portrayal. The business of spiritualism, which plays an important part, is a repulsive feature of the book, and in general we may say that the author is so much in earnest as not to see how unreal is the total impression produced by her work. Her lack of humor leads her into unpleasant ways. — Brother against Brother, by John R. Musick. (Ogilvie.) A tale of the slavery system culminating in the war for the union. There is plenty of excitement in the book, which is rather melodramatic, though without the shriek of the melodrama. — The Gates Between, by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. (Houghton.) — South County Neighbors, by Esther Bernon Carpenter. (Roberts.) It is not a long distance, as the crow flies, from the Narragansett country to Valley Falls, but what a world of difference there is between the sleepy old country life of the South County and the hard struggle with existence at Poverty Grass! The contrast is a most striking one. For the rest, this book has a genuine flavor of antiquated New England; and if the writer is sometimes a little too leisurely in her pictures, she may be pardoned, since she is writing of a leisurely phase of life. — Southern Silhouettes, by Jeannette H. Walworth. (Holt.) A collection of sprightly papers descriptive of life at the South in days past. There is a good deal of literary skill and a delightful freedom in the style, indicative of a genuine interest in her work on the part of the writer. If this is only practice work, we may hope for a more positively constructed piece of fiction. — Free Joe, and other Georgian sketches, by Joel Chandler Harris. (Scribners.) When Mr. Harris is on his own ground he is strong and well worth reading. His mistakes are made when he borrows from literature, or from fictitious views of people and places not native to him. — The Earth Trembled, by Edward P. Roe. (Dodd.) There is something extremely distasteful to certain minds in finding a great calamity like the Charleston earthquake served up in fiction. The Lisbon earthquake is another matter. It has had time to cool. But if people want their horrors hot, and are willing to see a disaster which brought desolation to many homes used as a climax in a novel, here is the novel. — Knitters in the

Sun, by Octave Thanet (Houghton), is a collection of stories which have appeared in this magazine and others, the best of which are very good, and all are marked by a vigorous humanity and a quick perception of character under stress of moral weather. — Country Luck, by John Habberton. (Lippincott.) The somewhat trite story of the country young man who marries the city girl. Mr. Habberton accepts the conventional with good grace, and seems to be repressed by it, so that his story is by no means so boisterous as those he used to write. There is a good deal of cleverness in it, when one winks at the first improbabilities. — In Ticknor's Paper Series, recent numbers are Miss Ludington's Sister, by Edward Bellamy, and A Modern Instance, by W. D. Howells.

Books for Young People. The Life of George Washington Studied Anew, by Edward Everett Hale. (Putnams.) Mr. Hale does not say that he intended this book for young people, but its appearance in some mysterious series not otherwise announced than by casual references in the introduction, and a general mode of treatment in agreement with the needs of the young, justify us in placing the book here. Mr. Hale desires to present the human Washington, to take him down from his pedestal, but not to roll him on the ground. Accordingly, he relies on Washington's diaries and letters, and seeks to give the figure of the man as independently as possible. The material for this work is very large, but, after all, how much of it really discloses a man whom one could know intimately? Very little. Here and there a passing phrase or an anecdote, but nothing so considerable as to have been greatly overlooked by other writers. Why does not Mr. Hale tell the two or three good stories of Washington's loss of temper? They are worth a great deal. Washington was such a part of history that it is almost hopeless to separate him, as Mr. Hale has tried to do. One might as well cut a figure out of an alto-relievo, and try to persuade himself it is a statue. — A Bundle of Letters to Busy Girls on Practical Matters, by Grace H. Dodge. (Funk & Wagnalls.) The value of this book lies in the fact that it is written by a young woman who has no needs which money can satisfy to young women who are working hard for their living, and that she makes common cause with them. She says *we*, and not *you*. Though it is almost impossible not to feel a difference in writer and hearers, we respect the earnestness with which the writer seeks to make the difference disappear. The subjects discussed are those which relate to health of body, mind, and society. — Notes for Boys and their Fathers on Morals, Mind, and Manners, by an Old Boy (McClurg), is scarcely as effective for boys as the last-named book is for girls. It is an English book, unobjectionable enough, but not very specific and not very winning. It can do no harm, but we fail to see how it is likely to do much good. — The Colonel's Money, by Lucy C. Lillie, is a new variation on her old theme of English and American girl-life, self-help and happy fortune. — The Story of the Nations Series now includes Ireland, by the Hon. Emily Lawless. (Putnams.) The question may be raised by some whether or not Ireland is yet a nation, but their definition of a nation might be too mechanical, after all. It is to be said of this book that it will disappoint some by giving only a few pages to current politics, but that makes it all the better history. It is written with a laudable freedom from passion, but with a strong affection for Ireland. — A Garland for Girls, by Louisa M. Alcott. (Roberts.) A collection of seven stories, which carry, as all Miss Alcott's books do, a fervent purpose to make girls the real brownies of the race. A roseate optimism makes the books popular with girls; and on the whole, is n't optimism a little better than pessimism for girls of fourteen? — The Young Marooners on the Florida Coast, by F. R. Goulding (Dodd), is the reissue of an old juvenile, which was old-fashioned when it was written, and is just as old-fashioned now, but also just as genuinely interesting. It is illustrated by some fearful cuts, wherein everybody appears to have been struck by moonlight. — The Giant Dwarf, by the author of The Fitch Club, and other books. (Crowell.) A plain, matter-of-fact romance, if we may so say, of German and American life, by a writer who surprises one by not being dull. — White Cockades, an incident of the "Forty-five," by Edward Irenæus Stevenson. (Scribners.) We are heartily glad to see this young author turning to history for the theme of his graphic story. Is there any way in which nobility of nature may more honorably be incited in a boy's mind than by the recital of such scenes as are given here? Sensationalism is redeemed by releasing it from close connection with current conditions. — Heroic Ballads, selected by the editor of Quiet Hours (Roberts), may properly be included under this head, since it is children who are most responsive to the stirring ballads by Macaulay, Scott, Aytoun, Motherwell, and the earlier minstrels. In the list are also included ballad poems by Tennyson, Browning, Longfellow, Stedman, and others. The collection is a capital one, and well annotated. — Historic Girls, by E. S. Brooks (Putnams), is a companion volume to the same author's Historic Boys. It deals with Zenobia, Clotilda, Elizabeth, and other queenly and princely maidens; for when one goes back to antiquity,

the records cover only high birth, except in the case of the saints, and we think Mr. Brooks might have done well to give a few plebeian saints. However, his book has spirited, chivalric pictures of noble life, and girls may better stretch their necks admiring these heroines than merely turn their heads to look at all the realistic girls of their story-books. — What the Wild Wind Told the Tree-Tops, by Mrs. A. W. Brotherton (Putnam's Sons), is a collection of pretty fancies in prose and verse, written for children. — Drum-Beat of the Nation, by Charles Carleton Coffin. (Harpers.) This volume is apparently the first of a series of three, treating of the War of the Rebellion, and covers the time from its outbreak to the close of 1862.

History. Under the general title of Universal History (Lippincott) we have four volumes, devoted to Geological History by Edward Hull, Ancient History by George Rawlinson, Mediæval History by George Thomas Stokes, and Modern History by Arthur St. George Patten. They are the skeletons of history, and can be used only as reference books, but they are supplied with tables, charts, chronologies, and other useful apparatus. — Cupples & Hurd have brought out in an exceedingly handsome form a new edition of Rambles in Old Boston, N. E., by the Rev. Edward G. Porter, a work of immediate and prospective value. The volume, with Mr. Tolman's careful illustrations of ancient houses and sites, for the most part now removed or rendered unrecognizable, is absolutely necessary to any one who wishes to acquaint himself with the topography and architectural characteristics of the Boston of past times. The letterpress deals very charmingly with persons as well as places. — Greek Life and Thought, from the Age of Alexander to the Roman Conquest, by J. P. Mahaffy (Macmillan), is a companion work to the author's Social Life in Greece, from Homer to Menander. — Pioneers of France in the New World, by Francis Parkman. Twenty-fifth edition revised, with additions. (Little, Brown & Co.)

Text-Books and Education. The English Language, it grammar, history, and literature, with chapters on composition, versification, paraphrasing, and punctuation, by J. M. D. Meiklejohn. (Heath.) It is not often that one finds in a single volume so comprehensive a treatment of a complex subject. Of course, in three hundred and eighty pages one cannot tell all that is to be told of the English language and literature, but Mr. Meiklejohn is very successful in his choice of points, and very compact in his setting forth. Not students only, but readers generally, will find this handbook serviceable. — Mr. Rolfe has added to his annotated series of English poetry for schools a volume on Milton's Minor Poems. (Harpers.) These convenient little books, though possibly making a premium on laziness by supplying the reader with what he ought to hunt out for himself, are serviceable by directing the student to minute observation. — Sobriquets and Nicknames, by Alfred R. Frey (Ticknor & Co.), is a work that occupies quite new ground. The title of the book, which is a storehouse of curious and interesting matter, indicates its purpose. Several of the longer articles are especially admirable; that, for instance, on the Man of the Iron Mask.

Miscellaneous. The Book of English Ballads, edited by S. C. Hall, and illustrated by Gilbert, Creswick, and others (Putnam's Sons), is the latest addition to Knickerbocker Nuggets, a particularly infelicitous name for an especially delightful series of little books. — Memories and Portraits (Scribner's Sons) is a charming collection of miscellaneous essays, by Mr. Stevenson. The same publishers issue a new edition of Virginibus Puerisque, and Other Papers. — Wild Animals in Captivity, by J. Fortuné Nott (Dodd, Mead & Co.), though set forth in holiday attire, is a work of permanent interest. The excellent letterpress is illustrated with thirty or forty full-page pictures. — Engravings on Wood, with Text, by W. M. Laffan (Harper & Bros.), is a notable example of the perfection to which the art of wood-engraving has been brought in this country. We shall have occasion later to speak in detail of the work. — The Little Flowers of St. Francis of Assisi, translated from the Italian by Abby L. Alger (Roberts Bros.), will be new to the English reader, though these fanciful legends have long been popular in Italy and France. — The Saône, a Summer Voyage, by Philip Gilbert Hamerton (Roberts Bros.), is the record of an enviable experience, delightfully told with pen and pencil. Mr. Joseph Pennell has some of his most effective work in this volume.

THE

ATLANTIC MONTHLY:

A Magazine of Literature, Science, Art, and Politics.

Vol. LXI. — MARCH, 1888. — No. CCCLXV.

MISS TEMPY'S WATCHERS.

The time of year was April; the place was a small farming town in New Hampshire, remote from any railroad. One by one the lights had been blown out in the scattered houses near Miss Tempy Dent's; but as her neighbors took a last look out-of-doors, their eyes turned with instinctive curiosity toward the old house, where a lamp burned steadily. They gave a little sigh. "Poor Miss Tempy!" said more than one bereft acquaintance; for the good woman lay dead in her north chamber, and the lamp was a watcher's light. The funeral was set for the next day, at one o'clock.

The watchers were two of the oldest friends, Mrs. Crowe and Sarah Ann Binson. They were sitting in the kitchen, because it seemed less awesome than the unused best room, and they beguiled the long hours by steady conversation. One would think that neither topics nor opinions would hold out, at that rate, all through the long spring night; but there was a certain degree of excitement just then, and the two women had risen to an unusual level of expressiveness and confidence. Each had already told the other more than one fact that she had determined to keep secret; they were again and again tempted into statements that either would have found impossible by daylight. Mrs. Crowe was knitting a blue yarn stocking for her husband; the foot was already so long that it seemed as if she must have forgotten to narrow it at the proper time. Mrs. Crowe knew exactly what she was about, however; she was of a much cooler disposition than Sister Binson, who made futile attempts at some sewing, only to drop her work into her lap whenever the talk was most engaging.

Their faces were interesting, — of the dry, shrewd, quick-witted New England type, with thin hair twisted neatly back out of the way. Mrs. Crowe could look vague and benignant, and Miss Binson was, to quote her neighbors, a little too sharp-set; but the world knew that she had need to be, with the load she must carry of supporting an inefficient widowed sister and six unpromising and unwilling nieces and nephews. The eldest boy was at last placed with a good man to learn the mason's trade. Sarah Ann Binson, for all her sharp, anxious aspect, never defended herself, when her sister whined and fretted. She was told every week of her life that the poor children never would have had to lift a finger if their father had lived, and yet she had kept her steadfast way with the little farm, and patiently taught the young people many useful things, for which, as everybody said, they would live to thank her. However pleasureless her life appeared to outward view, it was brimful of pleasure to herself.

Mrs. Crowe, on the contrary, was well to do, her husband being a rich farmer and an easy-going man. She was a stingy woman, but for all that she looked kindly; and when she gave away any-

thing, or lifted a finger to help anybody, it was thought a great piece of beneficence, and a compliment, indeed, which the recipient accepted with twice as much gratitude as double the gift that came from a poorer and more generous acquaintance. Everybody liked to be on good terms with Mrs. Crowe. Socially she stood much higher than Sarah Ann Binson. They were both old schoolmates and friends of Temperance Dent, who had asked them, one day, not long before she died, if they would not come together and look after the house, and manage everything, when she was gone. She may have had some hope that they might become closer friends in this period of intimate partnership, and that the richer woman might better understand the burdens of the poorer. They had not kept the house the night before; they were too weary with their care of their old friend, whom they had not left until all was over.

There was a brook which ran down the hillside very near the house, and the sound of it was much louder than usual. When there was silence in the kitchen, the busy stream had a strange insistence in its wild voice, as if it tried to make the watchers understand something that related to the past.

"I declare, I can't begin to sorrow for Tempy yet. I am so glad to have her at rest," whispered Mrs. Crowe. "It is strange to set here without her, but I can't make it clear that she has gone. I feel as if she had got easy and dropped off to sleep, and I 'm more scared about waking her up than knowing any other feeling."

"Yes," said Sarah Ann, "it 's just like that, ain't it? But I tell you we are goin' to miss her worse than we expect. She 's helped me through with many a trial, has Temperance. I ain't the only one who says the same, neither."

These words were spoken as if there were a third person listening; somebody beside Mrs. Crowe. The watchers could not rid their minds of the feeling that they were being watched themselves. The spring wind whistled in the window crack, now and then, and buffeted the little house in a gusty way that had a sort of companionable effect. Yet, on the whole, it was a very still night, and the watchers spoke in a half-whisper.

"She was the freest-handed woman that ever I knew," said Mrs. Crowe, decidedly. "According to her means, she gave away more than anybody. I used to tell her 't wa'n't right. I used really to be afraid that she went without too much, for we have a duty to ourselves."

Sister Binson looked up in a half-amused, unconscious way, and then recollected herself.

Mrs. Crowe met her look with a serious face. "It ain't so easy for me to give as it is for some," she said simply, but with an effort which was made possible only by the occasion. "I should like to say, while Tempy is laying here yet in her own house, that she has been a constant lesson to me. Folks are too kind, and shame me with thanks for what I do. I ain't such a generous woman as poor Tempy was, for all she had nothin' to do with, as one may say."

Sarah Binson was much moved at this confession, and was even pained and touched by the unexpected humility. "You have a good many calls on you" — she began, and then left her kind little compliment half finished.

"Yes, yes, but I 've got means enough. My disposition 's more of a cross to me as I grow older, and I made up my mind this morning that Tempy's example should be my pattern henceforth." She began to knit faster than ever.

"'T ain't no use to get morbid: that 's what Tempy used to say herself," said Sarah Ann, after a minute's silence. "Ain't it strange to say 'used to say'?" and her own voice choked a little. "She never did like to hear folks git goin' about themselves."

"'T was only because they 're apt to

do it so as other folks will say 't was n't so, an' praise 'em up," humbly replied Mrs. Crowe, "and that ain't my object. There wa'n't a child but what Tempy set herself to work to see what she could do to please it. One time my brother's folks had been stopping here in the summer, from Massachusetts. The children was all little, and they broke up a sight of toys, and left 'em when they were going away. Tempy come right up after they rode by, to see if she could n't help me set the house to rights, and she caught me just as I was going to fling some of the clutter into the stove. I was kind of tired out, starting 'em off in season. 'Oh, give me them!' says she, real pleading; and she wropped 'em up and took 'em home with her when she went, and she mended 'em up and stuck 'em together, and made some young one or other happy with every blessed one. You 'd thought I 'd done her the biggest favor. 'No thanks to me. I should ha' burnt 'em, Tempy,' says I."

"Some of 'em came to our house, I know," said Miss Binson. "She 'd take a lot o' trouble to please a child, 'stead o' shoving of it out o' the way, like the rest of us when we 're drove."

"I can tell you the biggest thing she ever gave, and I don't know 's there 's anybody left but me to tell it. I don't want it forgot," Sarah Binson went on, looking up at the clock to see how the night was going. "It was that pretty-faced Trevor girl, who taught the Corners school, and married so well afterward, out in New York State. You remember her, I dare say?"

"Certain," said Mrs. Crowe, with an air of interest.

"She was a splendid scholar, folks said, and give the school a great start; but she 'd overdone herself getting her education, and working to pay for it, and she all broke down one spring, and Tempy made her come and stop with her awhile, — you remember that? Well, she had an uncle, her mother's brother, out in Chicago, who was well off and friendly, and used to write to Lizzie Trevor, and I dare say make her some presents; but he was a lively, driving man, and did n't take time to stop and think about his folks. He had n't seen her since she was a little girl. Poor Lizzie was so pale and weakly that she just got through the term o' school. She looked as if she was just going straight off in a decline. Tempy, she cosseted her up awhile, and then, next thing folks knew, she was tellin' round how Miss Trevor had gone to see her uncle, and meant to visit Niagary Falls on the way, and stop over night. Now I happened to know, in ways I won't dwell on to explain, that the poor girl was in debt for her schoolin' when she come here, and her last quarter's pay had just squared it off at last, and left her without a cent ahead, hardly; but it had fretted her thinking of it, so she paid it all; they might have dunned her that she owed it to. An' I taxed Tempy about the girl's goin' off on such a journey till she owned up, rather 'n have Lizzie blamed, that she 'd given her sixty dollars, same 's if she was rolling in riches, and sent her off to have a good rest and vacation."

"Sixty dollars!" exclaimed Mrs. Crowe. "Tempy only had ninety dollars a year that came in to her; rest of her livin' she got by helpin' about, with what she raised off this little piece o' ground, sand one side an' clay the other. An' how often I 've heard her tell, years ago, that she 'd rather see Niagary than any other sight in the world!"

The women looked at each other in silence; the magnitude of the generous sacrifice was almost too great for their comprehension.

"She was just poor enough to do that!" declared Mrs. Crowe at last, in an abandonment of feeling. "Say what you may, I feel humbled to the dust," and her companion ventured to say nothing. She never had given away sixty

dollars at once, but it was simply because she never had it to give. It came to her very lips to say in explanation, "Tempy was so situated;" but she checked herself in time, for she would not break in upon her own loyal guarding of her dependent household.

"Folks say a great deal of generosity, and this one's being public-sperited, and that one free-handed about giving," said Mrs. Crowe, who was a little nervous in the silence. "I suppose we can't tell the sorrow it would be to some folks not to give, same 's 't would be to me not to save. I seem kind of made for that, as if 't was what I 'd got to do. I should feel sights better about it if I could make it evident what I was savin' for. If I had a child, now, Sarah Ann," and her voice was a little husky, — "if I had a child, I should think I was heapin' of it up because he was the one trained by the Lord to scatter it again for good. But here 's Crowe and me, we can't do anything with money, and both of us like to keep things same 's they 've always been. Now Priscilla Dance was talking away like a mill-clapper, week before last. She 'd think I would go right off and get one o' them new-fashioned gilt-and-white papers for the best room, and some new furniture, an' a marble-top table. And I looked at her, all struck up. 'Why,' says I, 'Priscilla, that nice old velvet paper ain't hurt a mite. I should n't feel 't was my best room without it. Dan'el says 't is the first thing he can remember rubbin' his little baby fingers on to it, and how splendid he thought them red roses was.' I maintain," continued Mrs. Crowe stoutly, "that folks wastes sights o' good money doin' just such foolish things. Tearin' out the insides o' meetin'-houses, and fixin' the pews different; 't was good enough as 't was with mendin'; then times come, an' they want to put it all back same 's 't was before."

This touched upon an exciting subject to active members of that parish. Miss Binson and Mrs. Crowe belonged to opposite parties, and had at one time come as near hard feelings as they could, and yet escape them. Each hastened to speak of other things, and to show her untouched friendliness.

"I do agree with you," said Sister Binson, "that few of us know what use to make of money, beyond every-day necessities. You 've seen more o' the world than I have, and know what 's expected. When it comes to taste and judgment about such things, I ought to defer to others;" and with this modest avowal the critical moment passed when there might have been an improper discussion.

In the silence that followed, the fact of their presence in a house of death grew more clear than before. There was something disturbing in the noise of a mouse gnawing at the dry boards of a closet wall near by. Both the watchers looked up anxiously at the clock; it was almost the middle of the night, and the whole world seemed to have left them alone with their solemn duty. Only the brook was awake.

"Perhaps we might give a look upstairs now," whispered Mrs. Crowe, as if she hoped to hear some reason against their going just then to the chamber of death; but Sister Binson rose, with a serious and yet satisfied countenance, and lifted the small lamp from the table. She was much more used to watching than Mrs. Crowe, and much less affected by it. They opened the door into a small entry with a steep stairway; they climbed the creaking stairs, and entered the cold upper room on tiptoe. Mrs. Crowe's heart began to beat very fast as the lamp was put on a high bureau, and made long, fixed shadows about the walls. She went hesitatingly toward the solemn shape under its white drapery, and felt a sense of remonstrance as Sarah Ann gently, but in a business-like way, turned back the thin sheet.

"Seems to me she looks pleasanter

and pleasanter," whispered Sarah Ann Binson impulsively, as they gazed at the white face with its wonderful smile. "To-morrow 't will all have faded out. I do believe they kind of wake up a day or two after they die, and it 's then they go." She replaced the light covering, and they both turned quickly away; there was a chill in this upper room.

"'T is a great thing for anybody to have got through, ain't it?" said Mrs. Crowe softly, as she began to go down the stairs on tiptoe. The warm air from the kitchen beneath met them with a sense of welcome and shelter.

"I don' know why it is, but I feel as near again to Tempy down here as I do up there," replied Sister Binson. "I feel as if the air was full of her, kind of. I can sense things, now and then, that she seems to say. Now I never was one to take up with no nonsense of sperits and such, but I declare I felt as if she told me just now to put some more wood into the stove."

Mrs. Crowe preserved a gloomy silence. She had suspected before this that her companion was of a weaker and more credulous disposition than herself. "'T is a great thing to have got through," she repeated, ignoring definitely all that had last been said. "I suppose you know as well as I that Tempy was one that always feared death. Well, it 's all put behind her now; she knows what 't is." Mrs. Crowe gave a little sigh, and Sister Binson's quick sympathies were stirred toward this other old friend, who also dreaded the great change.

"I 'd never like to forgit almost those last words Tempy spoke plain to me," she said gently, like the comforter she truly was. "She looked up at me once or twice, that last afternoon after I come to set by her, and let Mis' Owen go home; and I says, 'Can I do anything to ease you, Tempy?' and the tears come into my eyes so I could n't see what kind of a nod she give me. 'No, Sarah Ann, you can't, dear,' says she; and then she got her breath again, and says she, looking at me real meanin', 'I 'm only a-gettin' sleepier and sleepier; that 's all there is,' says she, and smiled up at me kind of wishful, and shut her eyes. I knew well enough all she meant. She 'd been lookin' out for a chance to tell me, and I don' know 's she ever said much afterwards."

Mrs. Crowe was not knitting; she had been listening too eagerly. "Yes, 't will be a comfort to think of that sometimes," she said, in acknowledgment.

"I know that old Dr. Prince said once, in evenin' meetin', that he 'd watched by many a dyin' bed, as we well knew, and enough o' his sick folks had been scared o' dyin' their whole lives through; but when they come to the last, he 'd never seen one but was willin', and most were glad, to go. 'T is as natural as bein' born or livin' on,' he said. I don't know what had moved him to speak that night. You know he wa'n't in the habit of it, and 't was the monthly concert of prayer for foreign missions anyways," said Sarah Ann; "but 't was a great stay to the mind to listen to his words of experience."

"There never was a better man," responded Mrs. Crowe, in a really cheerful tone. She had recovered from her feeling of nervous dread, the kitchen was so comfortable with lamplight and firelight; and just then the old clock began to tell the hour of twelve with leisurely whirring strokes.

Sister Binson laid aside her work, and rose quickly and went to the cupboard. "We 'd better take a little to eat," she explained. "The night will go fast after this. I want to know if you went and made some o' your nice cupcake, while you was home to-day?" she asked, in a pleased tone; and Mrs. Crowe acknowledged such a gratifying piece of thoughtfulness for this humble friend who denied herself all luxuries. Sarah

Ann brewed a generous cup of tea, and the watchers drew their chairs up to the table presently, and quelled their hunger with good country appetites. Sister Binson put a spoon into a small, old-fashioned glass of preserved quince, and passed it to her friend. She was most familiar with the house, and played the part of hostess. "Spread some o' this on your bread and butter," she said to Mrs. Crowe. "Tempy wanted me to use some three or four times, but I never felt to. I know she 'd like to have us comfortable now, and would urge us to make a good supper, poor dear."

"What excellent preserves she did make!" mourned Mrs. Crowe. "None of us has got her light hand at doin' things tasty. She made the most o' everything, too. Now, she only had that one old quince-tree down in the far corner of the piece, but she 'd go out in the spring and tend to it, and look at it so pleasant, and kind of expect the old thorny thing into bloomin'."

"She was just the same with folks," said Sarah Ann. "And she 'd never git more 'n a little apernful o' quinces, but she 'd have every mite o' goodness out o' those, and set the glasses up onto her best-room closet shelf, *so* pleased. 'T wa'n't but a week ago to-morrow mornin' I fetched her a little taste o' jelly in a teaspoon; and she says 'Thank ye,' and took it, an' the minute she tasted it she looked up at me as worried as could be. 'Oh, I don't want to eat that,' says she. 'I always keep that in case o' sickness.' 'You 're goin' to have the good o' one tumbler yourself,' says I. 'I 'd just like to know who 's sick now, if you ain't!' An' she could n't help laughin', I spoke up so smart. Oh, dear me, how I shall miss talkin' over things with her! She always sensed things, and got just the p'int you meant."

"She did n't begin to age until two or three years ago, did she?" asked Mrs. Crowe. "I never saw anybody keep her looks as Tempy did. She looked young long after I begun to feel like an old woman. The doctor used to say 't was her young heart, and I don't know but what he was right. How she did do for other folks! There was one spell she was n't at home a day to a fortnight. She got most of her livin' so, and that made her own potatoes and things last her through. None o' the young folks could get married without her, and all the old ones was disappointed if she wa'n't round when they was down with sickness and had to go. An' cleanin', or tailorin' for boys, or rug-hookin', — there was nothin' but what she could do as handy as most. 'I do love to work,' — ain't you heard her say that twenty times a week?"

Sarah Ann Binson nodded, and began to clear away the empty plates. "We may want a taste o' somethin' more towards mornin'," she said. "There 's plenty in the closet here; and in case some comes from a distance to the funeral, we 'll have a little table spread after we get back to the house."

"Yes, I was busy all the mornin'. I 've cooked up a sight o' things to bring over," said Mrs. Crowe. "I felt 't was the last I could do for her."

They drew their chairs near the stove again, and took up their work. Sister Binson's rocking-chair creaked as she rocked; the brook sounded louder than ever. It was more lonely when nobody spoke, and presently Mrs. Crowe returned to her thoughts of growing old.

"Yes, Tempy aged all of a sudden. I remember I asked her if she felt as well as common, one day, and she laughed at me good. There, when Dan'el begun to look old, I could n't help feeling as if somethin' ailed him, and like as not 't was somethin' he was goin' to git right over, and I dosed him for it stiddy, half of one summer."

"How many things we shall be wanting to ask Tempy!" exclaimed Sarah Ann Binson, after a long pause. "I can't make up my mind to doin' without

her. I wish folks could come back just once, and tell us how 't is where they 've gone. Seems then we could do without 'em better."

The brook hurried on, the wind blew about the house now and then; the house itself was a silent place, and the supper, the warm fire, and an absence of any new topics for conversation made the watchers drowsy. Sister Binson closed her eyes first, to rest them for a minute; and Mrs. Crowe glanced at her compassionately, with a new sympathy for the hard-worked little woman. She made up her mind to let Sarah Ann have a good rest, while she kept watch alone; but in a few minutes her own knitting was dropped, and she, too, fell asleep. Overhead, the pale shape of Tempy Dent, the outworn body of that generous, loving-hearted, simple soul, slept on also in its white raiment. Perhaps Tempy herself stood near, and saw her own life and its surroundings with new understanding. Perhaps she herself was the only watcher.

Later, by some hours, Sarah Ann Binson woke with a start. There was a pale light of dawn outside the small windows. Inside the kitchen, the lamp burned dim. Mrs. Crowe awoke, too.

"I think Tempy 'd be the first to say 't was just as well we both had some rest," she said, not without a guilty feeling.

Her companion went to the outer door, and opened it wide. The fresh air was none too cold, and the brook's voice was not nearly so loud as it had been in the midnight darkness. She could see the shapes of the hills, and the great shadows that lay across the lower country. The east was fast growing bright.

"'T will be a beautiful day for the funeral," she said, and turned again, with a sigh, to follow Mrs. Crowe up the stairs. The world seemed more and more empty without the kind face and helpful hands of Tempy Dent.

Sarah Orne Jewett.

CAROLO MORTUO.

TOGETHER, comrade, widely did we roam.
In Gothic aisles, at wayside shrines, and where
The slender minarets pierce the dusky air,
And Moslem kneel beneath Sofia's dome;
At vesper chant, 'mid hooded monks of Rome,
We bowed together, reverencing there
Through myriad creeds and tongues the soul of prayer:
And every land of men to us was home.

A heavier curtain now thy hands upraise;
Into a darker minster stray thy feet.
May loving eyes and clasp of welcome greet
The lover of all mortal hearts and ways,
And knowledge widen to his eager gaze
Who followed truth with tireless step and fleet.

William Cranston Lawton.

THE ASPERN PAPERS.

IN THREE PARTS. PART FIRST.

I.

I HAD taken Mrs. Prest into my confidence; in truth without her I should have made but little advance, for the fruitful idea, in the whole business, dropped from her friendly lips. It was she who invented the short cut, who severed the Gordian knot. It is not supposed to be the nature of women to rise, as a general thing, to the largest and most liberal view — I mean of a practical scheme; but it has struck me that they sometimes throw off a bold conception — such as a man would n't have risen to — with singular serenity. "Simply ask them to take you in on the footing of a lodger" — I don't think that, unaided, I should have risen to that. I was beating about the bush, trying to be ingenious, wondering by what combination of arts I might become an acquaintance, when she offered this happy suggestion that the way to become an acquaintance was first to become an inmate. Her actual knowledge of the Misses Bordereau was scarcely larger than mine, and indeed I had brought with me from England some definite facts which were new to her. Their name had been mixed up, ages before, with one of the greatest names of the century, and they lived now in Venice, in obscurity, on very small means, unvisited, unapproachable, in a dilapidated old palace on an out-of-the-way canal: this was the substance of my friend's impression of them. She herself had been established in Venice for fifteen years, and had done a great deal of good there; but the circle of her benevolence did not include the two shy, mysterious, and, as it was somehow supposed, scarcely respectable Americans (they were believed to have lost, in their long exile, all national quality, besides having had, as their name implied, some French strain in their origin), who asked no favors and desired no attention. In the early years of her residence she had made an attempt to see them, but this had been successful only as regards the little one, as Mrs. Prest called the niece; though in reality, as I afterwards learned, she was considerably the bigger of the two. She had heard Miss Bordereau was ill, and had a suspicion that she was in want; and she had gone to the house to offer assistance, so that if there were suffering (and American suffering), she should at least not have it on her conscience. The "little one" received her in the great, cold, tarnished Venetian *sala*, the central hall of the house, paved with marble and roofed with dim cross-beams, and did n't even ask her to sit down. This was not encouraging for me, who wished to sit so fast, and I remarked as much to Mrs. Prest, who, however, replied with profundity, "Ah, but there 's all the difference: I went to confer a favor, and you will go to ask one. If they are proud, you will be on the right side." And she offered to show me their house, to begin with — to row me thither in her gondola. I let her know that I had already been to look at it, half a dozen times; but I accepted her invitation, for it charmed me to hover about the place. I had made my way to it the day after my arrival in Venice (it had been described to me, in advance, by the friend, in England, to whom I owed definite information as to their possession of the papers), and I had revolved about it while I considered my plan of campaign. Jeffrey Aspern had never been in it that I knew of;

but some note of his voice seemed to abide there, by a roundabout implication, an attenuated reverberation.

Mrs. Prest knew nothing about the papers, but she was interested in my curiosity, as she was always interested in the joys and sorrows of her friends. As we went, however, in her gondola, gliding there, under the sociable hood, with the bright Venetian picture framed, on either side, by the movable window, I could see that she was amused by my infatuation, the way my interest in the papers had become a fixed idea. "One would think you expected to find in them the answer to the riddle of the universe," she said; and I denied the impeachment only by replying that if I had to choose between that precious solution and a bundle of Jeffrey Aspern's letters, I knew indeed which would appear to me the greater boon. She pretended to make light of his genius, and I took no pains to defend him. One does n't defend one's god: one's god is in himself a defense. Besides, to-day, after his long comparative obscuration, he hangs high in the heaven of our literature, for all the world to see; he is part of the light by which we walk. The most I said was that he was, no doubt, not a woman's poet; to which she rejoined, aptly enough, that he had been at least Miss Bordereau's. The strange thing had been for me to discover, in England, that she was still alive: it was as if I had been told Mrs. Siddons was, or Queen Caroline, or the famous Lady Hamilton, for it seemed to me that it was to that generation she belonged. "Why, she must be tremendously old — at least a hundred," I had said; but on coming to consider dates, I saw that it was not strictly necessary that she should have exceeded by very much the common span. None the less she was very far advanced in life, and her relations with Jeffrey Aspern had occurred in her early womanhood. "That is her excuse," said Mrs. Prest, half sententiously, and yet also somewhat as if she were ashamed of making a speech so little in the real tone of Venice. As if a woman needed an excuse for having loved the divine poet! He had been not only one of the most brilliant minds of his day (and in those years, when the century was young, there were, as every one knows, many), but one of the most genial men, and one of the handsomest.

The niece, according to Mrs. Prest, was not so old, and she risked the conjecture that she was only a grand-niece. This was possible; I had nothing but my share in the very limited knowledge of my English fellow-worshiper, John Cumnor, who had never seen the couple. The world, as I say, had recognized Jeffrey Aspern, but Cumnor and I had recognized him most. The multitude, to-day, flocked to his temple, but of that temple he and I regarded ourselves as the priests. We held, justly, as I think, that we had done more for his memory than any one else, and we had done it by opening lights into his life. He had nothing to fear from us, because he had nothing to fear from the truth, which alone, at such a distance of time, we could be interested in establishing. His early death had been the only dark spot in his life, unless the papers in Miss Bordereau's hands should perversely bring out others. There had been an impression, about 1825, that he had "treated her badly," just as there had been an impression that he had "served," as the London populace says, several other women in the same way. Each of these cases Cumnor and I had been able to investigate, and we had never failed to acquit him, conscientiously, of disloyalty. I judged him, perhaps, more indulgently than my friend; certainly, at any rate, it appeared to me that no man could have behaved better in the given circumstances. These were almost always awkward. Half the women of his time, to speak liberally, had

flung themselves at his head, and out of this pernicious fashion many complications, some of them grave, had not failed to arise. He was not a woman's poet, as I had said to Mrs. Prest, in the modern phase of his reputation; but the situation had been different when the man's own voice was mingled with his song. That voice, by every testimony, was one of the sweetest ever heard. "Orpheus and the Mænads!" was the exclamation that rose to my lips when I first turned over his correspondence. Almost all the Mænads were unreasonable and many of them insupportable; it struck me, in short, that he was kinder, more considerate, than, in his place (if I could imagine myself in such a place!), I should have been.

It was certainly strange beyond all strangeness, and I shall not take up space with attempting to explain it, that whereas in all these other lines of research we had to deal with phantoms and dust, the mere echoes of echoes, the one living source of information that had lingered on into our time had been unheeded by us. Every one of Aspern's contemporaries had, according to our belief, passed away; we had not been able to look into a single pair of eyes into which his had looked, or to feel a transmitted contact in any aged hand that his had touched. Most dead of all did poor Miss Bordereau appear, and yet she alone had survived. We exhausted, in the course of months, our wonder that we had not found her out sooner, and the substance of our explanation was that she had kept so quiet. The poor lady, on the whole, had had reason for doing so. But it was a revelation to us that it was possible to keep so quiet as that, in the latter half of the nineteenth century — the age of newspapers and telegrams and photographs and interviewers. And she had taken no great trouble about it, either: she had not hidden herself away in an undiscoverable hole; she had boldly settled down in a city of exhibition. The only secret of her safety that we could perceive was that Venice contained so many curiosities that were greater than she. And then accident had somehow favored her, as was shown, for example, in the fact that Mrs. Prest had never happened to mention her to me, though I had spent three weeks in Venice — under her nose, as it were — five years before. Mrs. Prest had not mentioned this much to any one; she appeared almost to have forgotten she was there. Of course she had not the responsibilities of an editor. It was no explanation of the old woman's having eluded us to say that she lived abroad, for our researches had again and again taken us (not only by correspondence, but by personal inquiry), to France, to Germany, to Italy, in which countries, not counting his important stay in England, so many of the too few years of Aspern's career were spent. We were glad to think, at least, that in all our publishings (some people consider, I believe, that we have overdone them), we had only touched, in passing and in the most discreet manner, on Miss Bordereau's connection. Oddly enough, even if we had had the material (and we often wondered what had become of it), it would have been the most difficult episode to handle.

The gondola stopped, and the old palace was there: it was a house of the class which, in Venice, carries even in extreme dilapidation the dignified name. "How charming! It 's gray and pink!" my companion exclaimed; and that is the most comprehensive description of it. It was not particularly old, only two or three centuries; and it had an air not so much of decay as of quiet discouragement, as if it had rather missed its career. But its wide front, with a stone balcony from end to end of the *piano nobile*, or most important floor, was architectural enough, with the aid of various pilasters and arches; and the

stucco with which, in the intervals, it had long ago been endued was rosy in the April afternoon. It overlooked a clean, melancholy, unfrequented canal, which had a narrow *riva*, or convenient footway, on either side. "I don't know why — there are no brick gables," said Mrs. Prest, "but this corner has seemed to me before more Dutch than Italian, more like Amsterdam than like Venice. It 's perversely clean, for reasons of its own; and though you can pass on foot, scarcely any one ever thinks of doing so. It has the air of a Protestant Sunday. Perhaps the people are afraid of the Misses Bordereau. I dare say they have the reputation of witches." I forget what answer I made to this — I was given up to two other reflections. The first of these was, that if the old lady lived in such a big, imposing house she could n't be in any sort of misery, and therefore would n't be tempted by a chance to let a couple of rooms. I expressed this idea to Mrs. Prest, who gave me a very logical reply. "If she did n't live in a big house, how could it be a question of her having rooms to spare? If she were not amply lodged herself, you would lack ground to approach her. Besides, a big house here, and especially in this *quartier perdu*, proves nothing at all; it is perfectly compatible with a state of penury. Dilapidated old palazzi, if you will go out of the way for them, are to be had for five shillings a year. And as for the people who live in them — no, until you have explored Venice socially as much as I have, you can form no idea of their domestic desolation. They live on nothing, for they have nothing to live on." The other idea that had come into my head was connected with a high, blank wall which appeared to confine an expanse of ground on one side of the house. Blank I call it, but it was figured over with the patches that please a painter, repaired breaches, crumblings of plaster, extrusions of brick that had turned pink with time; and a few thin trees, with the poles of certain rickety trellises, were visible over the top. The place was a garden, and apparently it belonged to the house. It suddenly occurred to me that if it did belong to the house I had my pretext.

I sat looking out on all this, with Mrs. Prest (it was covered with the golden glow of Venice), from the shade of our *felze*, and she asked me if I would go in then, while she waited for me, or come back another time. At first I could n't decide — it was doubtless very weak of me. I wanted still to think I *might* get a footing, and I was afraid to meet failure, for it would leave me, as I remarked to my companion, without another arrow for my bow. "Why not another?" she inquired, as I sat there hesitating and thinking it over; and she wished to know why, even now, and before taking the trouble of becoming an inmate (which might be wretchedly uncomfortable, after all, even if it succeeded), I had n't the resource of simply offering them a sum of money down. In that way I might obtain the documents without bad nights.

"Dearest lady," I exclaimed, "excuse the impatience of my tone when I suggest that you must have forgotten the very fact (surely I communicated it to you) which pushed me to throw myself upon your ingenuity. The old woman won't have the documents spoken of; they are personal, delicate, intimate, and she has n't modern notions, God bless her! If I should sound that note first I should certainly spoil the game. I can arrive at the papers only by putting her off her guard, and I can put her off her guard only by ingratiating diplomatic practices. Hypocrisy, duplicity, are my only chance. I am sorry for it, but for Jeffrey Aspern's sake I would do worse still. First I must take tea with her; then tackle the main job." And I told over what had happened to John Cumnor, when he wrote to her. No

notice whatever had been taken of his first letter, and the second had been answered very sharply, in six lines, by the niece: "Miss Bordereau requested her to say that she could n't imagine what he meant by troubling them. They had none of Mr. Aspern's papers and, if they had, should never think of showing them to any one, on any account whatever. She did n't know what he was talking about and begged he would let her alone." I certainly did n't want to be met that way.

"Well," said Mrs. Prest, after a moment, provokingly, "perhaps, after all, they have n't any of his things. If they deny it flat, how are you sure?"

"John Cumnor is sure, and it would take me long to tell you how his conviction, or his very strong presumption — strong enough to stand against the old lady's not unnatural fib — has built itself up. Besides, he makes much of the internal evidence of the niece's letter."

"The internal evidence?"

"Her calling him 'Mr. Aspern.'"

"I don't see what that proves."

"It proves familiarity, and familiarity implies the possession of mementoes, of relics. I can't tell you how that 'Mr.' touches me — how it bridges over the gulf of time, and brings our hero near to me — nor what an edge it gives to my desire to see Juliana. You don't say 'Mr.' Shakespeare."

"Would I, any more, if I had a box full of his letters?"

"Yes, if he had been your lover, and some one wanted them!" And I added that John Cumnor was so convinced, and so all the more convinced by Miss Bordereau's tone, that he would have come himself to Venice on the business, were it not that for him there was the obstacle that it would be difficult to disprove his identity with the person who had written to them, which the old ladies would be sure to suspect, in spite of dissimulation and a change of name. If they were to ask him point-blank if he were not their correspondent, it would be too awkward for him to lie; whereas I was fortunately not tied in that way. I was a fresh hand, and could say no without lying.

"But you will have to change your name," said Mrs. Prest. "Juliana lives out of the world as much as it is possible to live, but none the less she has probably heard of Mr. Aspern's editors; she perhaps possesses what you have published."

"I have thought of that," I returned; and I drew out of my pocket-book a visiting-card, neatly engraved with a name that was not my own.

"You are very extravagant; you might have written it," said my companion.

"This looks more genuine."

"Certainly, you are prepared to go far! But it will be awkward about your letters; they won't come to you in that mask."

"My banker will take them in, and I will go every day to fetch them. It will give me a little walk."

"Shall you only depend upon that?" asked Mrs. Prest. "Are n't you coming to see me?"

"Oh, you will have left Venice, for the hot months, long before there are any results. I am prepared to roast all summer — as well as hereafter, perhaps you 'll say! Meanwhile, John Cumnor will bombard me with letters addressed, in my feigned name, to the care of the *padrona*."

"She will recognize his hand," my companion suggested.

"On the envelope he can disguise it."

"Well, you 're a precious pair! Does n't it occur to you that even if you are able to say you are not Mr. Cumnor in person, they may still suspect you of being his emissary?"

"Certainly, and I see only one way to parry that."

"And what may that be?"

I hesitated a moment. "To make love to the niece."

"Ah," cried Mrs. Prest, "wait till you see her!"

II.

"I must work the garden — I must work the garden," I said to myself, five minutes later, as I waited, up-stairs, in the long dusky sala, where the bare scagliola floor gleamed, vaguely, in a chink of the closed shutters. The place was impressive, but it looked cold and cautious. Mrs. Prest had floated away, giving me a rendezvous, at the end of half an hour, at some neighboring water-steps; and I had been let into the house, after pulling the rusty bell-wire, by a little red-headed, white-faced maid-servant, who was very young and not ugly, and wore clicking pattens and a shawl in the fashion of a hood. She had not contented herself with opening the door from above, by the usual arrangement of a creaking pulley, though she had looked down at me first from an upper window, dropping the inevitable challenge which, in Italy, precedes the hospitable act. As a general thing I was irritated by this survival of mediæval manners, though as I liked the old I suppose I ought to have liked it; but I was so determined to be genial that I took my false card out of my pocket and held it up to her, smiling, as if it were a magic token. It had the effect of one, indeed, for it brought her, as I say, all the way down. I begged her to hand it to her mistress, having first written on it, in Italian, the words, "Could you very kindly see a gentleman, an American, for a moment?" The little maid was not hostile, and I reflected that even that was perhaps something gained. She colored, she smiled, and looked both frightened and pleased. I could see that my arrival was an event, that visits were rare in that house and that she was a person who would have liked a sociable place. When she pushed forward the heavy door behind me, I felt that I had a foot in the citadel. She pattered across the damp, stony lower hall, and I followed her up the high staircase — stonier still, as it seemed — without an invitation. I think she had meant I should wait for her below, but such was not my idea, and I took up my station in the sala. She flitted, at the far end of it, into impenetrable regions, and I looked at the place in a sort of suspense. It was gloomy and stately, but it owed its character almost entirely to its noble shape and to the fine architectural doors — as high as the doors of houses — which, leading into the various rooms, repeated themselves, on either side, at intervals. They were surmounted with old faded, painted escutcheons, and here and there, in the spaces between them, brown pictures, which I perceived to be bad, in battered frames, were suspended. With the exception of several straw-bottomed chairs, with their backs to the wall, the grand, obscure vista contained nothing else to minister to effect. It was evidently never used, save as a passage, and little, even, as that. I may add that by the time the door opened again, through which the maid-servant had escaped, my eyes had grown used to the want of light.

I had not meant, by my private ejaculation, that I must myself cultivate the soil of the tangled enclosure which lay beneath the windows, but the lady who came toward me from the distance, over the hard, shining floor, might have supposed as much from the way in which, as I went rapidly to meet her, I exclaimed, taking care to speak Italian, "The garden, the garden — do me the pleasure to tell me if it 's yours!"

She stopped short, looking at me with wonder; and then, "Nothing here is mine," she answered, in English, coldly and sadly.

"Oh, you are English; how delight-

ful!" I remarked, ingenuously. "But surely the garden belongs to the house?"

"Yes, but the house does n't belong to me." She was a long, lean, pale person, habited apparently in a dull-colored dressing-gown, and she spoke with a kind of mild literalness. She did n't ask me to sit down, any more than years before (if she were the niece), she had asked Mrs. Prest, and we stood face to face in the empty, pompous hall.

"Well, then, would you kindly tell me to whom I must address myself? I 'm afraid you 'll think me odiously intrusive, but, you know, I *must* have a garden — upon my honor I must!"

Her face was not young, but it was simple; it was not fresh, but it was mild. She had large eyes, which were not bright, and a great deal of hair, which was not "dressed," and long fine hands, which were — possibly — not clean. She clasped these members almost convulsively as, with a confused, alarmed look, she broke out, "Oh, don't take it away from us; we like it ourselves!"

"You have the use of it, then?" I asked.

"Oh, yes. If it was n't for that!" And she gave a shy, melancholy smile.

"Is n't it a luxury, precisely? That 's why, intending to be in Venice some weeks, possibly all summer, and having some literary work, some reading and writing, to do, so that I must be quiet, and yet, if possible, a great deal in the open air — that 's why I have felt that a garden is really indispensable. I appeal to your own experience," I went on, smiling. "Now can't I look at yours?"

"I don't know, I don't understand," the poor woman murmured, planted there and letting her embarrassed eyes wander all over my strangeness.

"I mean only from one of those windows — such grand ones as you have here — if you will let me open the shutters." And I walked, myself, toward the back of the house. When I had advanced half-way I stopped and waited, as if I took it for granted she would accompany me. I had been of necessity very abrupt, but I strove at the same time to give her the impression of extreme courtesy. "I have been looking at furnished rooms all over the place, and it seems impossible to find any with a garden attached. Naturally, in a place like Venice gardens are rare. It 's absurd, if you like, for a man, but I can't live without flowers."

"There are none to speak of down there." She came nearer to me, as if, though she mistrusted me, I had drawn her by an invisible thread. I went on again, and she continued, as she followed me: "We have a few, but they are very common. It costs too much to cultivate them; one has to have a man."

"Why should n't I be the man?" I asked. "I 'll work without wages; or rather, I 'll put in a gardener. You shall have the sweetest flowers in Venice."

She protested at this, with a queer little sigh, which might also have been a gush of rapture at the picture I presented. Then she observed, "We don't know you — we don't know you."

"You know me as much as I know you; that is, much more, because you know my name. And if you are English I am almost a countryman."

"We are not English," said my companion, watching me helplessly while I threw open the shutters of one of the divisions of the wide, high window.

"You speak the language so beautifully; might I ask what you are?" Seen from above, the garden was certainly shabby; but I perceived at a glance that it had great capabilities. She made no rejoinder, she was so lost in staring at me, and I exclaimed, "You don't mean to say you are also, by chance, American?"

"I don't know; we used to be."

"Used to be? Surely you have n't changed?"

"It 's so many years ago — we are nothing."

"So many years that you have been living here? Well, I don't wonder at that; it 's a grand old house. I suppose you all use the garden," I went on, "but I assure you I should n't be in your way. I would be very quiet, and stay in one corner."

"We all use it?" she repeated after me, vaguely, not coming close to the window, and looking at my shoes. She appeared to think me capable of throwing her out.

"I mean all your family, as many as you are."

"There is only one other: she is very old — she never goes down."

"Only one other, in all this great house!" I feigned to be not only amazed, but almost scandalized. "Dear lady, you must have space, then, to spare!"

"To spare?" she repeated, in the same dazed way.

"Why, you surely don't live (two quiet women — I see *you* are quiet, at any rate), in fifty rooms!" Then, with a burst of hope and cheer, I demanded, "Could n't you let me two or three? That would set me up!"

I had now struck the note that translated my purpose, and I need n't reproduce the whole of the tune I played on this occasion. I ended by making my interlocutress believe that I was an honorable person, though of course I did n't even attempt to persuade her that I was not an eccentric one. I repeated that I had studies to pursue; that I wanted quiet; that I delighted in a garden, and had vainly sought one up and down the city; that I would undertake that before another month was over the dear old house should be smothered in flowers. I think it was the flowers that won my suit, and I afterwards found that Miss Tita (for such the name of this high, tremulous spinster proved, somewhat incongruously, to be), had an insatiable appetite for them. When I speak of my suit as won, I mean that before I left her she had promised that she would refer the question to her aunt. I inquired who her aunt might be, and she answered, "Why, Miss Bordereau!" with an air of surprise, as if I might have been expected to know. There were contradictions like this in Tita Bordereau, which, as I observed later, contributed to make her an odd and affecting person. It was the study of the two ladies to live so that the world should n't touch them, and yet they had never altogether accepted the idea that it did n't hear of them. In Tita, at any rate, a grateful susceptibility to human contact had not died out, and contact, of a limited order, there would be, if I should come to live in the house.

"We have never done anything of the sort; we have never had a lodger, or any kind of inmate." So much as this she made a point of saying to me. "We are very poor, we live very badly. The rooms are bare — that you might take; they have nothing in them. I don't know how you would sleep, how you would eat."

"With your permission, I could easily put in a bed, and a few tables and chairs. *C'est la moindre des choses*, and the affair of an hour or two. I know a little man from whom I can hire what I should want for a few months, for a trifle, and my gondolier can bring the things round in his boat. Of course, in this great house, you must have a second kitchen, and my servant, who is a wonderfully handy fellow" (this personage was an evocation of the moment), "can easily cook me a chop there. My tastes and habits are of the simplest; I live on flowers!" And then I ventured to add that if they were very poor, it was all the more reason they should let their rooms. They were bad economists. I had never heard of such a waste of material.

I saw in a moment that the good

lady had never before been spoken to in that way, with a kind of humorous firmness which did n't exclude sympathy, but was, on the contrary, founded on it. She might easily have told me that my sympathy was impertinent, but this, by good fortune, did n't occur to her. I left her with the understanding that she would consider the matter with her aunt, and that I might come back the next day for their decision.

"The aunt will refuse; she will think the whole proceeding very *louche!*" Mrs. Prest declared, shortly after this, when I had resumed my place in her gondola. She had put the idea into my head, and now (so little are women to be counted on), she appeared to take a despondent view of it. Her pessimism provoked me, and I pretended to have the best hopes; I went so far as to say that I had a distinct presentiment that I should succeed. Upon this Mrs. Prest broke out, "Oh, I see what 's in your head! You fancy you have made such an impression, in a quarter of an hour, that she is dying for you to come, and can be depended upon to bring the old one round. If you do get in, you 'll count it as a triumph."

I did count it as a triumph, but only for the editor (in the last analysis), not for the man, who had not the tradition of personal conquest. When I went back on the morrow, the little maid-servant conducted me straight through the long sala (it opened there, as before, in perfect perspective, and was lighter now, which I thought a good omen) into the apartment from which the recipient of my former visit had emerged on that occasion. It was a large, shabby parlor, with a fine old painted ceiling, and a strange figure sitting alone at one of the windows. They come back to me now almost with the palpitation they caused, the successive feelings that accompanied my consciousness that, as the door of the room closed behind me, I was really face to face with the Juliana of some of Aspern's most exquisite lyrics. I grew used to her afterwards, though never completely; but as she sat there before me my heart beat as fast as if the miracle of resurrection had taken place for my benefit. Her presence seemed somehow to contain his, and I felt nearer to him at that first moment of seeing her than I ever had been before, or ever have been since. Yes, I remember my emotions in their order, even including a curious little tremor that took me when I saw that the niece was not there. With her, the day before, I had become sufficiently familiar, but it almost exceeded my courage (much as I had longed for the event), to be left alone with such a terrible relic as the aunt. She was too strange, too literally resurgent. Then came a check, with the perception that we were not really face to face, inasmuch as she had over her eyes a horrible green shade, which, for her, served almost as a mask. I believed, for the instant, that she had put it on expressly, so that from underneath it she might scrutinize me without being scrutinized herself. At the same time it increased the presumption that there was a ghastly death's-head lurking behind it. The divine Juliana as a grinning skull — the vision hung there until it passed. Then it came to me that she *was* tremendously old — so old that death might take her at any moment, before I had time to get what I wanted from her. The next thought was a correction to that; it lighted up the situation. She would die next week, she would die tomorrow, and then I could seize her papers. Meanwhile, she sat there, neither moving nor speaking. She was very small and shrunken, bent forward, with her hands in her lap. She was dressed in black, and her head was wrapped in a piece of old black lace, which showed no hair.

My emotion keeping me silent, she spoke first, and the remark she made was exactly the most unexpected.

III.

"Our house is very far from the centre, but the little canal is very *comme il faut!*"

"It's the sweetest corner of Venice, and I can imagine nothing more charming," I hastened to reply. The old lady's voice was very thin and weak, but it had an agreeable, cultivated murmur, and there was wonder in the thought that that individual note had been in Jeffrey Aspern's ear.

"Please to sit down there. I hear very well," she said, quietly, as if perhaps I had been shouting at her; and the chair she pointed to was at a certain distance. I took possession of it, telling her that I was perfectly aware that I had intruded, that I had not been properly introduced, and could only throw myself upon her indulgence. Perhaps the other lady, the one I had had the honor of seeing the day before, would have explained to her about the garden. That was literally what had given me courage to take a step so unconventional. I had fallen in love at sight with the whole place (she herself, probably, was so used to it that she did n't know the impression it was capable of making on a stranger), and I had felt it was really a case to risk something. Was her own kindness in receiving me a sign that I was not wholly out of my calculation? It would render me extremely happy to think so. I could give her my word of honor that I was a most respectable, inoffensive person, and that as an inmate they would be barely conscious of my existence. I would conform to any regulations, any restrictions, if they would only let me enjoy the garden. Moreover, I should be delighted to give her references, guarantees; they would be of the very best, both in Venice and in England, as well as in America.

She listened to me in perfect stillness, and I felt that she was looking at me with great attention, though I could see only the lower part of her shriveled white face. Independently of the refining process of old age, it had a delicacy which once must have been great. She had been very fair; she had had a wonderful complexion. She was silent a little after I had ceased speaking; then she remarked, "If you are so fond of a garden, why don't you go to *terra firma*, where there are so many far better than this?"

"Oh, it's the combination!" I answered, smiling; and then, with rather a flight of fancy, "It's the idea of a garden in the middle of the sea."

"It's not in the middle of the sea; you can't see the water."

I stared a moment, wondering whether she wished to convict me of fraud. "Can't see the water? Why, dear madam, I can come up to the very gate in my boat."

She appeared inconsequent, for she said, vaguely, in reply to this, "Yes, if you have got a boat. I have n't any; it's many years since I have been in one of the gondolas." She uttered these words as if the gondolas were a curious, far-away craft, which she knew of only by hearsay.

"Let me assure you of the pleasure with which I would put mine at your service!" I exclaimed. I had scarcely said this, however, before I became conscious that the speech was in questionable taste, and might also do me the injury of making me appear too eager, too possessed of a hidden motive. But the old woman remained inscrutable, and her attitude bothered me by suggesting that she had a fuller vision of me than I had of her. She gave me no thanks for my somewhat extravagant offer, but remarked that the lady I had seen the day before was her niece; she would presently come in. She had asked her to stay away a little on purpose, because she herself wished to see me at first alone. She relapsed into silence, and I

asked myself why she had judged this necessary, and what was coming yet; also whether I might venture on some judicious remark in praise of her companion. I went so far as to say that I should be delighted to see her again: she had been so very courteous to me, considering how odd she must have thought me — a declaration which drew from Miss Bordereau another of her incongruities.

"She has very good manners; I bred her up myself!" I was on the point of saying that that accounted for the easy grace of the niece; but I arrested myself in time, and the next moment the old woman went on: "I don't care who you may be — I don't want to know; it signifies very little to-day." This had all the air of being a formula of dismissal, as if her next words would be that I might take myself off, now that she had had the amusement of looking on the face of such a monster of indiscretion. Therefore I was all the more surprised when she added, with her soft, venerable quaver, "You may have as many rooms as you like, if you will pay a good deal of money."

I hesitated but for a single instant, long enough to ask myself what she meant, in particular, by this condition. First it struck me that she must have really a large sum in her mind; then I reasoned, quickly, that her idea of a large sum would probably not correspond to my own. My deliberation, I think, was not so visible as to diminish the promptitude with which I replied, "I will pay with pleasure, and of course in advance, whatever you may think it proper to ask me."

"Well, then, a thousand francs a month," she rejoined, instantly, while her baffling green shade continued to cover her attitude.

The figure, as they say, was startling, and my logic had been at fault. The sum she had mentioned was, by the Venetian measure of such matters, exceedingly large; there was many an old palace, in an out-of-the-way corner, that I might, on such terms, have enjoyed by the year. But so far as my small means allowed I was prepared to spend money, and my decision was quickly taken. I would pay her, with a smiling face, what she asked, but in that case I would give myself the compensation of extracting the papers from her for nothing. Moreover, if she had asked five times as much, I should have risen to the occasion; so odious would it have appeared to me to stand chaffering with Aspern's Juliana. It was queer enough to have a question of money with her at all. I assured her that her views perfectly met my own, and that on the morrow I should have the pleasure of putting three months' rent into her hand. She received this announcement with serenity, and with no apparent sense that, after all, it would be becoming of her to say that I ought to see the rooms first. This did n't occur to her, and indeed her serenity was mainly what I wanted. Our little bargain was just concluded when the door opened and the younger lady appeared on the threshold. As soon as Miss Bordereau saw her niece she cried out, almost gayly, "He will give three thousand — three thousand tomorrow!"

Miss Tita stood still, with her patient eyes turning from one of us to the other; then she inquired, scarcely above her breath, "Do you mean francs?"

"Did you mean francs or dollars?" the old woman asked of me, at this.

"I think francs were what you said," I answered, smiling.

"That is very good," said Miss Tita, as if she had become conscious that her own question might have looked overreaching.

"What do *you* know? You are ignorant," Miss Bordereau remarked; not with acerbity, but with a strange, soft coldness.

"Yes, of money — certainly of

money!" Miss Tita hastened to exclaim.

"I am sure you have your own branches of knowledge," I took the liberty of saying, genially. There was something painful to me, somehow, in the turn the conversation had taken, in the discussion of the rent.

"She had a very good education when she was young. I looked into that myself," said Miss Bordereau. Then she added, "But she has learned nothing since."

"I have always been with you," Miss Tita rejoined, very mildly, and evidently with no intention of making an epigram.

"Yes, but for that!" her aunt declared, with more satirical force. She evidently meant that but for this her niece would never have got on at all, the point of the observation, however, being lost on Miss Tita, though she blushed at hearing her history revealed to a stranger. Miss Bordereau went on, addressing herself to me: "And what time will you come, to-morrow, with the money?"

"The sooner the better. If it suits you, I will come at noon."

"I am always here, but I have my hours," said the old woman, as if her convenience were not to be taken for granted.

"You mean the times when you receive?"

"I never receive. But I will see you at noon, when you come with the money."

"Very good, I shall be punctual;" and I added, "May I shake hands with you, on our contract?" I thought there ought to be some little form; it would make me really feel easier, and I foresaw that there would be no other. Besides, though Miss Bordereau could not to-day be called personally attractive, and there was something even in her wasted antiquity that bade one stand at one's distance, I felt an irresistible desire to hold in my own for a moment the hand that Jeffrey Aspern had pressed.

For a minute she made no answer, and I saw that my proposal failed to meet with her approbation. She indulged in no movement of withdrawal, which I half expected; she only said, coldly, "I belong to a time when that was not the custom."

I felt rather snubbed, but I exclaimed, good-humoredly, to Miss Tita, "Oh, you will do as well!" and shook hands with her, while she replied, with a small flutter, "Yes, yes, to show it's all arranged!"

"Shall you bring the money in gold?" Miss Bordereau demanded, as I was turning to the door.

I looked at her a moment. "Are n't you a little afraid, after all, of keeping such a sum as that in the house?" It was not that I was annoyed at her avidity, but I was really struck with the disparity between such a treasure and such scanty means of guarding it.

"Whom should I be afraid of, if I am not afraid of you?" she asked with a sort of shrunken grimness.

"Ah, well," said I, laughing, "I shall be, in point of fact, a protector, and I will bring gold, if you prefer."

"Thank you," the old woman returned, with dignity, and with an inclination of her head which evidently signified that I might depart. I passed out of the room, reflecting that it would n't be easy to circumvent her. As I stood in the sala again I saw that Miss Tita had followed me, and I supposed that, as her aunt had neglected to suggest that I should take a look at my quarters, it was her purpose to repair the omission. But she made no such suggestion; she only stood there, with a dim, though not a languid, smile, and with an effect of irresponsible, incompetent youth which was almost comically at variance with the faded facts of her person. She was not infirm, like her aunt, but she struck me as still more helpless, because

her inefficiency was spiritual, which was not the case with Miss Bordereau's. I waited to see if she would n't offer to show me the rest of the house, but I did n't precipitate the question, inasmuch as my plan was, from this moment, to spend as much of my time as possible in her society. I only observed, at the end of a minute —

"I have had better fortune than I hoped. It was very kind of her to see me. Perhaps you said a good word for me."

"It was the idea of the money," said Miss Tita.

"And did you suggest that?"

"I told her that you would perhaps give a good deal."

"What made you think that?"

"I told her I thought you were rich."

"And what put that idea into your head?"

"I don't know; the way you talked."

"Dear me, I must talk differently now," I declared. "I 'm sorry to say it 's not the case."

"Well," said Miss Tita, "I think that in Venice the *forestieri*, in general, often give a great deal for something that after all is n't much." She appeared to make this remark with a comforting intention, to wish to remind me that if I had been extravagant, I was not, really, foolishly singular. We walked together along the sala, and, as I took its magnificent measure, I said to her that I was afraid it would n't form a part of my *quartière*. Were my rooms, by chance, to be among those that opened into it? "Not if you go above, on the second floor," she answered, with a little startled air, as if she had rather taken for granted I would know my proper place.

"And I infer that that 's where your aunt would like me to be."

"She said your apartments ought to be very distinct."

"That certainly would be best." And I listened with respect while she told me that up above I was free to take whatever I liked; that there was another staircase, but only from the floor on which we stood, and that to pass from it to the garden-story, or to come up to my lodging, I should have, in effect, to cross the great hall. This was an immense point gained; I foresaw that it would constitute my whole leverage in my relations with the two ladies. When I asked Miss Tita how I was to manage, at present, to find my way up, she replied with an access of that sociable shyness which constantly marked her manner —

"Perhaps you can't. I don't see — unless I should go with you." She evidently had n't thought of this before.

We ascended to the upper floor and visited a long succession of empty rooms. The best of them looked over the garden; some of the others had a view of the blue lagoon, above the opposite rough-tiled housetops. They were all dusty, and even a little disfigured, with long neglect, but I saw that by spending a few hundred francs I should be able to convert three or four of them into a convenient habitation. My experiment was turning out costly; yet now that I had all but taken possession I ceased to allow this to trouble me. I mentioned to my companion a few of the things that I should put in, but she replied, rather more precipitately than usual, that I might do exactly what I liked; she seemed to wish to notify me that the Misses Bordereau would take no overt interest in my proceedings. I guessed that her aunt had instructed her to adopt this tone; and I may as well say now that I came afterwards to distinguish perfectly (as I believed) between the speeches she made on her own responsibility and those the old lady imposed upon her. She took no notice of the unswept condition of the rooms, and indulged in no explanations nor apologies. I said to myself that this was a sign that Juliana and her niece (disenchanting idea!) were untidy persons,

with a low Italian standard; but I afterwards recognized that a lodger who had forced an entrance had no authority as a critic. We looked out of a good many windows, for there was nothing within the rooms to look at, and still I wanted to linger. I asked her what several different objects, in the prospect, might be; but in no case did she appear to know. She was evidently not familiar with the view — it was as if she had not looked at it for years — and I presently saw that she was too preoccupied with something else to pretend to care for it. Suddenly she said — the remark was not suggested —

"I don't know whether it will make any difference to you, but the money is for me."

"The money?"

"The money you are going to bring."

"Why, you 'll make me wish to stay here two or three years." I spoke as benevolently as possible, though it had begun to act on my nerves that, with these women so associated with Aspern, the pecuniary question should constantly come back.

"That would be very good for me," she replied, smiling.

"You put me on my honor!"

She looked as if she did n't understand this, but went on: "She wants me to have more. She thinks she is going to die."

"Ah, not soon, I hope!" I exclaimed, with genuine feeling. I had perfectly considered the possibility that she would destroy her papers on the day she should feel her end really approach. I believed that she would cling to them till then, and I think I had an idea that she read Aspern's letters over every night, or at least pressed them to her withered lips. I would have given a good deal to have a glimpse of the latter spectacle. I asked Miss Tita if the old lady were seriously ill, and she replied that she was only very tired — she had lived so long. That was what she said herself — she wanted to die, for a change. Besides, all her friends were dead, long ago; either they ought to have remained, or she ought to have gone. That was another thing her aunt often said — she was n't at all content.

"But people don't die when they like, do they?" Miss Tita inquired. I took the liberty of asking why, if there was actually enough money to maintain both of them, there would not be more than enough in case of her being left alone. She considered this difficult problem a moment, and then she said, "Oh, well, you know, she takes care of me. She thinks that when I 'm alone I shall be a great fool, I sha'n't know how to manage."

"I should have supposed rather that you took care of her. I 'm afraid she is very proud."

"Why, have you discovered that already?" Miss Tita cried, with something like an illumination in her face.

"I was shut up with her there for a considerable time, and she struck me, she interested me, extremely. It did n't take me long to make my discovery. She won't have much to say to me while I 'm here."

"No, I don't think she will," my companion averred.

"Do you suppose she has some suspicion of me?"

Miss Tita's honest eyes gave me no sign that I had touched a mark. "I should n't think so — letting you in, after all, so easily."

"Oh, so easily! she has covered her risk. But where is it that one could take an advantage of her?"

"I ought n't to tell you if I knew, ought I?" And Miss Tita added, before I had time to reply to this, smiling dolefully, "Do you think we have any weak points?"

"That 's exactly what I 'm asking. You would only have to mention them for me to respect them religiously."

She looked at me, at this, with that

air of timid but candid and even gratified curiosity with which she had confronted me from the first; and then she said, "There is nothing to tell. We are terribly quiet. I don't know how the days pass. We have no life."

"I wish I might think that I should bring you a little."

"Oh, we know what we want," she went on. "It 's all right."

There were various things I wanted to ask her: how in the world they did live; whether they had any friends or visitors, any relations in America or in other countries. But I judged such an inquiry would be premature; I must leave it to a later chance. "Well, don't *you* be proud," I contented myself with saying. "Don't hide from me altogether."

"Oh, I must stay with my aunt," she returned, without looking at me. And at the same moment, abruptly, without any ceremony of parting, she quitted me and disappeared, leaving me to make my own way down-stairs. I remained a while longer, wandering about the bright desert (the sun was pouring in) of the old house, thinking the situation over on the spot. Not even the pattering little *serva* came to look after me, and I reflected that, after all, this sort of treatment showed confidence.

IV.

Perhaps it did, but all the same, six weeks later, towards the middle of June, the moment when Mrs. Prest undertook her annual migration, I had made no measurable advance. I was obliged to confess to her that I had no results to speak of. My first step had been unexpectedly rapid, but there was no appearance that it would be followed by a second. I was a thousand miles from taking tea with my hostesses — that privilege of which, as I reminded Mrs. Prest, we had both had a vision. She reproached me with wanting boldness, and I answered that even to be bold you must have an opportunity: you may push on through a breach, but you can't batter down a dead wall. She answered that the breach I had already made was big enough to admit an army, and accused me of wasting precious hours in whimpering in her salon, when I ought to have been carrying on the struggle in the field. It is true that I went to see her very often, on the theory that it would console me (I freely expressed my discouragement) for my want of success on my own premises. But I began to perceive that it did n't console me to be perpetually chaffed for my scruples, especially when I was really so vigilant; and I was rather glad when my incisive friend closed her house for the summer. She had expected to have amusement from the drama of my relations with the Misses Bordereau, and she was disappointed that the relations, and consequently the drama, had n't come off. "They 'll lead you on to your ruin," she said, before she left Venice. "They 'll get all your money without showing you a scrap." I think I settled down to my business with more concentration after she had gone away.

It was a fact that up to that time I had not, save on a single brief occasion, had even a moment's contact with the Misses Bordereau. The exception had occurred when I carried them, according to my promise, the terrible three thousand francs. Then I found Miss Tita waiting for me in the hall, and she took the money from my hand, so that I did n't see her aunt. The old lady had promised to receive me, but she thought nothing, apparently, of breaking that vow. The money was contained in a bag of chamois leather, of respectable dimensions, which my banker had given me, and Miss Tita had to make a big fist to receive it. This she did with extreme solemnity, though I tried to treat the affair a little as a joke. It was in

no jocular strain, yet it was with simplicity, that she inquired, weighing the money in her two palms, "Don't you think it 's too much?" To which I replied that that would depend upon the amount of pleasure I should get for it. Hereupon she turned away from me quickly, as she had done the day before, and murmured, in a tone different from any she had used hitherto, "Oh, pleasure, pleasure — there 's no pleasure in this house!"

After this, for a long time, I never saw her, and I wondered that the common chances of the day should not have helped us to meet. It could only be evident that she was immensely on her guard against them; and in addition to this, the house was so big that, for each other, we were lost in it. I used to look out for her hopefully, as I crossed the sala, in my comings and goings, but I was not rewarded with a glimpse of the tail of her dress. It was as if she never peeped out of her aunt's apartment. I used to wonder what she did there, week after week and year after year. I had never encountered such a violent *partipris* of seclusion; it was more than keeping quiet — it was like holding their breath. The two ladies appeared to have no visitors whatever, and no sort of contact with the world. I judged, at least, that people could n't have come to the house, and that Miss Tita could n't have gone out, without my having some observation of it. I did what I disliked myself for doing (reflecting that it was only once in a way): I questioned my servant about their habits, and let him divine that I should be interested in any information he could pick up. But he picked up amazingly little, for a knowing Venetian: it must be added that where there is a perpetual fast there are very few crumbs. His cleverness in other ways was sufficient, if it was not quite all that I had attributed to him on the occasion of my first interview with Miss Tita. He had helped my gondolier to bring me round a boatload of furniture; and when these articles had been carried to the top of the palace, and distributed according to our associated wisdom, he organized my household with such promptitude as was consistent with the fact that it was composed exclusively of himself. He made me, in short, as comfortable as I could be, with my indifferent prospects. I should have been glad if he had fallen in love with Miss Bordereau's maid, or, failing this, had taken her in aversion; either event might have brought about some kind of catastrophe, and a catastrophe might have led to some parley. It was my idea that she would have been sociable, and I myself, on various occasions, saw her flit to and fro on domestic errands, so that I was sure she was accessible. But I tasted of no gossip from that fountain, and I afterwards learned that Pasquale's affections were fixed upon an object that made him heedless of other women. This was a young lady with a powdered face, a yellow cotton gown, and much leisure, who used often to come to see him. She practiced, at her convenience, the art of a stringer of beads (these ornaments are made in Venice, in profusion; she had her pocket full of them, and I used to find them on the floor of my apartment), and kept an eye on the maiden in the house. It was not for me, of course, to make the domestics tattle, and I never said a word to Miss Bordereau's cook.

It seemed to me a proof of the old lady's determination to have nothing to do with me that she should never have sent me a receipt for my three months' rent. For some days I looked out for it, and then, when I had given it up, I wasted a good deal of time in wondering what her reason had been for neglecting so indispensable and familiar a form. At first I was tempted to send her a reminder, and then I relinquished the idea (against my judgment as to what was right in the particular case),

on the general ground of wishing to keep quiet. If Miss Bordereau suspected me of ulterior aims, she would suspect me less if I should be business-like, and yet I consented not to be so. It was possible she intended her omission as an impertinence, a visible irony; to show how she could overreach people who attempted to overreach her. On that hypothesis, it was well to let her see that one did n't notice her little tricks. The real reading of the matter, I afterwards perceived, was simply the poor old woman's desire to emphasize the fact that I was in the enjoyment of a favor as rigidly limited as it had been unmistakably bestowed. She had given me part of her house, and now she would n't give me even a morsel of paper with her name on it. Let me say that even at first this did n't make me too miserable, for the whole episode was essentially delightful to me. I foresaw that I should have a summer after my own literary heart, and the sense of holding my opportunity was much greater than the sense of losing it. There could be no Venetian business without patience, and since I adored the place I was much more in the spirit of it for having laid in a large provision. That spirit kept me perpetual company, and seemed to look out at me from the revived, immortal face — in which all his genius shone — of the great poet who was my prompter. I had invoked him, and he had come; he hovered before me half the time; it was as if his bright ghost had returned to earth, to tell me that he regarded the affair as his own no less than mine, and that we should see it, fraternally, cheerfully, to a conclusion. It was as if he had said, "Poor dear, be easy with her; she has some natural prejudices; only give her time. Strange as it may appear to you, she was very attractive in 1820. Meanwhile, are n't we in Venice together, and what better place is there for the meeting of dear friends? See how it glows with the advancing summer; how the sky, and the sea, and the rosy air, and the marble of the palaces all shimmer and melt together." My eccentric private errand became a part of the general romance and the general glory. I felt even a mystic companionship, a moral fraternity, with all those who, in the past, had been in the service of art. They had worked for beauty, for a devotion; and what else was I doing? That element was in everything that Jeffrey Aspern had written, and I was only bringing it to the light.

I lingered in the sala, when I went to and fro; I used to watch — so long as I thought decent — the door that led to Miss Bordereau's part of the house. A person observing me might have supposed I was trying to cast a spell upon it, or attempting some odd experiment in hypnotism. But I was only praying it would open, or thinking what treasure probably lurked behind it. I hold it singular, as I look back, that I should never have doubted for a moment that the sacred relics were there; never have failed to feel a certain joy at being under the same roof with them. After all, they were under my hand — they had not escaped me yet; and they made my life continuous, in a fashion, with the illustrious life they had touched at the other end. I lost myself in this satisfaction to the point of assuming — in my quiet extravagance — that poor Miss Tita also went back, went back, as I used to phrase it. She did indeed, the gentle spinster, but not quite so far as Jeffrey Aspern, who was simple hearsay to her, quite as he was to me. Only she had lived for years with Juliana, she had seen and handled the papers, and (even though she was stupid) some esoteric knowledge had rubbed off on her. That was what the old woman represented — esoteric knowledge; and this was the idea with which my editorial heart used to thrill. It literally beat faster often, of an evening, when I

had been out, as I stopped, with my candle, in the reëchoing hall, on my way up to bed. It was as if at such a moment as that, in the stillness, after the long contradiction of the day, Miss Bordereau's secrets were in the air, the wonder of her survival more palpable. These were the acute impressions. I had them in another form, with more of a certain sort of reciprocity, during the hours that I sat in the garden, looking up, over the top of my book, at the closed windows of my hostess. In these windows no sign of life ever appeared; it was as if, for fear of my catching a glimpse of them, the two ladies passed their life in the dark. But this only proved to me that they had something to conceal, which was what I had wished to demonstrate. Their motionless shutters became as expressive as eyes consciously closed, and I took comfort in thinking that, at all events, though invisible themselves, they saw me between the lashes.

I made a point of spending as much time as possible in the garden, to justify the picture I had originally given of my horticultural passion. And I not only spent time, but (hang it! as I said) I spent money. As soon as I had got my rooms arranged, and could give the proper thought to the matter, I surveyed the place with a clever expert, and made terms for having it put in order. I was sorry to do this, for, personally, I liked it better as it was, with its weeds, and its wild, rough tangle, its sweet, characteristic Venetian shabbiness. I had to be consistent, to keep my promise that I would smother the house in flowers. Moreover, I formed this graceful project, that by flowers I would make my way — I would succeed by big nosegays. I would batter the old women with lilies. I would bombard their citadel with roses. Their door would have to yield to the pressure when a mountain of carnations should be piled up against it. The place, in truth, had been brutally neglected. The Venetian capacity for dawdling is of the largest, and for a good many days unlimited litter was all my gardener had to show for his ministrations. There was a great digging of holes and carting about of earth, and after a while I grew so impatient that I had thoughts of sending for my bouquets to the nearest stand. But I reflected that the ladies would see, through the chinks of their shutters, that they must have been bought, and might make up their minds, from this, that I was a humbug. So I composed myself, and finally, though the delay was long, perceived some appearances of bloom. This encouraged me, and I waited, serenely enough, till they multiplied. Meanwhile, the real summer days arrived and began to pass, and as I look back upon them they seem to me almost the happiest of my life. I took more and more care to be in the garden, whenever it was not too hot. I had an arbor arranged, and a low table and an armchair put into it; and I carried out books and portfolios (I had always some business of writing in hand), and worked and waited, and mused and hoped, while the golden hours elapsed, and the plants drank in the light, and the inscrutable old palace turned pale, and then, as the day waned, began to flush in it, and my papers rustled in the wandering breeze of the Adriatic.

Considering how little satisfaction I got from it at first, it is remarkable that I did n't grow more tired of wondering what mystic rites of ennui the Misses Bordereau celebrated in their darkened rooms; whether this had always been the tenor of their life, and how, in previous years, they had escaped elbowing their neighbors. It was clear that they must have had other habits and other circumstances; that they must once have been young, or at least middle-aged. There was no end to the questions it was possible to ask about them, and no end to the answers it was not possible

to frame. I had known many of my country-people in Europe, and was familiar with the strange ways they were liable to take up there; but the Misses Bordereau formed altogether a new type of the American absentee. Indeed, it was plain that the American name had ceased to have any application to them — I had seen this in the ten minutes I spent in the old woman's room. You could never have said whence they came, from the appearance of either of them; wherever it was, they had long ago dropped the accent and fashion. There was nothing in them that one recognized, and, putting the question of speech aside, they might have been Norwegians or Spaniards. Miss Bordereau, after all, had been in Europe nearly three quarters of a century; it appeared by some verses addressed to her by Aspern, on the occasion of his own second absence from America — verses of which Cumnor and I had, after infinite conjecture, established, solidly enough, the date — that she was even then, as a girl of twenty, on the foreign side of the sea. There was an implication in the poem (I hope not just for the phrase) that he had come back for her sake. We had no real light upon her circumstances at that moment, any more than we had upon her origin, which we believed to be of the sort usually spoken of as "modest." Cumnor had a theory that she had been a governess in some family in which the poet visited, and that, in consequence of her position, there was from the first something unavowed, or rather something positively clandestine, in their relations. I, on the other hand, had hatched a little romance, according to which she was the daughter of an artist, painter or sculptor, who had left the western world when the century was young, to study in the ancient schools. It was essential to my hypothesis that this amiable man should have lost his wife, should have been poor and unsuccessful, and should have had a second daughter, of a disposition quite different from Juliana's. It was also indispensable that he should have been accompanied to Europe by these young ladies, and should have established himself there for the remainder of a struggling, saddened life. There was a further implication that Miss Bordereau had had in her youth a perverse and adventurous, albeit a generous and fascinating, character, and that she had passed through some singular vicissitudes. By what passions had she been ravaged, by what sufferings had she been blanched, what store of memories had she laid away for the monotonous future?

I asked myself these things, as I sat spinning theories about her in my arbor, and the bees droned in the flowers. It was incontestable that, whether for right or for wrong, most readers of certain of Aspern's poems (poems not as ambiguous as the sonnets — scarcely more divine, I think — of Shakespeare) had taken for granted that Juliana had not always adhered to the steep footway of renunciation. There hovered about her name a perfume of passion, an intimation that she had not been exactly as the respectable young person in general. Was this a sign that her singer had betrayed her, had given her away, as we say nowadays, to posterity? Certain it is that it would have been difficult to put one's finger on the passage in which her fair fame suffered an imputation. Moreover, was not any fame fair enough that was so sure of duration, and was associated with works immortal through their beauty? It was a part of my idea that the young lady had had a foreign lover (and an unedifying tragical rupture) before her meeting with Jeffrey Aspern. She had lived with her father and sister in a queer, old-fashioned, expatriated, artistic Bohemia, in the days when the æsthetic was only the academic, and the painters who knew the best models for a *contadina* and a *pifferaro* wore peaked hats and long hair. It was a society

less furnished than the coteries of to-day (in its ignorance of the wonderful chances, the opportunities of the early bird, with which its path was strewn), with tatters of old stuff and fragments of old crockery; so that Miss Bordereau appeared not to have picked up or have inherited many objects of importance. There was no enviable bricabrac, with its provoking legend of cheapness, in the room in which I had seen her. Such a fact as that suggested bareness, but none the less it worked happily into the sentimental interest I had always taken in the early movements of my countrymen as visitors to Europe. When Americans went abroad in 1820, there was something romantic, almost heroic, in it, as compared with the perpetual ferryings of the present day, when photography and other conveniences have annihilated surprise. Miss Bordereau sailed, with her family, on a tossing brig, in the days of long voyages and sharp differences; she had her emotions on the top of yellow diligences, passed the night at inns where she dreamed of travelers' tales, and was struck, on reaching the eternal city, with the elegance of Roman scarfs. There was something touching to me in all that, and my imagination frequently went back to the period. If Miss Bordereau carried it there, of course Jeffrey Aspern, at other times, had done so a great deal more. It was a much more important fact, if one was looking at his genius critically, that he had lived in the days before the general transfusion. It had happened to me to regret that he had known Europe at all; I should have liked to see what he would have written without that experience, by which he had incontestably been enriched. But as his fate had ordered otherwise, I went with him — I tried to judge how the old world would have struck him. It was not only there, however, that I watched him; the relations he had entertained with the new had even a livelier interest. His own country, after all, had had most of his life, and his muse, as they said at that time, was essentially American. That was originally what I had loved him for: that at a period when our native land was nude and crude and provincial, when the famous "atmosphere" it is supposed to lack was not even missed, when literature was lonely there, and art and form almost impossible, he had found means to live and write like one of the first; to be free and general, and not at all afraid; to feel, understand, and express everything.

Henry James.

THE DAWES BILL AND THE INDIANS.

On February 8, 1887, the enactment of a great, far-reaching, and beneficent law relating to the Indians was completed by the signature of the President. So important a measure deserves to be carefully studied and exactly appreciated. This is the more desirable, because there is danger lest the greatness of the present achievement should lead good men and women to slacken their vigilance, and to forget that much yet remains to be done. The severalty law, still best known as the "Dawes Bill," by the name of the distinguished Senator who secured the passage of it, contemplates and goes far to make certain the abolition of all the civil and political disabilities of the majority of the Indians, and the granting to them of land in separate ownership; but it does not accomplish all this at once. Moreover, there is much which it has not under-

taken to do at all. What, then, is the exact scope of the law? What has it done, and what has it not done? What should now be undertaken?

I. As to what the law has done.

It deals with two subjects only, namely, the ownership of land and citizenship. These things have no necessary connection with each other. A man may own land without being a citizen, or having the right to become one. A Chinaman, who cannot, under our present laws, be naturalized, may own land; and many a tribal Indian, not yet a citizen, has long owned it.

A. Of these two things, it is the land question with which the severalty law is primarily and mainly taken up, — with provisions looking first to securing to the individual Indians the ownership of separate parcels of land; and second, after taking out land enough to satisfy these separate allotments, to getting the rest of the reservations into the market, and thus opening them to settlement and occupancy by the whites.

It has long been perceived that the key to the solution of the Indian question lies in a just arrangement about their land, — one which should abolish the tribal title, give to individuals the ownership of reasonable quantities, and throw open to settlement all the rest. In general, as it is well known, our law has mainly dealt with the Indians by tribes, and not as individuals, and has not recognized, even in the tribes, ownership of the land they occupied, in any strict sense of the word. England, like the other states of Europe, claimed the lands of the New World by the right of discovery. Had these lands, when found, been occupied by "Christian people," their title to the land would have been respected; but barbarous races were at that period dealt with in a very different way. The Indians were perceived to be human beings, and so capable of rights; and they were allowed a right of occupancy in the land, in such reasonable amounts, at any rate, as they actually inhabited and used. They were not quite on a footing with the wolves and wild-cats that also tenanted this country; for, unlike them, they did have their right of occupancy. But when they went away the right was gone; and it has been repeatedly laid down by the Supreme Court of the United States that the "Indian title," as it is sometimes called, was not inconsistent with the fee simple, the absolute ownership, being in other persons. So that it is not too much to say that the soil of this country was granted by the Europeans, and has since passed from hand to hand, upon a theory which, as regards *ownership* of the soil, placed the Indians and the wild animals that roamed over it upon the same footing.[1]

But there came the inevitable process of adjustment, of fixing the boundaries of the "Indian country," and taking a cession of their claims to all the rest; and then, further cessions and treaty arrangements, and removals of the Indians to new and remoter regions. In this way their slender rights to the land became modified; some tribes acquired an absolute title, and others a smaller right than that, but greater, or at least securer, than before. We moved most of them to the West, and were fain to forget them. But that was not so easily done. The country grew; and in recent years, instead of their being isolated and far beyond our settlements, it has come to pass that they are in the midst of them. The tide of our population has crept in and around and behind their reservations, and swept far beyond them. People look over into the fertile Indian

[1] "The whole continent was divided and parceled out and granted by the governments of Europe as if it had been vacant and unoccupied land." (Taney, C. J., in U. S. *v.* Rogers, 4 Howard at page 572.) For a brief statement as to the "Indian title" see U. S. *v.* Cook, 19 Wallace, 591.

tracts from which they are shut out, and covet them; and they begin to break through and steal.

It has long been seen that these regions must be opened; that the ownership or control of great tracts of country by tribes — tribal control, that strong bulwark of the power of the chiefs — must be broken up; that individual Indians should be allowed the immense stimulus towards a civilized life which comes with the separate ownership of land; and last, but by no means least, that the clamor of outsiders for a chance at the Indians' unused and wide-stretching fields must, in some honest way, be met. Indeed, this "greed of the land-grabber" it is to which leading supporters of the severalty law now look as furnishing a main impulse to the rapid execution of it, — recalling, perhaps, the familiar scripture: "Surely the wrath of man shall praise thee."

This matter, then, this dealing with the land question, takes up the body of the new statute. And what is it, exactly, that it does about the Indians' land?

1. It authorizes, but it does not require, the President, in case any Indian reservation has good agricultural and grazing land (and it may probably be assumed that there are none in which there is not some such land, so that we may say that it authorizes the President, in the case of all reservations), to cause a survey of "said reservations, or any part thereof," and to allot the land in specified amounts (for example, one quarter of a section to each head of a family) to such of the Indians, men, women, and children, as may apply for it in the designated way. So far it is wholly optional with the President whether he will offer anything to the Indians, and then with the Indians whether they will accept what is offered. But after four years from the time when the President directs the making of allotments on any specific reservation, if there be any Indians who have not come forward and claimed their share of land, the Secretary of the Interior is authorized, but he is not required, to compel all of these reluctant Indians to take an allotment, and, to that end, to appoint a person to select for them.

It will be noticed, then, that the President has the power, in the case of all the reservations, (1) to proceed at once to a survey and allotment of all the lands; and (2) within four or five years — four years, in the case of each reservation, from the time that an allotment is ordered thereon — to fix each head of a family and each single person, among the tribal Indians, man, woman, or child, with the ownership of a considerable tract of land. This process, on several reservations, has already begun.

So far all relates to the reservations. But there is another class of Indians, not very numerous, — wandering people, and others not living on reservations. As regards these, it is provided that they may settle upon any public lands not otherwise appropriated, and have an allotment, upon application to the local land-office, without the usual payment of fees. As touching these Indians, all is optional with them: they may proceed at once; no one can, at any time, compel them to take their land; and on the other hand, they need not wait for the action of President or secretary.

There are matters of detail which it would not be instructive to enlarge upon; for example, provisions as to regulating the use of water for irrigation, and for extending over the reservations those laws of the adjoining State or Territory which relate to the descent and partition of land. The chief of these matters of detail is a provision that the Indian owner of land in severalty cannot for twenty-five years convey this land, or make "any contract . . . touching the same."

2. But there is more which concerns the Indians' land. Little mention has yet been made of that part of it where

the mainspring lies, — that appeal to "the land-grabber," to cite again the phrase of an eminent champion of the law, — which seems likely to bring a pressure upon our public officials that will start them into activity.

The allotments to individual Indians may take but a small fraction of the whole reservation: these allotments run from forty acres up to a hundred and sixty acres apiece, and in some contingencies to a possible three hundred and twenty acres. Much land may be left. The law therefore authorizes the Secretary of the Interior, when all the allotments have been made, or sooner, if the President thinks it "for the best interests" of the tribe, to purchase from the Indians the whole or any part of the reservations not needed for allotments. This, then, *may* be done immediately, or at least as soon as it can be ascertained how much must be reserved for allotments.

In this part of the law, also, there are details which need not be mentioned, with the exception of two: 1. The purchase money to be paid by the government for this land does not go directly to the Indians, but is to be held in the United States Treasury, on interest at three per cent., subject to appropriation by Congress for the education and civilization of the Indians of the particular reservation. One would feel a good deal surer of the proper application of that money if it were to be put into some trust company, upon specific and defined trusts. 2. Another provision requires all the land thus obtained by the government which is "adapted to agriculture" to be disposed of only to actual settlers, in tracts not exceeding a hundred and sixty acres to one person; and no patent (that is, no government deed) is to be issued until the grantee has occupied his tract for five years.

Such, then, are the provisions of the severalty law about land: first, for breaking up tribal ownership, and giving to each tribal Indian, whether on or off a reservation, a separate title to a reasonable amount of land; and second, for opening to settlement all the rest of the Indian land.

B. The other matter dealt with in this law is citizenship.[1] All of this momentous part of the statute is found in the few lines of sec. 6; and it is not free from ambiguity. In order to understand it,

[1] It is interesting to notice that these words "citizen" and "citizenship," which we use so freely and familiarly to-day as indicating membership of a self-governing State, did not have that meaning in English speech until a little more than a hundred years ago; and it is we, on this side of the water, who have given them this sense, as it is we who have given prominence to the thing for which these words now stand. The words, indeed, are very old in English usage, as one may see by his Blackstone; but they imported merely membership of a burgh or local municipal corporation. The word "subject" was the English representative of our present term "citizen." Our sense of it seems to have been a Gallicism; in French use (*teste* Rousseau) it was common enough to speak of one's countrymen as *citoyens* and *concitoyens*. In the Declaration of Independence we read it once: "He has constrained our fellow-citizens," etc.; and once in 1781, in the Articles of Confederation. In the treaty with France of 1778, the usual phrase is "subjects," "people," or "inhabitants," but "citizens" does occur as applicable to the United States. In the treaty with Great Britain of 1782, it is used in a marked way: "There shall be a . . . peace between his British majesty and the said States, and between the subjects of the one and the citizens of the other." There was evidently felt to be an awkwardness in calling these newly emancipated republican "sovereigns" of America by the old phrase of "subjects." Of course, as all know, the word was freely used in the national Constitution in 1789; and so, but less freely, in the Massachusetts constitution of 1780; but it does not occur in the rejected constitution of 1778. I believe that it is not to be found in any of the ten state constitutions that were adopted before that of Massachusetts. In the ninth decade it seems to have become a familiar phrase. There are, however, interesting little signs, in the correspondence of the period, of a certain perplexity that was felt by foreigners at our use of the word. See, for example, in 1784, John Adams's Works, viii. 213.

one or two explanations are necessary. 1. It must be remembered that provisions for allotting lands to Indians in separate ownership had previously been put into treaties and statutes. In this respect, the Dawes Bill only adopted and made of general application measures that had been here and there, in the case of particular tribes, made use of before; and this is the significance of the title, sometimes given to it, of the "*General* Land in Severalty Law." 2. There have always been instances of Indians leaving their tribe, and settling among the whites. What the precise status of these people was had been made a question. Had they, by settling among the whites, — perhaps paying taxes and voting, and perhaps not, but still abandoning their tribe, and, as it were, expatriating themselves, — become citizens of any State or of the Union? Three years ago, this class of questions was mainly settled in the case of Elk *v.* Wilkens, 112 U. S. 94, where it was held that a tribal Indian could not become a citizen of the United States merely by thus abandoning his tribe and settling among the whites. 3. It must be remembered that a citizen of the United States is not necessarily a citizen of any State. A person born and always living in a Territory is never the citizen of any State, but he may be a citizen of the United States.

Now, recognizing these things, let us see what sec. 6 of the severalty law accomplishes. 1. It declares that every Indian who has heretofore voluntarily left his tribe and adopted "the habits of civilized life" shall be a citizen of the United States. Whether those who do this hereafter are to become citizens thereby is not so clear. 2. It gives national citizenship to every Indian who shall have received an allotment of land under this law, or under any other law or treaty. The grounds for the doubt expressed just now as regards Indians who shall hereafter leave their tribe may be seen by comparing the language relating to that class of Indians with the expressions used in dealing with those who take allotments. The statute reads thus: "Every Indian . . . to whom allotments *shall have been made* . . . and every Indian . . . *who has voluntarily taken up* . . . his residence separate and apart," etc. The general purposes and scheme of the statute give reason for construing these tenses as synonymous. 3. Upon the completion of all the allotments and the issuing of the government deeds in any reservation, those who receive them "shall have the benefit of and be subject to the laws, both civil and criminal, of the State or Territory in which they may reside." This result is thought by many, including Senator Dawes, to follow immediately, in the case of each Indian, one by one, as fast as they receive allotments and deeds; and it is said that this construction is accepted by the Interior Department. The language is this: "Upon the completion of said allotments and the patenting of the lands to said allottees, each and every member . . . to whom allotments shall have been made shall have the benefit," etc. There are several perplexing questions as to the precise effect and the proper construction and operation of sec. 6; but it is not best to enter further upon them here. This, then, is the upshot of the second part of the law, namely: (1) that all to whom land is patented become at once citizens of the United States; (2) that all who, before the law, had gone away and adopted the habits of civilized life (and perhaps all who thereafter do this) are declared to be such citizens; (3) that when all the Indians on any reservation have thus been made citizens (and perhaps as each in succession becomes a citizen), they are to pass from under the special control of Congress, and to come, so far as Congress may authorize this, under the jurisdiction of the States and Territories.

As to the whole law, the main pro-

visions of it may be put into a word or two, thus: It enables a willing President to give to the tribal Indians private ownership of land; and thereupon they become citizens of the United States. It also enables the Executive to acquire the remaining land of the reservations, if the Indians will sell it, and to open them to settlement.

II. So much for what the law accomplishes. Now consider what it does not accomplish, and does not aim at. It is hardly necessary to say that the law does not seek to reach these grave results at once. That is apparent on the face of it. Some tribes, like the powerful Sioux, are not now ready to accept the new order of things. Even if all Indians were now ready, it may well be doubted by any President who cares for their best interests whether they should be made citizens at once, or with anything like the speed which would attend an immediate execution of the provisions of the law. For it must be observed that when this is done, Congress can no longer give any special protection to Indians; they are then at sea, in the same boat with all other citizens, and must sink or swim with them, and take their chance, with the rest, of being covertly thrown overboard by the majority.

That is a very grave objection to giving immediate citizenship to Indians. If the severalty law, instead of giving citizenship at once upon the allotment and patenting of land, had adopted some such rule as that applied to certain Wisconsin Indians in 1865, or that in the case of certain Kansas Indians in 1873,[1] requiring specified evidence of intelligence and fitness before citizenship was given, it might be assumed that the execution of the law ought to be pushed forward with all possible speed. But as things stand, it is by no means certain that it would be best to do that now, or that those will think it best who have the discretion to initiate proceedings. But even if we assume that the law will be rapidly put in force, it will take a considerable number of years before it accomplishes its purposes. What will be the situation in the interval? In order to answer that question, it must be observed what it is that the law does not do.

1. It does not cover the case of all the tribal Indians. Ten or eleven tribes are excepted, including the so-called "civilized tribes" in the Indian Territory. Very likely this may have been a wise omission, — at any rate in the main; but the fact continues, and should be kept in mind, that many thousands of Indians, perhaps a quarter or a third of them all, are not touched by the severalty law.

2. While it provides for the gradual picking off of members of the tribes, and planting them, here and there, on the reservations as citizens and land-owners, it provides them with no courts there, no means whatever of enforcing their rights there, and no system of law. There is little or no law on the reservations now except the vanishing traditions of tribal authority.[2] Certainly an Indian lacks much who is set up in the

[1] Rev. Stat. U. S., sec. 2312; 17 U. S. Stat. at Large, p. 631. The last reads thus: "If any adult member of said tribe shall desire to become a citizen of the United States, shall prove, by at least two competent witnesses, to the satisfaction of the Circuit Court of the United States for the State of Kansas, that he or she is sufficiently intelligent and prudent to manage his or her own affairs, and has, for the period of five years, been able to maintain himself or herself and family, and has adopted the habits of civilized life, and shall take an oath of allegiance to the United States, as provided by law for the naturalization of aliens, he or she shall be declared by said court to be a citizen of the United States, which shall be entered of record, and a certificate thereof given to said party."

[2] If one were to speak with minute accuracy, he would have to except a certain amount of criminal jurisdiction in the United States, and in one or two States a claim, at least on their part to something more than that; but such laws are only enforcible by traveling to courts outside the reservation. Mention would also have to be made of the good and sensible en-

middle of a reservation which may be several times as large as Massachusetts; endowed, to be sure, with citizenship and land, but with no courts to appeal to, and no organized political society about him. He has lost his old surroundings, and has not yet acquired any new ones; he has passed into a sort of *limbo*.

"As far from help as limbo is from bliss."

3. It leaves these land-owners with little power to use their land. They cannot let it on shares, or let it at all, or make any contract about it, or make an exchange.

4. There is no arrangement for securing to these new citizens the laying out of roads, or any other public improvements. Since their land is inalienable for a quarter of a century and untaxable, there is small inducement to any State or county to do much for them. Trouble has already arisen on this score, in the case of lands allotted under previous laws.

5. The law makes no provision for the education of these new citizens or their children.

6. It leaves the whole reservation system untouched. Outsiders are still to be kept out; only the agents and political officials from Washington and such as they admit may come in. Only the licensed Indian trader can do business there. The new citizens will, indeed, be in the same position on the reservation as any of us would be if we were to go out and live there. But what would that be? We should be full citizens, to be sure, with liberty to move away if we liked. But while we chose to stay there we should find the air not very invigorating; we should be subject to all the restraints and limitations upon our full rights which are incidental to maintaining a non-intercourse reservation system; we should find there the same prevailing barbarism, the same sickly, stunted, abortive civilization, the same absence of trade or commerce, the same mischievous and unfettered political control, denying civil and political rights to the tribal Indians who have not become citizens, and making beggars of them.

III. What, then, remains to be done?

1. Courts and some system of law should be at once provided for the reservations, not merely to protect the newly created Indian citizens, but for all the Indians and others who may be living there.

2. Provision should be made to enable the new citizens, with the approval of some suitable person, to use and perhaps to exchange their lands; and also to secure to them that necessity of civilization, — good roads.

3. The case of the Indians not covered by the severalty law should be dealt with.

4. A thorough system of compulsory education among the Indians should be adopted.

5. And finally, at least where the law is not likely to make an early ending of the reservation system, that whole accidental and outgrown scheme of non-intercourse and absolute power should be ended; and without making the Indians citizens all at once, the administration of their affairs should be carried on as that of other people's affairs is carried on, namely, under the ordinary laws of the land, applied and administered by the authority of the general government. But as regards this last matter, it would seem wise to wait a little, until it can be seen just how, and how fast, the severalty law is likely to work.

deavors on some reservations to administer a rude justice through the agents. But such attempts have no fixed basis of law. Indians, when off their reservation, are as fully protected by and amenable to the laws, and as fully entitled to sue in the courts, as any other class of persons who are not citizens of the United States; for example, as a newly landed Englishman or any Chinaman. The present writer may be permitted to refer to a fuller consideration of this question in the Harvard Law Review, i. 149.

One additional thing should be mentioned. It is of the utmost importance that the general government should not lose its control over the Indian question until it really means to part with it. Now in the race for the admission of new States which appears to be impending, and which, as some persons seem to think, may end the existence of almost all our "Territories" within a few months, our congressmen should be held to the utmost vigilance, lest the power of the general government as regards the Indians be cut down by any artful omission or turn of phrase in the acts for admitting new States. In the several organic acts of the Territories, and partly, also, in the Revised Statutes of the United States, there are provisions protecting the Indians from territorial legislation, and reserving the full authority of the general government over them; in some cases, there are clauses which in terms exclude the reservation from the territorial limits of the new community. This was the case, for example, in the Territories of Kansas and Nebraska, and of Colorado. What the effect of such clauses may be is shown in a very recent case in Nebraska,[1] in which an act of the territorial legislature in 1855, undertaking to organize a county in an Indian reservation, was held void, after thirty years, on the ground that the reservation, although within the outside limits of the Territory, constituted no part of it, and was absolutely outside of its jurisdiction. When Kansas was admitted into the Union as a State, these same restrictions were wisely required to be continued, and they were enforced in 1866, by the Supreme Court of the United States, as against attempted legislation by that State.[2] In speaking of the Shawnees, the court said, through Mr. Justice Davis: "If the tribal organization of the Shawnees is . . . recognized by the political department of the government as existing, then they are a people distinct from others, . . . separated from the jurisdiction of Kansas, and to be governed exclusively by the government of the Union." But in 1864 and 1875, when Nebraska and Colorado were admitted, the same care was not taken. And accordingly, in 1881, the Supreme Court had to hold that the general government had lost its jurisdiction over offenses committed on the Ute reservation in Colorado.[3] Mr. Justice Gray, speaking for the court, said, after referring to the territorial restrictions: "If this provision . . . had remained in force after Colorado became a State, this indictment might doubtless have been maintained in the Circuit Court of the United States. . . . But the act of Congress . . . for the admission of Colorado into the Union . . . contains no exception of the Ute reservation, or of jurisdiction over it. . . . The act necessarily repeals the provisions of any prior statute or of any existing treaty which are clearly inconsistent therewith."

It is not necessary to go further with these illustrations. Enough has been said to show the danger. It behoves all who care for the right settlement of the Indian question to see to it that in admitting any new States hereafter, the power of the general government as regards the Indians should not be diminished.

James B. Thayer.

[1] State *v.* Thayer, 35 Northwestern Reporter, 200; decided November 16, 1887.

[2] The Kansas Indians, 5 Wallace, 737.

[3] U. S. *v.* McBratney, 104 U. S. 621.

OVER THE TEACUPS.

THE readers of this magazine may recollect a series of conversations held many years ago over the breakfast-table, and reported for their more or less profitable entertainment. Those were not very early breakfasts at which the talks took place, but at any rate the sun was rising, and the guests had not as yet tired themselves with the labors of the day. The morning cup of coffee has an exhilaration about it which the cheering influence of the afternoon or evening cup of tea cannot be expected to reproduce. The toils of the morning, the heats of midday, the slanting light of the descending sun, or the sobered translucency of twilight have subdued the vivacity of the early day. Yet under the influence of the benign stimulant many trains of thought may suggest themselves to some of the quiet circle which will bear recalling, if it is done with modest expectations, for that class of readers who love to resign themselves for a while to the guidance of a reporter who, in pleasing himself, hopes sometimes to be able to please them.

How early many of my old breakfast companions went off to bed! I am thinking not merely of those who sat round our table, but of that larger company of friends who listened to our conversations as reported. Dear girl with the silken ringlets, dear boy with the down-shadowed cheek, your grandfather, your grandmother, turned over the freshly printed leaves that told the story of those earlier meetings around the plain board where so many things were said and sung, not all of which have quite faded from the memory of this overburdened and forgetful time. Your father, your mother, found the scattered leaves gathered in a volume, and smiled upon them as not uncompanionable acquaintance. My tea-table makes no promises. There is no company provided to sit around it. There is no programme of exercises to be studied beforehand. What if I should content myself with a single report of what was said and done over our teacups? Perhaps my young reader would be glad to let me off, for there are talkers enough who have not yet left their breakfast-tables; and nobody can blame the young people for preferring the thoughts and the language of their own generation, with all its future before it, to those of their grandfathers' contemporaries.

My reader, young or old, will please to observe that I have left myself entire freedom as to the sources of what may be said over the teacups. Friends may drop in, and will be very likely to. I have not said how many cups are commonly on the board, but by using the plural I have implied that there is at least one other talker or listener beside myself, and for all that appears there may be a dozen. There will be no regulation length to my reports, — no attempt to make out a certain number of pages. I have no contract to fill so many columns, no pledge to contribute so many numbers. I can stop on this first page if I do not care to say anything more, and let this article stand by itself if so minded. What a sense of freedom it gives not to write by the yard or the column!

When one writes for an English review or magazine at so many guineas a sheet, the temptation is very great to make one's contribution cover as many sheets as possible. We all know the metallic taste of articles written under this powerful stimulus. If Bacon's Essays had been furnished by a modern hand to the Quarterly Review at fifty guineas a sheet, what a great book it would have taken to hold them!

The first thing which suggests itself to

me, as I contemplate my slight project, is the liability of repeating in the evening what I may have said in the morning in one form or another, and printed in these or other pages. When it suddenly flashes into the consciousness of a writer who has been long before the public, "Why, I have said all that once or oftener in my books or essays, and here it is again, the same old thought, the same old image, the same old story!" it irritates him, and is likely to stir up the monosyllables of his unsanctified vocabulary. He sees in imagination a thousand readers, smiling or yawning as they say to themselves, "We have had all that before," and turn to another writer's performance for something not quite so stale and superfluous. This is what the writer says to himself about the reader.

The idiot! Does the simpleton really think everybody has read all he has written? Does he really believe that everybody remembers all of his, the writer's, words he may happen to have read? At one of those famous dinners of the Phi Beta Kappa Society, where no reporter was ever admitted, and from which nothing ever leaks out about what is said and done, Mr. Edward Everett, in his after-dinner speech, quoted these lines from the Æneid, giving a very liberal English version of them, which he applied to the Oration just delivered by Mr. Emerson: —

Tres imbris torti radios, tres nubis aquosæ
Addiderant, rutili tres ignis, et alitis Austri.

His nephew, the ingenious, inventive, and inexhaustible Dr. Edward Everett Hale, tells the story of this quotation, and of the various uses to which it might be applied in after-dinner speeches. How often he ventured to repeat it at the Phi Beta Kappa dinners I am not sure; but as he reproduced it with his lively embellishments and fresh versions and artful circumlocutions, not one person in ten remembered that he had listened to those same words in those same accents only a twelvemonth ago. The poor deluded creatures who take it for granted that all the world remembers what they have said, and laugh at them when they say it over again, may profit by this recollection. What if one does say the same things, of course in a little different form each time, over and over? If he has anything worth saying, that is just what he ought to do. Whether he ought to or not, it is very certain that this is what all who write much or speak much necessarily must and will do. Think of the clergyman who preaches fifty or a hundred or more sermons every year for fifty years! Think of the stump speaker who shouts before a hundred audiences during the same political campaign, always using the same arguments, illustrations, and catchwords! Think of the editor, as Carlyle has pictured him, threshing the same straw every morning, until we know what is coming when we see the first line, as we do when we read the large capitals at the head of a thrilling story, which ends in an advertisement of an all-cleansing soap or an all-curing remedy!

The latch-key which opens into the chambers of my consciousness fits, as I have sufficient reason to believe, the private apartments of a good many other people's thoughts. The longer we live, the more we find we are like other persons. When I meet with any facts in my own mental experience, I feel almost sure that I shall find them repeated or anticipated in the writings or the conversation of others. This feeling gives one a freedom in telling his own personal history he could not have enjoyed without it. My story belongs to you as much as to me. *De te fabula narratur.* Change the personal pronoun, — that is all. It gives many readers a singular pleasure to find a writer telling them something they have long known or felt, but which they have never before found any one to put in words for them. An author does not always know when he

is doing the service of the angel who stirred the waters of the pool of Bethesda. Many a reader is delighted to find his solitary thought has a companion, and is grateful to the benefactor who has strengthened him. This is the advantage of the humble reader over the ambitious and self-worshipping writer. It is not with him *pereant illi*, but *beati sunt illi qui pro nobis nostra dixerunt*, — Blessed are those who have said our good things for us.

What I have been saying of repetitions leads me into a train of reflections like which I think many readers will find something in their own mental history. The area of consciousness is covered by layers of habitual thoughts, as a sea-beach is covered with wave-worn, rounded pebbles, smoothed and polished by long attrition against each other. These thoughts remain very much the same from day to day, even from week to week; and as we grow older, from month to month, and from year to year. The tides of wakening consciousness roll in upon them daily as we unclose our eyelids, and keep up the gentle movement and murmur of ordinary mental respiration until we close them again in slumber. When we think we are thinking, we are for the most part only listening to the sound of attrition between these inert elements of our intelligence. They shift their place a little, they change their relations to each other, they roll over and turn up a new surface. Now and then a new fragment is cast in among them, to be worn and rounded and take its place with the others, but the pebbled floor of consciousness is almost as stationary as the pavement of a city thoroughfare.

It so happens that at this particular time I have something to tell which I am quite sure is not one of the rolled pebbles which my reader has seen before in any of my pages, or, as I feel confident, in those of any other writer.

If my reader asks why I do not send the statement I am going to make to some one of the special periodicals that deal with such subjects, my answer is, that I like to tell my own stories at my own time, in my own chosen columns, where they will be read by a class of readers I like to talk with.

All men of letters or of science, all writers well known to the public, are constantly tampered with, in these days, by a class of predaceous and hungry fellow-laborers who may be collectively spoken of as the *brain-tappers*. They want an author's ideas on the subjects which interest them, the inquirers, from the gravest religious and moral questions to the most trivial matters of his habits and his whims and fancies. Some of their questions he cannot answer; some he does not choose to answer; some he is not yet ready to answer, and when he is ready he prefers to select his own organ of publication. I do not find fault with all the brain-tappers. Some of them are doing excellent service by accumulating facts which could not otherwise be attained. But one gets tired of the strings of questions sent him, to which he is expected to return an answer, plucked, ripe or unripe, from his private tree of knowledge. The brain-tappers are like the owner of the goose that laid the golden eggs. They would have the embryos and germs of one's thoughts out of the mental oviducts, and cannot wait for their spontaneous evolution and extrusion.

The story I have promised is, on the whole, the most remarkable of a series which I may have told in part at some previous date, but which, if I have not told, may perhaps be worth recalling at a future time.

Some few of my readers may remember that in the January number of this magazine I suggested the possibility of the existence of an *idiotic area* in the human mind, corresponding to the blind spot in the human retina. I trust that

I shall not be thought to have let my wits go wandering in that region of my own intellectual domain, when I relate a singular coincidence which very lately occurred in my experience, and add a few remarks made by one of our company on the delicate and difficult but fascinating subject which it forces upon our attention. I will first copy the memorandum made at the time : —

" Remarkable coincidence. On Monday, April 18th, being at table from 6.30 P. M. to 7.30, with —— and —— [the two ladies of my household], I told them of the case of 'trial by battel' offered by Abraham Thornton in 1817. I mentioned his throwing down his glove, which was not taken up by the brother of his victim, and so he had to be let off, for the old law was still in force. I mentioned that Abraham Thornton was said to have come to this country, 'and [I added] he may be living near us, for aught that I know.' I rose from the table, and found an English letter waiting for me, left while I sat at dinner. I copy the first portion of this letter : —

'20 Alfred Place, West (near Museum),
South Kensington, London, S. W.
April 7, 1887.

Dr. O. W. Holmes :

Dear Sir, — In travelling, the other day, I met with a reprint of the very interesting case of Thornton for murder, 1817. The prisoner pleaded successfully the old Wager of Battel. I thought you would like to read the account, and send it with this. . . .

Yours faithfully,
Fred. Rathbone.' "

Mr. Rathbone is a well-known dealer in old Wedgwood and eighteenth-century art. As a friend of my hospitable entertainer, Mr. Willett, he had shown me many attentions in England, but I was not expecting any communication from him; and when, fresh from my conversation, I found this letter just arrived by mail, and left while I was at table, and on breaking the seal read what I had a few moments before been telling, I was greatly surprised, and immediately made a note of the occurrence, as given above.

I had long been familiar with all the details of this celebrated case, but had not referred to it, so far as I can remember, for months or years. I know of no train of thought which led me to speak of it on that particular day. I had never alluded to it before in that company, nor had I ever spoken of it with Mr. Rathbone.

I told this story over our teacups. There were several of us at the table that day, among them a young English lady. She seemed to be amused by the story. " Fancy ! " she said, — " how veryvery odd ! " " It was a striking and curious coincidence," said the professor who was with us at the table. " As remarkable as two teaspoons in one saucer," was the comment of the college youth who happened to be one of the company. But a friend of mine, a lecturer on all sorts of subjects, and a writer in half a dozen periodicals, began stirring his tea in a nervous sort of way, and I knew that he was getting ready to say something about the case. An ingenious man he is, with a brain like a tinder-box, its contents catching at any spark that is flying about. He has been, at one time or another, a phrenologist, an animal magnetizer, a homœopathist, hydropathist, spiritualist, faith-healer, Bacon-Shakespeare man, Keeley-motorist, and is now busy with Buddhism. As a lecturer, he has acquired the habit of discoursing at length with great fluency on any subject which interests him, almost as if he had notes before him. I always like to hear what he says when his tinder brain has a spark fall into it. It does not follow that because he is often wrong he may not sometimes be right, for he is no fool except about his health ;

and as there is nothing the matter with him, he can safely amuse himself with swallowing little pellets and sniffing at corks as much as he likes. He treated my narrative very seriously.

The reader need not be startled at the new terms he introduces. Indeed, I am not quite sure that some thinking people will not adopt his view of the matter, which seems to have a degree of plausibility as he states and illustrates it.

"The impulse which led you to tell that story passed directly from the letter, which came charged from the cells of the cerebral battery of your correspondent. The distance at which the action took place [the letter was left on a shelf twenty-four feet from the place where I was sitting] shows this charge to have been of notable intensity.

"Brain action through space without material symbolism, such as speech, expression, etc., is analogous to electrical induction. Charge the prime conductor of an electrical machine, and a gold-leaf electrometer, far off from it, will at once be disturbed. Electricity, as we all know, can be stored and transported as if it were a measurable fluid.

"Your incident is a typical example of *cerebral induction* from a source containing stored *cerebricity*. I use this word, not to be found in my dictionaries, as expressing the brain-cell power corresponding to electricity. Think how long it was before we had attained any real conception of the laws that govern the wonderful agent, which now works in harness with the other trained and subdued forces! It is natural that cerebricity should be the last of the unweighable agencies to be understood. The human eye had seen heaven and earth and all that in them is before it saw itself as our instruments enable us to see it. This fact of yours, which seems so strange to you, belongs to a great series of similar facts familiarly known now to many persons, and before long to be recognized as generally as the facts of the electric telegraph and the slaving 'dynamo.'

"What! you cannot conceive of a charge of cerebricity fastening itself on a letter-sheet and clinging to it for weeks, while it was shuffling about in mail-bags, rolling over the ocean, and shaken up in railroad cars? And yet the odor of a grain of musk will hang round a note or a dress for a lifetime. Do you not remember what Professor Silliman says, in that pleasant journal of his, about the little ebony cabinet which Mary, Queen of Scots, brought with her from France, — how 'its drawers still exhale the sweetest perfumes'? If they could hold their sweetness for more than three hundred years, why should not a written page retain for a week or a month the equally mysterious effluence poured over it from the thinking marrow, and diffuse its vibrations to another excitable nervous centre?"

I have said that although my imaginative friend is given to wild speculations, he is not always necessarily wrong. We know too little about the laws of brain-force to be dogmatic with reference to it. I am, myself, therefore, fully in sympathy with the psychological investigators. When it comes to the various pretended sciences by which men and women make large profits, attempts at investigation are very apt to be used as lucrative advertisements for the charlatans. But a series of investigations of the significance of certain popular beliefs and superstitions, a careful study of the relations of certain facts to each other, — whether that of cause and effect, or merely of coincidence, — is a task not unworthy of sober-minded and well-trained students of nature. Such a series of investigations has been recently instituted, and was reported at a late meeting held in the rooms of the Boston Natural History Society. The results were mostly negative, and in one sense a disappoint-

ment. A single case, related by Professor Royce, attracted a good deal of attention. It was reported in the next morning's newspapers, and will be given at full length, doubtless, in the next number of the Psychological Journal. The leading facts were, briefly, these: A lady in Hamburg, Germany, wrote, on the 22d of June last, that she had what she supposed to be nightmare on the night of the 17th, five days before. "It seemed," she wrote, "to belong to you; to be a horrid pain in your head, as if it were being forcibly jammed into an iron casque, or some such pleasant instrument of torture." It proved that on that same 17th of June her sister was undergoing a painful operation at the hands of a dentist. "No single case," adds Professor Royce, "proves, or even makes probable, the existence of telepathic toothaches; but if there are any more cases of this sort, we want to hear of them, and that all the more because no folk-lore and no supernatural horrors have as yet mingled with the natural and well-known impressions that people associate with the dentist's chair."

The case I have given is, I am confident, absolutely free from every source of error. I do not remember that Mr. Rathbone had communicated with me since he sent me a plentiful supply of mistletoe a year ago last Christmas. The account I received from him was cut out of "The Sporting Times" of March 5, 1887. My own knowledge of the case came from "Kirby's Wonderful Museum," a work presented to me at least thirty years ago. I had not looked at the account, spoken of it, nor thought of it for a long time, when it came to me by a kind of spontaneous generation, as it seemed, having no connection with any previous train of thought that I was aware of. I consider the evidence of entire independence, apart from possible "telepathic" causation, completely water-proof, air-tight, incombustible, and unassailable.

I have had a whole chapter of curious coincidences, some of which, strange as they were, it was impossible to believe were in any causal relation. The Grenville-Tudor case was the most picturesque among them; the Mary Salter case the most unlikely to happen. But I am afraid I have told them already, somewhere or other, and I will say nothing about them at this time.

I could not keep my own personality out of this paper. But after all, how little difference it makes whether or not a writer appears with a mask on which everybody can take off, — whether he bolts his door or not, when everybody can look in at his windows, and all his entrances are at the mercy of the critic's skeleton key and the jimmy of any ill-disposed assailant!

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

THE LEARNED LADY DE GOURNAY.

In the sixteenth century women were becoming a power in literature and politics as well as in society, yet it was the fashion to ridicule and depreciate them even when their talents and moral qualities might have exempted them from disparaging criticism. Montaigne, the father by adoption of the Lady de Gournay, went out of his way to satirize ladies, and to make droll or harsh and contemptuous remarks about them; beginning with his wife, who, though his marriage was wholly one of convenience, contracted in obedience to his prudent

father's wishes, must have made his home comfortable, or so self-indulgent a man would have lived in Paris, instead of retiring, at the early age of thirty-eight, from the court and the literary and social life of the city, though a favorite in both circles, to his secluded *château*.

He tells us he was thinking of his wife when he wrote, "I have known hundreds of women — and Gascony is famous for such examples — whom you could sooner have forced to bite red-hot iron than made give up an opinion conceived in anger." He admits that his wife was an excellent, virtuous woman, but would not always listen to his advice, and to her he wholly trusted the training of his only surviving child, Leonora, for whom, though she was not like the Lady Marie de Gournay, his "intellectual child," nor remarkable in any way, he felt a natural fatherly affection. Yet he was not unaware of her deficiencies, nor unwilling to reveal them to his readers.

It has been said that probably no author of his day, except writers of poems and romances, had ladies more in view when he wrote than the caustic Gascon essayist, — not, however, as a rule, because he valued their literary judgment; he was paradoxical and contradictory in this as in all else. He was not ambitious to have his work become a "book for a parlor window," the breviary not of worthies, but of belles and beaux. So far from desiring feminine readers was he that he often strove to disgust and repel them, but circumstances were too strong for him. The Reformation and the Renaissance opened the world of books to women, and great readers are learned in the art of selection and judicious skipping. Who cares to gather nauseous crown imperial, with a neighboring bank of violets perfuming the air? It was perhaps a little galling to the pride of the Sieur Michel de Montaigne that his first disciple was a woman, "the virgin de Gournay, that learned lady," if, as is just as likely as not (so difficult is it to discover his real sentiments), it were not principally a love of fun and teasing and a desire to give piquancy to the essays that led him to quote all he could collect of the tart sayings and witty or ill-natured stories of ancients and moderns in dispraise of women.

Bayle St. John remarks that Montaigne tried to resist the influence of women on literary style which began in the sixteenth century, said coarse things in order to show his independence, but yielded, nevertheless, in a great degree to this new force in literature; and readers of his works soon discover that not one of his essays is dedicated to a man, though he knew many men of noble and distinguished character. The essays were dedicated or addressed to Madame d'Elissac, to the Comtesse de Gurson, or to Madame de Duras, and his collection of La Boëtie's Sonnets was inscribed to Madame de Grammont. He informs us that his translation of the work of Raymond de Sebonde, who endeavored to reconcile reason and faith, was read by many ladies, who, troubled by Sebonde's arguments, and uncertain that they understood his meaning, came to his translator for enlightenment. He therefore wrote for their use the apology for Sebonde, inscribing it to Marguerite de Navarre.

Montaigne, though his works found many readers, was not content with the fame he had won. There was a certain feminine quality in his nature, which would not permit him to remain satisfied with *unknown* readers. He could not be content to sit at home unappreciated and unread, his country neighbors merely amused to see so familiar a companion in print, while the world was praising him afar off. He wanted the personal love and devotion of his disciples as well as their admiration and acceptance of his philosophy, and was disappointed that congenial minds had not been incited by the publication of the

essays to "offer themselves to his friendship." But for Marie Le Jars de Gournay, his "adopted daughter," who, after the death of her mother, settled in Paris to devote herself to literary work, and was for fifty years the editor of his writings, "he who doubted so much might have died doubting his own value."

Marie Le Jars de Gournay was born at Paris, in 1566, and was the daughter of a Picard gentleman, of small fortune, but good social position, who was in the king's service. After his death, his widow returned to her native Picardy, and here Marie grew up in comparative poverty and seclusion. She was fond of study from her childhood, and though her mother disapproved of her taste for learning, and wished her to occupy herself wholly with sewing and housework, she managed in early youth secretly to acquire a knowledge of Latin and Greek, and in her girlhood translated the life of Socrates from the latter language, to please an unlearned neighbor. Before she was twenty Montaigne's essays fell into her hands, and from that time she became his disciple, and the most ardent desire of her heart was to meet him. "A sort of passion, a fatal sympathy, took possession of her." All other friends and interests were crowded out of her heart by a platonic affection for an author whom she had never seen, and who was known to her only by his published works. It has been said that this "learned virgin" never, after her twenty-fifth year (her parents and Montaigne were dead), loved anything but letters, her maid Jasmyn, and her cat Piallon. But for the companionship of these two humble friends, she would have lived entirely alone; yet of so intense and passionate a nature was she in earlier youth that it is supposed (though he does not say so, nor explain the cause of her agitation) that Montaigne alludes to her when he speaks of meeting a young girl in Picardy, who, having made a vow, or promise, to prove her courage, resolution, and constancy, "drew out a bodkin she wore in her hair, and gave herself four or five good stabs in her arms, which made the skin crack in good earnest."

After three years of impatient waiting for a personal acquaintance with Montaigne, Marie, in 1588, visited Paris (where he happened to be) with her mother, and had the satisfaction of meeting him. She sent him an enthusiastic note. Her flattery pleased him, and he went to see her and her mother, the day after he received her letter. He became as warmly attached to her as if he had been her father, and the filial reverence of his "intellectual child" surpassed the affection felt by most own daughters for their parents. It is probable that her clear brunette complexion, oval face set off with chestnut hair, and intellectual expression rendered her personal appearance attractive; for from what we know of Montaigne's fastidious taste, we think his biographer was right when he asserted that not even adulation could have reconciled the essayist to an ugly disciple, — that he would as soon have had an ugly doctor! He says in one of his essays that the conversation of beautiful and well-bred women was very agreeable to him, and that he had "a great esteem for wit, provided the person was without bodily exception; for to confess the truth, if the one or the other of these two perfections must of necessity be wanting, I should rather have quitted that of the understanding."

Montaigne was so pleased with both Marie and her mother that when they left Paris he accompanied them to their home at Gournay, and spent three months there. This was the only time they met, but they corresponded, it is supposed, till his death in 1592. Their friendship lasted four years. He forgot to leave his precious books to her, and his library was soon removed from the famous round room in the tower of his château, and dispersed by his unappreciative daughter

Leonora; but just before he died he pointed out to his wife two MS. copies of his essays, exactly alike, and the text elaborately prepared for the press, but with marginal notes. One of these he directed her to submit to Marie de Gournay, "the only person he knew in whose literary judgment and devotion to his memory he could confide." He was sure she would print them exactly as he left them; his learned friend Pasquier "would have erased his Gascon phrases and polished his periods," and taken all the salt and originality out of the book.

Montaigne's choice of a woman as the editor of his works cannot fail to recall to our memory the tirade in his essays against the scholarly ladies of his day, who tampered, he says, with things so improper and unnecessary to their business as rhetoric, law, logic, and the like drugs; and in discourse upon all sorts of subjects, how mean and common soever, spoke and wrote after a new and learned way, quoting Plato and Aquinas in things which the first they met could determine as well; for

> "All now is Greek: in Greek their souls they pour,
> In Greek their fears, hopes, joys."

He would have women, he declared, confine themselves to poetry, "a dissembling and prattling art, — all show, like themselves;" to a few selections from history; and to the moral parts of philosophy, which will teach them self-control. "This is the utmost," he concludes, "of what I would allow them in the sciences."

Immediately after his death, his wife sent for Marie, who at once hastened alone across France to the château, though war was raging and she was exposed to many dangers. She met with a kind reception from Montaigne's wife and daughter, her "sister by alliance," whom affection and imagination even enabled her to believe "somewhat touched by love of the Muses;" and the three women, superior in some respects as Marie was to Leonora and her mother, drawn together by a common affection for him, became warm friends. Marie remained for fifteen months at Montaigne, translating quotations from the classics, writing notes, and preparing prefaces. She worked, no doubt, at his desk, his one thousand folios surrounding her; glancing up occasionally at the rafters, inscribed with black-letter sentences from his favorite Greek and Latin authors or from the Bible, or gazing out of the three windows at the rich, wide view he loved so well, — at the farmyard and family life seen through opposite lower doors; feeling herself wrapped the while in the sociable silence which he had considered one of the attractions of his study; seeing and knowing all that was going on, but hearing only faint murmurs of sound, if voices of people and animals floated up at all. On the frontispiece of her first edition of his works she inscribed the words, "Montaigne wrote this book; Apollo conceived it." "Who can refuse," says Bayle St. John, "to love this delightful young woman, engaged in such work? Her enthusiasm is contagious. The essayist rises in our estimation, when we find him the object of such posthumous worship!"

She lived to be aged, and the indefatigable editor for more than fifty years fought for Montaigne's reputation, defended him against all attacks, made his essays known, and really did much to secure his fame. Though "the wits and *débauchés* of another age, understanding neither her nor Montaigne, satirized her, slandered her, and played off practical jokes on her," Marie's life was happy and successful; for Montaigne's literary reputation was preserved, and to preserve that was the one desire of her heart. Her conversations with him at Paris and Gournay and a probably succeeding correspondence were a means of intellectual culture and training, stimulating her imagination and exciting her

ambition; his praise and encouragement giving her confidence to attempt literary work. Her most original production was inspired by him, and was the result of their talks during sunset strolls "between the tall trees on the green plains of Picardy." It was a sentimental romance, ending in a suicide and two projected murders, unattractive to readers with nineteenth-century ideas of taste and morality, and dedicated to her "second father;" and though some serious critics condemned the book, it was very popular, and at least proved that Montaigne had not overestimated the intellectual gifts of his *fille d'alliance.*

In the essay on Presumption, he gratifies us with this charming portrait of Marie: "I have taken delight to publish in several places the hopes I have of Marie Le Jars de Gournay, my adopted daughter, beloved by me with more than a paternal love, and treasured up in my solitude and retirement as one of the best parts of my own being; I have no regard for anything in this world but her. If a man may presage from her youth, her soul will one day be capable of very great things, and amongst others of the perfection of that sacred friendship to which we do not read that any of her sex could ever yet arrive; the sincerity and solidity of her manners are already sufficient for it; her affection towards me is more than superabundant, and such as there is nothing more to be wished, if not that the apprehension she has of my end, from the five and fifty years I had reached when she knew me, might not so much afflict her. The judgment she made of my first essays, being a woman so young, and in this age, and alone in her own place, and the notable vehemence wherewith she loved and desired me upon the sole esteem she had of me before she ever saw my face, are things very worthy of consideration."

We cannot read this noble eulogy of Marie without a glow of affection and respect for Montaigne, and a feeling that we have caught a glimpse of the real man, stripped of the affectations, faults, and foibles (some of them perhaps assumed from a mischievous love of mystifying and shocking his readers) which are so aggravatingly prominent in the autobiographical parts of the essays and travels. Marie was not so fortunate as to win from all the authors of her day the enthusiastic admiration and affection which her adopted father lavished upon her. It has been said that she "made the mistakes of remaining simple and virtuous, of living with a humble friend as a servant, and of having a cat. Consequently she was fit to be a butt." The fact that she "remained nothing," as they say of unmarried women in some parts of the United States, seems to have been the principal reason that she was ridiculed. But probably, had it not been for her literary work and the warfare she waged for Montaigne against his detractors, — her enthusiasm leading her, it is supposed, in spite of her poverty, to print her first folio edition of his works at her own expense, and to brave any difficulty for the sake of her dead friend, — her eccentricities, which she shared with many another poor, lonely, good old Frenchwoman, would have passed unnoticed.

Bayle tells us in his famous Dictionary that the fidelity of her cat, which was immortalized in prose by the Abbot de Morelles, would have been celebrated by poets, if this illustrious and ingenious maiden had been young and beautiful; for though not homely, her beauty was of the mind rather than of the body, and she knew many things which persons of her sex seldom know. The Abbot de Morelles, Bayle tells us, esteemed this good lady, as he calls her, highly for her upright and generous soul, and like Sorel, another of her literary friends, valued her more for her generosity, goodnature, and other incomparable qualities than for her learning; visited her often

in private; and thought that those who ridiculed her had little reason to boast of their wit. Thus the kind-hearted abbot writes of her cat: "Mademoiselle de Gournay's Piallon (it was her cat), during the ten years it lived with her, would never leave her room for one night to go and ramble on the tiles or in the gutters, as other cats used to do."

Marie was so unfortunate as to have many literary quarrels beside her controversies about Montaigne. Her "blind side," Bayle tells us, was her resentment against the new generation of authors; nor was it without reason, for they took delight in continually playing her some trick or another. Her taste and style were old-fashioned and formed in the days of their grandparents, and she could not enjoy nor estimate at its true value the new school of literature, which she considered affected and effeminate. She was passionately opposed to the changes which the young writers were endeavoring to make in the French language, polishing and refining away all its strength, as she thought. The poet Ménage further exasperated her by turning her violent opposition to new words and defense of ancient ones into ridicule. She also engaged in what was called the Anti-Cotton Controversy, in defense of the Jesuits, and brought down on herself two outrageous libels and satires, called the Anti-Gournay and the Thanks of the Butter-Women.

Many of the most learned and distinguished men of her day were her intimate friends, and wrote and spoke in her praise, both during her life and after her death. Cardinal Richelieu assisted her to publish her most splendid edition of Montaigne's works, and offered to secure her a large yearly pension in exchange for the small one already paid to her regularly by the king; but as it was offered on condition that she would keep a coach, she declined to accept it. She preferred to continue the plain and unostentatious mode of life to which she was accustomed. One of her best friends was the Marquis de Racan. They were in the habit of meeting for the purpose of freely criticising each other's verses, and not only did not quarrel, but both took the advice given, whatever its nature, as a favor, and acted in accordance with it. A satire called The Three Racans celebrated their first meeting. A wit, knowing that the Demoiselle de Gournay wished to make the acquaintance of the marquis, persuaded the latter to call on her, but before the nobleman started to make his visit sent a friend, who personated Racan, to her house; this man had hardly gone before the wit presented himself, claiming that he was the marquis; and shortly after he left the angry and mystified lady, the real Racan made his appearance. Marie's enemies, the young writers, declared that her excitable temper now rose to fury, and that she drove the marquis, who thought the learned lady had suddenly gone crazy, out of the house, berating him with loud and furious words, and beating him with her slipper; but Bayle seems to think the story false and slanderous, and made up out of whole cloth, to tease her, by the wits about town.

Marie was perhaps no more fastidious in her choice of associates than other respectable women of her own day, or a Vittoria Colonna of an earlier date, who overlooked in others what they themselves avoided. She was not merely attractive to literary persons, but associated on intimate terms with many gay and fashionable people. Among her friends was the eldest son of the Duke de Nevers. The Lady de Gournay, we are told, was one of his greatest diversions; and though he was a young man of a very courtly and gallant temper, yet he would leave any other lady to converse with her, whenever he met her at his sister's or aunt's. Ladies, too, loved her well, and she was very popular with the princesses and with Madame de Longueville and the Comtesse de Soissons, whom

she often visited. Montaigne's adopted daughter justified his enthusiastic prophecies concerning her. She collected and published in one folio volume seven works by herself, in prose and verse, with the title The Lady de Gournay's Gifts. She died in 1645, aged eighty years.

Mary D. Steele.

THE DYING HOUSE.

SHE is dead; her house is dying:
Round its long-deserted door,
From the hillside and the moor,
Swell the autumn breezes, sighing.
Closer to its windows press
Pine-tree boughs in mute caress;
Wind-sown seeds in silence come,
Root, and grow, and bud, and bloom;
Year by year, kind Nature's grace
Wraps and shields her dwelling-place.
She who loved all things that grew,
Talked with every bird that flew,
Brought each creature to her feet
With persuasive accents sweet;
Now her voice is hushed and gone,
Yet the birds and bees keep on.

Oh, the joy, the love, the glee,
Sheltered once by that roof-tree!
Song and dance and serenade,
Joyous jest by maskers played;
Passionate whispers on the stairs,
Hopes unspoken, voiceless prayers;
Greetings that repressed love's theme,
Partings that renewed its dream;
All the blisses, all the woes,
Youth's brief hour of springtime knows;
All have died into the past.
Perish too the house at last!

Vagrant children come and go
'Neath the windows, murmuring low;
Peering with impatient eye
For a ghostly mystery.
Some a fabled secret tell,
Others touch the soundless bell,
Then with hurrying step retreat
From the echo of their feet.
Or perchance there wander near
Guests who once held revel here:

Some live o'er again the days
Of their love's first stolen gaze;
Or some sad soul, looking in,
Calls back hours of blight or sin,
Glad if her mute life may share
In the sheltering silence there.
Oh! what cheeks might blanch with fears,
Had walls tongues, as they have ears!

Silent house with close-locked doors,
Ghosts and memories haunt thy floors!
Not a web of circumstance
Woven here into romance
E'er can perish; many a thread
Must survive when thou art dead.
Children's children shall not know
How their doom of joy or woe
Was determined ere their birth,
'Neath this roof that droops to earth,
By some love-tie here create,
Or hereditary hate,
Or some glance whose bliss or strife
Was the climax of a life,
Though its last dumb witness falls
With the crumbling of these walls.

T. W. Higginson.

YONE SANTO: A CHILD OF JAPAN.

XI.

TRANQUIL DAYS.

All things fairly considered, Yone's lot promised to be less unhappy than I, in my anxious solicitude, had apprehended. It might have been infinitely worse, though, unhappily, there was no assurance that it would not become intolerable at any time; for Japanese wives are as utterly dependent upon the will of their husbands as any slaves on earth are subservient to their masters. The ill-regulated conjugal system is a blot which has yet to be effaced from the social record of the country. The happiness, comfort, even the life and death, of a wife may hang upon the caprice of the man to whom she has been given in wedlock.

Santo was a rough sort of animal, with even less education than the average of his order, destitute of the first rudiment of refinement, troubled with no definite ideas respecting morality, despotic in his temper, gifted with small capacity for affection, incredulous of the existence of feminine delicacy or susceptibility, and possessed of an inordinate vanity, — though upon what grounds his self-approval was based he would probably have been unable to explain. On the other hand, he was not reputed violent or brutal, nor rancorous in speech, except when vexed by opposition. He

exacted no unreasonable service from his family or other subordinates; allowed those about him a healthful measure of physical relaxation; and having no sordid or miserly love of lucre, though fond of accumulating money for the consequence it gave him, there was nothing meagre in his provision for the material wants of his household. At least my poor girl would not languish for lack of proper nourishment, nor droop under labors to which her strength was not commensurate.

Soon after the marriage an event occurred which had the effect of enabling her to secure all the possible advantages of her position. Working in his yard, upon the very boat which I had ordered from him, her husband one day dealt himself, with an adze, a heavy blow upon the foot, the result of which was to keep him on his back for a fortnight, in no little pain, but not in peril of any sort. Accidents of the kind were not uncommon, though they generally fell to the share of the inferior workmen. Santo's peevish irritability, under the smart of the wound and the inevitable spell of compulsory idleness, was at first outrageous. For a time, he would not bear the sight of Yone near him, and descanted oracularly upon the uselessness of a learned baby at a wounded man's bedside; but she presently found means of proving that her patience and gentleness, not to speak of her intelligent sensitiveness to suffering, were of greater value than the more experienced but less sympathetic qualifications of his clumsy-fingered pair of mistresses, — whom, I should mention, it had not occurred to him, any more than it would have occurred to any ordinary Japanese, to dismiss at the advent of his legitimate bride. There was a virtue, till then unknown to him, in her light and dexterous touch. The "hand of little employment" had "the daintier sense," and it was not long before it pleased the master to discard entirely the attentions of his wonted companions, not at all to their dissatisfaction, and throw the whole duty of nursing him upon his wife.

After all, it was incomparably less exhausting than the toil to which she had been condemned by her grandparent. Santo had started upon his wedded life with an undefined purpose of "breaking in" his aristocratic spouse; of bringing her down to his own level in short order, and convincing her that the might of marital authority was to be the only recognized power in his house. But he discovered, rather to his astonishment, that he had no material to work upon. The girl was as docile from the beginning as he could have expected to make her by months of the proposed treatment. This, however, might be a trick of feminine craft, to lure him from his scheme of discipline, and beguile him into habits of indulgence. While these doubts were moving in his mind, not actively by any means, but in a heavy, drowsy fashion, he laid himself low, and gave his sluggish reason an opportunity of acting in the right direction.

The extent of Yone's influence over him was shown in his totally unexpected consent to submit the injured foot to foreign surgical treatment. Her first attempts at persuasion were pushed aside, with grunts of withering scorn and spite. But when I called, one day, professedly to inquire about my boat, she described so cleverly some of the results of my practice in similar cases — simple enough in point of fact, but marvelous, I presume, in the unaccustomed eyes of the Japanese — that he grudgingly yielded. But only as an experiment, he declared. If the foot did not improve within twenty-four hours, he should, with all courtesy and respect to me, return to his own time-honored specifics. In any case, he could not ruin himself by paying such fees as the foreign physicians always charged. I argued with him that, as the accident had happened while he was working on my account, it was my duty,

by all the settled principles of European and American justice, to cure him without any fee at all. He wagged his ugly head with an air of simious sagacity, and said that foreign morality was established on a more honorable basis than he had supposed; and Yone, believing that I told the truth, lifted her flushed face with an expression of relief such as I would willingly have purchased at the cost of a dozen fibs of the same pattern, or worse.

It was not difficult to set him on his legs with very little delay, and after his recovery he did not resume the subordinating processes which he had previously thought expedient. He manifested no gratitude for the care which had been lavished upon him; that was a matter of course, although he had not thought it was in the girl to do so well. If anybody had suggested to him that it might not be amiss to reward her with a word of acknowledgment, he would simply have stared, and grunted. But, without the slightest direct intention on his part, probably with no consciousness of deviating from his normal course, he certainly did make a new distinction between her and the two women who lived with him in a meaner capacity. Perhaps it was the outgrowth of a feeling similar to that which would be called forth by some workman's development of special skill. She had done a job better than others had done it before her. But I never looked very deeply into the matter, nor am I sure that there was anything to analyze. It was satisfactory, so far as it went.

Yone's life would have soon fallen into a dreary routine but for the privilege I had fortunately procured for her. One day in every week she was free to go forth and earn a ridiculous mite, — though her husband did not know how ridiculous it was, — by discharging nominal duties which, I am free to confess, had not much the appearance of systematic translation. For half an hour, or it might be double that time, she would diligently turn certain passages of my lectures into Japanese, or convert a few pages of native history, science, or philosophy into English. Then she would be dismissed to take a wholesome walk, to visit friends, to idle as industriously as she might; always returning before evening to get the books required for the study with which she was for the time occupied. Of the harmlessness of these mild prevarications she allowed herself to be convinced; and, indeed, I think she fully realized that the dead weight of such an existence as that to which she was doomed would have utterly paralyzed her mind but for the relief provided for her. Every Saturday morning the gentle little woman, who ought to have been kept a child for years to come, appeared with her package of books, on the top of which was always a pretty bunch of flowers for my desk, prepared to repeat on her knees, as a Japanese may do without abasement, her grateful, tremulous formula of thanks to me for having saved her life, she thought, — her reason, she was sure. No protest, however stern; no request, however earnest; no pretense of displeasure, could ever induce her to forego that touching refrain.

While seeking for the means to make her weekly day of leisure a happy one, I lighted upon the discovery that she had resumed her friendly relations with the Philipsons. There was no room for lingering resentment in that forgiving heart. She begged me not to be offended. They had been kind to her once; they meant, in their manner, to be kind to her always. If they had not understood her, it was so easy to excuse them; and since my anger had been only on her account, would I not make her glad by excusing them, too? That, in various forms, was her constant plea. Well, well; of what use was it to tell her they were not worthy of the affection she awarded them? Her humility was

as frank and genuine as her bounteous magnanimity. It was not for me to gainsay her, nor to check the outflow of her pure goodness. And so, in her simplicity, she suffered herself to be preached at, pestered, and often saddened by these querulous and discontented old maids, who never dreamed that a light too fine for their dull vision made their sombre house radiant with love and charity whenever she visited it. The only kindred spirits there who felt, without caring to comprehend, her influence were the little children, — especially the invalids, to whom her coming brought a peace like the tranquil beauty of a fairer sphere. These were the friends who never doubted, never pained her. They clung to her when their fading power of recognition extended to no others. Once, a dying girl, whom she had sorrowfully left at nightfall, said to her nurse, —

"Yone has gone away. It is all dark without her. Please put me near the window; then the stars will shine upon me, as she does always."

XII.

THE GATHERING OF A STORM.

Arthur Milton was a pleasant, bright-faced young American, who, in the summer of 1878, came to Japan with a party of travelers of the class somewhat disrespectfully and not very wittily designated "globe-trotters," for no apparent reason, except that their route of exploration embraces the whole circuit of the earth, instead of being confined to a limited section thereof. What there is about this to justify the application of an epithet intended to be offensive, I have never been able to understand. The group of wanderers to which I refer numbered perhaps half a dozen, and included the mother and sister of Milton, both widows, and other near relations. They brought letters to me and to the Philipsons, in Tokio, and one of the methods employed to render their sojourn agreeable was to send Yone about with them on occasional raids among the silk-shops, bricabrac warehouses, and other repositories alluring to casual visitors. It was upon one of these expeditions that she met Miss Gibson, the young delegate from a United States mission, who had crossed the ocean with the Milton party, and had naturally accompanied them in some of their sight-seeing rambles.

When the period arrived for the circumambulators to proceed on their westward course, the young gentleman I have mentioned announced that he found the limitation of time they had assigned to Japan entirely inadequate. He thought that months, not weeks, should be devoted to this interesting land, and regretted that the programme had been so disproportionately laid out. While agreeing with him as to the fascinations of Japan, his friends ventured to suggest that as they had not yet become acquainted with the countries still to be examined, they were hardly in a position to judge of their attractiveness, or lack of attractiveness, as compared with what they had already seen. But he was determined to act upon his own impulses, and declared himself confident that a few weeks could be advantageously taken from China, Siam, Java, and India, and more profitably employed in adding to his stock of information regarding this delightful and romantic next-door neighbor to his own nation. He wanted to discover for himself how these people had managed to perform their tremendous leap from the Middle Ages plump into the heart of the nineteenth century, without dislocating their brains or even losing their balance; alighting, in fact, as squarely and safely on their feet as if vaulting over half a dozen centuries, and bursting through the interposing barriers of custom, tradition, and fixed

national policy, were as easy as the commonest trick of the circus. He would remain awhile, and join his companions at a further point of their course.

There was nothing remarkable in this. Nine tenths of the visitors to Japan overpass their allotted time; half of them prolong their stay for years, and not a few settle themselves virtually forever, content to accept this captivating island empire as the pleasantest haven that the world affords. I had known a score of enthusiastic New Englanders who had thus yielded to the various allurements held out to them. Arthur Milton followed the usual routine: proposing to master the language in a few weeks; projecting scientific and social investigations on the broadest scale; evolving elaborate strategetic combinations for the overthrow of insolent foreign domination and the immediate revision of the treaties; pursuing all the bright fancies which are sure to be awakened in ardent and amiable minds, when first brought in contact with the evidences of a national development unparalleled in history. He was not wholly a visionary. He was ready enough to laugh, with a friend, at his own high-flown conceptions, but not less prompt to defend them with unmistakable sincerity, if attacked by any of the narrow trading or "colonial" theorists. He really wanted to put his shoulder to the same wheel which so many have striven to lift out of the mire, and, like others before him, was resolutely convinced that nothing but a clear, vigorous statement of Japan's needs and ill-treatment was needed to make the whole Western world properly ashamed of itself, and to secure atonement for the past and justice for the future.

I took kindly to the lad. Knowing, by disagreeable experience, how little was likely to result from any enterprise that he could set on foot, I had no very deep faith that his energy would long withstand the rebuffs and disappointments which await all those who attempt to redress the wrongs endured by Eastern nations. But he was at least for the moment sincere, and there was a glowing warmth in his tone and manner which proved that his feelings were strongly aroused, and that he was determined to speak and to be heard, while the spirit was upon him, however transitory his fervor might be. I tried to set him upon the right track, helped him to what information he needed, encouraged him by listening patiently whenever he came to lay before me this or that plan of diplomatic or revolutionary action, and abstained from expressing a single doubt as to his perseverance or lasting devotion.

Until the afternoon when Miss Philipson launched her extraordinary imputation, the idea of associating him or his doings in any particular way with Yone Santo had never occurred to me. That she had met the young man more than once, I was well aware; for I had myself been the means of attaching her to several excursions in which he, with his mother and sister, took part, and I had once conducted him to her husband's house, in order that he might deliver a friendly souvenir left for her by those ladies. I remembered, too, that he had spoken, on a later occasion, of having obtained from her some information on social subjects, of which he had been in need. But nothing of that sort could cause me the least uneasiness. If I had heard that he visited her every day in the week, it would have concerned me only to the extent of wondering whether her rough husband might not object to such intrusions upon his privacy. I knew my *protégée* too well to be disturbed by any disagreeable reflections on her account.

Nevertheless, when Milton next called upon me, I thought it not amiss to make a few inquiries.

"When did you last see Yone Santo?" I asked, as soon as our ordinary political conversation began to flag.

"Yone Santo? Let me think," he answered, hesitatingly; "when did I see her? Was it yesterday?"

I could not avoid noticing the awkward and indirect manner of his reply.

"That is what I am asking you," I said. "You probably know whether you saw her yesterday, or not. Certainly, I don't."

"Yes, to be sure," he responded, still with a suggestion of reluctance in his tone. "I think it was yesterday, — yesterday morning."

"Indeed," I remarked; "she seldom goes out, excepting of a Saturday, and the morning is a busy time at Santo's place."

"Yes," he rejoined, with greater readiness; "I was there on business. The old man is going to make me a boat."

"Oh, if you want a boat," said I, "you could not do better than go to him. He is a capital workman, though not always a model of good manners. He made my little wherry, over the way."

"Just so," returned Milton. "I heard of your giving him that job."

The words were as simple as possible, but in the accent with which they were spoken there seemed to be a shade of irony, or perhaps of derision. Whatever it might have been, the sound was strange, and did not altogether please me.

"You could have had my boat, at any time," I suggested. "It was hardly worth while to get one built, unless you mean to remain here much longer than you first intended."

"The cost is nothing," he said; "and besides, I wanted an excuse for going there as often as I liked."

"Ah, then you go there often."

"Every day, or so. He amuses me immensely, and I like to talk to the girl."

"Which girl?" I asked. "None of Santo's servants can do much in the way of conversation, I should imagine."

"Oh, come, doctor," he answered, laughing good-humoredly, "you know whom I mean."

"Milton," said I, "when did you last hear from your traveling party?"

"Two days ago," he replied, a little surprised at the sudden change of theme.

"The mails are regular?"

"I suppose so; my people were just leaving Peking."

"Your mother was well?"

"Quite well; never better, I should judge."

"Rough travel does not disagree with your family, then?"

"Oh, no; we are a hardy lot."

"To be sure; and how was the girl?"

He looked at me inquiringly.

"The girl?" he said. "I hardly understand you."

"Oh, yes, you do," I asserted, with an air which could not well fail to give offense. "How was she?"

A red flush passed over his face.

"The only *girl* in the party, Dr. Charwell, is my sister, Mrs. Seaford, a widow, as you probably know. May I inquire what you mean?"

"My young friend," said I, getting up from my seat, and walking about the room, "you are annoyed at my expression. You are quite justified. I beg your pardon most earnestly. I perceive that a careless word like that might make no end of mischief. There, I entreat you over and again to excuse me. It is the luckiest thing in the world that there were no listeners."

"Why, of course, doctor, it's all right. You need not make so much of it. Say no more."

"That depends," said I.

"What depends," he asked, "and how?"

"It depends upon whether you have or have not anything to say, in your turn."

"Upon my word, doctor, I have n't an idea of what you mean."

"You shall have, Milton. Your sister, Mrs. Seaford, has the claim of every gentlewoman to be always spoken of with courtesy. The same right belongs to Yone Santo, my friend."

He stared a moment, and then broke out, excitedly, —

"What, sir! Do you mean to institute a comparison" —

I interrupted him sharply.

"Restrain yourself. I expect you, as a simple act of justice, — or, if you like better, I will ask you as a favor to me, — to reflect upon this matter before saying what is in your mind. A moment's delay will do you no harm. I will be with you again immediately."

I left him in my office, while I went to another part of the house. When I returned, five minutes later, he was gone, greatly to my disappointment. But in less than half an hour he reappeared, looking a little abashed and confused, but smiling with the grace and frankness which were his especial charms.

"Doctor Charwell, listen to me," he began, as he crossed the threshold. "I have a speech to make, and I must not be interrupted. In the first place, you were all right, and I was all wrong, — that goes without saying. But that is not enough. The truth is, there is no snare so cunning as common custom. You fall into it without stopping to think. Now, everybody out here speaks of these people as 'Japs,' — and so have I, like the other idiots. I wonder how I should relish hearing myself called a 'Yank'! In the same way, I suppose, every Japanese woman, high or low, is a 'girl.' But this is no excuse for me. Here have I been putting myself forward for the past month as a defender and champion of this country and its inhabitants; and yet I can't keep my tongue from insulting them. So much for general principles. Now for particulars. In this matter of your friend, I was doubly to blame. I was going to say, when you stopped me, that I could n't stand any comparison being made between my sister and a Japanese. Now, however, I see that if we are bound to be more stringent in one case than in the other, it should be when Japanese ladies are alluded to. For they, unless a good fellow like you happens to be at hand, have nobody to stand up for them. It 's cowardly, as well as mean, to slight them by carelessness of speech. If anybody puts an affront upon one of our women, — well, my sister, for example, — it is n't necessary that I should be there; a dozen hands will be ready to set the matter right. You may bet as heavily as you like, doctor, that you will never hear me talk about a Japanese 'girl' again; that is, in any sense that could possibly be unpleasant."

I let him run his course, because, as I have said, I liked the young fellow, and was glad to hear how he had reasoned the matter to a fair conclusion. But it was evident that he supposed my reproof to have been tendered on what he called "general principles," and did not understand the nature and extent of my interest in Yone; with which, indeed, nothing had yet occurred to acquaint him. I deemed it better, while the subject was fresh in our thoughts, to let him know that I looked upon myself in a measure as her guardian; and that I had deeper reason for sensitiveness with respect to her than with the majority of Japanese young women.

"And so you find it agreeable to visit the Santos' place?" said I, tentatively.

"Indeed I do," he promptly answered. "That clever little lady can tell me more in ten minutes, about the topics which I am looking into, than I can draw from a professed expert in a day. And I suppose there is no harm in saying it is a deal pleasanter to get information from such a charming source than from a set of old humbugs who have no sympathy with my investiga-

tions, and who, I believe, have to hunt up one day what they communicate to me the next."

"And what has Santo to say to your making yourself at home there? He has not the reputation of being amiable to strangers."

"He does n't seem to object; and the boat furnishes a sufficient excuse for frequent calls, as you know very well yourself."

"Milton," I said, "let us have a clearer understanding of this business. I may make a mistake, but I think you have twice put on a satirical tone in referring to my motive in getting a boat from Santo. Now I tell you frankly that I had a motive which did not appear on the surface" —

"Precisely," interrupted he, pertly.

"My dear fellow," said I, "this is no contest of wit. I have no spirit for anything of that kind. I throw myself on your good feeling, in which I have great faith, and beg you to believe that I am serious, deeply serious, in all I have to say upon this matter. Now, being forewarned, you will not wound me, I am sure. I did order the boat for a special purpose, — before Yone's wedding, you will kindly understand. I knew the marriage was inevitable, and I desired to gather some direct knowledge of the man upon whose character and habits her future comfort must largely depend. And now I shall tell you why."

I then related, as succinctly as I could, the course of Yone's joyless life, bringing the history no nearer, however, than the date when the marriage was forced upon her, and suppressing all mention of my futile attempt to arrange the difficulty by adopting the child.

I had no reason to complain of an inattentive listener. He was, indeed, more moved than I had expected, but there was something superficial in his declarations of sympathy, and many of his observations caused me to think he regarded the whole business as a drama of undoubted pathos, yet one in which he was not wholly disinclined to enact some part. For the moment, however, I had no choice but to trust to his higher instincts; and I closed the subject by saying that while I could not suppose he would share my feelings, I did rely upon him to abstain from doing anything that might add to the young girl's troubles. This seemed to surprise him, but with no other response than a warm though vague assurance of discreet behavior, he hastily took leave.

XIII.

THE COIL OF THE SERPENT.

Through the remainder of the day, a restless spirit possessed me, and in the evening I sought the never-failing recreation of a sail upon the Sumida. I started with no definite object, but the wind carried me up the stream past the islands, and beyond the thick mazes of streets and canals which stretch for miles along the river-banks. Presently I found myself opposite the boat-builder's domicile, in which a light was still shining, although the hour was late, as hours are counted among the Japanese. Dropping my sail, I drifted shoreward, not precisely conscious of anxiety, but desirous rather to assure myself that no ground for anxiety existed. The night was still and sultry; but as I drew near Santo's little pier, the voice of Milton, talking carelessly and cheerfully, sent a sharp chill through me. As I passed the extremity of the tiny garden, making no sign of recognition, I was evidently mistaken for a visitor to Nakamura-ya, the adjoining popular "tea-house," and no attention was paid to my movements. Should I openly proclaim my presence? The conventional theories as to the ignominy of eavesdropping rushed through my mind, and vanished straightway, leaving no indelible

impression. What? fetter myself with chivalrous fancies and affectations, when the promise given me a few hours earlier had been thus shamelessly broken? Not quite so childish. Since accident had brought me to the situation, I felt no more compunction in discovering what mischief might be afoot than any man would feel in using all means of rescuing an unwitting prey from a venomous snake.

It was not long, nevertheless, before the step which I thus hastily decided upon taking proved to be a most unwise one, at least in so far as its effect upon myself was concerned. It brought me a half hour of torment such as I never thought I could be called to undergo. But I gave no heed, in my impulsive determination, to any consequences excepting those upon which Yone's safety seemed to depend. A fence, projecting into the river, separated Santo's premises from the tea-house grounds, and I drew my boat close to its farther side, within the broad shadow which it cast upon the surface of the water. This was the only spot not brilliantly lighted by the moon, and the concealment was doubly desirable, for the reason that the favorite place of resort was filled with guests, whose loud speech revealed that some of them were foreigners. I had certainly no wish to be observed, even by strangers, under the peculiar circumstances, and I held myself close to the convenient barrier, invisible to all, but able to discern everything around me. Through the apertures of the roughly laid boards I saw Yone and her untimely visitor, sitting upon a bench near the shore. At a little distance, a dim figure was perceptible, partly outstretched upon the ground, and partly propped against a tree. This, I assumed, was Santo; and although his silence indicated that he was probably asleep, his mere presence afforded me an unspeakable satisfaction.

The conversation, which had been interrupted by my approach, was soon resumed.

"How lovely the night is!" said Milton. "Sometimes I think there are no moonlights like these in your country."

"Many persons say so, and I am glad to believe it," was the answer, in Yone's tranquil and tender accents.

"It is like fairyland," he said. "'*In such a night as this*'" —

He left the quotation unfinished, and after a little hesitation Yone added, timidly, "'*When the sweet wind*'" —

"Why," interrupted Milton, in surprise, "do you know those lines?"

"I know them well," she replied; "once I tried to translate them. They are like music, and if I close my eyes I can see wonderful things, when I repeat them. It is strange that such language should come from deceitful mouths."

"Deceitful! What do you mean?"

"Their words were beautiful, but faithfulness was not in their hearts."

"Poor Jessica! I won't attempt to defend Lorenzo, but pretty Jessica, — she could n't help herself, you know."

"She deserted her father."

"Oh, that is your way of looking at it. So you don't like Jessica?"

"Her father trusted her, and she betrayed him. It is not possible to like a woman who would do that. But what she said was like a charm."

"Would you not be glad to see the places they spoke of?"

"Have you seen them?"

"I have been near them, at any rate. Have you never thought of going to find them?"

"I did, once; it was only for a few days."

"Why should you not think of it again? I wish we could search for those enchanted regions together. Will you go with me, Yone?"

"You are very merry, Mr. Milton. I must be contented with my own little country."

There was not much in this to make me uneasy, but I already began to regret that I had not broken in upon them at the moment of my arrival, and put an end to the dialogue. Still, for Yone's sake, I would stay and learn a little more.

"Do not speak so sadly; we all have our troubles," said Milton, in a tone which conveyed but a slight conception of what trouble meant, — "all of us, young and old."

"You do not understand me," she answered. "I am not sad. My troubles are gone. I have one best friend who has taken them away. I have no wish to think of them, now."

"Who is that friend, Yone?"

"You know him. The good Dr. Charwell."

"Oh, yes, I know him. He is an excellent fellow, but I did not think he was so powerful. What, can he remove everybody's troubles, then?"

"He has cured mine."

"What, all?"

"If I had any, I would go to him, and then I should suffer no more."

"You have great confidence in him!" exclaimed Milton, somewhat pettishly. "And so, if you should ever be weary of this hard life and dull home of yours, I suppose you would look to him for relief."

It needed strong resolution to keep me quiet at this point, for I was persuaded that the young man had a more vicious purpose than was disclosed in his words. But I kept myself under control, confident that Yone's unsuspecting simplicity would be the most effective foil to his projects.

"My life is not hard, Mr. Milton, and my home is not dull. Dr. Charwell knows that; and truly, it is his good friendship that helps me to enjoy so much. Oh, no, my life is very easy now, and my husband is very kind. When my neighbors are ill, he lets me go to them freely, and I think by and by he will permit me to have a little school, all for myself."

"Wonderful privileges, Yone!"

"That is true, although you do not seem to speak in earnest. Not many wives in my country are allowed so much. It is different, I know, in yours."

"Yes, you may well say that. In Boston, now, we would find better work for these pretty hands than nursing the pauper neighborhood, and teaching the young rabble hereabout."

"Better work? I do not think Dr. Charwell would say so."

"Dr. Charwell, indeed! My dear Yone, I don't believe he knows whether these little hands are coarse or delicate, rough or smooth; still less what they are fit for."

Yone laughed.

"Do you think rough hands are a misfortune?" she asked.

"A great misfortune for a girl like you."

"Well, then, there is *one* trouble which the doctor did remove. They were rough indeed, a year ago. But I do not call that a trouble. That is nothing. I think of the sore places in my heart that he has known how to heal. Nobody else could do that."

He made no immediate answer, but a moment later I heard him say, in a much lower tone, —

"Yes, they are smooth now, and soft as down, — this one, at least. Is the other like it? Let me see."

My patience was exhausted. Reaching for an oar, I prepared to push the boat around the intervening wood-work, and put an end to the knavish work; but before I could move from my position, a throng of merry-makers issued from the tea-house, and ran noisily down a pathway toward the river-side. To my consternation, I saw that it was composed of residents in the foreign district of Tokio, to all of whom both Yone and I were well known, while most of them had heard of Milton, if they had not

met him. I could not venture upon a movement which would expose me to their view, and inevitably direct their attention to the occupants of the neighboring garden. If they should get a glimpse of the scene, their tongues would be wagging, the next day, all over the settlement. Though in a fever of indignation, I was compelled to govern myself, and to continue silent while the colloquy proceeded.

"Surely my hands are both alike," said Yone; "but it is not comfortable for me when you hold them."

"Only one, then, Yone."

"No, Mr. Milton, there is no meaning in it."

"You are very severe with me, but I suppose that is the privilege of beauty here, as in other lands."

"You do forget that it is not pleasant for me to hear you speak in that way. I have asked you not to do it, many times before."

"I forget nothing that you say to me, but it is hard if I may not tell you what I think. You know it is the truth."

"That I do not know. Indeed, we do not give so many thoughts as foreigners to what our appearance is like. It does not seem to me that this can be the truth. I am sorry to be rude, but I am sure it is not true. You are making a jest of me, Mr. Milton."

"Every word I utter is earnest and sincere. I never thought you would doubt that."

"Then I shall beg you, as a favor, not to repeat these things."

"I will only insist, then, that you are severe. I wonder if you are as severe with everybody. I dare say Dr. Charwell might tell you you are a beauty, without offense."

"Dr. Charwell may say anything."

"And why not I, Yone?"

She made no reply. I was exasperated at the inaction which the delay of the pleasure-party imposed upon me, and waited only for their departure to leap on shore and drag the young scamp away. But now I could not even stir, much less call out, they were so near.

"Tell me, my little girl, why not?" repeated Milton, more urgently.

"I cannot tell you," she returned, in a somewhat changed voice. "Indeed, I do not know. I am very ignorant of many things."

"Among others, I may mention my first name. You evidently do not know that."

"Oh, yes, I know it."

"Then why do you not use it? I call you 'Yone;' you should call me 'Arthur.'"

"You know that is impossible."

"Why, you will do nothing to please me. I would do anything for you."

"Ah, you are a learned gentleman; you know what is right, and will not make mistakes. There is nothing strange if you call me 'Yone.' Women, with us, are never known by their family names. Those belong to Japanese men, only. But among foreigners — No, no, Mr. Milton, I have studied a little. Your young ladies do not speak so familiarly to gentlemen, unless they are relations, or at least very intimate friends."

"Very well, let us be intimate friends."

"Now you are jesting again."

"Listen, Yone: do you call Dr. Charwell by his first name?"

"I do not."

"Not even when you are alone with him?"

"Why, no, indeed; how can any difference be?"

"Ah, you think there cannot 'any difference be.' But if he should ask you?"

"Ah, then — if he told me, I should do it."

"You are submissive enough to him, I see."

"I should know it would be right."

"And your — your husband?"

"Well?"

"You call him by his first — that is, his second name?" [1]

"Oh, no!"

"What, not your husband?"

"No, never!"

"How singular! But — you will excuse all my questions, Yone; you know I am trying to learn a great deal about the Japanese customs in a short time. Let me ask you if all the wives are so reserved in speaking to their husbands."

"That is better. I mean it is much easier to answer about all in general — everybody in Japan — than when you question me about myself. Well, it is different in different houses. When the persons are both young, I suppose they use what with your countrymen is the first name; or, in any case, after they have long been married, they probably use it. I do not know very well about these things, myself. I have lived much alone. Others could explain it more exactly."

"But you know enough to decide how to address your husband."

"That is very simple. A young wife must not be too — must not 'take liberties,' I think you say, with a husband much older than herself. I show the respect which I owe by speaking only his family name. That is more suitable to him, and more" —

"More agreeable to you, no doubt," said Milton, as she suddenly paused.

"It is proper that it should be so," she answered; "and now, shall we not talk of something else?"

"One moment, Yone; only a moment more. This is curious. It seems there is a choice in your mind between your husband and the worthy doctor. You would willingly call Charwell by the friendlier name, but it is not agreeable to do the same by your husband."

"You confuse me, Mr. Milton. It is easy for you to do that. I have told you that I am not clever. I cannot answer any of your questions now, but you have given me many things to ask Dr. Charwell about."

"Dr. Charwell forever! I declare, Yone, I believe you are in love with the man."

"That, indeed, I am," she answered, composedly. "I always have been, since I was a little girl. But you are laughing at me. Why do you laugh? Do you make sport of me with strange phrases? Oh, that is very unfair," and she lightly laughed, herself. "I never heard that phrase before. But I will always tell you I love Dr. Charwell. I cannot love him too much."

"Indeed! And what does your husband say to that?"

"Why, nothing; what should he say?"

"He is aware of it?"

"Of course he is. Everybody who knows Yamada Yone," she added, with an unusual ring in her clear tones, "surely knows that. Her life would be all dreariness and gloom but for the goodness of that one friend, and her heart must be false and base before she forgets the love that belongs to him. Are you *trying*, Mr. Milton, to speak in a way which I do not understand?"

The revelers had by this time entered their boats, but they were in no haste to depart, and while they lingered I was chained to my dark corner, though the detention tortured me. Santo's heavy breathing reminded me of his presence, which was in some sense a relief, and assisted me to hold myself in check.

Milton's next words were in a more subdued and humble strain: —

"Forgive me, Yone; I would not vex you for the world. It is right that you should cling to your old friend, and I honor your fidelity. But I can't help feeling envious, — just a little; that is natural, you know. Do not think ill of me. Give me your hand before I go."

[1] In Japan, as most readers are probably aware, the name of the family precedes the distinguishing name of each member thereof.

"You have had my hand, already."

"If you deny me, I shall know you are displeased. Why, what is it, to clasp hands? With us it means only a greeting or a farewell, but to refuse is a mark of real dislike."

"You shall not suppose that, — no, indeed. And I do not believe you would mislead me. It would be very easy, but not — not very brave. You shall take my hand, and I will trust you, for I have heard that you are good to all the people of my country."

"Thank you, Yone; I" — His voice faltered, and I hoped his treacherous soul was shaken by this evidence of her frank and confiding innocence.

"Your hand trembles," she said; "are you not well?"

"Yes, yes, I am quite well. Don't move; keep as you are, — one second, only."

Once more there was a pause; and when Yone spoke again, it was with a sternness so strangely at variance with her usual placidity as to make it manifest that she had cause for deep resentment.

"You have done a foolish thing, Mr. Milton, — foolish and wrong. It is to your shame. You would never have done it if we were not alone and in the dark. Yet I am glad there is no one to see. I do not wish it known that any man could treat me with scorn. Now I shall arouse my husband, and you will go."

I felt as if the blood would burst from my veins, and nothing but the overwhelming certainty of the malignant scandal that would follow an exposure could have stayed my hand an instant. Why had I yielded to the mad impulse that tempted me to wait and prove the villainy with which my poor child was to be assailed? But the loiterers were starting at last; a minute more, and I should be free.

"Yone, you hurt me terribly," said Milton, with intense vehemence, though speaking scarcely above a whisper. "I will go, if I must, but I pray you to hear one last word. There was no scorn in what I did. It is an act of reverence; I swear it is. A man of honor may put his lips to an empress's hand. It is the token of his loyalty and devotion. I am telling you what every American and European knows to be the truth. Ask whom you like. Ask Dr. Charwell."

"It is not needful. No one shall teach me falsehoods, Mr. Milton. There was no reverence in what you did. I know that I am not an empress. I do not know that you are a man of honor."

"If you could see all that is in my heart, you would not hate me, Yone."

"I do not hate you. You have no right to say it."

"Then listen to me; you shall listen; I will not go until I have told you the whole. Don't be afraid; I would not harm you to save my life a thousand times over. But I must be heard."

"I am not at all afraid; that is not my feeling. But now I am very sure that you are ill."

"By Heaven, I *am* ill, and no living being but you can help me! Don't you see, Yone? Can't you pity me?"

"I can pity, but it is folly to say that I can help you. I wish Dr. Charwell were here."

The tea-house boats shot from the shore in a body, their occupants shouting and singing gayly, as they swept down the stream. My time had come.

"He is here!" I cried, swinging myself around the partition, and bursting through the network of willows which fringed the low bank.

XIV.

SHORT AND SHARP.

Yone sprang up from the bench on which she had been sitting, and came

hastily to the water's edge. Milton also rose, and advanced less rapidly. Santo, startled from his drowsy torpor, lifted himself with a series of jerks, and stood by the tree which had supported him.

"I was wishing for you," said Yone. "Mr. Milton is not — not himself, I think you say."

"I have come for him," I answered; "he is not fit to be here. Your hand, Milton."

He gave it mechanically, half unconscious of what he was doing; and before another word was spoken, he had taken an involuntary header into my boat, where he lay crouched and tangled among the thwarts, in most unheroic guise.

"Oh, be careful," said Yone; "I am sure that is dangerous."

"No danger now," I replied; "he is in my charge."

"But I fear he is ill," she persisted. "I pray you to take heed."

"I shall do what is necessary," I said, curtly; "have no concern." Then, changing my speech to French, in order to be understood by my captive alone, and struggling masterfully to deliver myself with apparent lightness and ease, I added, "You will go with me without opening your mouth to these people, or I will drag you back to the shore, send Yone away, and not only repeat every word you have spoken, but also explain your damnable meaning, from beginning to end, to old Santo. Choose, quickly."

"I 'll go," he muttered; "but let loose my wrist, unless you mean to break it with your infernal surgical sleight of hand."

In fact, I had a grip of iron, in those days, and an athletic skill which I seldom knowingly used. Releasing Milton, I remarked to Santo, who still stood on the bank, dreamily wondering, that my countryman had broken an engagement with me, and compelled me to look sharply after him. I asked him to toss me Milton's hat, made rapid excuses for our abrupt departure, and with the least possible delay began pulling vigorously down the stream, wholly regardless of the conclusions that might be drawn from my behavior.

Under the shadow of the O-hashi (Great Bridge), I rested on my oars. Milton had picked himself together, and sat motionless in the stern.

"Now, sir," I began, "I will hear whatever you have to say."

"I have nothing to say, that I know of," he answered, sullenly.

"That will not do," said I; "several things must be said and settled between us, this night."

"I 'll say, then, for one thing," he responded, "that you are not to imagine you frighten me by any of this fantastic performance. I was taken by surprise when you appeared, and I submitted in order to spare Yone."

"To spare her!" I retorted. "Ay, that was obvious. You had been sparing her, all along."

"Oh, I see; a listener!" he scoffed.

"Yes, sir," said I, "a listener, — just that; and never likely to be better contented with myself than when listening under such conditions and with such a purpose in view. So none of that cheap sarcasm, if you please."

"I don't know what you may have heard, but" —

"It does not matter," I interposed. "I had a surfeit long before I could get at you."

"You saw that Santo was there," he observed, after a short silence.

"Yes; and I saw the intelligent part he took in the proceedings. I have no high opinion of Japanese husbands generally, and no especial admiration for Santo as a particular specimen; but I can tell you he would have pounded your skull to splinters with the rudder of your own decoy yacht, if he had suspected your infamous devices, — if you had not barred his comprehension by

your despicable use of a language he does not understand. Nor my poor hunted child, neither," I added, presently. "Her honest studies, thank God, have taught her none of the meaning of such foulness as you have tried to poison her with to-night. Poor girl, poor girl! To think that her first revelation of deceit and treachery should reach her through me, after all!"

I broke off with a gasp of pain and fury, and again betook myself to driving the boat madly through the water. Regaining some part of my self-possession, I waited a second time, under the lower bridge, and resumed the dialogue in a less excited key, if not in milder words.

"There is no reason in wasting our breath, Mr. Milton; you have broken faith with me, and I shall be extremely short in my measures with you. Within this week, that is to say by the next steamer which goes westward, you will leave Japan. Or, you may take your choice as to direction, but here you shall not stay."

"A likely matter!" he replied, jeeringly.

"A certain matter," I responded, with emphasis. "In token of which, I will go with you to-morrow to Yokohama, while you engage your passage."

"And if" —

"And if you refuse, I will not only disgrace you (for I begin to doubt your sensitiveness to that sort of treatment), but I will beat you as such a cowardly cur should be beaten; not one day, but every day, and in the public streets, until you go elsewhere to heal your broken bones. Oh, yes, sir; and all who see shall know for what villainy you are punished."

"This is very lively language," said Milton, speaking in a manner curiously at variance with his usual buoyancy and heartiness; "but it will do no harm to you or your object if you listen to me for a moment. As to your threats, if I know myself at all, they do not move me one particle. I don't know whether you have the power to execute them, to begin with" —

"Stop, sir," I interjected; "you are perfectly aware that I am incapable of a vain boast on a theme like this. It is true that I am speaking in great exasperation, and at a later hour I may see cause to modify my plans with regard to you; but there is no more doubt in *your* mind than in *mine* that I can accomplish all I choose to warn you of."

"Well, it does n't strike me as formidable. If I really feel myself in bodily peril," he pursued, with a sneer, "I dare say I can provide myself with some contrivance to keep you at a reasonable distance."

"Since you show your hand so plainly," I rejoined, "I will use my present opportunity. I shall take you straightway to my house, and keep watch over you, as I would over any other vicious and cunning wild beast, until to-morrow. Then the order for your passage shall go to Yokohama by telegraph. This programme is quite as easy as the other, — perhaps easier."

"You had better hear me to the end," he answered. "I don't propose to go to your house to-night, and you will not get me there unless you have some clever device for killing me first. What I do propose is this. I will — I will — well, I have undoubtedly broken the pledge I gave you this day, and what I feel about that you are not likely ever to know." His voice fell gloomily, and for a moment he was silent. After a brief pause he continued: "We will drop promises, then. My statement is that I shall voluntarily be at your house to-morrow morning at eight o'clock, or earlier, if you choose. This subject can then be taken up again, on any basis that suits you. To that I consent, and to nothing else. That is all I have to say, and all I undertake to perform, for the present."

A hundred feverish thoughts raced

through my brain, as I propelled the boat toward Tsukiji, the foreign district of Tokio, at more moderate speed than before. I was not wholly unconscious of the wildness of my recent speech, nor of the violence of my menaces. But I was, nevertheless, at the moment, as ready to carry them through as I was unquestionably able, so far as physical strength was concerned. It was an accident, to which I had never given much consideration, that I possessed far more than the average muscular force; and in my bitter rage against this smooth-faced rogue, it seemed as if it had been given me only to bruise and maim, or perhaps to crush him out of existence, if he ventured to resist the orders I should lay upon him. As the moments flew by, however, other considerations began to fill my mind. The fierce desire for an immediate revenge gradually gave way to more prudent reflections as to what was most important for Yone's welfare. Was it my part to create or to magnify a new and cruel scandal? This was precisely what I had striven to avoid, by keeping myself from observation by the party at Nakamura-ya. Rapidly adjusting these views, I adopted, not without misgiving at the time, what I am now well assured was the wiser conclusion. By acceding to Milton's proposal, I should run no risk of his escaping me. I could keep as strict a guard upon him, for my purpose, in his own house as in my own. As we drew near the landing-steps, I said: —

"Very well, Mr. Milton, I agree to your suggestion. I shall expect you not later than eight, to-morrow."

But it appeared that his ideas had also undergone a change, for he answered, as he stepped ashore, —

"I shall be there, Dr. Charwell, unless, indeed, you prefer a more prompt discussion. I see an advantage in that, which did not occur to me when you spoke before. It is not late. If you are as little inclined to sleep as I am, and are disposed to give an hour, at once, to the matter in hand, I will go with you, and let you hear my determination, as it now shapes itself before me."

I was surprised, but by no means ill-satisfied. Signifying my assent, I led the way to my quarters, a few paces distant.

E. H. House.

THE MARRIAGE CELEBRATION IN THE COLONIES.

THE rise of Independency in England, its relation and its consequences to Episcopacy, as well as the revolution which it involved in the celebration of marriage, were set forth in the preceding number of The Atlantic. This great religious reform, culminating in the seventeenth century, obtained in England but a short public triumph against the absolutism firmly seated in the Church and the State. Its main effect there was to spread in society influences that worked toward the future development of toleration in religion and of democracy in politics. But in the new England, free from counteracting forces, this reform became the immediate, open, and controlling power in establishing society. Hence the civil celebration of marriage which it involved, and which in England obtained under Cromwell, in the time of Puritan supremacy, but a short legal existence and recognition, and then entirely disappeared, was from the first firmly established in America, and has here continued to exist to this day.

From Holland a body of English

refugees brought Independency to New England in 1620. Also from England came successive expeditions, with which were many non-conformists, including ministers episcopally ordained. But, once in America, only slight religious differences were found between the non-conformist of Massachusetts Bay and the Pilgrim of Plymouth. The colonists of Massachusetts and of Plymouth, as well as those of New Haven and of Connecticut, were all alike fleeing from the errors and the corruption of Episcopacy; and Independent principles prevailed in the founding of Church and of State. This community of religious belief and practice, as well as the political union between the colonies against common enemies, aided in assimilating their laws and their customs. As Palfrey says, "Their several codes bear witness to a substantial uniformity in the social system which grew up among them." At the foundation of that system was a deep appreciation of the dignity of the family and of the necessity of strict marriage laws. As stated in the Connecticut Code of Law, it was believed that "the p^{r}sp^{r}ity and well being of Comonweles doth much depend vppon the well gouernment and ordering of p^{r}ticular Familyes, w^{ch} in an ordinary way cannot be expected where the rules of God are neglected in laying the foundation of a family state."

But in interpreting "the rules of God" through the medium of their religious belief, these colonists were led to forsake all precedent, and to institute a form of marriage celebration unique in modern times. Its chief feature was that a marriage, to be valid, must be celebrated before a civil magistrate. "I suppose," says Hutchinson, "there had been no instance of a marriage, lawfully celebrated, by a layman in England, when they left it. I believe there was no instance of marriage by a clergyman after they arrived, during their charter; but it was always done by a magistrate, or by persons specially appointed for that purpose, who were confined to particular towns or districts." "We do not wish to introduce here," said Winthrop, "the English custom of solemnities at a marriage. If any minister is present, he might bestow an exhortation; but we adhere to the strict Protestant principle that marriage is purely a civil right."

At first, the solemnization by the magistrate, to the exclusion of the minister, was sustained only by public opinion, not by positive law. The reason was stated by Winthrop in 1636: "To make a law that marriage should not be solemnized by ministers is repugnant to the laws of England; but to bring it a custom by practice for the magistrate to perform it is by no law made repugnant." It was not until 1646, when the custom had long existed and their brethren in England were gaining political power, that the colonists of Massachusetts Bay dared to make it a law. It was then enacted that "as the ordinance of marriage is honorable amongst all, so should it be accordingly solemnized . . . no person whatsoever in this jurisdiction shall join any persons together in marriage, but the magistrate, or such other as the General Court or Court of Assistants shall authorize in such place where no magistrate is near. Nor shall any join themselves in marriage, but before some magistrate or person authorized as aforesaid." Two years later, the New Haven Colony Laws ordered "that no man unless he be a Magistrate in this Jurisdiction, or expressly allowed by the General Court, shall marry any persons, and that in a publick place." In the colony of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations, according to a law of 1647, every marriage, to be lawful, had to be "confirmed before the head officer of the Towne." And the colony of Connecticut recognized a similar principle in the "Code of Law established by the General Court in 1650."

Of course, upon the passage of Crom-

well's Act in 1653, establishing in England the civil celebration of marriage, these colonial statutes ceased to be "repugnant to the laws of England." But as the English statute was soon repealed, the same objection revived, and these laws were singled out as obnoxious by the king. Indeed, in 1682, Randolph, the king's agent, advised that all marriages should be declared void "but such as are made by the minister, of the Church of England." Nevertheless, the General Court resolved to make no change in the law, and none was made.

But the colonists had denied to ministers the power of celebrating marriage, not so much from religious convictions as from their recollection of priestly oppression, and their fear of its recurrence in their midst under a new form; and as the recollection grew dim, the fear ceased. Accordingly, toward the close of the seventeenth century, there began a reaction throughout New England toward a renewal of religious associations in the nuptial ceremony. Thus the General Court of Connecticut enacted, in 1694, that "this court *doe* for the sattisfaction of such as are conscienciously desireous to be marryed by the ministers of their plantations, doe grant the ordayned ministers of the seuerall plantations in the Colony liberty to joyne in marriage;" and in Massachusetts, a provincial statute of 1692–3 provided that "every justice of the peace within the county where he resides, and every settled minister in any town, shall and are hereby respectively empowered and authorized to solemnize marriages." This innovation was adopted in the rest of New England, and gradually replaced the former custom. Hutchinson, writing about sixty years later, says: "At this day marriages are solemnized by the clergy; and although the law admits of its being done by a justice of the peace, yet not one in many hundreds is performed by them."

There is evidence that prior to 1692, to constitute marriage, there was required, besides the presence of the magistrate, the publication of intentions of marriage, if not also the consent of the legal guardians of the parties to be married; that, in other words, a celebration before a magistrate did not in law create the marriage state unless preceded by such publication and consent. To this effect the law of 1647, in the colony of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations, is very strong: "No contract or agreement between a Man and a Woman to owne each other as Man and Wife, shall be owned from henceforth threwout the Whole Colonie as a lawful marriage . . . but such as are in the first place, with the parents, then orderly published in two severall meetings of the Townsmen." Nearly as strong are the words of the New Haven Colony Laws: "No person shall be either contracted or joyned in Marriage before the intention of the parties proceeding therein, hath been three times published, at some time of publick Lecture, or Town meeting in the Town, or Towns where the parties, or either of them dwel, or do ordinarily reside; or be set up in writing upon some post of the meeting house door . . . by the space of fourteen daies." So in the Massachusetts statute of 1646: "Nor shall any magistrate, or other person authorized as aforesaid, join any persons in marriage, or suffer them to join together in marriage in their presence, before the parties to be married have been published according to law."

At any rate, with the coming of the provincial charter the strictness of the colonial period was relaxed. To be sure, the statute of 1695 made the provisions for publication and consent more specific. No magistrate or minister was allowed to celebrate "marriage without Certificate produced under the Hand of the Clerk of the several Towns where the parties respectively dwell, that the Names and Intentions of the said Par-

ties have been entered with him fifteen Days before Hand ; and that due Publication . . . has been made . . . Nor without evident Signification that the Parents of such Persons, or others whose immediate Care or Government they are under, are knowing of, and consenting to such Marriage." But the penalty for infringement of this law was not nullity of the marriage, but a fine of fifty pounds upon the minister or magistrate concerned. This was substantially the law in Massachusetts till 1787 ; and Chief Justice Parsons ruled, in interpreting it, that "when a justice or minister shall solemnize a marriage, . . . although without publication of the banns of marriage and without the consent of the parents or guardians, such marriage would be unquestionably lawful, although the officer would incur a penalty of fifty pounds for a breach of his duty." The example of Massachusetts was followed by the rest of New England. More definite provisions were made for the publication of banns, and for the consent of parents or guardians ; but a fine was made the sole penalty of their infringement. The same could be said of the registration of marriage, provision for which was early made throughout New England.

But in most, if not in all, of New England, the interposition of a minister or magistrate continued to be indispensable in law to constitute the marriage state. The Massachusetts Act of 1695, above mentioned, provided that "no Person other than a Justice of the Peace, and that within his own county only, or ordained minister, and that only in the Town where he is settled in the Work of the Ministry, shall or may presume to join any Persons together in Marriage." This statute continued in force till 1786, and Chief Justice Parsons said of it: "The statute would be substantially conformed to, if the parties were to make the mutual engagement in the presence of the justice or minister, with his assent, he undertaking to act on that occasion in his official character. But without such assent and undertaking . . . the marriage, I am well satisfied, will not be solemnized pursuant to, nor be a lawful marriage within, the statute." As regards Connecticut, Swift's System of Laws, published in 1795, after reciting that only ministers and magistrates are empowered to solemnize marriage, states: "An erroneous opinion has prevailed that any person not a minister or justice of the peace may join persons in marriage, but this opinion is clearly against law." Hence, during the eighteenth century, at least, by the prevailing law of New England the state of matrimony could not be constituted without the intervention of a minister of the gospel, or of a civil magistrate.

In the Southern colonies, also, the early marriage laws were equally strict, although they grew out of a state of society very different from that of New England. The first settlers of Virginia were described by Captain John Smith, one of their number, as "poor gentlemen, tradesmen, servingmen, and libertines." Certain it is that the best of them were adventurers in quest of gold, and most of them were reckless characters just returned from the Spanish wars. Unlike the Pilgrims, they were not troubled by questions of conscience, nor were they reluctantly leaving their country for the sake of religious freedom. Yet some of them were good Churchmen, and their charter provided for the establishment of the English Church. They brought with them an Episcopal clergyman, and Episcopacy was early established and constantly fostered. Of course the celebration of marriage according to that ritual was, as far as practicable, adopted in Virginia. As in England, the presence of a clergyman episcopally ordained was indispensable. A colonial law of 1661–2 provided "that noe marriage be solemnized nor reputed valid

in law but such as is made by the ministers according to the laws of England." Indeed, for nearly two hundred years after Virginia was settled, neither layman nor dissenting minister could legally celebrate marriage. Society in the colony was a reproduction on a small scale of that in the mother country; and persecution of papists and of dissenters in the latter was imitated in the former. The Established Church had the unqualified and constant support of the Virginian aristocracy; and in 1699, according to Lodge, "three or four Presbyterian meeting-houses and a Quaker conventicle were the only places of worship outside the pale of the Church." But soon thereafter the number of dissenters rapidly increased, and at the beginning of the Revolution they seem to have composed half of the population. In consequence, the intolerant spirit declined, the Establishment lost ground, and in the struggle for independence it was overthrown.

Corresponding to this revolution in the State and the Church, there was an important development in the celebration of marriage. Presuming upon the spread of tolerance, already dissenting ministers had joined persons in marriage; and in 1780 and 1784, acts were passed confirming such unions, and providing that it should be "lawful for any ordained minister of the gospel . . . to celebrate the rites of matrimony according to the forms and customs of the church to which he belongs . . . provided such minister produces credentials of ordination, and of his being in regular communion with the Christian society of which he is reputed a member, to the county court of the county or borough where he resides, shall take the oath of allegiance to this commonwealth, and give bond with two or more sureties in the sum of five hundred pounds for the true and legal performance of his trust."

But even then the number of ministers in the remote sections of Virginia was so small that there arose at once the necessity of the next step in the development of the law, namely, the giving to laymen the power to celebrate marriage. By the Act of 1783, the courts in the remote counties were "empowered to nominate as many sober and discreet laymen as will supply the deficiency; and each of the persons so nominated, upon taking the oath of allegiance to this State, shall receive a license to celebrate the rites of matrimony according to the forms and customs of the church of which he is reputed a member . . . within the said county." In 1794, and repeatedly till 1806, this provision was extended to other counties, the further requirement being made that each layman thus nominated should give bond in the sum of fifteen hundred dollars for the faithful performance of his trust. Thus, toward the close of the eighteenth century, Virginia reached a point in the development of our subject attained by New England fully a hundred years before; namely, that for the legal constitution of matrimony, the interposition of a minister duly ordained, or of a layman specially qualified, was indispensable.

Of course, there were differences of detail, between the two sections, that were not essential. For example, as regards the civil celebration, in New England it was incidental to the office of a regular magistrate, and no religious ceremony was either prescribed or customary; but in Virginia, it was the duty of an officer not invested otherwise with magisterial powers, and he was licensed "to celebrate the rites of matrimony according to the forms and customs of the church of which he is reputed a member." So as regards the religious celebration, the simple customs prevalent in New England were in contrast with the elaborate ritual adopted in Virginia. A Virginia law of 1631 provided that "no mynister shall celebrate matrimony betweene any persons without a facultie

or lycense granted by the Governor, except the baynes of matrimony have beene first published three severall Sundays or holydays in the time of devyne service in the parish churches where the sayd persons dwell accordinge to the booke of common prayer, neither . . . at any unseasonable tymes, but only betweene the howers of eight and twelve in the forenoone, nor, when banes are thrice asked . . . before the parents or guardians of the parties to be married beinge under the age of twenty and one years, shall either personally, or by sufficient testimony signifie unto him their consents given to the said marriage." The same law directed that in each parish church a record of all marriages should be kept by the minister, that a return thereof should be made by the clerk to the county court, and that "marriages shall be done in the church except in cases of necessitie."

This was substantially the system then in force in England, and, as a vital part of the Establishment, it was fostered in the colony as long as Episcopacy retained supremacy. Modifications were allowed only so far as seemed necessary to its maintenance. For example, in 1646, ministers transgressing its provisions were punished with a fine of a thousand pounds of tobacco; and in 1661, because of the difficulty of publishing banns from the scarcity of ministers, and of the consequent need of greater facility of obtaining license, power was given the county court, in place of the governor, to issue license to those who gave bond that there was no legal obstacle to their union. Even when, a century later, as stated above, through the same scarcity of clergymen and the growth of tolerance, dissenting ministers and laymen obtained the power of celebrating marriage, there were still required in all cases the publication of banns or the procuring of license, and the performance of religious rites.

But in the more Southern colonies, the Carolinas and Georgia, Episcopacy never obtained so firm a hold. The charter of the Carolinas, granted in 1669 to the Earl of Clarendon, the Duke of Albemarle, and others, did indeed, like the Virginia charter, provide for the establishment of the English Church. But it was long before Episcopal clergymen came, and not till 1681 that an Episcopal church was built in South Carolina, and that only by private gifts. On the other hand, the charter, unlike that of Virginia, guaranteed religious freedom; and this, with the liberal policy adopted, attracted large numbers of dissenters, including French Huguenots, German Protestants, and Massachusetts Independents. These colonists formed the substantial and major part of the population. They stoutly resisted taxation for Church support, and hence the Establishment was for a long time such only in name. But about the beginning of the eighteenth century, a small company of corrupt officials, supported by the Proprietors and by a faction of High-Churchmen, having secured the passage of a law excluding from the South Carolina Assembly all who dissented from the Church of England, proceeded to enact what is called the Church Act of 1704, establishing a complete parochial system of church government, and forbidding magistrates, under penalty, to celebrate marriage. Although the Church Act was soon repealed, Episcopacy continued till the Revolution nominally to be acknowledged and established.

Thus the marriage law of the Carolinas was at first in conformity with that of England; but the growing strength of dissenters and the scarcity of Episcopal clergymen caused, as it did in Virginia, the introduction of the civil celebration of marriage. Colonel Byrd, writing about 1728, says that in North Carolina, "for want of men in holy orders, justices of the peace and members of the council were empowered to cele-

brate marriage." In the same colony the Act of 1741 provided "that every clergyman of the Church of England, and for want of such any lawful magistrate," could perform the marriage ceremony, but not "without license first had . . . or thrice publication of banns, as prescribed by the rubrick in the book of common prayer." The magistrate who, in a parish where a minister resided, united persons in marriage without first getting leave of such minister was liable to a fine of five hundred pounds.

This step no doubt opened the way to the policy of toleration which marked the succeeding laws. In 1766, from among the dissenters, Presbyterian ministers, "regularly called," were singled out, and permitted to solemnize marriage, "in their usual and accustomed manner, under the same regulations and restrictions as any lawful magistrate;" but marriage celebrated by such ministers, without license, were expressly declared "illegal and void." In 1778, in the midst of the Revolution, the Establishment having ceased to exist, the law was brought to a state consistent both with the early charter and with the spirit of the time. "Whereas it is absolutely necessary," the act reads, "that rules should be observed concerning the rites of matrimony. . . . All regular ministers of the gospel, of every denomination, having the care of souls, and all justices of the peace in this State, are hereby authorized and empowered to solemnize the rites of matrimony, according to the rites and ceremonies of their respective churches." But the minister or justice was forbidden, upon penalty, to marry persons until, as in the Virginia Act of 1661, they produced either a certificate of the due publication of banns, or a license from the county court.

Society and law in the colony of Georgia were much as they were in the Carolinas. In Georgia, also, the Church of England was established. But the charter granted to James Oglethorpe and his associates guaranteed liberty of conscience to all except papists, and the spirit exhibited in ecclesiastical legislation was one of toleration. Hence a considerable Puritan element was drawn to the colony. As in the neighboring colonies, the Establishment ceased to exist during the Revolution, and some legislation regarding marriage laws ensued. In 1785, "all justices of the peace duly qualified, ministers or preachers of the gospel in this State regularly ordained," were authorized to solemnize nuptials, "after public notice of eight days being given, or by license of his honor the governor, or register of probates."

But in Maryland alone of the Southern colonies was there complete religious toleration at the beginning. Her charter, like those of her Southern neighbors, provided for the establishment of the Church of England; but the circumstances of settlement and of development made an establishment impossible. In the expedition to Maryland, in 1633, Lord Baltimore described his followers as "his two brothers, with very nearly twenty other gentlemen of very good fashion, and three hundred laboring-men." The greater part of the laborers were Protestants; but the Proprietary and the other gentlemen were Catholics, and the policy of complete toleration was the only one that could assure them the enjoyment of their own faith. Accordingly, in spite of the charter, such a policy was instituted. As a result, Maryland became a refuge for the persecuted of all nations. Puritans came in large numbers from Virginia and elsewhere. They soon gained control, and in 1649 the Catholics found it necessary to obtain the Toleration Act, — virtually an agreement by the Council and the Assembly not to persecute Catholics. Indeed, as the Puritans increased in numbers, the early history of Maryland became chiefly a record of efforts by the Catholics and Quakers to maintain the

enjoyment of their worship, and to uphold religious toleration. In the main they succeeded, and this fact is abundantly evidenced by the liberality of the early marriage laws. By the Maryland Act of 1658, it was enacted "that all persons who shall desire Marriage have liberty to apply themselves either to a Magistrate or Minister for the contracting thereof;" and these words were repeated in the Act of 1676, except that for "magistrate or minister" were substituted "priest, minister, pastor, or magistrate," clearly expressing the broad intent of the law. But from this time there was a struggle for supremacy between Episcopacy on the one hand and Catholicism and Quakerism on the other; and the success of the former at the close of the seventeenth century was the beginning of a radical and permanent change in the law, — a change that is unique in colonial history. It was that the civil celebration of marriage inaugurated by the Catholic founders was abolished, and the religious celebration alone maintained. At first, it applied only to members of the Church of England. The Act of 1717 provided that all such persons "who desire marriage shall apply themselves to a minister for the contracting thereof, and shall cause due publication to be made according to the rubric of the Church of England." But during the Revolution the change was made for all. According to the Act of 1777, "The rites of marriage between any white persons, subjects or inhabitants of this State, shall not be celebrated by any person within this State, unless by ministers of the Church of England, ministers dissenting from that Church, or Romish priests, appointed or ordained to the rites and ceremonies of their respective churches, or in such manner as hath been heretofore used and practiced in this State by the society of people called Quakers." Such is the law in Maryland to-day, this statute having been incorporated in the Maryland code.

The provisions regarding the publication of banns and the obtaining of license were much like those in neighboring colonies, and severe penalties were imposed for their infringement. But neither banns nor license, it seems, were essential to the constitution of matrimony. The thing always indispensable was the interposition at first of a minister or magistrate, and later of the minister alone. Upon this point the Southern colonies were one with New England. Persons could not marry themselves. The Maryland Act of 1662 "enacted that all contracts or promises of marriage not made before some minister, pastor, or magistrate, with two sufficient witnesses, shall be and are hereby declared null and void." So, fourteen years later, we find a statute substantially the same, except that the number of witnesses was increased to five; and in 1777 marriages were "not to be celebrated by any person . . . unless by ministers." The same conclusion is to be drawn from the Virginia Act of 1661, above recited, and from the legislation of the more Southern colonies. In all these colonies, prior to the Revolution, Episcopacy was supported by the government, and was largely concerned in politics. So in New England, for the first fifty years at least, Independency controlled the State. In both denominations, the celebration of marriage was of fundamental concern. The essentials to its validity and the means of its protection were clearly defined and constantly set forth. The principle and the practice of the Church suggested and moulded the law of the land; and neither Episcopacy nor Independency ever taught that persons could marry themselves merely by the private interchange of words of present consent.

In the middle colonies, no one form of religious belief predominated. They being neutral ground between New England and the South, intolerance was avoided both from Independency on the

one side, and from Episcopacy on the other. Religious toleration, in Maryland adopted from expediency and sustained with difficulty, was in Pennsylvania proclaimed from principle and maintained without opposition. Promising full liberty of conscience to all, William Penn attracted to his domain Quakers, Catholics, Lutherans, Presbyterians, Baptists, Anabaptists, Moravians, Palatines, Ridge-Hermits, Dunkards, Mennonists, and Pietists. The religious system of Pennsylvania was peculiar to that province. A century later, receiving the sanction of the convention of 1789, it became, and it is today, the policy of the United States.

Of course, in conformity with that system, in Pennsylvania marriages were recognized as valid in law which were solemnized in any religious society whatsoever. But while the Quakers were charitable and tolerant toward all, their early marriage laws were detailed and strict. In the scheme of government and laws for the province of Pennsylvania, drawn up in 1681, before leaving England, Penn and his associates agreed "that all marriages (not forbidden by the law of God . . .) shall be encouraged; but the parents or guardians shall be first consulted, and the marriage shall be published before it be solemnized, and it shall be solemnized by taking one another as husband and wife, before creditable witnesses, and a certificate of the whole, under the hands of the parties and witnesses, shall be brought to the proper register of that county, and shall be registered in his office." Soon after their arrival in the province, these principles were enacted in the law of 1683, — a law which was thought so important that it was made "fundamental in the government of this province," and was not to be changed without the consent of the governor and of six sevenths of the freemen. The purpose of this law was "to prevent clandestine, loose, and unseemly proceedings in this province and territories thereof, about marriage." The parties were required to affix "their intentions of marriage on the court or meeting-house door of the county wherein they dwell, one month before the solemnizing thereof," and to prove their "clearness of all other engagements" by a certificate from some creditable persons. At the ceremony itself twelve witnesses were necessary. Later statutes required that one of these witnesses should be a justice of the peace; that the certificate should be presented to the religious society to which the parties belonged, or to some justice of the peace in the county in which they lived; and that also the publications should be subscribed by a magistrate of the same description. In 1730, the justice was forbidden to make such subscription, where the parties were minors, unless he received a certificate of consent from the legal guardians. These acts did not apply to persons — Episcopalians or others — who were married in the religious society to which they belonged, and according to its forms. Such, it seems, continued to be the law of Pennsylvania till the close of the eighteenth century, and it was substantially the system set forth by William Penn in 1681. Some ceremony, either in face of the church or in presence of witnesses and a justice, was indispensable; and persons could not marry themselves in Pennsylvania any more than in Massachusetts or Virginia.

Much more was this the case in New Jersey, where, as compared with Pennsylvania, society was simple and homogeneous, and the law of the family was established after Puritan models. The Quakers did indeed settle West New Jersey and portions of East New Jersey; but New England Congregationalists and Scotch Presbyterians, especially the former, closely followed the Quakers, soon surpassed them in numbers, and were the more influential in establishing society. Religious toleration was assured

in the instrument of government called the Concessions, issued in 1664 by the Proprietors, Lord Berkeley and Sir George Carteret, for their newly acquired grant, New Jersey; and by the law of 1668 there was instituted a form of celebrating marriage consistent with the Concessions and with Independent principles: "None but some approved minister, or justice of the peace within this province, or some chief officer, where such are not, shall be allowed to marry, or admit of any to join in matrimony in their presence." The parties to be married were required first to obtain the consent of their parents or guardians, and to have their intentions thrice proclaimed in church, or posted for fourteen days in some public place. This, it seems, remained the law for about fifteen years, and was, no doubt, satisfactory to the Puritan majority among the colonists.

In 1682, however, that part of the province called East New Jersey came by purchase into the possession of William Penn and other Quakers. They associated themselves together as the twenty-four Proprietors. They appointed a Quaker governor, and in other respects showed favoritism to their sect, although it comprised but a small minority of the inhabitants. "The fundamental constitutions" of these Proprietors contained a provision on the celebration of marriage similar to that made by Penn and his associates, about the same time, for Pennsylvania. But in a subsequent statute there seems to have been a compromise between the Quaker and the Puritan practice, that left out the very feature in each which was most desirable. For the parties were to take each other as husband and wife, but not "before creditable witnesses;" while, on the other hand, this solemnization was to be "by or before some justice of the peace, or other magistrate within the province, unless the justice of the peace or magistrate refuse to be present." If, then, the justice or magistrate refused to be present, it would appear that the parties could marry themselves.

West New Jersey also came into the hands of the Quakers, but with less disturbance of the laws. A statute of 1682 provided that "justices of the peace have power, and are hereby authorized within their jurisdiction to solemnize marriage." But after a period of mismanagement by the Proprietors, New Jersey was, toward the close of the seventeenth century, surrendered to the Crown, and was consolidated with New York into one royal province. The Church of England was thereupon established; but as the Episcopalians were a small minority of the population, and had but little zeal, the Establishment remained barely more than nominal. The liberal policy formerly followed toward religion was, after a short time, resumed. For, in 1718, it was made lawful for "any religious society in the province to join together in the holy bonds of matrimony such persons as are of the said society, according to the rules and customs of the society," provided the consent of legal guardians was obtained in writing. There appears to have been no further change till the close of the century. In 1795, a law directed that "every justice of the peace of this State, and every stated and ordained minister of the gospel, shall be and hereby is authorized and empowered to solemnize marriages." The justice or minister was also required to record the marriage, and to transmit a certificate thereof within six months to the county court. Thus, in the course of a hundred years, New Jersey had put aside the loose laws introduced by the Quaker Proprietors, and had gone back to her earliest colonial law, — that of 1668. Her law of the celebration of marriage was again, it seems, substantially in accord with that of New England.

In New York the conditions of settlement and of early development were

remarkable in colonial history. In most of the colonies the settlers were wholly or mainly Englishmen, and society was modeled after English customs and laws. But in the New Netherlands the earliest settlers were Dutch, and the institutions and laws were of Dutch origin. The celebration of marriage was therefore governed by the Roman Dutch law and by colonial ordinances; and from both it is clear that to constitute matrimony there was required the proclamation of banns or the procuring of a license, as well as the interposition of a minister. Such was the law during the half century of Dutch rule. But in 1664 the New Netherlands passed under the control of the English, and in the patent from Charles II. to the Duke of York, he was directed to establish laws and government "not contrary to, but as near as conveniently may be agreeable to, the laws, statutes, and government of this our realm of England." Accordingly, after an examination of the New England laws, a code was adopted called the Duke's Laws, which contained ample provision for the celebration of marriage. After reciting that in England a marriage could not be lawfully celebrated "without a minister whose office it is to join the parties in Matrimony after the Banes thrice published in the Church, or a Lycence first had and obtained from some person thereunto authorized, all which formality cannot be duly practiced in these parts," the act continues: "Yet to the end that a decent rule may be observed it is Ordained that from henceforth the names and surnames of each party who sue for marriage shall be publiquely read in their Parish Church or place of usual meeting, where they both then inhabit three several Lord's days successively. And where no Church or meeting place shall happen to be, a publication in writing shall be first fourteen days before Marriage upon three doors of each parish whereof the parties Inhabit. . . . Unless they produce a lycence from the Governour, in both which cases, and not otherwise, it shall be lawful for any minister or for any Justice of the Peace to join the parties in Marriage, Provided that the said Partys do purge themselves by Oath before the Minister or Justice that they are not under the bonds of Matrimony to any other person." That the statute is mandatory, rather than directory, is seen from the penalty imposed "if any man shall presume to marry contrary to these Lawes prescribed."

The Duke's Laws thus followed the then existing law of England as far as was practicable; and superseding the pre-existing Dutch rules, it remained in force for the ensuing twenty years. It clearly made void a marriage celebrated without banns or license, or without a minister or magistrate. In 1681, steps were taken, with the concurrence of the Lord Proprietor, to secure a representative government, and in 1683 the first representative Assembly met in the city of New York. At its second session, in 1684, it passed the Bill concerning Marriages. This was, substantially, a re-enactment of the Duke's Laws of 1664, and seems not to have been repealed prior to the Revolution. In this view, the law of New York, at the latter part of the eighteenth century, was more strict than that of the other colonies, North Carolina excepted. For while, as we have seen, in the celebration of marriage there was required the presence, in Maryland, of a minister, and in the other colonies of a minister or magistrate, in New York, and in North Carolina, there was necessary, besides this, the publication of banns or the procuring of a license.

That such was the colonial law of New York has recently been advocated by some of our most eminent lawyers. In the celebrated Lauderdale Peerage case before the House of Lords, in 1885, the main question was as to the requi-

sites of a valid celebration of marriage in the colony of New York in 1772. Senator George F. Edmunds testified before the House of Lords that in his opinion the statute of 1684 was in force and governed the constitution of marriage in New York in 1772. To the same effect were the written opinions of James C. Carter and William M. Evarts, of New York. In the words of the latter, "The statute of Assembly in 1684 unquestionably was in force in 1772. The essentials of a valid marriage, according to the law of New York in 1772, were that the ceremony should be performed by a minister or a justice of the peace, and that such marriage could be lawfully performed only after the publication of the banns prescribed by the act of Assembly of 1684, or, in default of such publication of banns, by a license from the governor."

On the other hand, Lord Blackburn and his colleagues, in the case above named, ruled that neither the Duke's Laws nor the statute of 1684 was in force in 1772, but that the law of the colony was then substantially the same as "the marriage law of England, such as it was in the latter part of the seventeenth century." As we have seen, at that time in England, a marriage to be valid had to be celebrated in the presence of a clergyman in holy orders. Hence, though differing as to the requirement of banns or of license, both the English judges and the American experts above named were agreed that in 1772 marriage could not be validly constituted in New York merely by the private interchange of words of present consent. This "common law marriage," falsely so called, — the "free marriage" of the later Roman law, of the canon law, and of the Scotch law, — did not exist in New York (or, indeed, in any of the other colonies) prior to the Revolution. "I am not able to discover," says William M. Evarts, "that at any time . . . 'a common law' marriage . . . was recognized as valid either by law or custom within the province."

As we have seen, Independency caused the settlement, and became the ruling and shaping force, of New England. Moreover, such were its vigor and enterprise that it spread in numerous settlements over the Middle and Southern colonies, superseding or modifying local customs and laws. In the South it came in contact with Episcopacy, which, through the favor of the Crown, of Proprietors, and of royal governors, had been forced upon the people. Against the Church thus established the Puritans, together with the other dissenters, waged continual warfare, thus imitating in the colonies the contemporary Puritan movement in England; and such was the rapidity of their increase in numbers and in power that they gained an easy victory over Episcopacy, when through the Revolution the latter lost the Tory support. The Establishment was then overthrown, and a policy of religious toleration took its place. At the same time, and partly in consequence of these events, there were corresponding changes in the celebration of marriage. During the seventeenth and the eighteenth centuries, the colonial laws upon this subject went through a process of elimination of narrowness and intolerance, and of assimilation to a common type. This type was the optional civil celebration. To this form as a compromise the New England compulsory civil celebration gave way toward the close of the seventeenth century, and the Southern compulsory religious celebration during the eighteenth century; and, being a compromise, it naturally existed from the beginning in the Middle colonies, that neutral ground between the opposing forces of Independency and Episcopacy, — of Puritan and of Cavalier.

Thus, in the latter part of the eighteenth century, the optional civil celebration of marriage existed with substantial uniformity throughout the thir-

teen colonies, Maryland alone excepted. To constitute marriage, there was required the interposition in Maryland of a minister, and in the other colonies of a minister or magistrate. Incidental, but not generally essential, was a substantially uniform system of banns, license, parental consent, and registration. Throughout the colonies, the requisites of a valid celebration were regulated by statutes which radically modified the English common law; and what Justice Gray said of Massachusetts is applicable to all the colonies: "The canon law was never adopted; and it was never received here as common law that parties could by their own contract, without the presence of an officiating clergyman or magistrate, take each other as husband and wife, and so marry themselves."

Frank Gaylord Cook.

VIRGINIA'S WOOING.

You must know in the beginning that Virginia wore feathers. But she had as many trials with her suitors as though she dressed in silks, and she displayed so much of what we call "human nature" that her story is as interesting as that of half the Ethels and Marguerites of the romances.

She came of a good old family, the Cardinals, and, belonging to the Virginia branch, was called properly Virginia Cardinal, or, in scientific fashion, *Cardinalis Virginianus*. She was a beauty, too. It is well known that the cardinal himself has a full suit of the most brilliant red, but it is not so familiar a fact that the dames of the tribe are more modest, and wear the family colors simply as linings and in subdued tints: rich rose-colored wing-facings, light coral-hued beak, delicate pink crest, all toned down by the soft olive brown of breast and back, over which is everywhere a lovely suggestion of red.

The home of Virginia, when she came to the bird-room, was a large cage by the window; that of the cardinal being next to it, equally commodious, but a little farther from the light. This personage, her first admirer, made the mistake that larger suitors sometimes fall into, with equally disastrous results, — he "took things for granted." Between the cages was a door, but, to try the temper of the birds, it was at first closed. The cardinal was evidently pleased with his lovely neighbor; he went as near to her as he could get, and uttered some low remarks, to which she listened, but did not reply. Later, when a meal-worm was given to him, he did not eat it, but held it in his beak, hopped over to her side, tried to get through the wires, and plainly thought of offering it to her. His disposition appearing so friendly, a human hand interposed, and opened the door. Instantly he went into her cage, and apparently thinking better of the intended offering he ate it himself, and proceeded to investigate her food-dishes and try the seed, then hopped back and forth between the two cages, and at last selected the perch he preferred, and took possession. He paid no attention to her in the way of recognizing her ownership, which he would naturally do to another bird; he assumed that whatever belonged to the cardinal family belonged to him; perhaps he even thought she went with the house, — it certainly looked as though he did.

But the little dame had a mind of her own. On his first intrusion, she vacated her home, and passed into his. When he appeared in his cage, she quietly hopped back; on his return, she changed

cages with equal alacrity; when he settled himself on her perch, she was quite contented on his. There was no dispute, no warfare; she simply said, in manner, "All right, my friend; select your abode, and I 'll take the other. I 'm satisfied with either, but I intend to have it to myself." After awhile it seemed to strike his lordship that she avoided him, and he resolved to settle that matter; here making his second mistake, in trying to force instead of to win. He entered the cage where she sat quietly, and flew at her. She dodged him, and took refuge in the other apartment; he followed; and thus they rushed back and forth several times, till she stopped for breath on a lower perch, while he was on an upper one in the same cage. Then he leaned far over and fixed his eyes on her, crest raised to its greatest height, wings held slightly out, and addressed her in a very low but distinct song, which resembled the syllables "Cur-dle-e! cur-dle-e! cr-r-r;" the latter sounding almost like a cat's purr. After singing this several times, and being slighted by her leaving the cage, he laid his crest flat down, muttered something so low that it could not be noted, and looked very much put out. Soon, however, he shook his feathers violently, flung himself at her, and she dodged, as before. When both happened to be for a moment in their own cages, the door was suddenly closed between, and each had his own, as at first. Madam was delighted, but the cardinal resented it; he tried to remove the obnoxious barrier, pecked at it, shook it, and could not be reconciled. He grew hungry, and was obliged to eat, but between every two seeds he returned to struggle with the bars that kept him from her. Meanwhile, Virginia had apparently forgotten all about him, eating and making her toilet for the night, as cheerful as usual.

The next morning, the outside doors of the two cages were opened, and both birds at once came out into the room. The cardinal, not yet over his tiff of the evening before, took wing for the trees outside the windows, and brought up, of course, against the glass. He was greatly disappointed. He alighted on top of the lower sash, tested, examined, and tried to solve the mystery. Virginia, too, tried to go through the pane, but learned in one lesson that it was useless. She did not care much about it any way, for she was perfectly contented inside. She went around the room, hovering slowly under the ceiling, which is always of interest to birds, and then set herself to work, in a most systematic manner, to find out all about the new world she was in. She examined the outside perches and tried each one; she explored the bathing table, flirted out a little water from the dishes, and at last thought it time to make acquaintance with her neighbors.

She began with the robin, and flew to his roof. The robin was not pleased, snapped at her, opened his mouth, uttered a queer low robin-cry, "Seep," and pecked at her feet, while she stood quietly looking down at the show from above, as much interested as though it were arranged to amuse her. At length she proceeded to make the more formal visit. She dropped to the door-perch, and approached the entrance. The inhospitable owner met her there; not to welcome and invite her in, but to warn her out! He lowered his head, opened his beak, and bowed to her, looking very wicked indeed. It was plain that he was "not receiving" that morning. But Virginia had come to call, and call she would. Nothing daunted by his coolness, she hopped in. The robin was amazed; then declared war in his peculiar way, — first a hop of six inches, with wings spread, then a savage clatter of the bill. His guest met this demonstration quite calmly. She lowered her head, to defend herself if necessary, but made no other movement. Her calmness filled

the robin with horror; he fled the cage. Then she went all over it, and satisfied herself that it was much like her own, only the food-dish was filled with some uneatable black stuff, instead of the vegetarian food she preferred. She soon departed.

Meanwhile, the cardinal was wasting his time over the window problem, touching the glass with his beak, flying up a few inches before it, gently tapping the pane as he went. It was two or three days before he made up his mind he could not get through. After that he was as indifferent to the outside as any bird in the room, and turned his attention once more to Virginia. Whenever they were in their cages, with the door open between, he assumed the lord-and-mastership of the two: he drove her away from her own food-cups, usurped her perch and her cage, and made himself disagreeable generally. Finally, one day when she was sitting quietly on the upper perch of his deserted cage, he came into the same cage, and, resting on the low perch close to the door, his tail hanging outside, began a low call, a curious sort of "e-up," with a jerk on the second syllable. Though a common enough sound for a cardinal, this plainly meant more than was apparent to human spectators. Virginia at once grew uneasy, hopped across the upper perches, and when her nervousness became too great dashed down past him, though he was partly in the doorway, and into her own cage, where she resumed her restless jumps. He was not pleased with her reception of his attentions; he sat a long time in that attitude, perfectly still, perhaps meditating what step he should take next, glancing at her meanwhile over his shoulder, but not stirring a feather. Time passed, and he came to a decision of some sort, which was shown by a change of position. He turned around, and took nis seat on the corresponding perch in her cage, just before the door. This impressed Virginia; she stopped her hopping, and looked over at him with an air of wondering what he would do next. What he did was to hop one step nearer, to the middle perch. Upon this she abandoned her place, came to the floor, and began to eat in the most indifferent manner; then passed into his cage, then back to the floor of her own, still eating, while he sat silent and motionless on the middle perch, evidently much disturbed by her conduct. After an hour of this performance, he retired to her upper perch, and stayed there.

The same day, the jealousy of the unsuccessful wooer was aroused by a fine, fresh-looking cardinal whom he saw in the looking-glass. In flying past it he caught a glimpse of his reflection, and at once turned, alighted before it, and began calling vehemently; holding out and quivering his wings, and flying up against the figure again and again in the most savage way. The next day he began to mope, and refused to come out of the cage; whether because of illness, or disappointed affections, who shall say?

The time of her tormentor's retirement was one of great happiness to Virginia. She paid her usual visit to the robin, and he, as at first, vacated his cage, this having become the regular morning programme. Now, too, she went on to extend her acquaintance by entering the cage of another neighbor, a scarlet tanager, a shy, unobtrusive fellow, who asked nothing but to be let alone. This bird also did not reciprocate her neighborly sentiments; he met her with open beak, but finding that did not awe her, nor prevent her calmly walking in, he hastily left the cage himself. During the time that her persecutor was sulking, and not likely to bother, she had leisure for the bath, which she enjoyed freely, coming out with her long breast feathers hanging in locks, and looking like a bundle of rags. Her last experimental call was now made upon another household, the Baltimore orioles,

and there she met with something new, — perfect indifference. Even when both of the birds were at home, they did not resent her coming in. She went to the upper perch with them; the cage was big, there was plenty of room, and they were willing. Their manners, in fact, were so agreeable that if their cups had been supplied with seed, I think she would have taken up her abode with them; as it was, she frequently spent half an hour at a time there. On this eventful day Virginia began to sing, for in her family the musical performances are not confined to the males.

After several days of retirement, the cardinal plucked up spirit to resume his annoyance of Virginia, and for a few nights a queer sort of game was played by the two, explain it who can. If the barrier between the cages was removed after the outside doors were shut for the night, he at once went to her cage and to the middle perch. Virginia, on the upper perch, waited till he reached that spot, then dropped to the floor, slipped through the door into his cage, and went to the upper perches there, where she hopped back and forth, while he did the same in her cage. Suddenly, after a few moments, down he came again through the door to his own middle perch, when instantly, as before, she retreated into her cage. Thus they went on an hour at a time; he apparently following her from one cage to another, and she declining to occupy the same apartment with him. Occasionally it was not so calm; he lost his temper, or grew tired of trying to please; once or twice, without warning, he lowered his head, looked ugly, and fairly burst into her cage and flung himself at her. She dived under or bounded over a perch, any way to escape him, and took refuge in the other cage.

This could not go on long; the cardinal lost interest in everything, took to moping, and at last died, — disappointed affection, shall we say, or what? Virginia was relieved; she sang more and in a louder tone, hopping around her cage with a seed in her mouth, flying through the room, or splashing in the bath; in fact, she was bubbling over with song all the time, as if she were so happy she could not keep still. She paid her daily visits to the cages, forcing the robin to take an outing, which he did not care to do while moulting and not very sure of his powers.

Many birds show emotions by raising the feathers on different parts of the body, but this bird was remarkable in the expression of her crest alone. When she peeped into a strange cage, and was somewhat uncertain of her reception, the crest laid flat down, her very head seemed to shrink; she stepped in at the door, excited, for it might be peace and it might be war; the feathers rose and fell alternately; if suddenly startled, the crest sprang to its highest point; and when singing, or passing peacefully about the room, it dropped carelessly back on her head.

Virginia was allowed a week's solitary enjoyment of the two cages, and then one day a new tenant appeared in the cardinal's quarters. She was out in the room when he arrived, but she instantly came over and alighted on his roof, to have a look at him. Most expressive was her manner. She stood in silence and gazed upon him a long time; all her liveliness and gayety were gone, and she appeared to be struck dumb by this new complication of her affairs. It was plain that she was not pleased. Perhaps her dislike was evident to the new bird, for suddenly he flew up and snapped at her, which so surprised her that she hopped a foot into the air. When the time came to open the door into her cage, the stranger was delighted to go in, but Virginia dodged him, exactly as she had done his predecessor. He did not lose his temper, and condescend to the vulgarity of flying at her, as the first admirer had done. He looked

interested to see that she avoided him, but after all he did not take it much to heart. This cardinal, like the other, was not yet acclimated — if one may call it so — to life in a house, and after a week he also took his departure.

Now Virginia, free again, became at once very gay. She sang all the time; she kept the robin stirring; she bathed; she waxed fat. But her time was approaching. Spring came on, and with the first warm weather the birds began to disappear from the room. First the tanager expressed a desire to mingle with society once more, and went his way; then the orioles were sent to carry on their rough wooing in the big world outside; the robin followed; and at last Virginia was left with several big empty cages and only two birds, a reserved and solitude loving Mexican clarin, and a saucy goldfinch, so long a captive that he had no desire for freedom. Now for the first time Virginia was lonely; the strange quiet of the once lively room worked upon her temper. She snapped at her little neighbor; she haunted the window-sill, and gazed out; while nothing hindered her passage excepting the weather, our climate being rather cool for her.

At last July, with its great heat, arrived, and the restless bird was carried by a kind friend, who offered to do this good deed, to a place in Central Park, New York, where a small colony of her kind have established themselves, and build and nest every year. Here she was set free, and here she met her third suitor. The place and the season were propitious, and Virginia was ready to look with favor on a smart young cardinal in the brightest of coats, who came in response to her calls the moment she found herself on a tree, really out in the world. A little coaxing, a few tender words, and she flew away with him, and we saw her no more.

Olive Thorne Miller.

THE DESPOT OF BROOMSEDGE COVE.

V.

Marcella was spinning on the porch, when Teck Jepson and her father came across the open field toward the cabin, — spinning at the little flax-wheel, as she sat in a low chair, her foot on the treadle. The jack-bean vines that hung above her head blossomed lilac and white; the amethystine mountain looming behind the gray roof had turned a darksome purple; the blue and curling smoke that issued from the stick-and-clay chimney made spiral progress up and up the slope. The zenith was a lustreless golden hue, and the west was crimson and burned with a passion of color, and the evening star was kindling. The daylight lingered, nevertheless, for it shone upon the flax; and as the girl drew out the long fine fibre, it glistered yellow, while the wheel whirled, and she seemed to be spinning sunbeams. Her face was serene, though unsmiling, and she sat silent, while the swift wheel whirred and whirred, and a katydid clamored in the gourd-vines hard by. Amidst their luxuriant tangles a firefly sent forth a fluctuating gleam.

It was some moments before Jepson noted Andy Longwood, the "frequent visitor," sitting on the steps of the porch, or heeded the high, chirping voice of the callow Isabel, who evidently carried on most of the conversation. The young fellow's fair hair floated down upon his shoulders in loose ringlets, as he leaned back among the gourd-vines. He had a

pensive brow, a long, curling dark lash, a large and tranquil eye.

"Dad-burned purty little Woolly, I 'll swear," Teck Jepson commented to himself, while courteously saluting Eli Strobe's mother, who had instantly come to the door to receive him, and had sat down in a chair in the porch, folding her knotted hands peacefully in her lap. She was a thin, active, wizened little woman, considerably below the average height, and there were some sharp suggestions of mental agility, as well as physical, in her quick dark eyes. Her feet did not quite touch the floor, and as she stayed them on a rung of the chair she seemed rather mounted or perched than seated, and the instability of her position accented her tiny proportions. Her tall, burly, and deliberate son bore no trace of likeness to her, and she often observed, with the manner of discarding all responsibility for him, that he was "his dad over agin." This "dad" of his had evidently not been an ornament to his sphere, and if he had met joy in his future estate it was well, since he had left peace behind him. For thirty years his relict had worn that peculiar freshened, released aspect common to many widows, and it was in Eli's most stubborn moods that she usually felt called upon to remark the filial resemblance.

Teck Jepson strode up the steps, including the two girls in the cursory glance which he bestowed upon the rest of the party, and a succinct "Howdy." There was something always impressive in his height, his gait, and his imperious face, and Marcella was vaguely awed. Her hand trembled upon the thread she was spinning, and it broke beneath her touch. She did not have the voice, somehow, to join in the soberly piped "Howdy" with which Isabel returned the salutation. Jepson gave the "frequent visitor" no further notice, and he held himself sedulously aloof from the younger people, accepting a chair on the porch which Eli Strobe tendered him, and looking over their heads at the waning sunset-tide.

"Waal, Teck," Mrs. Strobe observed, after the greetings, "how d' ye like livin' up on the high mounting?"

She turned upon him her bright eyes, set very close together, like the small Isabel's, and her dry lips distended in a faint smile, and then became speciously grave, as if they meant to keep all the fun to themselves.

"It don't make no differ to me, Mis' Strobe," he answered, — his rich, melancholy voice seemed to constrain the air to silence, and caused a remark of the "frequent visitor" to halt upon his lips, as he looked up with mute, respectful curiosity at the new-comer. "Whar the sperit leads me I will foller."

Mrs. Strobe was too small to toss her head aggressively, but she had scant faith in any holiness save her own, and less patience with its assertion. And thus it was that she herself spoke now as one of the uncovenanted: —

"Ef I war you-uns, I 'd wisht the sperit hed better taste 'n ter lead me whar M'ria Bowles hed set up *her* staff. Ef the sperit could do no better leadin' 'n that fur *me*, I 'd jes' turn in an' blaze out my own road. Yes, sir."

She turned her head suddenly, and looked at him with incongruous daring, like a reckless wren.

"Need n't tell me nuthin' 'bout M'ria Bowles," she continued, taking her knitting out of her pocket, — "her ez war M'ria Price. I knowed that gal, — a hard, tantrum-y gal, with the kind o' good looks ez I hed ruther be ugly than hev hed."

She twisted the thread around her little finger to restrain its presumable impetuosity, and the needles began to twinkle as they moved. Then she proceeded, with triumphant disregard of logic: —

"I tried an' tried ter git suthin' out'n Eli 'bout'n her, arter he went a-visitin'

up in the mounting at Ben Bowles's house. But 'Yes 'm' an' 'Naw 'm' air all ez he hev got fur his mother nowadays, bein' ez I can't vote fur him. Eli air so 'feared he 'll git somebody set agin him 'fore the 'lection, by tellin' suthin' he said or did n't say, he air purty nigh mum! His tongue 'll limber out arter awhile, though, ye mark my words. Time the polls air closed he 'll know whether his soul 's his own or no."

Eli Strobe sat under this criticism with an impassiveness that could have been attained only by long practice. He gazed with somnolent, meditative eyes at the landscape, his broad-brimmed hat pulled over his brow, his elbow upon his crossed knee, his chin in his hand.

Marcella had flushed deeply. The spinning-wheel had ceased to whir. She looked up, her brown eyes alight, the broken thread in her hand.

"Ye mus' hev furgot, granny," she said, her voice trembling with the effort at self-repression into due respect; "dad tole ye a heap 'bout the folks on the mounting."

"Till we war both tired out'n with the name o' Bowles," put in the uncompromising Isabel.

"He tole ye Mis' Bowles war good-lookin' ez ever, an' her husband 'peared well-ter-do an' mighty tuk up with her," itemized Marcella; "an' he reckoned she treated her step-chillen well, — leastwise they war fat enough; an' she seemed — so ter say — ez happy ez she ever war, — some lonesome, mebbe, bein' on the mounting. He tole ye, an' he tole ye!"

"Yes, he tole ye!" said Isabel, with an unfilial flirt of her tousled hair.

"An' dad *ain't* holdin' his jaw fur fear o' settin' the voters catawampus." There were tears in the deep brightness of Marcella's eyes. "He *ain't* afeard o' not gittin' 'lected. *He* kin bide by the vote ez onconsarned ez ever. It 's jes' *me* an' *Is'bel* ez hev sot our hearts on his bein' lifted high, above *all* the people. *Dad ain't* 'feared."

"Naw, *dad ain't* 'feared o' nuthin'," declared Isabel, tossing her head, in the pride of "dad's" courage.

The little old woman glared down upon the youthful partisans of "dad" with an elaborate show of displeasure.

"Air Eli Strobe *yer* chile or mine?" she sourly demanded of the damsels.

This potent logic bereft them of all rejoinder.

"I *hev* 'lowed fur forty year an' better ez he war *my* chile," Mrs. Strobe continued, sarcastically. "Mebbe though I hev been mistaken."

But while she folded her arms in a pose of important dudgeon, letting her knitting rest idly on her lap, she glanced at Teck Jepson with a sort of internal chuckle, as if to call his attention to the crushed champions.

"Mos' folks would 'low ez I hed tuk toler'ble good keer o' him without enny holp from you-uns, an', bein' ez he hev throve toler'ble, it mought 'pear like I warn't likely ter do nuthin' ez would hurt him sure enough, or make him seem small ennywise. Eli Strobe hev made out ter git along fur a good many year 'thout you-uns ter take keer o' him, — 'fore Marcelly an' Is'bel war ever hearn tell on."

For the first time the bone of contention lifted his voice. Eli Strobe wished to prevent retort on the part of his defenders.

"Shet up, chil'n," he observed, in his calm, heavy tones. "Shet up. Ye talk like ye ain't got no sense."

"Sense!" cried the sharp little dame. "Sense don't run in the fambly, ez fur ez I know it."

She did not include herself among those thus deprived. She chose to consider her departed lord the head of the family, and herself as only an accidental interloper.

"Naw, sir," she observed, "Eli brung no news home. I never knowed a man

ez would. They gredge news to wimmin folks. But law," — she was knitting again with an appearance of great inattention to the industry, looking about casually over the whisking needles, — "the gals air nigh ez bad 'bout bringin' news home, ef not wuss. Ye see, Teck, I can't go 'bout much, bein' rheumatic. Ye mought 'low thar warn't enough o' me ter 'commodate much rheumatism, but I got more 'n I need. So the gals went ter the baptizin'. Sir, they hearn nare word o' the preachin', nare whisper o' the singin', salvation seemed afar off, an' the gran'jer o' this worl' war more ter them 'n the waters o' Jordan. Yes, sir! Answer me no questions could they, — no text, no psalm, could n't even tell what saints war 'tendin' on the baptizin', nor who war saved nor who war shoutin'. Fur they war all set ter wonder over a strange man they met a-kemin' home; special good-lookin', 'cordin' ter Marcelly."

"*Granny!*" cried the girl, starting up from her chair, overturning the spinning-wheel upon the surprised "Woolly."

"Hold yer jaw whilst yer elders speak!" exclaimed the imperative old woman. "Good-lookin', it seemed, till Marcelly could n't rest, but hard-hearted an' cruel-eyed, fur all he hed eyes blue an' deep ez a well, cordin' ter Marcelly; an' she b'lieved he hed no religion, though pious words war on his tongue! An' I hed that man fur breakfus', an' dinner, an' supper; an' when Marcelly war plumb beat out talkin' 'bout him, Is'bel tuk her turn."

"*Granny!*" faintly reiterated Marcella, crimson and faltering, and hardly heeding Andy Longwood at her feet, as he sought to lift the wheel to its place before her, and to disengage his elbow from the "spun-truck."

Isabel looked aghast from one to the other.

"Granny, it 's that same man!" she cried, with a facial contortion of great significance, but which her aged relative failed to interpret. Eli Strobe looked heavily on, a little doubtful, but unable to understand the commotion.

"I know it 's that same man I 'm a-talkin' 'bout," Mrs. Strobe observed with dignity. "Ye did n't know his name, nare one o' ye; his looks war enough fur ye an' Marcelly, special Marcelly. An' ez ter his hard heart, an' his cruel eyes, an' his bein' a hypocrite, it 's him ez hev got ter burn in Torment fur that, not Marcelly; so she rej'iced an' rej'iced in the handsome sinner, a-purtendin' ter despise him so!"

Isabel, less daunted by the situation than her sister, found strength to rise from the step where she sat near the "frequent visitor," and faced round upon her unconscious grandmother. She relied now upon nothing less pointed than her index-finger, and as she leveled it at Jepson she declared, —

"It 's *him*, granny, — him ez be a-settin' thar in the cheer!"

Mrs. Strobe's jaw dropped, as the realization of the social enormity of which she had been guilty was borne in upon her. She turned her faltering eyes upon Jepson, who sat beside her motionless. He was outwardly calm. His brow bore only a slight corrugation that could hardly be called a frown. His face was impassive; perhaps its imperious and lofty suggestions were accented by a touch of disdain, but in his eyes his anger burned. Mrs. Strobe realized now how deep they were, how blue, how full of fire, how alive with a tempestuous spirit. His long legs were stretched out before him; one hand was on his hip; his hat was pushed far from his brow, and he looked forth with sedulous unconcern at the mustering shadows. She remembered in dismay the opprobrious epithets, — cruel-eyed, hard-hearted, no religion, and Marcella, the candidate's daughter, despised him.

Now, for all that this old woman was so sharp of tongue, the good of her

household lay very near to her heart, and her deeds were widely at variance with her words. Moreover, her pride in her son was very great, and Eli himself was not a more watchful and cautious politician than she, when need arose. A breach of hospitality was not less abhorrent to her than an infringement of the ten commandments; but hard upon this came a poignant and politic monition for the interests of the impending election.

"Teck! Teck!" she cried, quaveringly, "'t warn't *ye* ez them two sillies met an' 'lowed war a strange man?"

"I tole ye, granny," declared the self-sufficient Isabel, buffeted by the storm of emotions the crisis had roused, but gallantly weathering it, — "I tole ye he 'lowed ez he did n't know me an' Marcelly, but he knowed dad, an' he war kin ter Ben Bowles. *Kin ter Bowles*, — I *said* it, an' I *said* it."

"Shet up! Who knows ye an' Marcelly, ennyhows? Marcelly hev shot up hyar like Jonah's gourd in a single night, — tall ez a bean-pole an' seventeen year old. I 'll be bound ennybody ez hed nothin' ter do but ter medjure Marcelly would find an inch lengthwise onter her fur every day she lives. *Who* knows ye an' Marcelly, ennyhows? Powerful fine folks ter know, I 'll be bound! Teck," — she turned suavely to the visitor, — "ye ain't tellin' me 't war *you-uns* sure enough, what I hev knowed sence ye war a-toddlin' roun' yer mam's knee — a mighty good 'oman she war, an' the end she made war a sampler to the saints, fur I war thar an' see her takin' off — bless the Lord fur the saints! — 't warn't *ye*, Teck, ez them gals war a-makin' sech a miration over, ez ef they hed fund a mare's nest?"

"Yes 'm," he assented in his melodious low tones, "'t war me."

She noted the heavy frown gathering in the shadow of Eli Strobe's big hat, drawn far over his brow. He cast a slow glance toward the group; then maintaining his mute, surly dignity, he gazed steadfastly forward at the glooming mountains.

Marcella, still grave and silent, had risen from her chair, more circumspectly this time, and the spinning-wheel was not overturned, although the "frequent visitor" put up his arm to guard against it. He had been greatly edified by the disastrous commotion, and had briskly turned his placid face, lighted with an animation that might have hitherto seemed impossible, from one speaker to the other. A shade of regret crossed it as he noted Marcella's movement, but it was in a jocose undertone that he demanded, "Whar be ye a-travelin' ter, Marcelly?"

"I be a-goin' ter dish up supper," she answered stiffly, and with her voice at its usual pitch. She held herself a trifle more erect than usual; some sudden defiant bourgeonings of pride were perceptible in her manner, as she threaded her way through the group, but in passing Jepson her long lashes swept her red cheek, for she could not encounter his gaze.

"I 'll be bound everything air burnt ter a crisp," said the officious Isabel, but looking hopefully over her shoulder into the dusky brown interior. It was lighted only by the smouldering fire, that cast a gigantic shadow of the slight Marcella upon roof and walls, and a grotesquely magnified and frightful image of the old hound. For the dog of the "frequent visitor" was singularly accomplished in accurately understanding the English language, and had sprung up with much youthful alacrity upon the mere mention of supper.

He had followed the girl into the room, and sat beside the hearth, watching with anticipative delight each dish as it was borne to the table, licking his chaps with a zestful expression; now rising up suddenly, and then composing himself to sit down again, while his shadow on the wall made queer genuflections and obei-

sances to the table with all the ardent spirit of a gourmand.

Without, the old woman seized the opportunity. She sat for a moment demurely silent; then, shaking with her internal chuckle, she said in a low tone to Teck, —

"Marcelly 's plumb outdone, I know, 'kase *ye* hev fund out ez she war streck with yer good looks, Teck, an' called ye han'some. Laws-a-massy, gals is mighty purblind an' foolish critters; they think the men air gin over ter studyin' 'bout'n 'em, an' tryin' ter sense what they mean, when the fellers, mos' likely, air jes' standin' with thar arms a-kimbo, a-lookin' at the weather-signs, an' a-wonderin' what the chances air fur huntin' termorrer."

She glanced toward Jepson with a laugh, expectant of ready acquiescence. But there was upon his face, distinct enough even in the closing shadows, an expression so haughty, so aloof and unresponsive, that the little dame was at first perturbed and troubled, but presently grew angered in turn.

"A spiteful sinner!" she exclaimed to herself; "mad now, jes' 'kase Marcelly 'lowed he hed no religion, — an' he ain't got none."

All her facile cleverness was roused, however, and she was mindful, too, of the interests of the approaching election. Thus, although she struck, it was with a cautious hand and a crafty insight, the processes of which were hardly realized.

"But I reckon, mos'ly," she said, lowering her voice cautiously, "ez Marcelly war tormented, bein' feared ez Clem Sanders mought hear somehows ez she hed been streck with yer good looks. I 'll be bound *that* skeered her."

She forbore a moment to mark how her shaft had sped. She sat motionless, her feet perched on the rung of the chair, and she looked very small and unintentional, and reflective, as she placidly contemplated the night scene. The fireflies fluctuated in the dank shadows, that gloomed duskily about the porch; now a glittering point close at hand, now a momentary gleam far away in a bosky tangle, still multiplying, till they seemed some elusively glittering network spread as a snare for the darkness. The mountains were invisible in the blackness, save for their rigid summit-lines. The frogs chanted by the water-side, and katydids were monotonously shrilling in the orchard. The grating of Teck Jepson's chair on the floor, as he abruptly shifted his position, was the only sound that broke upon the quiet with the jarring effect of interruption, and as Mrs. Strobe turned she saw his face thrown into strong relief by the rays of a tallow dip within, which Marcella had just kindled. The white light streamed forth as far as the great gourd-leaves behind his head, eliciting their faint green color with the interstices of olive-hued shadows. His face had relaxed; it was haughty no longer. There was an alert anxiety in the blue eyes which the mountain girl fancied so deep. He had taken off his hat, and pushed back his dark hair from his forehead. He was frowning a little, and yet he hardly noticed the sudden flare of light upon his face; his compressed lips had softened, had parted. He said nothing. Another voice came out of the darkness: —

"I dunno what Clem Sanders mought ondertake ter set hisse'f up ter git mad fur, 'kase Marcelly 'lows ez this one or that one air good-lookin'," Woolly spoke up, with an acrimony and a decision which showed that his discourse was not exclusively confined to the placid "baa." "Clem Sanders hain't got no right ter say nuthin' 'bout good-lookin' folks, the Lord above knows, all marked up with cinders an' soot ez he be. I 'll be bound Marcelly ain't a-goin' ter interrupt herse'f studyin' 'bout what Clem Sanders thinks 'bout good looks."

"What ye talkin' 'bout? Hev yer senses deserted ye?" the grandmother

remarked to the "frequent visitor," with a tart familiarity induced, perhaps, by the frequency of his visits. "Ye can't expect a blacksmith ter be nuthin' but cindery an' sooty, — like folks ez plough gits miry. None ter choose twixt 'em, I 'm a-thinkin'."

"Yes 'm." Andy Longwood made a feint of acquiescence; then continued droningly, as one who has a grievance, "But Marcelly ain't mindin' Clem Sanders, — else she ain't the gal I take her fur. Looks so grizzly an' sooty, I ain't s'prised none ef the Satan ez Pa'son Donnard seen settin' on the anvil in the forge warn't nuthin' but Clem hisself."

"Shucks!" said the uncompromising Isabel. "*He* hed wings an' hawns, 'cordin' ter pa'son, an' Clem hain't nare one."

"Waal, I don't keer," growled "Woolly." "Clem 's a sight ter be seen, a scandal ter the jaybirds."

"That don't make no differ!" cried the little old woman, staunch in argument. "Blacksmithin' air a powerful fine business; the folks in Brumsaidge could n't git along 'thout Clem. An' 'fore him, — shucks! way back in the Bible times they hed smiths, an' I reckon they war ez sooty an' cindery then ez now; dirt ain't improved none noways, ez I onderstan', sence them days. Thar war a man then, what the Bible speaks respec'fully of, by the name o' Tubal Cain, — a cunnin' workman, — warn't thar, Teck?" She appealed to him with animation as to a biblical authority, expecting an eager and interested response; but he only said, "Yes 'm," with an evident effort, cleared his throat, and was silent.

Eli Strobe had risen in obedience to some signal from within. "Kem in to supper." His big voice rumbled out with all its wonted intonations of hospitality. If Jepson had not been otherwise absorbed, he might have noted the candidate's self-control and self-repression, remarkable in so tantalizing an episode. It did not escape Mrs. Strobe's keen attention, and she deported herself with a trifle of gay bravado, feeling beyond the reach of retribution, since the dictates of policy so hampered deserts.

"Waal, sir, eatin' supper by a taller dip, — who ever hearn the beat!" remarked Isabel. "A leetle mo', an' we would all hev gone ter bed hongry."

"It do be a powerful late supper." Mrs. Strobe had a slightly harried aspect; if conscience abode within her, it wielded its power in her housewifely instincts. "Be ye hongry, Teck, — ye an' Andy an' Eli? It 's all Marcelly's fault, a-furgittin' ter dish up supper till nigh on ter bedtime. An' me, too: I jes' sot an' talked, I will 'low, ez ef my tongue war tied in the middle an' workin' at both e-ends."

The feeble focus of the candle glowed with dull yellow light in the centre of the table, sending out a subdued glimmer upon the faces that surrounded it amidst the encompassing obscurity. A vague glimpse was had of the smoke-blackened ceiling just above, with a rich dash of color where a cluster of strings of red peppers hung. The walls darkly merged into shadows; the fire was a dull, tawny-tinted coal; the ceaseless night sounds came through the door, — the chirring of insects, the sigh of the woods, and the fret of the torrent. As Marcella waited upon them, she was invisible for the most part in the dark periphery of the circle: sometimes there were transitory visions of the fair dispenser of hospitality, the white light falling on her delicate face, and floating hair, and rounded arm, and deft hand, as perchance she leaned forward and tendered the cracked blue bowl of honey to one or the other of the guests; then only an alert, noiseless shadow, slipping about in the kindred gloom.

It was a silent meal, albeit the little old dame and Isabel were among the partakers. When they all repaired again to the porch, they found the moonlight there, with yellow slanting rays and

long, melancholy shadows, and the distorted waning disk itself hung in the purple spaces above the black mountain that the house faced. The fireflies were quenched; only now and then a feeble gleam stole forth from a dark cluster of gourd-leaves. The perfume of the orchard was sweet on the air; the dew glittered on the low summits of the old gnarled trees. The men and the old woman lighted their pipes, and the coterie silently smoked, while Marcella sat on the steps of the porch, in the full radiance of the midsummer sheen, her idle hands folded upon one knee, her lustrous eyes turned upward to the moon, the wind lightly tossing her curling hair. Within, the candle still sputtered, while Isabel washed the dishes and pans, — this being her allotted task, — and made a great clatter to better express her industry.

It was all very still without; a constraint oppressed the group. Each had regrets in the premises, and harbored resentments. The occupation of smoking, the meditative languor which the consumption of tobacco warrants, precluded the necessity for conversation, and afforded an interval for the recuperation of the downcast spirits of the company. Small wonder that Clem Sanders, listening from his roof-room window, heard no laughing or talking at Strobe's!

Suddenly the shrill clamor of a screech-owl invaded the nocturnal quietude; again and yet again, with its sinister, mirthless chuckle supplementing and seeming to ridicule its own hysteric outcry. It grated upon the nerves of Mrs. Strobe, already subjected to some unusual tension.

"Laws-a-massy, jes' listen ter that thar n'isy fow-*el*. He be a-goin' ter screech thar haffen the night, I 'll be bound; an' he air a sure sign o' death, ter holler nigh a chimbly. Jes' listen at him, now, a-laffin' at the corpse!" Once more the low, joyless, mocking merriment jarred the air. "Take yer dad's gun thar, Marcelly, an' run down in the orchard, an' fire it off at him. He be right yander in that thar sheep-nose apple-tree."

Marcella rose slowly. "I 'll drive him off," she said, "but I ain't a-goin' ter fire no gun off at him; the critter hev got ez good a right ter live ez I hev. I 'll fling a sheep-nose apple at him, an' that be ez much ez I be a-goin' ter do ter him."

"Listen at the sassiness of the stiff-necked generation!" exclaimed the old woman, evidently the exordium of a tirade against the young folks nowadays. But Marcella was already far down the grassy slope, and out of hearing; and with one scornful glance after her, Mrs. Strobe put her pipe into her mouth, and sourly relapsed into silence.

The high grass, tasseled and rank, glimmered with dew, as Marcella went. The moonlit spaces wore a finer and a fairer lustre for the deep romantic shadows that hung about the boughs. There were long and glittering arches, where the fruited branches interlaced, and in the dappling shade beneath, the boles, all at regular intervals, had a columnated effect; and these arboreal aisles seemed endless. Even the homelier incidents of the orchard shared the enchantment of the moonlight: some blight that had fallen on one of the goodly branches had bereft it of leaves and fruit, and a web that had been woven about it shone, a refulgent gauze, and radiated a delicate and fibrous splendor. Down these simple ways she went, the light upon her face; her hair fluttered with the slight breeze; her step was sure and free; she seemed so ethereal, so fine, so fair, that she too might have been some embellishing fantasy of the night. The bird of ill-omen had ceased to cry, as if her very presence exorcised all evil fortunes. She paused, gazing upward, the moonbeams full on her shining eyes, her floating hair, her oval face. She

had lifted one arm and laid hold of a fruit-freighted bough. It seemed strange that she did not see the owl, so well she realized how it must look, up among the boughs somewhere, demurely silent, shuffling down and suppressing, as it were, its fearful identity among its mottled feathers, its head askew as it watched her with its big yellow eyes. She had her hand upon the retributive apple; a sudden footfall, — Teck Jepson was approaching along the dewy colonnade.

The owl was safe, very safe indeed: a pity that the "fow*el*" might not have known this, and have spared itself the anguish of fright that it endured, as it sat almost within arm's length, discreetly silent, refraining from stirring claw or feather, and wisely looking down upon them.

The bough was shaking with more than the wind, for Marcella's hand trembled on the unplucked apple.

Jepson's hat was thrust on the back of his head. His face, too, was distinctly visible as he approached. Somehow he had never seemed to her so tall, so imperious of temper, so impressive, as now. But there was a trifle of embarrassment in his manner, and he only said, —

"Whar 's that thar ow-*el*?"

"I dunno," faltered Marcella.

He did not seem to care. His mind was evidently little concerned with the "fow-*el*."

He paused, looking steadily at her, as if he expected her to speak again. But she still stood silent, the moonlight in her lustrous eyes and on her upturned face, her hand on the apple as it swung on the low bough.

"I never expected ter hear ez ye hed been talkin' 'bout me that-a-way; I never looked fur it," he said.

The quick color surged into her cheeks; her eyes flashed; she let go the bough so suddenly that, swinging elastically into its place, the little owl was almost dislodged from its perch, and it tightened its toes and even slightly spread its wings to keep its balance. It uttered a low sound, a sort of mutter, that they might have heard had they not been too absorbed; and it was with a sort of resentful dignity that it settled itself again in its feathers, and cocked its head askew, and looked down at them with its round, bright eyes.

"An' I dunno what sorter man ye kin be, ter kem makin' remarks ter me bout'n it," she cried indignantly.

"I hev knowed ye sech a little time, I reckon nobody would hev expected sech from you-uns," he resumed.

She stood for a moment in blank amazement. Then she seemed ready to burst into tears. "I never said it 'cept ter granny, — an' who would hev thunk o' her settin' up an' tellin' it all ter you-uns, not knowin' ye war the same one? Ye never tole we-uns yer name, that evenin'. I jes' 'lowed ye war kin ter Bowles."

"I don't keer who ye said it ter," he declared, his voice full of reproach. "I ain't keerin' fur nuthin' 'ceptin' ye thunk it, — an' I never done nuthin' ter make ye think it."

Once more she looked at him, aghast. She put up her hand again to the bough, now for the sake of support.

"Tellin' folks, an' settin' out ter b'lieve ez I be a hypercrite, an' *purtend* ter be pious, an' " —

"Oh!" she exclaimed, with a note of comprehension and relief so marked that he paused abruptly, and demanded sternly, —

"What did you-uns 'low I war talkin' 'bout?"

She did not answer. Her expression suddenly changed, as she stood under the bough. No dryad, no ethereal native of the tree, could wear a face more airily lightsome, more elfinly gay, than she, looking out through the sheen and the flickering shadow.

"Waal," said he, staring blankly at her, "what war *ye* a-talkin' 'bout?"

She only shook her head in gleeful silence.

"Ye never said nuthin'," he resumed, seeking to review the conversation that he might unravel its mystery, "'ceptin' I war a — a" — he stumbled at the word, — "a hypercrite, an' a sinner; — yes, an' special good-lookin', but I never minded *that.*"

Her face had grown conscious again. "I reckon not," she remarked dryly.

"*Ye* mind that, though," he said penetratingly, at last; "that 's what ye thought I war talkin' 'bout, hey? Waal, I jes' mind ye callin' me a sinner an' sayin' ez I *purtend* ter be pious."

He noted her instant relief at the change of the subject. "Ye don't mind folks knowin' ye called 'em sinners," he continued, "but whenst it comes ter *handsome* sinners" —

He desisted, for the sake of the look in her face.

"I tell ye now, Marcelly," he said gravely, as they mechanically took their way together toward the house, "ye may 'low ez I be hard-hearted, an' cruel-eyed, an' got no religion, but I be a-goin' ter furgive ye fur them words, — like a Christian!"

It was the first wrong that he had ever overlooked. He found forgiveness easy to be exercised, and very sweet.

She stole a shy look at his face. "That 's powerful good in ye," she said softly. "I war jes' a-talkin' ter be a-talkin', an'" —

Their shadows, close together, followed them over the shining grass, and for a time they were silent as they approached the group on the porch.

He paused abruptly, and looked down at her.

"An' I don't want ye ter be aggervatin' yerse'f by 'lowin' ez I ain't goin' ter do all I kin fur Eli in the 'lection. What ye said ain't goin' ter hender. I 'll vote fur him, an' git all others I kin ter do likewise."

Marcella began to experience a sensation as of coals of fire heaped upon the head. She could only murmur, "I war jes' a-talkin' ter be a-talkin'."

That night, from time to time, as the hours wore on and the house was still, the little owl in the apple-tree lifted its voice and shrilled aloud, and laughed in sinister and chuckling mirth, while the moon slowly climbed the skies. And Mrs. Strobe, turning on an uneasy pillow, evolved bitter reflections concerning the inefficiency of the present generation.

"Sen' two hearty young folks — one of 'em mos' seven feet high 'ceptin' what 's lackin' — down inter a orchard ter fling a apple at a ow*el* an' drive him off, — an' a body would think they hed invited the critter ter bide ter supper, an' sing hyme chunes arterward."

VI.

Whatever might be the character of the nocturnal visitant of the forge, it seemed safe enough in the broad glare of noontide; and as it was the voting-place of the district, it was by no means deserted on that momentous Thursday in August when the election was held. Marcella had felt throughout the canvass the terrible strain of suspense, but when the day had drawn near she was deprecatory of decision, and wished that if the worst must be it might not be at once.

"A body would 'low, ter hear ye a-goin' on, that Eli war ter be hung terday," her grandmother remarked, tartly. "He ain't los' a ounce o' flesh nor a hour o' sleep sence he war a candidate, an' he went off from here this mornin' high-colored ez common. An' look at you-uns — big-eyed, an' pale-faced, an' lean-lookin', an' fluttery — drapped the blue bowl an' bruk it in two; an' Is'bel patterns arter ye, till thar ain't no ch'ice fur a fool 'twixt ye. Shucks! I mus' be mistaken," sarcastically; "they be goin' surely ter hang Eli."

From time to time, during the rich and dewy morning hours, when the bees droned about the blooming clover in the orchard aisles, and the birds were abroad in the highways of the skies, Marcella parted the sheltering gourd-vines on the porch, that she might look forth unobserved upon the voters gradually assembling at the polls. She knew many of them by sight, and was informed concerning their disposition toward her father's pretensions; and thus her heart weighed heavily or grew buoyant, as enemies or friends were in the majority. They came chiefly on horseback, and there were rows of saddle-horses hitched to the rack before the wide door of the forge, and to the boughs of trees hard by, and even to the badly chinked logs of the building itself; sometimes they dully drowsed, sometimes impatiently pawed, sometimes fell to bickering together, and necessitated the interposition of their masters to readjust their status. Many of the farmers had come in ox-wagons. The teams had been unyoked, and were leisurely munching the feed, spread out in the dappling shadows upon the ground before them. Casting a vote, the inalienable right of an American citizen, seemed a lengthy and serious matter, and was not to be lightly discharged; during the main portion of the day it busied the denizens of the surrounding slopes, and thus deliberately they saved the country. The assemblage presented, therefore, something of the aspect of an exclusively masculine picnic, for such women and children as had been permitted to gratify a long-cherished hankering to "view" the populous Settle*mint* had hied them decorously to the houses of various relatives, — the tender ties of consanguinity thus utilized on this auspicious occasion, — and were seen no more during the day. Old friends met, and smoked, and talked at great length. The well-being of crops in various localities was anxiously inquired after; old gossip that had been on its last legs suddenly developed a new and brisk pair of members, and circulated like a fresh scandal. Pa'son Donnard could not have failed to hear his name excitedly coupled with that of the devil, as he threaded his way through the crowd; but mindful of his vision, he placed no false nor sensitive interpretation upon this association, and there was an elongation of his thin compressed lips which in an ungodly man one might have thought singularly like a smile of flattered vanity. The heavy jeans-clad mountaineers reverently made way for him, and there was a perceptible abatement of the guffaws and slowly drawled jokes as he passed. But as in more cultured communities, the observance and the feeling are not always in close compatibility, and the criticism he encountered was as if he were of this world.

"I dunno why pa'son be 'lowed ter vote," said Joe Bassett, as he sprawled on the protruding roots of a tree; one or two mountaineers perched hard by on the tongue of an ox-wagon from which the team had been released, and a third half reclined on a saddle which he had thrown upon the ground. "Pa'son can't run fur nuthin'," continued Bassett; "he can't go ter the Legislatur', nor nuthin', nor be sher'ff. They don't let preachers hold office, nor butchers set on a crim'nal jury," — thus seeking in his ignorance to reconcile the incongruities and oddities of the law.

"Pa'son oughter be a-studyin' 'bout a seat 'mongst the angels, stiddier gittin' registered 'mongst the qualified voters o' the deestric'," said Gideon Dake, who always confirmed Bassett's views, or added corollary matter.

"What be Teck Jepson a-bobbin' 'bout fur, like a float on a fish-line?" demanded Bassett. "Actially a-stoppin' the pa'son mighty nigh at the door of the forge. Looks ter be a-wrastlin' in prayer with the old man, — in an' about goin' ter save the pa'son's soul, fust thing ye know."

"Hain't you-uns hearn," said Dake, quickly seizing the opportunity to regale the professed gossip with a new story, "how turrible smitten Teck Jepson an' Marcelly Strobe hev got, all of a sudden? An' Teck air a-workin' fur the 'lection like he war demented. I made him beg an' beg *me* fur nigh on ter a hour ter vote fur Eli, — like I hed counted on doin' all the time. Now Teck 's argufyin' with the pa'son."

"Every time I hear o' Marcelly Strobe she hev got another feller a-danglin'. 'Pears like ter me she *mus*' be a-foolin' some o' them boys," Bassett commented sourly.

"Laws-a-massy, jes' look at Teck," said Dake, laughing slightly, albeit his teeth were closed hard upon the quid of tobacco in his mouth, "he hev gin the old man his arm an' air jes' a-draggin' the pa'son up ter the polls! Would n't trest the old man's word ter vote fur Eli; gone in ter see the job well done. Waal, sir," — he shifted his position as the young and the old man disappeared together within the door, — "that 's jes' the way he done me. I could n't hev got away from him, arter I hed promised ter vote for Eli, ef I hed wanted ter."

There was a momentary hiatus in the conversation, when a tall, lank man, some twenty-eight or thirty years of age, with high cheek-bones and a sunburned, narrow face, joined the group. He had a brighter, quicker glance than was usual among the slow and dawdling mountaineers, and a smouldering spark of irritation aided its effect. His countenance wore a ready and propitiatory smile, the candidate's smile, that seemed automatic in some sort, and not subject to the same springs that sufficed as motor for his other expressions. He flung himself upon a pile of shucks and hay, the forage of neighboring oxen, and he chewed a long straw as he talked.

"Hy're, boys," he said, agreeably. "How do the chances o' the 'lection 'pear ter you-uns?" For he was Joshua Nevins, a candidate for constable, and Eli Strobe's much-feared rival.

"Mighty well," said Bassett, reassuringly.

"Why n't ye go an' vote, Dake?" said the candidate, leaning forward to scan Gideon Dake's countenance.

"Ye ain't goin' ter try ter git folks ter vote twict, air ye?" said Dake, jocosely. "I hev voted wunst ter-day, an' they tells me ez that be ez off'n ez the law allows."

"I hopes ye voted the right way," said Nevins, with a bland and mollifying demonstration of the candidate's smile.

The specious Dake nodded his head convincingly. "I 'll be bound I did," he said equivocally, and yet so unequivocally that the momentary fears of the candidate were set at rest.

The others, mindful of Dake's recent representations as to the casting of his vote under Teck Jepson's tutelage, experienced a certain embarrassment and preserved an awkward silence, none arrogating the tact to innocuously continue the conversation. If the candidate be a wily genus, the craft of the voter is sometimes commensurate.

Nevins seemed the most innocent of men, as he himself reopened the subject. He had approached the group with the intention of merely commending himself by some timely and jocose observations, and then strolling to other coteries. He had, however, encountered unexpected opposition to-day; he had thought himself almost assured of success, and when the doubt began to arise in his mind, untutored to jeopardy, he felt himself losing his balance.

"What ails Teck Jepson, ter git so sot agin me?" he observed, anxiously. "He hev jes' been a-bouncin' aroun' electioneerin' fur Eli ter-day like — like — a chicken with its head off. I axed him awhile ago, — I beckoned him off, an' I say, 'What ails ye, ter work agin me, Teck? I ain't done nuthin' ter you-uns, hev I? Air ye holdin' a gredge

agin me?' An' he said, 'Don't ye know I be kin ter Eli nowadays? My half-brother married his cousin,' Teck say. Shucks! I know that ain't the reason." He looked in plaintive interrogation at the others.

"Waal, things turns out mos'ly ez they air bid from above," said one of the men, with an unexpected attack of piety.

Nevins looked lugubriously at him. This was an arbitration to which he was not prepared to submit. He was feeling exceedingly helpless in the hands of Providence.

"I dunno 'bout that," he observed. "Things in Brumsaidge turns out mos'ly ez Teck Jepson wills, an' Providence sings mighty small."

Then reflecting that this was a dolorous prognostication in his own behalf, he gathered himself together as jauntily as he could, and declared, "But Teck Jepson's rule is over. Folks in Brumsaidge hev tried Eli Strobe, an' he did n't 'gree with 'em, — he seen too much '*Eli Strobe, Big Man!*' in his office, ter suit 'em; an' now they air lookin' fur a man what jes' wants ter sarve the people, — an' that 's my bes' wish."

The others sat and gazed solemnly at him, all meditatively listening. For a moment there was no sound but the munching of an ox close to him, as the beast pulled at the pile of fodder on which he reclined. As the great horns came threateningly near, he threw up his hand, and the ox drew off with a muttered low of surly dissatisfaction.

"I can't onderstan' Teck, though, — I counted on him." He returned to his grievance with a lapsing courage.

"Waal, ye mought ez well not," said an old codger, with a grin. "Hev youuns got a darter, seventeen year old?"

The young man stared at him in amazement.

"Course I hain't."

"Waal, that 's one o' the special qualifications of a candidate," continued the elderly wag. "Ye oughter hev been purvided — seventeen year ago — a tall, high-steppin' darter, with long curly hair; that 's what ye need, ter run agin Eli."

Nevins was silent for a moment, in painful consciousness of this lack. He was a good-natured fellow, and had thought his two small boys at home possessed of all the filial graces and values, and he had never expected to be summoned to covet a tall daughter of seventeen. He resorted to contradiction.

"That thar gal o' Eli Strobe's ain't seventeen," he declared, "nor no higher 'n my vest pocket. I know her. I useter see her constant."

"Waal, she 's been agein' an' growin' sence then. Leastwise, she 's tall enough an' old enough ter make Teck Jepson step around mighty spry. I ain't seen better electioneerin' fur forty year. I hed counted on the pleasure o' hevin' Eli goin' roun' hyar with his finger in his mouth, but I 'm feared o' that gal o' his'n. Clem Sanders, too, war a-waitin' roun' the forge fust thing this mornin', a-pinin' fur nine o'clock, so ez the jedges would declar' the polls open, an' let him put in his vote fur Eli. His ticket 'peared ter burn his fingers till he got it inter the ballot-box."

"He in love with her, too?" asked the candidate drearily. He had never anticipated these potent odds. What avail was it to parade the virtues of citizenship, to vaunt his capacity and his will to serve the people in the office to which he aspired, — with tricksy Cupid afield!

Nevins rose presently, the straw still in his mouth, his hat pulled far over his brow, and sauntered down toward the forge. The great red and white ox instantly planted his cloven hoof where Nevins had sat, and took possession, as it were, of the pile of forage, trampling it down, that it might not afford further resting-place for loitering politicians.

The post-meridian sun was now a trifle

aslant upon the valley below; the purple shadow of the summits had begun to creep down the green slopes. How warm was the fragrance of the grapes, hanging upon a great vine that draped an oak from topmost bough to root, and which was pillaged as high as the arm of man could reach! The tall weeds were all resounding with the whir of acrobatic grasshoppers, now and then leaping amazingly high into the air. Not a note came from the birds now; not a wing was astir. All the landscape shimmered through the noontide heat. The forge, where the three judges of the election sat with the precious ballot-box, of which they were sworn not to lose sight till the polls were closed and the vote counted out, seemed a quiet and cool refuge, with its dark shadows, and its high, tent-like roof, and its unchinked walls, affording glimpses of the green vistas without. The little window at the rear, into which that mysterious semblance of the smith had stared, pale and reproachful, at its vigorous living self, was wide open; showing now a squirrel frisking by on the mountain slope, and now only a devious winding path amidst the greenth up the mountain-side, with the trumpet-vine a-blooming scarlet over a gray rock, and in the low branches of an elder-bush a bird on a nest. Now and then faces were thrust in at this window, — most often young and beardless, but sometimes old and grizzly, — to curiously scan the judges and the practical illustration of the theory of election by suffrage. The judges, in rickety chairs, tilted on the hind legs, demurely smoked their pipes, while the clerk sat at the pine table on which the ballot-box rested. The hearth was fireless, the hood smokeless, the anvil silent. The stir outside came cheerily in, and when the line of voters slackened, and no ballot had been deposited for some time, and the interest of the proceedings seemed indefinitely suspended, the judges looked wistfully through the open door, and were not consoled for the dullness by their preeminence and responsibility and conspicuous honors. That spirit of humor, always freakishly manifest in a crowd, was quick to seize on the situation, and occasionally remarks were made outside, pointed and personal, obviously intended to be overheard within.

"Did you-uns know ez Jethro Peake war jedge o' 'lection?" demanded one tousled-headed apparition, at the famous batten shutter, of an unseen crony without.

"Never knowed he war jedge o' nuthin' 'ceptin' jedge o' whiskey," the unseen crony replied.

And with these trivial incidents were bridged the intervals when it seemed as if all the district had voted that cared to vote, and that there was naught more for the judges but to sit in stately isolation, till the loitering summer sun should dawdle down the western sky, and the hour come when it would be lawful to declare the polls closed.

After a long time, when the stir of passing feet, the sound of talking and laughter, the champing and whickering of horses, had been more than usually marked to the tantalized referees, whom the county court combined to honor, they noted that an expectant stillness fell suddenly upon the crowd. Then half a dozen men pushed into the blacksmith shop, and turned about with excitement, as if to await and watch an entrance at the door. Other men stood by without. There were half a dozen heads at the little window, and the batten shutter was swinging. The bird had flown from her nest in the elder-bush to a bough of a dogwood-tree above, and perched there, with quivering, outspread wings, and a feverish, excited eye, and a harsh, querulous, ceaseless chirring. A ray of sunlight fell through a rift in the clapboards like some splendid glittering lance, reaching from the dusky, peaked roof to the "dirt-floor" beneath. Somehow, the polished face of the anvil

caught a beam and reflected it, — all else was dark and shadowy; even through the broad door the light was only a vista of deep green leafage and harmonious gray commingling tones, hardly definite enough to be called shadow, but of tender and modulating effects; and the ploughs left to be sharpened, and the wheels to be tired, and the bar on which the smith's tools hung, were but dimly descried. Thus stepping suddenly into this shaft of light, Jake Baintree's figure was singularly distinct, but was not instantly recognized by the judges. One of them slowly brought down the forelegs of his chair to the ground, and sat looking at him, one hand on either knee, and with a round, red, wondering face and an inquisitive eye. So long it had been since Baintree was familiarly seen in Broomsedge — going thence a stripling, returning a man — that the certainty of his identity gradually dawning on their minds was not recognition, but inference. Who else unknown would present himself to cast his vote in their midst? Who else wore so blanched a face but the jail-bird; long shut in from the sun and the wind and all the familiars of the weather? He was very tall and slender, and very soft and deft of step. In the shaft of light in which he stood, the extraordinarily sharp, clear cutting of his features was apparent. His hair was black and sleek, and lay close to his narrow head; it had a fine and thrifty look, like the coat of an animal. He seemed very meek, but for all that his gray eye was uncertain, it glittered. He looked about him with a comprehensive understanding, unlike the dawdling inattention of the mountaineers. Despite the brown jeans that he wore, he was unlike them in many subtle, indefinable ways. As he offered the closely rolled scroll, his vote was challenged by one of the judges, and he was quick and ready and self-possessed, and took the oath which Jethro Peake administered with a steady manner, and evidently with a deliberate intention. He wished, perhaps, the crowd thought, to show that he was entitled to vote; that whatever they might say, the law held him innocent and denied him none of the rights of citizenship. Still with one hand on each fat knee, and sitting very upright, Jethro Peake, his round, red face, with a bristly, unshaven stubble about the chin, solemn with the sense of the dignity and importance of the occasion, demanded, —

"Air you-uns cit'zen o' Tennessee?"

"Yes, sir."

"Twenty-one?"

"Yes, sir."

"Reside in this county?"

"Yes, sir."

"Resided hyar six months 'fore this day?"

"Yes, sir."

As the vote, the first he had ever cast, was accepted, he looked curiously on, while the closely rolled scroll was dropped unread into the ballot-box. Somehow he seemed unaccountably disappointed by the mysterious silence in which his choice was enveloped. He walked slowly toward the door, looking back over his shoulder at the guarded ballot-box. Suddenly he remarked in a strange, offhand manner, "I ain't keerin' who knows how my vote be gin. I scratched one name off'n my ticket. *I* know how ter write Eli Strobe."

There were the makings of a politician in Joshua Nevins; he answered instantly from out the crowd, "I kin spare yer vote, Jake Baintree. An' ef I can't, I 'd ruther be defeated than hold office by the favor o' a scape-gallows."

There was a sensation in the crowd, and some "scratched tickets" were presently deposited that might have shown, if unrolled, another name written in, that was *not* Strobe. There was a change in the atmosphere of popular feeling. It was not definite, but Teck Jepson, with a thousand fine fibres of sensitiveness, newly developed, which

he had not known he possessed, became painfully sensible of it, and fiercely complained to Eli Strobe.

"I 'm minded ter fling ye over the fence, Eli," he said. "Ef ye hed n't gin yerse'f ter upholdin' that thar Jake Baintree, ye would n't hev been lumped with a murderer like him."

Eli Strobe rested his slow, pompous gaze upon his friend.

"He ain't no murderer. An' ef he war, his votin' fur me don't lump me with him."

He turned his heavy-lidded, full-lashed eyes ruminatively upon the landscape, and said no more. Despite his deliberate burly dignity, there was a sense of trouble and perplexity about him, indefinitely perceptible, and he evidently listened heedfully when his friend and backer rejoined, —

"Waal, his votin' fur you-uns, an' tellin' it out that-a-way, will make a heap o' folks vote agin ye. I be powerful glad it never happened no sooner in the day, an' ye hev got what ye hev got. What ailed the darned idjit?"

"I reckon he 'lowed he war doin' me a favior," said Strobe, with unexpected moderation. "He wanted me an' all the folks ter know ez he war fur my 'lection. He never voted afore. An' he hev been cooped up in jail so long he don't 'pear ter sense much 'bout some things. An' yit, 'bout others he 'pears powerful sly. Pore feller!"

"Poor fool!" ejaculated Jepson, irritably. "What ails him ter set his heart — dog gone him! — on yer 'lection?"

He grudged Jake Baintree any sentiment that he shared.

"Waal," said Eli, hesitating, "the folks down ter my house tuk some thought o' his'n whenst his trial an' imprisonment war goin' on, an' I reckon he feels thankful. Marcelly air one o' them kind ez can't rest enny ef she 'lows ennybody air hongry, or lackin' ennywise; an' she toted 'em gyardin truck whenst they never planted, an' holped 'em sew an' weave whenst they hed no heart ter work. It 's the natur' o' Marcelly."

Jepson stood with his hands in his pockets, his brows contracting heavily over his blue eyes, that the candidate's daughter had thought so cruel and yet so deep. His hat was drawn down over his face, and the shadow of the beech-tree, circumscribed to its minimum by the almost vertical sunshine, was soft upon it. He turned mechanically when others joined the group, and he listened with frowning displeasure to the suggestions of defeat that seemed somehow to be suddenly and bountifully deduced.

"I be powerful afeard I hev flung my vote away on ye, Eli," said Gideon Dake. "I never looked ter see ye hev sech a backer ez Jake Baintree," with a jeering glance. "An' some others say the same."

"An' yit," said Jepson, feeling keenly the instability of popular sentiment, "the tother day, whenst I purvented him from gittin' baptized 'mongst the saints, a body would hev 'lowed ez haffen the church members could n't rest easy in the fold 'thout Jake Baintree 'mongst 'em. Sech a haulin' over the coals ez I got! An' now ye ain't willin' fur him ter jine ye at the polls, whar the devil's vote would n't be challenged ef he hed been livin' six months in the county."

Dake made no defense of this lack of logic on the part of the community, but fell to whittling a stick with a large clasp-knife, as he leaned against the bole of the tree.

"That ain't what makes me oneasy 'count o' Eli," put in an elderly grizzled wight with an air of pleasure, fetching cumulative disabilities into the discussion. "Eli hev been *too* spry ez constable; he hev been *too* keen ter pry inter the doin's o' folks agin the law. Now Nevins, he mought do the same, an' then agin he mought n't. He hain't been tried, — that 's the main chance. No-

body 's got no gredge agin him, dunno nuthin' 'bout his doin's in office. But Eli, he hev been *too* sharp-set ter administer the law."

"Look-a-hyar," argued Jepson, "ye be a-takin' arter the man fur doin' of his jewty."

The elderly interlocutor prefaced his reply by an astute wink. "His jewty air ter *please* the people, ef he wants ter git 'lected agin!" — a golden rule for incumbents.

Jepson relapsed into moody silence, and this choice reasoner proceeded with an illustration in point: —

"Eli can't 'low sleepin' dogs ter lie. He ain't got no 'scrimination. He dunno who ter sot the law onter, nor who ter muzzle it fur. Thar 's old Jer'miah Miles jes' drawed a pistol ter skeer some o' them bad boys out'n his watermillion patch, an' Eli, passin' by, druv the boys out'n the patch, an' then ups an' 'rests the old man fur kerryin' concealed weepons. Thar 's fourteen o' the Miles kinsfolks kem hyar ter vote terday."

If the officer had done amiss, his punishment seemed likely to be greater than he could bear. Like most people brought into propinquity with the law, Eli Strobe sought to furnish a precedent rather than a justification. "Waal," he argued, barely lifting his eyelids, "Sam Blake" — his predecessor in office — "would hev done the same."

"Shucks!" exclaimed the other. "I kin jes' hear Sam Blake a-hollerin' ter them boys, 'Git out'n this melon patch, or I 'll be the death o' ye! I 'll jail ye 'fore night.'" Then dropping his rough voice to dulcet courtesy, "'Mister Miles, got enny o' them fine cantaloupes ter spare fur my saddle-bags?' I say, arrest old Miles fur kerryin' concealed weepons! Sam Blake would jes' hev begged a few melons, that 's all, an' never seen no pistol."

Teck Jepson could ill adapt his intolerant and domineering disposition to the prospect of defeat, even when the cause was not his own. He had made today perhaps the greatest sacrifice to his affection of which he was capable, bending his pride to beg of the community favor for another which he could never have been brought to ask for himself. He was weary of it all, and dispirited, and the continual collision, in which he must restrain himself rather than constrain others, irked and chafed him. If, among the narratives upon which he loved to brood, he had ever heard of aught so modern as the romance of the Middle Ages, the idea of a knight sallying forth in search of noble adventure and deeds of prowess, whereby he might prove himself worthy of the favor of the fair, would have commended itself as cheap and easy in comparison to his devoirs to earn the gratitude of the candidate's daughter.

There are times that come to all of us when the trivial incidents of the world pall, when the presence of crowds weighs upon the spirit, when existence seems petty and sordid, and we look back to some period of solitude, rich with quiet thought or chosen and cherished labor, with a suddenly awakened sense that then we were clothed in our true identity; in that interval we verily lived, rather than merely exercised the respiratory organs, and went about in the outer disguise that wears our name and is recognized of men.

Perhaps in human experience naught might more fitly foster this repulsion of the world than certain stages of a political canvass. Jepson stood with his hat in his hand, feeling foreign among them all, looking now down in the valley, and again up to the great heights; wondering sub-acutely if it were only yesterday that he had heard David sing to the dulcet measure of the lilting harp-strings, and watched the moody Saul listening on his couch, his dexterous hand toying with the stealthy javelin, ready to launch it at the head of the singer, — only yesterday

that he had seen the high-priest's rod blossom in the tabernacle, had heard the waters gush from the rock that Moses smote. Still the solemn clouds, as then, mysteriously communed with peak and cliff; the radiant sunshine wore a rich effulgence among the lonely and far-away ranges, blue and unreal, like some fine deceit of the senses, ineffably ethereal as they withdrew into the unseen spaces. The valley, mute and peaceful, lay far below, with here and there a harvested field — a tiny yellow square — and a flash of water; and further, a wisp of smoke that came from an invisible chimney, — the only motion in the supreme tranquillity of the scene. Here, higher up, where the massive purple range yawned with the wide deep interval called Broomsedge Cove, which seemed to be in the valley as one looked at the vast steep stretches of the mountains above, and seemed on the range when one looked down at the valley below, the men wrangled loudly, the oxen lowed; there was a great clamor among the horses, and suddenly Teck Jepson heard his name called. He turned slowly, to see his mare's hoof in the hands of the blacksmith, who from his leaning posture looked up, and nodded to him to approach.

Clem Sanders, ejected from the forge by its conversion to the public uses, was devoting the day to the pursuit of art for art's sake. He had on his leather apron, and the sleeve of his hammer-arm was well rolled back, showing its swelling cords. He carried a hammer in his hand, and was going about examining the feet of all the horses that had been ridden to the Settlement that day; he rejoiced in the multiplicity of the rare opportunity. He seemed by some means to recognize his own work, and he would stoop down and take the hoof up, and tell when he had made that shoe and had shod that horse, and boast to the little group of idlers how his work lasted. His face was a study when, in catching up a hoof, he would descry the work of another smith, — his alert joy to discern defects, or dismayed solicitude to perceive craft as good as his own or superior. It was a happy moment with him now, when he had one of the clay-bank mare's hoofs upon his leather apron, between his knees, as he stooped.

"One more sech shoein' ez this, Teck," he remarked oracularly, "an' yer mare won't have nare frawg ter her huff."

He dropped the foot, and snatched up another so suddenly that he nearly pulled the creature down; and Teck caught the bridle and stroked her head, for she was restive, and then stood reassuringly beside her as he looked at the groups about.

The polls were almost deserted. The crowd around the horses had grown denser. The general conversation had a wider range than the blacksmith's remarks on the hoof, and the frog, and the shoe, and the nail. Dake and a man from North Carolina, a visitor and a cousin of a neighboring farmer, were turning the interval to account in the way of a horse-trade, and about them stood a breathlessly interested coterie, all eager to witness how the negotiation should fall out; all ready to advise, to dissuade, to instill suspicion; all marking with thrills of excitement that invariable phenomenon of bargain and sale, — when the buyer is willing, the vendor is reluctant and haggles, swinging back to eager entreaties and persuasive logic when the trade seems likely to fall through. Other wrangles now and then drowned their voices, and usurped the popular interest in the horse-trade.

"Listen at Teck, now!" cried Jube Donnard, the parson's son. "Teck 'lows that thar leetle mare o' his'n, ez be sca'cely bridle-wise, kin go all the gaits. Naw, sir! Naw, sir! That mare can't pace. I know all about that mare. She don't kem of pacing stock. Daddy trot, mammy trot, colt *can't* pace!"

Jube was in his own person the most pointed contradiction of his assertion. Piety as it was expressed in Broomsedge Cove proved itself there as elsewhere no hereditary quality, nor possessed of any traits of consanguinity. In Jube, the parson's son, was filially repeated the long, lank paternal frame, the lantern jaw, the narrow head, the small excited gray eye, and the thin straight lips, one compressed upon the other. But the spirit that animated the youth was devoid of any similarity with that of the solemn ascetic religionist; and as Jube went at large in Broomsedge, it seemed a disrespect in some sort for him to look so like his father. A jovial caricature: the parson's image with a jocose swagger; the enthusiast's eye, lighted with a dancing leer or eclipsed by a flexible wink; a mouth grotesquely solemn and frequented by all the well-worn jests and songs of Broomsedge Cove. Even the old man himself sometimes paused to look gravely at this junketing blade, so like, yet so unlike, his recognition of himself.

Jube stood now with his hands in his pockets, his hat on the back of his head and all askew, his feet planted wide apart, his solemn face intent, watching the action of the mare as Teck led her out into the open space and stood holding her bridle, while she snorted and pawed impatiently, and bowed down her head, and tossed her black mane. She was a very ordinary specimen, good-looking only because she was young, and fat, and strong, and frisky. She had had the best of care, and perhaps made a finer show than the facts warranted. Some of the gall-backed, grass-fed old cattle near her turned their heads to mark her airs, with a sort of slow and surprised disapproval in their meek and jaded eyes.

"I hev hearn that sayin' all my days, — daddy trot, mammy trot, colt *ca-a-n't* pace," the parson's son reiterated, with a long lingering twang upon the negative declaration.

"This filly kin," stoutly asseverated Teck. "She kin go all the gaits. She kin pace. She kin singlefoot, too, and rack. An' she kin trot like a fox, an' run like a deer, an' walk like a cat on a pallet."

"I 'll bet ye a dollar an' a half," said the parson's son, "ez this hyar hoss-critter o' mine kin beat her enny gait she 's a mind ter travel. I dare ye put her out now, an' try her along the road ter the sulphur spring — toler'ble level all the way."

The hoss-critter was a bay, furnished with the usual complement of ribs evidently, and with a tail and mane that seemed sunburned a dull yellow, so unnatural was the color; but he picked up his feet well, he was about sixteen hands high, and according to the mountain estimate of speed he had a speedy look.

Teck had put his foot into the stirrup; there was a stir of excitement in the crowd. Half a dozen were backing the little mare, but the sunburned nag had his friends too, and a spirited clamor arose. Upon it Eli Strobe's bass voice boomed suddenly: —

"I warn ye now, hoss-racin' an' a-bettin' on it air agin the law; an' ef ye boys ondertake ter bet yer money an' race yer hosses, I 'll ondertake ter arrest ye. I be constable yit." He had his hands in his pockets, and he strode a few paces to and fro in the crowd, his hat pulled down over his lowering eyes, from which shot now and then a watchful surly side-glance. The young men were arranging to start together from an oak-tree at the further end of the clearing. They gave no heed to the threat of the constable. An elderly farmer assumed the negative in the discussion: —

"Shucks, Eli, ain't I seen a dozen million o' races run yander ter the County Fair, an' ain't they got a reg'lar race-track thar?"

"That 's 'cordin' ter law," said the officer. "The law 's mighty partic'lar

in the diff'unces it makes. Racin' at a reg'lar race-track ain't no harm, an' bettin' ain't nuther, kase it 's puttin' suthin' in the State 's pocket, bein' ez the race-track folks hev ter pay fur a license. But racin' on a common road an' a-bettin' demau'lizes the young men an' air agin the dignity o' the State." He still stood with his hands in his pockets, balancing himself alternately on the heels and the toes of his boots and compressing his lips. "The State's mighty partic'lar."

The singular logic of this utterance occasioned no surprise. Unsophisticated as his auditors were, they were far too wise to reason with the law. They stood meditating on this view, chewing hard, and looking vaguely about them, hardly wondering whether the young men would balk them of their sport in deference to the constable's threat, or whether they would persist and ride a race on the common road, thus doing a damage to the dignity of the State.

"What war I a-tellin' ye jes' now, Eli," remonstrated the old farmer. "Ye jes' let 'em alone; they 'll git indicted ef they do ennything agin the law. Ye air sech a stirrer up o' strife, an' hev ter be sech a stickler fur the law an' shoulder all the malefactors. 'T ain't yer business ter be so tarrifyin' ter the kentry."

The horse-trade was complete, the exchange made, the boot paid, and the stranger from North Carolina had left the Settlement. Gideon Dake, satisfied with his acquisition, mounted the roan steed and trotted about for a time, showing its paces to the crowd. Presently he dismounted, and looked the animal over. Some of his friends came up, and, with the unerring perspicacity of that genus exerted upon the new purchase, their comments roused his anxiety. He turned from them in alarm, after a few minutes. "Eli," he said, in confused haste, "do ye know ennything 'bout'n a horse's eyes? I be sort'n 'feared he 's moon-eyed, or suthin'. Don't his eyes look cur'ous ter youuns?"

Strobe took hold of the headstall, and the horse, uneasy at being stared out of countenance, tossed his head hastily backward.

"I can't see the critter," said Strobe, once more pulling the animal's head down to his own shorter stature.

"He could n't be blind, or lacking eyesight, could he, Eli? Hey! Hey! Hello thar! Hev that thar North Ca'liny fox gone?" Dake called out to a man near the blacksmith shop. "He hev gone! He hev gone," in frenzied accents, "He hev gone ter — I dunno whar! — with my sound mare an' five dollars boot!" He made a pass with his hand before the eyes of the animal, who winked violently and tossed up his head. But that might have been only because he felt the wind of the motion. His unwilling owner moved back a pace, and taking his hat from his head — a large dark object — passed it quickly up and down, too far for the animal to feel the stir in the air, yet near enough to alarm or surprise him if he could see it. The constable stood looking on with interest, awaiting the result of the experiment, when a sudden thunder of galloping hoofs smote the air.

He turned to see in full progress the race he had interdicted. Along the sandy slope Jepson's little mare led five others, bounding under whip and spur, her head stretched out long and straight, her tail and mane flying, her body close to the ground, the dust rising in clouds beneath her hoofs.

It was a rash thing to do, and Eli Strobe, one of the most reasonable of men, would perchance never have risked it save for the applause that greeted her; one quavering voice arose, then the rotund swelling of cheers. He could hardly endure to see the race run and applauded in open defiance of the law. He rushed out to meet the animal, lowering

his head like a bull about to charge, and springing at her neck he caught the bridle, throwing his full weight upon it. The mare, frightened, reared, despite the heavy burden at her head. She pawed the air with her forefeet. Then, as she broke loose, the man fell with a terrible wrench, and away she went, with a cloud of dust skurrying after her like a witches' dance.

Jepson reined up on the opposite rise, for he reached it the next moment; the other riders had not followed. He saw their horses shy away, one by one, from the prostrate figure that seemed a lifeless heap in the road. Did it stir? Or did the bystanders, rushing to it, move it in some way, seeking to aid? A bloody face was upturned; the crowd interposed, and he saw no more.

At one side of the road, under a tree, stood the man — unheeding the tragedy — who doubted his horse's sight, still waving his hat up and down before the creature's eyes, to discover if he would flinch.

Charles Egbert Craddock.

THE LAW OF FASHION.

In the following pages I propose to consider one of those separable parts of the human motives which hitherto has received little attention, namely, that which depends upon the imitative impulse in man. It needs but a glance at any society to show us how strong is this motive of imitation; indeed, to it we owe some of the most conspicuous features in human associations. If we could separate ourselves from the influences of custom, we should perceive that the most striking features in society are found in the way in which human beings strive to attain to certain uniformities in action. In speech, in gesture, in garments, in architecture, in literature, in every branch of human endeavor, we see certain motives steadfastly imitated, handed down from generation to generation. The diversifying forces combat with this conservative or imitative tendency; occasionally they prevail over it, and lead men to great changes in the current of thought and action; but if they win, it is rarely an easy victory, and in many cases the imitative motive profoundly modifies, if it cannot arrest, the change which time brings about.

From the manifold examples of human development in which imitation operates as an important agent we may select two which can be advantageously studied. These we find in clothing and architecture. The groups of facts included under these heads have the valuable advantage for the student that the phenomena are relatively simple, are well separated from other groups of facts, and are capable of being in a high degree historic. They are either in themselves enduring, or are subjects of enduring delineation.

The influences which in a highly developed society act to diversify dress are very numerous, but at first the conditions which determine the form of habiliment are relatively simple. The desire to meet the dictates of modesty, the needs of protection, and the conditions of the simple materials accessible to the lower classes of men control the variety of costume. But with the progress in the arts, the materials which may serve for clothing and the shape of the garments make a distinction of classes and of sexes more possible. As soon as these distinctions are established we begin to see the influence of custom in regulating the fashion of habiliments. These fashions once

fixed, they become great permanences, which may survive changes that alter religions and overturn empires. Many slight peculiarities of clothing, features which have no sort of utility and no value as ornaments, are retained for ages. The vigor of the imitative principle is well shown in the case of the clothing now worn by men in all civilized countries.

The changes which, during the last century, have been brought about in the garments of men have in the main been due to governmental action. A century ago, stockings and breeches were well affirmed as the covering for the legs of men. It was in time found by the medical authorities that the close-fitting stocking was apt to produce in marching soldiers a diseased condition of the legs. This led to the invention of the trousers, which left the lower leg free. This new custom, thus planted in the army, that part of the community which of old was the glass of fashion, naturally spread to civil life. In this way, too, the habit of wearing long hair disappeared. The camp is no place for such a fashion; to keep men clean in hard campaigning, cropped polls were a necessity. In many other matters of dress, the military habit has affected the garments of men in civil life. The changes have generally been for the better, but there are some cases in which the influence of custom is harmful. The stiff collar, clearly a remnant of the gorget, is a case in point; the two buttons on the back of the coat, which once served to hold up the sword-belt, is a meaningless survival, maintained by conventionality alone. The divided tail of the ordinary coat, which appears to have been derived from the needs of the horseman, affords another instance of the same nature. Men were once dependent on the saddle for their greater activities, and their coats retain the mark of that time.

In women's clothing we find custom much more vigorously enforced than among men. There is with women nothing like the army to direct fashion in economic channels. Yet within certain limits of change their dress maintains its character far more permanently than that of men. The variations are in detail, while the essentials remain the same. The very great inconveniences of their costume, hindrances which become disabilities in the case of the working classes, have not served to bring about any sensible alteration in the style of their clothing. The observer will find no other such admirable illustrations of the force of custom as may be seen in the dress of women.

While clothing affords an excellent subject for detailed study of the laws of custom, that subject is so varied and the history so complicated that the student will do well to turn to architecture, where the forms of different periods are better preserved and the individual examples less numerous.

For the purposes of the student of custom, architecture may be made to include the class of ships and vehicles as well as that of the land dwellings. The group of ships affords some of the most beautiful instances of custom that can be found. In the first place, we may notice the singular way in which the shape of the hulls and the form of their rigging are inherited by the seamen of different regions. Each considerable portion of the shore of Europe has some peculiarities of rig or model which separate its boats from those of other districts. It is true that the creation of a science of ship-building has brought the great vessels of all nations to a certain general type; but the home-built boats of the European coast are as characteristic and as varied as the dialects, and more varied than the costumes, of the people who use them.

The influence of custom in maintaining differences in the fashion of boats is seen not only in Europe, but in America as well. In this country, if anywhere,

we would suppose that the constant intercourse of the people of the shorelands, the mingling of the fishery fleets, and the intercommunication of the coasters would have checked the tendency of local custom to perpetuate variations. Yet, though less pronounced than the differences of the European coast, the peculiarities of the American sea-boats from different districts is still so marked that the well-trained seaman can recognize their geographical origin as far as he can read their flags. In the small boats the divergence is even greater than in the ordinary coasters and fishermen; in them the influence of local peculiarities is so strong that any one who knows their varieties may tell his latitude within a few degrees by the boats of the shore. The persistence of fashion in the rig of small vessels is probably greater than that of any other feature in architecture. The felucca rig of the Mediterranean coasters has come down from very ancient times; and despite the fact that for centuries the Mediterranean has been the resort of vessels with the northern types of form and rigging, it holds its place in an enduring way. The same is the case with the smaller boats of this region; they retain the form which belonged to them in the first century of our era. Even to their curious bow-posts, which may have been phallic emblems, they remained unchanged. If we could revive a Roman citizen of the first century, he would probably find less alteration in the small vessels of the shore than in any other objects of human art.

There can be no doubt that the relative permanence of form in sea craft is due in part to the unchanged conditions of marine life, and in some cases the persistence of otherwise disadvantageous types of construction may be due to peculiar circumstances of the locality; but in a general way this endurance of types must be taken as a measure of the conservative effects of custom. The recent trial of American and British pleasure-boats has served to show how strong is this conservative inertia even among the most cultivated peoples. Both the contending boats were the product of a long series of inheritances.

Very interesting examples of the effect of the law of fashion may be found in the various forms of land carriages which exist in different parts of this and other countries. In Europe the traveler may observe that vehicles of particular pattern have a distribution in general conterminous with the peoples of the several states. The English carriages differ in nearly all cases so distinctly from those of France, Germany, or Italy that it is easy for the trained eye of an observer who has attended to the matter to say from which side of the Channel any special specimen has come. In Great Britain, the carriages as a whole exhibit everywhere a common type. In Ireland, however, they pretty generally differ from those of the greater isle.

The first settlers of this country were for a considerable period without roads accessible to wheels. The period during which they were without vehicles usually lasted for such a time that the memory of the home contrivances of this nature was in good part lost. Even in the new-made settlements of the West, especially those which were planted in the last century or in the early part of this, the folk composing them were for the most part for a long time without carriages, and so had occasion, when they had advanced to that stage of civilization where ways for wheels were demanded, to invent their own type of wagons. The only European carriage, if such it may be termed, which was ordinarily imported into this country was the pack-saddle. This ancient instrument of transportation, which had almost passed out of use in Great Britain, was universally revived in this country at the time of its settlement, and has held a certain place in our civilization ever since the landing of Euro-

peans in this country. To this day it survives in some of the isolated valleys of the Alleghanies as well as in some parts of the far West.

The distribution of the types of wheeled vehicles in this country would afford a very interesting subject for study in a detailed way. The present writer has been able to give it only a most cursory examination. The result of this imperfect inquiry has been to show that the wheeled vehicles of the United States are more localized in their character than any other contrivances which are used in the arts of the country, except perhaps the boats of the seashore. The range in variety of the facts concerning our types of wheeled vehicles is so great that only a very general statement can be given of them in this writing.

The most interesting fact concerning the distribution of this class of contrivances in the United States is found in the wide difference in the law of form which holds in carriages for pleasure and those for economical purposes. The carriages for pleasure have a curious likeness in all parts of this country. In their general form, relatively little difference can be traced in them, whether we select our examples from Texas or Maine. On the other hand, the carriages for profit or for a purely economical use are singularly diversified in different regions. The reason for this difference is readily apprehended. Vehicles which are for luxury, like clothing which is for purposes of decoration, are freer to follow the impulses which are given from the seats of fashionable life than those which have an economic purpose. Pictures of pleasure-carriages, like those of dress, are widely disseminated and closely copied by constructors. In them utility is sacrificed to the desire for securing the particularities dictated by the mode. The implements of utility are necessarily much less under the control of fashionable caprice. Still, we may find certain local variations in the shape of carriages which, although complying in the main with the type set by dictation, are yet modified to suit particular needs. Thus, in the region about our great cities the light carriages have their wheels much closer together than it is convenient to have them in the great part of the country districts. If any one essays to drive from Boston to Cape Cod, he will find his Boston carriage ceases to be practicable after he passes Plymouth, for the reason that beyond that point the ruts of the little-traveled roads are formed by farm wagons, the opposite wheels of which are a foot further apart than those of his vehicle. It will be necessary for him to change his carriage for one that fits the roads, unless he is willing to be subject to very grave discomfort, and indeed at times to danger of being overturned.

We will now proceed to note a few of the peculiar vehicles which exist in different parts of the United States, selecting as examples only those which are most conspicuous, and which most clearly indicate the persistence or invention of local peculiarities.

In the region west of the Alleghanies, and at some few points to the east of that ethnic barrier, the traveler will observe that the ordinary farm wagons retain certain features proper to the English van. There is a solid, well-framed body, designed to insure its structure against the peculiar strains which rough roads or heavy burdens impose upon it. This is covered by white canvas, supported by bows of bent hickory wood. This ancient type of wagon is fitted for the use of those who need to make long journeys. Under its tent the westward movement of our population has taken place. Whoever of old is familiar with this great march of people towards the setting sun has seen trains of these wagons, with their freight of household goods, women, and children, creeping across the Western plains. When our armies, during the civil war, had to be

provided with transportation, this was the type of the vehicles which were made to serve their needs. In the eastern part of the United States, the necessity for protection over night does not exist. Where wagons are to be housed in, the condition of the roads permits the adoption of a heavier and more enduring covering than canvas, and so our black-topped vans take the place of the picturesque moving tents of the immigrants. In the Southern States, we often notice yet another type of vehicle devoted to ordinary farm purposes. This is the two-wheeled wagon; the principles of its structure being essentially that of the parson's gig. This seems to have been a local invention, and on the whole has been limited to a very distinct field. So far as the present writer's observations go, it does not extend to any point west of the Alleghanies, being confined to the Carolinas, Virginia, and Georgia.

In the Western and Southwestern States, and in some places in the Northwest, we find in the towns a vehicle of excellent type, known as a dray. The word which designates this wagon is one of the most ancient of those which have been applied to any form of vehicle, but the construction itself is eminently peculiar; it has but faint likeness to any European vehicle. In the American dray we have two wheels; a long slender platform, without permanent sides, terminating at the rear end in two stout beams extending several feet. When in position to receive or discharge its freight, the projections form a perfect inclined plane leading down to the level of the walk. This admirable contrivance has been adjusted with reference to the barrel and bale, the two great methods of packing in use in the Western country. On the platform there are a number of cylindrical openings, in which what are called dray-pins are placed. The work of loading or discharging cargo is greatly facilitated by the use of these pins, which, moreover, afford excellent implements for the active discussions which frequently take place between the contentious drivers. The dray-pin is a very conspicuous element in the police records of the Southern States. The Southern and Western dray, of all American carriages the one which is most completely "reconciled to its environment," has never found a place in the Eastern States, for the reason that the barrel and the sub-cylindrical cotton bale are not so common in those parts, and perhaps for the better reason that the streets of our Eastern cities are too narrow to permit the evolution of this very long carriage, which must be turned athwart the street when it is receiving or discharging its load. A certain modification of the form in a four-wheeled vehicle is not uncommon in some of our Eastern cities, but it has not the most characteristic advantages of the dray.

Almost every city and many country districts in the United States have certain peculiar types of vehicles, or modifications of well-known forms, which serve to mark the inventive impulse and the imitative humor of the particular place. In the cities, the limitations of these vehicles are generally very distinct. In the country districts, the circumstances of distribution are less clearly marked, unless it should happen that the region is sharply bounded by some geographic barrier.

The islands along the coast of New England afford some interesting instances of these localized motives. The carts of Nantucket are absolutely peculiar to that island; the farm wagons of Martha's Vineyard, though of late very much affected by the importation of vehicles from the mainland, still preserve in many instances a peculiar type. At Mount Desert we may note that the rapid settlement of that island as a summer resort has led to the invention of a somewhat special form of wagon. The bent axle, by which the bed of the vehi-

cle is brought very near the ground, has been accepted as the type for all wagons designed for heavy carriage. In many parts of the Alleghanies we could note the invention of curious vehicular types. Thus the present writer found in Harlan County, Ky., many years ago, a domestic wagon constructed with stone wheels, each shaped like a grindstone, and fixed firmly upon the axle, which turned as in our railway carriages, or in the vehicles of ancient Rome. In the Rocky Mountains, the high price of labor has led to the invention of a system in which two wagons, the rear one with but a short pole, are fastened one behind the other. Thus one driver, with his ten horses and two wagons, can manage the train.

A careful study of American vehicles would show not only the influence of custom in perpetuating local inventions, but at the same time the exceptional ingenuity possessed by our people in creating contrivances to meet their local needs. Furthermore, we may find in the facts evidence of the extent to which our folk tend to develop their motives in a local way. At first sight, the careless observer, and even the careful student, is apt to conclude that our American population is singularly uniform. The literature of travel abounds in misplaced judgments as to the essential unity of our people. There can be no question that circumstances have unified our folk in a remarkable manner in certain and very important particulars. In language, and in the general sense of human relations, there is a noticeable uniformity in the American people; but, masked by that uniformity in conspicuous features, we have among our folk a wonderful degree of provincialism in many essential as well as in many unessential things. In various respects, both moral and material, our life is singularly localized.

The extension of customs depends upon the existence of a desire to imitate and the concurrent capacity to effect the imitation. Thus, while in many cases the desire may exist to reproduce the work done by others, the capacity to effect the result may be wanting. At the present time, the organization of manufactures has gone so far that it is not easy to find examples of this combination of imitativeness and incapacity in our ordinary commercial products. It may be seen, however, along our seashore, in the coast ships, which still retain to a great extent the characteristics of domestic manufactures. I can illustrate the nature of the limitation by a short anecdote. Many years ago there was a very great difference in the beauty and shapely qualities of the ships constructed by the builders of Cape Ann and those which were built in Nova Scotia. The Gloucester boats were the subject of great commendation on the part of many Nova Scotia builders. I asked an old shipwright, who was expressing his admiration for the form of a Gloucester schooner, why his people did not build the like. He answered that every year they built ships which were to their eyes exactly like the Yankee boats; but when the Gloucester men came back to that neighborhood, they turned out to be not in the least like them. Gradually the provincials are acquiring the power to memorize form. Nowadays it is not always so easy to separate, at first sight, the Nova Scotia vessels from those built about Massachusetts Bay as it was of old.

The mental model on which the actual structure is to be framed is often of very difficult acquisition; such models constitute the artistic store of a people. There seems to be a certain inheritance, if not of the very shape of ships, at least of a capacity to conceive of the forms and to bring them into being. Not only in the case of ships, but in all other arts whatsoever, such capacities, when not inherited, are acquired with difficulty; and so, until systematic manufacture takes the place of domestic art, the spread of architec-

tural and other artistic models must necessarily be slow. Beautiful instances of this may be seen in the arts of all primitive people, in which the tribal divisions create bounds to the inherited capacities.

When we study buildings, we see the influence of custom even more clearly than in ships or other instruments of carriage. Ships and vehicles are temporary structures, rarely enduring more than half a century, while the life of houses is many times as great. In old countries, we can easily trace the mode of building, even in relatively frail dwellings, for a period of five hundred years or more.

The careful observer can see in any European country abundant evidence of local custom in the fashion of the architecture. The greater buildings, those designed for monumental purposes, have something of the uniformity which belongs to the larger structures on the seas. In the domestic dwellings, where the uniforming influence of the architect has not been felt, we find the clearest effects of local custom. These architectural dialects, as we may term them, are as distinctly bounded and as permanent as are the forms of expression in speech.

The instances of this fact are extremely numerous; hardly a country or a province in Europe but will show its peculiar architectural influences. They are perhaps more striking in the countries which have been characterized by strong local histories than in the more unified lands. Tuscany, for example, affords excellent instances of long-continued architectural motives. No one familiar with the rural districts of that region can have failed to notice the charm which comes from the grace and simplicity of the rustic architecture. There is but one style, and this is absolutely direct in all its motives; but the work, though done by present builders, is pervaded by a simple spirit and improved by noble traditions. It is not improbable that these motives are direct inheritances from the Etruscan civilization; that this elegant sense of architectural beauty has come down directly from that ancient people.

The most remarkable feature in American buildings is the extreme instability of the motives represented in their construction; the inconstant whims of the professional constructor of houses has taken the place of the natural architectural motives. The observer might fairly conclude that the American people are incapable of inventing an architecture, — are incapable of accumulating traditions of beauty in structures, until they develop the assemblage of harmonious relations which constitute an architectural style; but this judgment would be ill-founded. It is true that the spread of ready-made architecture in the form of house plans has given a monotonous variety to buildings in most parts of America; but wherever a corner of the land can be found where the people are too primitive to be influenced by the Harper's Bazar spirit, a little attention will show that the localizing and inventing motive is at work there as well as on older lands. There is hardly an old town in New England, which has been so fortunate as to escape the modern house-builder, where the observer cannot find abundant evidence of the spirit of architectural invention. The colonial days, with their brief century of quietly accumulated traditions, carried us far towards the development of a worthy domestic architectural style in the stately mansions of that day, which managed to combine domesticity and dignity in a simple but effective way.

Even in the present day, any one who watches closely will see that the inventive American has a style-developing power which is vigorous, even though the products are not very satisfactory. All architectural styles of importance have been derivations from some primitive utility; they have arisen in the way in which all beauty in art and nature

seems to have arisen, — by the affectionate decoration of the needful, by the idealization of the utilities inherited from the past. The capacity to create a beautiful architecture, if not all the power to develop any succession of beauty-giving impulses, depends upon the existence of a keen sense of the past, together with a strong desire to give beauty to the work on hand. The sense of custom, that desire to do the thing as others have done it, must be the dominant motive. The historic sense, without which art cannot exist, must coöperate with the impulse which leads to mere decoration.

Imitation, or the custom-following motive of the American people, is clearly very strong. A curious instance of its strength has recently fallen under my notice. The case seems to illustrate so many points concerning the origin of architecture that it may advantageously be given in detail. About twenty years ago there was a camp-meeting place on the eastern shore of Martha's Vineyard. This religious meeting-place was found to combine many advantages of situation: the bathing was good, the air delightful, and the site wholesome, so it became a favorite place of summer resort. At first the dwellings of this camp consisted altogether of tents, which were removed at the end of the season. The ground was divided into little lots, about twenty feet in width and sixty or so in depth, — just large enough for a family tent, with the necessary out-houses. The first advance on these imperfect dwelling-places was made by having a permanent floor to the canvas house, which floor projected some feet beyond the front of the tent, affording the foundation for an awning-covered porch. The next step was to support the tent by a timber frame, which also was a permanent structure. Further experience led to the covering of the sides of the structure with plank, the canvas roof being retained. Very soon the canvas was abandoned; a timber structure took its place, and thus the tent was transformed into a house. This house imitated the tent so far as it was possible to reproduce its features in the new material. In front, the portal of the tent was represented by a very large folding door, with a small window on either side. In a short time these simple, tent-like houses became the established type of the structures erected on the camp-ground.

Soon after the establishment of this custom of building, the resort to this settlement of Oak Bluffs became greater, and larger dwellings began to arise on the ground outside of the camp; but almost without exception these structures were built in the general form of those within the fold. Now the spirit of ornament began to show itself: the original simple lines of the little house were decorated with cornices and scroll-work, often of very *bizarre* forms, but the original motives of construction were closely adhered to, so that a glance will show the derivation of their architecture.

When firmly planted in this summer resort, this fashion of building spread to other parts of the shore; but the origin of the architectural motives of these houses can be traced in their general outline, by the gable end set against the roadway, the large central portal opening immediately into the main room of the house, and in the broad porch occupying the whole front of the building. The plan of the structure is distinctly different from any other form of dwelling which has ever been used in this country. Thus, in a quick succession of changes, we see how readily the foundations of an architectural fashion may be laid; how by the constant adaptation of means to the end, together with a clinging to the existing traditions of form, we may pass from one mode of construction to another without any sudden break in the succession of motives which guide the builder. This incident seems to show us that the

American of to-day, despite the tendency which his life has to part him from the past, still retains the essential impulses which guided his ancestors in their passage from the earliest constructions to the higher and more settled forms of architecture.

This interesting instance of the rapid evolution of a new architectural type may profitably be compared to the steps which led from the wooden temples of the early Greeks, with their rude ornaments made of the heads of cattle from the sacrificial altar, to the gracious structures of stone which came in their place. It is a comparison of great things with small, but the manner in which men are bound by the deeds of their race is shown alike in both instances.

Against this interesting example of cottage architecture, where the spontaneous evolution of a type has been accomplished in a few years, we may set the singular fixedness of form of our American log cabin. In all the backwoods regions of America, that is to say in all the Southern States, and, except in New England, in the Northern as far west as Illinois, the log cabin has been the prevailing house ever since the settlement of the country. Yet there is hardly a trace of variation in the form of these structures. These buildings, it would seem, would lend themselves to variety and to the accumulation by tradition of conventional ornament. Although in Switzerland, and in many other countries, the house of massive timber has been made the basis of a great deal of architectural decoration, to which its structure well lends itself, no such development has taken place in the similar houses of America. The cause of this seems to be that the frontiersman is peculiarly separated from tradition, and rigidly bound by the needs of his conditions, which are of the most immediate necessity.[1] There is no time for the spirit of adornment on which architectural development depends. When the region about the pioneer becomes civilized, and the log cabin is to be replaced, a frame house comes in its stead, which, from its nature, can preserve nothing of the earlier type of structure. It is only when people pass beyond the frontier state that the possibilities of architectural development begin, and with that passage they generally come under the foreign yoke of the architects, and so are deprived of the chance of developing any local customs in their building art.

The tendency of modern days is to take the control of architecture from the people, and lodge it in the hands of specialists. There can be no doubt that this change will prove very profitable in many ways, but it will irresistibly bring about the destruction of those spontaneous motives which give one of the greatest charms to the aspect of an old civilized country.

The foregoing very general considerations concerning the effect of custom in the greater constructive arts should be largely extended in order to afford a firm basis for a closer study of the imitative motives of society. Brief as they are, however, they must needs serve to illustrate the general conclusions concerning the origin and value of these motives, of which we propose now to speak.

First let us notice that this imitative motive is by no means limited to man;

[1] The separation of our frontier folk from their race traditions is well shown by their entire loss of all the folk-lore which their race once possessed. I have been unable to find a trace of the songs and fairy-tales of the old English people among the folk of the Southern Alleghanies, who, in their customs and character, are more closely related to the British yeomanry of the seventeenth century than any other part of our population. It would be interesting to inquire into the causes which have led to the destruction of these race traditions, which were retained through all the wide migrations of the various folk in the eastern continent, but such an inquiry would lead us far from our subject matter.

it may be seen among very many of the lower animals. It is true that among most of these inferior creatures, where an architectural impulse exists, it is under the direction of a mental machinery which probably acts without any conscious intelligence; but for all that, we are not entitled to regard this motive as essentially different from that which impels man to imitate the actions, or the structures of his fellows; at least where the action is not purely instructive. Among the elephants, the monkeys, and the dogs, although there may exist an inherited predisposition to the imitative act, the way in which the impulse operates shows us plainly that it is essentially akin to the faculty as we find it in man. In the web-building spiders, in the wasps and bees, where the construction of complicated contrivances is carried out by creatures which have never seen the work of their ancestors, the imitative process is less clearly allied to that of men.

In the constructive work of the nest-building birds, as has been well shown by Mr. Wallace and others, there is a combination of an instinctive impulse, which compels them to prepare a place for their eggs and young, with an imitative faculty, which leads them to shape these nests by a direct process of copying from the work done by their kindred of the same species. Certain varieties, if reared apart from others of their kind, have been observed to change the fashion of their nests, and to proceed in a way of their own with their work of construction, making mistakes which were clearly due to the lack of a chance to profit by their race traditions. We observe the influence of the imitative motive in a yet more striking way in the case of the song-bird, when the creature seeks to copy that which it may hear.

Thus we are driven to the belief that the imitative impulse is not limited to man, but is a quality common to animals in the lower yet kindred life about us. It is clearly a product of the social condition, one which comes to intelligent beings when they are subjected to that quickening of the mind which is the result of the social habit.

This leads us to see that the production of the imitative motive clearly lies in the sympathy which prevails between the several members of a society. Each social being is, by the very fact that it is social, keenly alive to all the actions of its fellows. The usual acts of the herd or flock are instinctively adopted as the acts fit for each individual among human beings. Culture may hedge the individual about, and place him in a critical position towards the motives of his fellows, — this is indeed the first and greatest function of culture; but the impulse to do as his fellows do remains even in the most isolated of men. Under conditions of excitement, especially when brought closely in contact with his fellows, culture is apt to be a frail bar to the imitative impulse. The individuality given by education, though it may be strong enough to secure the person against the access of what we may term the mob spirit, as long as the circumstances are those to which he has been accustomed in his isolated action, is likely to vanish as soon as these circumstances are changed. Under novel conditions, the restraint which custom puts on the ancient imitative motive is usually not strong enough to overcome that impulse.

The influence of fashion or custom on all human actions thus appears to be a mode of expression of that sympathy with the fellow-being, that strange sense of relation to the kindred life, which is the product of society in man and brute. This sense of sympathy is best shown in the more direct relations between fellow-beings; it is well exhibited in the impulse to mutual help, which springs instinctively to activity at the appeal of suffering; though it is seen in less

marked but still important ways in the tendency to imitate the constructions which have come from the activity of the kindred life.

The imitative motive is evident in the following of fashions, in dress, deportment, and ornament, which with many people is a blind and unreasoning impulse. It is the less manifest in the matter of architecture, but even here it is seen operating as a powerful motive, in accumulating and affirming local peculiarities of construction. It is yet fainter in the matter of national actions, but there also we may see the impulse to imitation, at times acting with singular power, though not often with much persistency. A sense of ancestral history, a desire to be like noble, or traditionally noble, ancestors, has decided many a battle-field, and shaped the course of many a nation's policy in time of trial. The recent history of Japan has shown us a state suddenly aroused to an almost absurd desire to put on the shape of distant peoples, who by some evidences of power have come to seem worthy of imitation.

Those who are interested in forecasting the future of our social system will find abundant room for conjecture in the changes which are coming over the imitative motives in the swift alterations of our modern life. It is evident that some of the greater modifications of the social machinery are to be brought about by the changes of these motives, which now seem to bind the individual man to his fellows, and the living generations to those which have gone before. The so-called progress in the arts is gradually separating mankind from all domestic industries whatsoever, thereby destroying one of the strongest of the old bonds between the generations. Formerly the body of practical learning which concerned men came down in the traditional path from generation to generation. Men felt that the wisdom of their fathers was a precious and saving heritage. They cherished and advanced these inherited traditions, and transmitted the store to their children. The family house was not encumbered with the commercial products of a hundred different factories, but was a school of the arts of life, a place of many industries, inherited from the forefathers. The modern innovations have spared labor, and opened to men and women the way to a wider life, but they are destroying the strongest bonds that link them to the past.

Our modern system, it is true, offers a new bond in place of the old basis of allegiance to the past. It offers us a historic knowledge of ancestors, a critical estimate of their deeds and motives. Undoubtedly, this new method of considering the past is more learned than the old; but it clearly is at present less sympathetic, less calculated to unite the successive generations in the common bond of motives and deeds. By it we cannot expect to preserve the old unity of peoples, as it was preserved by the traditional methods which it is now displacing.

The value of the unconscious allegiance to ancestry, which is shown in the perpetuation of customs, to the unity of the state is hard to measure. It evidently varies greatly in different peoples: it has its fullest expression in the society of China and of other Asiatic states, where the living generation is fettered to the dead; it is strong in almost all the old societies of Europe; it appears weaker in Britain than elsewhere in the Old World, but it is at its minimum in America, where many circumstances have served to make the living singularly independent of those who have gone before.

The open-minded critical observer will undoubtedly find in our American life much of profit which has come from the ablation of custom. The American, self-centred, with none of the burden of the past life upon him, is a more agile

creature than the older type of man, who has a heavy load of the past to hamper him in his accommodation to the living moment. The very inventiveness which is the most striking intellectual mark of the American is a measure of his independence of the past; the best use he can make of the ancestral traditions is to get his foot upon them, that he may mount to a higher plane of action. From his church to his barn, from his state to his family, he makes the thing fit his own immediate needs. When he follows the ancestral path, it is with no reverence nor even with an unreverential respect for the better knowledge of his ancestors, but only because of habit, — because he has not yet found, in the pressure of his incessant labor, the time to make a new and better way. His golden age is in the future, and, with his face towards the glowing east, he cares little for the shadows where his fathers lie. Such is the man of innovations, and from his labor the world may expect a rich harvest of good. All this and more may be said for this new kind of man, the first of his species to be so emancipated from the past. The world has never seen his like before, and will view his actions with mingled curiosity and fear.

The student of men, who has gained a sense of the place which the law of custom has had in the history of mankind, will watch the emancipated man of the New World, to see how he fares with his new motives. Even now, at the outset of the American experiment of doing without ancestral customs as far as that may be possible, he may fancy that he discerns certain interesting results, both of good and evil, which are arising from this change in the relations of the American man. In the first place, the change has not in the least degree served to diminish the emancipated man's interest in his fellow-men; on the contrary, the concentration of the interests and affections in actual life has perhaps intensified the sympathies with his brother. Certainly, in no other age and in no other country have the sympathies been so quick as in our land and day. We can end discussion on this point by the evidence which the reconciliation of the North and South affords. This is an instance of sympathy almost beyond belief; those who have seen it have beheld one of the most marvelous incidents in history. It would doubtless be unreasonable to attribute all of this to the separation of the American man from the past, but the whole history of the civil war, and especially the treatment of the subjugated, was possible only with a people who had severed themselves from the traditions which have guided societies in similar exigencies.

In almost any situation of life, we can conceive that the man can best act his own nature by having little bondage with the past; but the question will arise as to how far this entire independence in action may gain in rationality by the severance from traditions. There can be no doubt that the *ismatic* humor of the American people, the tendency to try impossible social and religious experiments, is a product of this decay of custom. How far this expenditure of force in unprofitable lives, which end in moral failure and a hopeless wrecking of motives and of men, may go to countervail the advantage which arises from the greater flexibility which our people secure by their severance from the past is a debatable question.

Last of all, the observer may ask whether this new-won freedom will endure; whether it is not the product of the life in unhampered conditions, where the monuments of the past were wanting. Will not the consolidation of the national structure change this sportive, past-forgetting youth into a manhood which will have the motives of the older civilizations? There are not wanting signs that such a change is coming

to our people. As the past of our own country gathers about its firesides, it may reassert its old claim upon the life of the day, and new ways may be found to return to the natural worship of ancestors. At present the trend of all modern life in civilized countries is rather against the bondage of ancestral custom. There have been several periods in the history of European peoples where there was the same revolt against the control of custom, such as that of the renaissance and the revolution of the eighteenth century; but the end has shown that the power of custom in men is too strong for them to break. It may well be that the American experiment will end in the same manner.

The strength of custom, and especially of its expression in the following of ancestral traditions, lies in the nature of the mind itself. Temporary causes may weaken its control, but it will require a change of an organic kind permanently to overthrow its power.

N. S. Shaler.

BEGINNINGS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

During the seventy years which had elapsed since the overthrow of the Stuart dynasty, the relations between the American colonies and the home government had been peaceful; and the history of the colonies, except for the great and romantic struggle with New France, would have been almost destitute of striking incidents. In view of the perpetual menace from France, it was manifestly unwise for the British government to irritate the colonies, or do anything to weaken their loyalty; and they were accordingly left very much to themselves. Still, they were not likely to be treated with any great liberality, — for such was not then, as it is hardly even yet, the way of governments, — and if their attachment to England still continued strong, it was in spite of the general demeanor of the mother country. Since 1675 the general supervision of the colonies had been in the hands of a standing committee of the Privy Council, styled the "Lords of the Committee of Trade and Plantations," and familiarly known as the "Lords of Trade." To this board the governors sent frequent and full reports of the proceedings in the colonial legislature, of the state of agriculture and trade, of the revenues of the colonies, and of the way in which the public money was spent. In private letters, too, the government poured forth their complaints into the ears of the Lords of Trade, and these complaints were many and loud. Except in Pennsylvania and Maryland, which were like hereditary monarchies, and in Connecticut and Rhode Island, where the governors were elected by the people, the colonial governors were now invariably appointed by the Crown. In most cases they were inclined to take high views regarding the royal prerogative, and in nearly all cases they were unable to understand the political attitude of the colonists, who on the one hand gloried in their connection with England, and on the other hand, precisely because they were Englishmen, were unwilling to yield on any occasion whatsoever one jot or tittle of their ancient liberties. Moreover, through the ubiquity of the popular assemblies and the directness of their control over the administration of public affairs, the political life of America was both really and ostensibly freer than that of England was at that time; and the ancient liberties of Englishmen, if not better pre-

served, were at least more conspicuously asserted. As a natural consequence, the royal governors were continually trying to do things which the people would not let them do, they were in a chronic state of angry warfare with their assemblies, and they were incessant in their complaints to the Lords of Trade. They represented the Americans as factious and turbulent people, with their heads turned by queer political crotchets, unwilling to obey the laws, and eager to break off their connection with the British Empire. In this way they did much to arouse an unfriendly feeling toward the colonies, although eminent Englishmen were not wanting who understood American affairs too well to let their opinions be thus lightly influenced. Upon the Lords of Trade these misrepresentations wrought with so much effect that now and then they would send out instructions to suspend the writ of *habeas corpus*, or to abridge the freedom of the press. Sometimes their acts were absurdly arbitrary. In New Hampshire, the people maintained that as free-born Englishmen they had a right to choose their representatives; but the governor held, on the contrary, that this was no right, but only a privilege, which the Crown might withhold, or grant, or revoke, all at its own good pleasure. To uphold the royal prerogative, the governor was instructed to issue writs for elections to some of the towns, while withholding them from others; but the resistance of the people to this piece of tyranny was so determined that the Lords of Trade thought it best to yield. In Massachusetts, for more than thirty years, there went on an unceasing controversy between the General Court and the successive royal governors, Shute, Burnet, and Belcher, with reference to the governor's salary. The Lords of Trade insisted that the governor should be paid a fixed salary; but lest this should make the governor too independent, the General Court obstinately refused to establish a salary, but made grants to the governor from year to year, in imitation of the time-honored usage of Parliament. This method was, no doubt, inconvenient for the governors; but the colonists rightly valued it as one of the safeguards of popular liberty, and to their persistent refusal the Crown was obliged to give way. Similar controversies, in New York and South Carolina, were attended with similar results; while in Virginia the assembly more than once refused to vote supplies, on the ground that the liberties of the colony were in danger.

Such grievances as these, reported year by year to the Lords of Trade, and losing nothing in the manner in which they were told, went far to create in England an opinion that America was a lawless country, and sorely in need of a strong government. From time to time various schemes were proposed for limiting the powers of the colonial assemblies, for increasing the power of the governors, for introducing a titled nobility, for taxing the colonists by act of Parliament, or for weakening the feeling of local independence by uniting several colonies into one. Until after the French troubles had been disposed of, little came of any of these schemes. A plan for taxing the colonies was once proposed to Sir Robert Walpole, but the sagacious old statesman received it with a laugh. "What!" said he. "I have half of Old England set against me already, and do you think I will have all New England likewise?" From time to time the liberal charters of Rhode Island and Connecticut were threatened, but nothing came of this. But in one direction the Lords of Trade were more active. One of their most cherished plans was to bring about a union of all the colonies under a single head; but this was not to be a union of the kind which the Americans, with consummate statesmanship, afterward wrought out for themselves. It was not to be a union based upon the idea of the

sacredness of local self-government, but it was a union to be achieved, as far as possible, at the expense of local self-government. To bring all the colonies together under a single viceroy would, it was thought, diminish seriously the power of each local assembly, while at the same time such a union would no doubt make the military strength of the colonies much more available in case of war. In 1764, Francis Bernard, governor of Massachusetts, wrote that "to settle the American governments to the greatest possible advantage, it will be necessary to reduce the number of them; in some places to unite and consolidate; in others to separate and transfer; and in general to divide by natural boundaries instead of imaginary lines. If there should be but one form of government established for the North American provinces, it would greatly facilitate the reformation of them." As long ago as 1701, Robert Livingston, of New York, had made similar suggestions; and in 1752, Governor Dinwiddie, of Virginia, recommended that the Northern and Southern colonies be united respectively into two great confederacies.

The desirableness of bringing about a union of the colonies was also recognized by all the most liberal-minded American statesmen, though from a very different point of view. They agreed with the royal governors and with the Lords of Trade as to the urgent need for concentrating the military strength of the colonies, and they thought that this end could best be subserved by some kind of federal union. But at the same time they held that the integrity of the local self-government of each colony was of the first importance, and that no system of federation would be practicable which should in any degree essentially impair that integrity. To bring about a federal union on such terms was no easy matter; it was a task fitted to tax the greatest of statesmen at any time. At that time it was undoubtedly a hopeless task. The need for union was not generally felt by the people. The sympathies between the different colonies were weak and liable to be overborne by prejudices arising from rivalry or from differences in social structure. To the merchant of Boston, the Virginian planter was still almost a foreigner, though both the one and the other were pure-blooded Englishmen. Commercial jealousies were very keen. Disputes about boundaries were not uncommon. In 1756, Georgia and South Carolina actually came to blows over the navigation of the Savannah River. Jeremiah Dummer, in his famous Defence of the New Charters, said that it was impossible that the colonies should ever be brought to unite; and Burnaby thought that if the hand of Great Britain were once taken off, there would be chronic civil war all the way from Maine to Georgia.

In 1754, the prospect of immediate war with the French led several of the royal governors to call for a congress of all the colonies, to be held at Albany. The primary purpose of the meeting was to make sure of the friendship of the Six Nations, and to organize a general scheme of operations against the French. The secondary purpose was to prepare some plan of confederation which all the colonies might be persuaded to adopt. New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, Pennsylvania, and Maryland — only seven colonies of the thirteen — sent commissioners to this congress. The people showed little interest in the movement. It does not appear that any public meetings were held in favor of it. Among the newspapers, the only one which warmly approved of it seems to have been the Pennsylvania Gazette, edited by Benjamin Franklin, which appeared with a union device and the motto "Unite or Die!"

The circumstances of Franklin's life, no less than the vast sweep of his intelligence, had fitted him for sounder and

wider views of the political needs of the time than were taken by most of his contemporaries. In a certain sense he may be said to have belonged to two very different colonies; nor was he unfamiliar with ideas current in the mother country. During the session of the Albany Congress, a first attempt was made to establish a permanent union of the thirteen colonies. It was to Franklin that the plan was chiefly due. The legislative assembly of each colony was to choose, once in three years, representatives to attend a federal Grand Council; which was to meet every year at Philadelphia, a town which could be reached by a twenty days' journey either from South Carolina or from New Hampshire. This Grand Council was to choose its own speaker, and could neither be dissolved nor prorogued, nor kept sitting longer than six weeks at any one time, except by its own consent or by especial order of the Crown. The Grand Council was to make treaties with the Indians and to regulate the Indian trade; and it was to have sole power of legislation on all matters concerning the colonies as a whole. To these ends, it could levy taxes, enlist soldiers, build forts, and nominate all civil officers. Its laws were to be submitted to the king for approval, and the royal veto, in order to be of effect, must be exercised within three years.

To this Grand Council each colony was to send a number of representatives, proportioned to its contributions to the continental military service; yet no colony was to send less than two or more than seven representatives. With the exception of such matters of general concern as were to be managed by the Grand Council, each colony was to retain its powers of legislation intact. On an emergency, any colony might singly defend itself against foreign attack, and the federal government was prohibited from impressing soldiers or seamen without the consent of the local legislature.

The supreme executive power was to be vested in a president or governor-general, appointed and paid by the Crown. He was to nominate all military officers, subject to the approval of the Grand Council, and was to have a veto on all the acts of the Grand Council. No money could be issued save by joint order of the governor-general and the council.

This plan, said Franklin, "is not altogether to my mind, but it is as I could get it." It should be observed, to the credit of its great author, that this scheme, long afterward known as the "Albany Plan," contemplated the formation of a self-sustaining federal government, and not of a mere league. As Frothingham well says, "It designed to confer on the representatives of the people the power of making laws acting directly on individuals, and appointing officers to execute them, and yet not to interfere with the execution of the laws operating on the same individuals by the local officers." It would have erected "a public authority as obligatory in its sphere as the local governments were in their spheres." In this respect it was much more complete than the scheme of confederation agreed on in Congress in 1777, and it afforded a valuable precedent for the much more elaborate and perfect Federal Constitution of 1787. It was in its main features a noble scheme, and the great statesman who devised it was already looking forward to the immense growth of the American Union, though he had not yet foreseen the separation of the colonies from the mother country. In less than a century, he said, the great country behind the Alleghanies must become "a populous and powerful dominion;" and he recommended that two new colonies should at once be founded in the West, — the one on Lake Erie, the other in the valley of the Ohio, — with free chartered governments like those of Rhode Island and Connecticut.

But public opinion was not yet ripe for the adoption of Franklin's bold and comprehensive ideas. Of the royal governors who were anxious to see the colonies united on any terms, none opposed the plan except Delancey, of New York, who wished to reserve to the governors a veto upon all elections of representatives to the Grand Council. To this it was rightly objected that such a veto power would virtually destroy the freedom of elections, and make the Grand Council an assembly of creatures of the governors. On the popular side the objections were many. The New England delegates, on the whole, were the least disinclined to union; yet Connecticut urged that the veto power of the governor-general might prove ruinous to the whole scheme; that the concentration of all the military forces in his hands would be fraught with dangers to liberty; and that even the power of taxation, lodged in the hands of an assembly so remote from local interests, was hardly compatible with the preservation of the ancient rights of Englishmen. After long debate, the assembly at Albany decided to adopt Franklin's plan, and copies of it were sent to all the colonies for their consideration. But nowhere did it meet with approval. The mere fact that the royal governors were all in favor of it — though their advocacy was at present, no doubt, determined mainly by military reasons — was quite enough to create an insuperable prejudice against it on the part of the people. The Massachusetts legislature seems to have been the only one which gave it a respectful consideration, albeit a large town meeting in Boston denounced it as subversive of liberty. Pennsylvania rejected it without a word of discussion. None of the assemblies favored it. On the other hand, when sent over to England to be inspected by the Lords of Trade, it only irritated and disgusted them. As they truly said, it was a scheme of union "complete in itself;" and ever since the days of the New England confederacy the Crown had looked with extreme jealousy upon all attempts at concerted action among the colonies which did not originate with itself. Besides this, the Lords of Trade were now considering a plan of their own for remodeling the governments of the colonies, establishing a standing army, enforcing the navigation acts, and levying taxes by authority of Parliament. Accordingly little heed was paid to Franklin's ideas. Though the royal governors had approved the Albany plan, in default of any scheme of union more to their minds, they had no real sympathy with it. In 1756, Shirley wrote to the Lords of Trade, urging upon them the paramount necessity for a union of the American colonies, in order to withstand the French; while at the same time he disparaged Franklin's scheme, as containing principles of government unfit even for a single colony like Rhode Island, and much more unfit for a great American confederacy. The union, he urged, should be effected by act of Parliament, and by the same authority a general fund should be raised to meet the expenses of the war, — an end which Shirley thought might be most speedily and quietly attained by means of a "stamp duty." As Shirley had been for fifteen years governor of Massachusetts, and was now commander-in-chief of all the troops in America, his opinion had great weight with the Lords of Trade; and the same views being reiterated by Dinwiddie of Virginia, Sharpe of Maryland, Hardy of New York, and other governors, the notion that Parliament must tax the Americans became deeply rooted in the British official mind.

Nothing was done, however, until the work of the French war had been accomplished. In 1761, it was decided to enforce the Navigation Act, and one of the revenue officers at Boston applied to the superior court for a "writ of assistance," or general search-warrant, to

enable him to enter private houses and search for smuggled goods, but without specifying either houses or goods. Such general warrants had been allowed by a statute of the bad reign of Charles II., and a statute of William III., in general terms, had granted to revenue officers in America like powers to those they possessed in England. But James Otis showed that the issue of such writs was contrary to the whole spirit of the British constitution. To issue such universal warrants, allowing the menials of the custom-house, on mere suspicion, and perhaps from motives of personal enmity, to invade the home of any citizen, without being held responsible for any rudeness they might commit there, — such, he said, was "a kind of power, the exercise of which cost one king of England his head, and another his throne;" and he plainly declared that even an act of Parliament which should sanction so gross an infringement of the immemorial rights of Englishmen would be treated as null and void. Chief Justice Hutchinson granted the writs of assistance, and as an interpreter of the law he was doubtless right in so doing; but Otis's argument suggested the question whether Americans were bound to obey laws which they had no share in making, and his passionate eloquence made so great an impression upon the people that this scene in the court-room has been ever since remembered — and not unjustly — as the opening scene of the American Revolution.

In the same year the arbitrary temper of the government was exhibited in New York. Down to this time the chief justice of the colony had held office only during good behavior, and had been liable to dismissal at the hands of the colonial assembly. The chief justice was now made removable only by the Crown, a measure which struck directly at the independent administration of justice in the colony. The assembly tried to protect itself by refusing to assign a fixed salary to the chief justice, whereupon the king ordered that the salary should be paid out of the quit-rents for the public lands. At the same time instructions were sent to all the royal governors to grant no judicial commissions for any other period than "during the king's pleasure;" and to show that this was meant in earnest, the governor of New Jersey was next year peremptorily dismissed for commissioning a judge "during good behavior."

In 1762, a question distinctly involving the right of the people to control the expenditure of their own money came up in Massachusetts. Governor Bernard, without authority from the assembly, had sent a couple of ships to the northward, to protect the fisheries against French privateers, and an expense of some £400 had been thus incurred. The assembly was now ordered to pay this sum, but it refused to do so. "It would be of little consequence to the people," said Otis, in the debate on the question, "whether they were subject to George or Louis, the king of Great Britain or the French king, if both were arbitrary, as both would be, if both could levy taxes without Parliament." A cry of "Treason!" from one of the less clear-headed members greeted this bold statement; and Otis, being afterward taken to task for his language, published a Vindication, in which he maintained that the rights of a colonial assembly, as regarded the expenditure of public money, were as sacred as the rights of the House of Commons.

In April, 1763, just three years after the accession of George III., George Grenville became Prime Minister of England, while, at the same time, Charles Townshend was First Lord of Trade. Townshend had paid considerable attention to American affairs, and was supposed to know more about them than any other man in England. But his studies had led him to the conclusion

that the colonies ought to be deprived of their self-government, and that a standing army ought to be maintained in America by means of taxes arbitrarily assessed upon the people by Parliament. Grenville was far from approving of such extreme measures as these, but he thought that a tax ought to be imposed upon the colonies, in order to help defray the expenses of the French war. Yet in point of fact, as Franklin truly said, the colonies had "raised, paid, and clothed nearly twenty-five thousand men during the last war, — a number equal to those sent from Great Britain, and far beyond their proportion. They went deeply into debt in doing this; and all their estates and taxes are mortgaged for many years to come for discharging that debt." That the colonies had contributed more than an equitable share toward the expenses of the war, that their contributions had even been in excess of their ability, had been freely acknowledged by Parliament, which, on several occasions, between 1756 and 1763, had voted large sums to be paid over to the colonies, in partial compensation for their excessive outlay. Parliament was therefore clearly estopped from making the defrayal of the war debt the occasion for imposing upon the colonies a tax of a new and strange character, and under circumstances which made the payment of such a tax seem equivalent to a surrender of their rights as free English communities. In March, 1764, Grenville introduced in the House of Commons a series of Declaratory Resolves, announcing the intention of the government to raise a revenue in America by requiring all legal documents to bear stamps, varying in price from threepence to ten pounds. A year was to elapse, however, before these resolutions should take effect in a formal enactment.

It marks the inferiority of the mother country to the colonies in political development, at that time, that the only solicitude as yet entertained by the British official mind, with regard to this measure, seems to have been concerned with the question how far the Americans would be willing to part with their money. With the Americans it was as far as possible from being a question of pounds, shillings, and pence; but this was by no means correctly understood in England. Poor old Shirley, although he had lived so long in Massachusetts, had thought that a revenue might be most easily and quietly raised by means of a stamp duty. Of all kinds of direct tax, none, perhaps, is less annoying. But the position taken by the Americans had little to do with mere convenience; it rested from the outset upon the deepest foundations of political justice, and from this foothold neither threatening nor coaxing could stir it.

The first deliberate action with reference to the proposed Stamp Act was taken in the Boston town meeting in May, 1764. In this memorable town meeting Samuel Adams drew up a series of resolutions, which contained the first formal and public denial of the right of Parliament to tax the colonies without their consent; and while these resolutions were adopted by the Massachusetts assembly, a circular letter was at the same time sent to all the other colonies, setting forth the need for concerted and harmonious action in respect of so grave a matter. In response, the assemblies of Connecticut, New York, Pennsylvania, Virginia, and South Carolina joined with Massachusetts in remonstrating against the proposed Stamp Act. All these memorials were remarkable for clearness of argument and simple dignity of language. They all took their stand on the principle that, as free-born Englishmen, they could not rightfully be taxed by the House of Commons unless they were represented in that body. But the proviso was added, that if a letter from the Secretary of State, coming in the king's name, should be presented

to the colonial assemblies, asking them to contribute something from their general resources to the needs of the British Empire, they would cheerfully, as heretofore, grant liberal sums of money, in token of their loyalty and of their interest in all that concerned the welfare of the mighty empire to which they belonged. These able and temperate memorials were sent to England; and in order to reinforce them by personal tact and address, Franklin went over to London as agent for the colony of Pennsylvania.

The remonstrances of the colonies were of no avail. Early in 1765 the Stamp Act was passed. It is worthy of remark that, now that the obnoxious law was fairly enacted, the idea that the Americans would resist its execution did not at once occur to Franklin. Acquiescence seemed to him, for the present, the only safe policy. In writing to his friend Charles Thomson, he said that he could no more have hindered the passing of the Stamp Act than he could have hindered the sun's setting. "That," he says, "we could not do. But since it is down, my friend, and it may be long before it rises again, let us make as good a night of it as we can. We may still light candles. Frugality and industry will go a great way towards indemnifying us." But Thomson, in his answer, with truer foresight, observed, "I much fear, instead of the candles you mentioned being lighted, you will hear of the works of darkness!" The news of the passage of the Stamp Act was greeted in America with a burst of indignation. In New York, the act was reprinted with a death's-head upon it in place of the royal arms, and it was hawked about the streets under the title of The Folly of England and the Ruin of America. In Boston, the church-bells were tolled, and the flags on the shipping put at half-mast.

But formal defiance came first from Virginia. A year and a half before, a famous lawsuit, known as the "Parsons Cause," had brought into public notice a young man who was destined to take rank as one of the greatest of modern orators. The lawsuit which made Patrick Henry's reputation was one of the straws which showed how the stream of tendency in America was then strongly setting toward independence. Tobacco had not yet ceased to be the legal currency of Virginia, and by virtue of an old statute each clergyman of the Established Church was entitled to sixteen thousand pounds of tobacco as his yearly salary. In 1755 and 1758, under the severe pressure of the French war, the assembly had passed relief acts, allowing all public dues, including the salaries of the clergy, to be paid either in kind or in money, at a fixed rate of twopence for a pound of tobacco. The policy of these acts was thoroughly unsound, as they involved a partial repudiation of debts; but the extreme distress of the community was pleaded in excuse, and every one, clergy as well as laymen, at first acquiesced in them. But in 1759, tobacco was worth sixpence per pound, and the clergy became dissatisfied. Their complaints reached the ears of Sherlock, the Bishop of London, and the act of 1758 was summarily vetoed by the king in council. The clergy brought suits to recover the unpaid portions of their salaries; in the test case of Rev. James Maury, the court decided the point of the law in their favor, on the ground of the royal veto, and nothing remained but to settle before a jury the amount of the damages. On this occasion, Henry appeared for the first time in court, and after a few timid and awkward sentences burst forth with an eloquent speech, in which he asserted the indefeasible right of Virginia to make laws for herself, and declared that in annulling a salutary ordinance at the request of a favored class in the community "a king, from being the father of his people, degenerates into a tyrant,

and forfeits all right to obedience." Cries of "Treason!" were heard in the court-room, but the jury immediately returned a verdict of one penny in damages, and Henry became the popular idol of Virginia. The clergy tried in vain to have him indicted for treason, alleging that his crime was hardly less heinous than that which had brought old Lord Lovat to the block. But the people of Louisa County replied, in 1765, by choosing him to represent them in the colonial assembly.

Hardly had Henry taken his seat in the assembly when the news of the Stamp Act arrived. In a committee of the whole house, he drew up a series of resolutions, declaring that the colonists were entitled to all the liberties and privileges of natural-born subjects, and that "the taxation of the people by themselves, or by persons chosen by themselves to represent them, . . . is the distinguishing characteristic of British freedom, without which the ancient constitution cannot exist." It was further declared that any attempt to vest the power of taxation in any other body than the colonial assembly was a menace to British no less than to American freedom; that the people of Virginia were not bound to obey any law enacted in disregard of these fundamental principles; and that any one who should maintain the contrary should be regarded as a public enemy. It was in the furious debate which ensued upon these resolutions, that Henry uttered those memorable words commending the example of Tarquin and Cæsar and Charles I. to the attention of George III. Before the vote had been taken upon all the resolutions, Governor Fauquier dissolved the assembly; but the resolutions were printed in the newspapers, and hailed with approval all over the country.

Meanwhile, the Massachusetts legislature, at the suggestion of Otis, had issued a circular letter to all the colonies, calling for a general congress, in order to concert measures of resistance to the Stamp Act. The first cordial response came from South Carolina, at the instance of Christopher Gadsden, a wealthy merchant of Charleston and a scholar learned in Oriental languages, a man of rare sagacity and most liberal spirit. On the 7th of October, the proposed congress assembled at New York, comprising delegates from Massachusetts, South Carolina, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, Connecticut, Delaware, Maryland, New Jersey, and New York, in all nine colonies, which are here mentioned in the order of the dates at which they chose their delegates. In Virginia, the governor succeeded in preventing the meeting of the legislature, so that this great colony did not send delegates; and for various reasons, New Hampshire, North Carolina, and Georgia were likewise unrepresented at the congress. But the sentiment of all the thirteen colonies was none the less unanimous, and those which did not attend lost no time in declaring their full concurrence with what was done at New York. At this memorable meeting, held under the very guns of the British fleet and hard by the headquarters of General Gage, the commander-in-chief of the regular forces in America, a series of resolutions were adopted, echoing the spirit of Patrick Henry's resolves, though couched in language somewhat more conciliatory, and memorials were addressed to the king and to both Houses of Parliament. Of all the delegates present, Gadsden took the broadest ground, in behalf both of liberty and of united action among the colonies. He objected to sending petitions to Parliament, lest thereby its paramount authority should implicitly and unwittingly be acknowledged. "A confirmation of our essential and common rights as Englishmen," said he, "may be pleaded from charters safely enough; but any further dependence on them may be fatal. We should stand upon the broad common ground of those nat-

ural rights that we all feel and know as men and as descendants of Englishmen. I wish the charters may not ensnare us at last, by drawing different colonies to act differently in this great cause. Whenever that is the case, all will be over with the whole. There ought to be no New England man, no New Yorker, known on the continent; but all of us Americans." So thought and said this broad-minded South Carolinian.

While these things were going on at New York, the Massachusetts assembly, under the lead of Samuel Adams, who had just taken his seat in it, drew up a very able state paper, in which it was declared, among other things, that "the Stamp Act wholly cancels the very conditions upon which our ancestors, with much toil and blood and at their sole expense, settled this country and enlarged his majesty's dominions. It tends to destroy that mutual confidence and affection, as well as that equality, which ought ever to subsist among all his majesty's subjects in this wide and extended empire; and, what is the worst of all evils, if his majesty's American subjects are not to be governed according to the known and stated rules of the constitution, their minds may in time become disaffected." This moderate and dignified statement was derided in England as the "raving of a parcel of wild enthusiasts," but from the position here taken Massachusetts never afterward receded.

But it was not only in these formal and decorous proceedings that the spirit of resistance was exhibited. The first announcement of the Stamp Act had called into existence a group of secret societies of workingmen known as "Sons of Liberty," in allusion to a famous phrase in one of Colonel Barré's speeches. These societies were solemnly pledged to resist the execution of the obnoxious law. On the 14th of August, the quiet town of Boston witnessed some extraordinary proceedings. At daybreak, the effigy of the stamp officer, Oliver, was seen hanging from a great elm-tree, while near it was suspended a boot, to represent the late Prime Minister, Lord Bute; and from the top of the boot-leg there issued a grotesque head, garnished with horns, to represent the devil. At nightfall the Sons of Liberty cut down these figures, and bore them on a bier through the streets until they reached King Street, where they demolished the frame of a house which was supposed to be erecting for a stamp office. Thence, carrying the beams of this frame to Fort Hill, where Oliver lived, they made a bonfire of them in front of his house, and in the bonfire they burned up the effigies. Twelve days after, a mob sacked the splendid house of Chief Justice Hutchinson, threw his plate into the street, and destroyed the valuable library which he had been thirty years in collecting, and which contained many manuscripts, the loss of which was quite irreparable. As usual with mobs, the vengeance fell in the wrong place, for Hutchinson had done his best to prevent the passage of the Stamp Act. In most of the colonies, the stamp officers were compelled to resign their posts. Boxes of stamps arriving by ship were burned or thrown into the sea. Leading merchants agreed to import no more goods from England, and wealthy citizens set the example of dressing in homespun garments. Lawyers agreed to overlook the absence of the stamp on legal documents, while editors derisively issued their newspapers with a death's-head in the place where the stamp was required to be put. In New York, the presence of the troops for a moment encouraged the lieutenant-governor, Colden, to take a bold stand in behalf of the law. He talked of firing upon the people, but was warned that if he did so he would be speedily hanged on a lamp-post, like Captain Porteous, of Edinburgh. A torchlight procession, carrying images of Colden and of the devil, broke into the

governor's coach-house, and, seizing his best chariot, paraded it about town with the images upon it, and finally burned up chariot and images on the Bowling Green, in full sight of Colden and the garrison, who looked on from the Battery, speechless with rage, but afraid to interfere. Gage did not dare to have the troops used, for fear of bringing on a civil war; and the next day the discomfited Colden was obliged to surrender all the stamps to the common council of New York, by whom they were at once locked up in the City Hall.

Nothing more was needed to prove the impossibility of carrying the Stamp Act into effect. An act which could be thus rudely defied under the very eyes of the commander-in-chief plainly could never be enforced without a war. But nobody wanted a war, and the matter began to be reconsidered in England. In July, the Grenville ministry had gone out of office, and the Marquis of Rockingham was now Prime Minister, while Conway, who had been one of the most energetic opponents of the Stamp Act, was Secretary of State for the colonies. The new ministry would perhaps have been glad to let the question of taxing America remain in abeyance, but that was no longer possible. The debate on the proposed repeal of the Stamp Act was one of the fiercest that has ever been heard in the House of Commons. Grenville and his friends, now in opposition, maintained in all sincerity that no demand could ever be more just, or more honorably intended, than that which had lately been made upon the Americans. Of the honest conviction of Grenville and his supporters that they were entirely in the right, and that the Americans were governed by purely sordid and vulgar motives in resisting the Stamp Act, there cannot be the slightest doubt. To refute this gross misconception of the American position, Pitt hastened from a sick-bed to the House of Commons, and delivered those speeches, in which he avowed that he rejoiced in the resistance of the Americans, and declared that, had they submitted tamely to the measures of Grenville, they would have shown themselves only fit to be slaves. He pointed out distinctly that the Americans were upholding those eternal principles of political justice which should be to all Englishmen most dear, and that a victory over the colonies would be of ill-omen for English liberty, whether in the Old World or in the New. Beware, he said, how you persist in this ill-considered policy. "In such a cause your success would be hazardous. America, if she fell, would fall like the strong man with his arms around the pillars of the Constitution." There could be no sounder political philosophy than was contained in these burning sentences of Pitt. From all the history of the European world since the later days of the Roman Republic, there is no more important lesson to be learned than this, — that it is impossible for a free people to govern a dependent people despotically without endangering its own freedom. Pitt therefore urged that the Stamp Act should instantly be repealed, and that the reason for the repeal should be explicitly stated to be because the act "was founded on an erroneous principle." At the same time he recommended the passage of a Declaratory Act, in which the sovereign authority of Parliament over the colonies should be strongly asserted with respect to everything except direct taxation. Similar views were set forth in the House of Lords, with great learning and ability, by Lord Camden; but he was vehemently opposed by Lord Mansfield, and when the question came to a decision the only peers who supported Camden were Lords Shelburne, Cornwallis, Paulet, and Torrington. The result finally reached was the unconditional repeal of the Stamp Act, and the simultaneous passage of a Declaratory Act, in which the views of Pitt and Camden were ignored, and Parlia-

ment asserted its right to make laws binding on the colonies "in all cases whatsoever." By the people of London the repeal was received with enthusiastic delight, and Pitt and Conway, as they appeared on the street, were loudly cheered, while Grenville was greeted with a storm of hisses. In America the effect of the news was electric. There were bonfires in every town, while addresses of thanks to the king were voted in all the legislatures. Little heed was paid to the Declaratory Act, which was regarded merely as an artifice for saving the pride of the British government. There was a unanimous outburst of loyalty all over the country, and never did the people seem less in a mood for rebellion than now.

The quarrel had now been made up. On the question of principle, the British had the last word. The government had got out of its dilemma remarkably well, and the plain and obvious course for British statesmanship was not to allow another such direct issue to come up between the colonies and the mother country. To force on another such issue while the memory of this one was fresh in everybody's mind was sheer madness. To raise the question wantonly, as Charles Townshend did in the course of the very next year, was one of those blunders that are worse than crimes.

In July, 1766, — less than six months after the repeal of the Stamp Act, — the Rockingham ministry fell, and the formation of a new ministry was entrusted to Pitt, the man who best appreciated the value of the American colonies. But the state of Pitt's health was not such as to warrant his taking upon himself the arduous duties of Prime Minister. He took the great seal, and, accepting the earldom of Chatham, passed into the House of Lords. The Duke of Grafton became Prime Minister, under Pitt's guidance; Conway and Lord Shelburne were Secretaries of State, and Camden became Lord Chancellor, — all three of them warmest friends of the Americans, and adopting the extreme American view of the constitutional questions lately at issue; and along with these was Charles Townshend, the evil spirit of the administration, as Chancellor of the Exchequer. From such a ministry, it might at first sight seem strange that a fresh quarrel with America should have proceeded. But Chatham's illness soon overpowered him, so that he was kept at home suffering excruciating pain, and could neither guide nor even pay due attention to the proceedings of his colleagues. Of the rest of the ministry, only Conway and Townshend were in the House of Commons, where the real direction of affairs rested; and when Lord Chatham was out of the way, as the Duke of Grafton counted for nothing, the strongest man in the cabinet was unquestionably Townshend. Now when an act for raising an American revenue was proposed by Townshend, a prejudice against it was sure to be excited at once, simply because every American knew well what Townshend's views were. It would have been difficult for such a man even to assume a conciliatory attitude without having his motives suspected; and if the question with Great Britain had been simply that of raising a revenue on statesmanlike principles, it would have been well to entrust the business to some one like Lord Shelburne, in whom the Americans had confidence. In 1767, Townshend ventured to do what in any English ministry of the present day would be impossible. In flat opposition to the policy of Chatham and the rest of his colleagues, trusting in the favor of the king and in his own ability to coax or browbeat the House of Commons, he audaciously brought in a series of new measures for taxing America. "I expect to be dismissed for my pains," he said in the House, with flippant defiance; and indeed he came very near it. As soon as he heard what was going on, Chatham mustered up strength enough to go

to London and insist upon Townshend's dismissal. But Lord North was the only person that could be thought of to take Townshend's place, and Lord North, who never could bear to offend the king, declined the appointment. Before Chatham could devise a way out of his quandary, his malady again laid him prostrate, and Townshend was not only not turned out, but was left practically supreme in the cabinet. The new measures for taxing America were soon passed. In the debates on the Stamp Act, it had been argued that while Parliament had no right to impose a direct tax upon the Americans, it might still properly regulate American trade by port duties. The distinction had been insisted upon by Pitt, and had been virtually acknowledged by the Americans, who had from time to time submitted to acts of Parliament imposing duties upon merchandise imported into the colonies. Nay, more, when charged with inconsistency for submitting to such acts while resisting the Stamp Act, several leading Americans had explicitly adopted the distinction between internal and external taxation, and declared themselves ready to submit to the latter while determined to resist the former. Townshend was now ready, as he declared, to take them at their word. By way of doing so, he began by laughing to scorn the distinction between internal and external taxation, and declaring that Parliament possessed the undoubted right of taxing the Americans without their own consent; but since objections had been raised to a direct tax, he was willing to resort to port duties, — a measure to which the Americans were logically bound to assent. Duties were accordingly imposed on wine, oil, and fruits, if carried directly to America from Spain or Portugal; on glass, paper, lead, and painters' colors; and lastly on tea. The revenue to be derived from these duties was to be devoted to paying a fixed salary to the royal governors and to the justices appointed at the king's pleasure. The Crown was also empowered to create a general civil list in every colony, and to grant salaries and pensions at its arbitrary will. A board of revenue commissioners for the whole country was to be established at Boston, armed with extraordinary powers; and general writs of assistance were expressly legalized and permitted.

Such was the way in which Townshend proceeded to take the Americans at their word. His course was a distinct warning to the Americans that, if they yielded now, they might expect some new Stamp Act or other measures of direct taxation to follow; and so it simply invited resistance. That no doubt might be left on this point, the purpose for which the revenue was to be used showed clearly that the object of this legislation was not to regulate trade, but to assert British supremacy over the colonies at the expense of their political freedom. By providing for a civil list in each colony, to be responsible only to the Crown, it aimed at American self-government even a more deadly blow than had been aimed at it by the Stamp Act. It meddled with the "internal police" of every colony, and would thus have introduced a most vexatious form of tyranny as soon as it had taken effect. A special act by which the Townshend revenue acts were accompanied still further revealed the temper and purposes of the British government. The colony of New York had been required to provide certain supplies for the regular troops quartered in the city, under command of General Gage; and the colonial assembly had insisted upon providing these supplies in its own way, and in disregard of special instructions from England. For this offense, Parliament now passed an act suspending the New York assembly from its legislative functions until it should have complied with the instructions regarding the supplies to the army. It need not be said that the

precedent involved in this act, if once admitted, would have virtually annulled the legislative independence of every one of the colonial assemblies.

We may perhaps wonder that an English Parliament should have been prevailed on to pass such audacious acts as these, and by large majorities. But we must remember that in those days the English system of representation was so imperfect, and had come to be so overgrown with abuses, that an act of Parliament was by no means sure to represent the average judgment of the English people. The House of Commons was so far under the corrupt influence of the aristocracy, and was so inadequately controlled by popular opinion, that at almost any time it was possible for an eloquent, determined, and unscrupulous minister to carry measures through it such as could never have been carried through any of the reformed Parliaments since 1832. It is not easy, perhaps, to say with confidence what the popular feeling in England was in 1767 with reference to the policy of Charles Townshend. The rural population was much more ignorant than it is to-day, and its political opinions were strongly influenced by the country squires, — a worthy set of men, but not generally distinguished for the flexibility of their minds or the breadth of their views. But as a sample of the most intelligent popular feeling in England at that time, it will probably not be unfair to cite that of the city of London, which was usually found arrayed on the side of free government. No wiser advice was heard in Parliament, on the subject of the New York dispute, than was given by Alderman Beckford, father of the illustrious author of Vathek, when he said, "Do like the best of physicians, and heal the disease by doing nothing." On many other important occasions in the course of this unfortunate quarrel, the city of London gave expression to opinions which the king and Parliament would have done well to heed. But even if the House of Commons had reflected popular feeling in 1767 as clearly as it has done since 1832, it is by no means sure that it would have known how to deal successfully with the American question. The problem was really a new one in political history; and there was no adequate precedent to guide the statesmen in dealing with the peculiar combination of considerations it involved. As far as concerned the relations of Englishmen in England to the Crown and to Parliament, the British Constitution had at last reached a point where it worked quite smoothly. All contingencies likely to arise seemed to have been provided for. But when it came to the relations of Englishmen in America to the Crown and to Parliament, the case was very different. The case had its peculiar conditions, which the British Constitution in skillful hands would no doubt have proved elastic enough to satisfy; but just at this time the British Constitution happened to be in very unskillful hands, and wholly failed to meet the exigencies of the occasion. The chief difficulty lay in the fact that while on the one hand the American principle of no taxation without representation was unquestionably sound and just, on the other hand the exemption of any part of the British Empire from the jurisdiction of Parliament seemed equivalent to destroying the political unity of the empire. This could not but seem to any English statesman a most lamentable result, and no English statesman felt this more strongly than Lord Chatham.

There were only two possible ways in which the difference could be accommodated. Either the American colonies must elect representatives to the Parliament at Westminster; or else the right of levying taxes must be left where it already resided, in their own legislative bodies. The first alternative was seriously considered by eminent political

thinkers, both in England and America. In England it was favorably regarded by Adam Smith, and in America by Benjamin Franklin and James Otis. In 1774, some of the loyalists in the first Continental Congress recommended such a scheme. In 1778, after the overthrow of Burgoyne, the king himself began to think favorably of such a way out of the quarrel. But this alternative was doubtless from the first quite visionary and impractical. The difficulties in the way of securing anything like equality of representation would probably have been insuperable; and the difficulty in dividing jurisdiction fairly between the local colonial legislature and the American contingent in the Parliament at Westminster would far have exceeded any of the difficulties that have arisen in the attempt to adjust the relations of the several States to the general government in our Federal Union. Mere distance, too, which even to-day would go far toward rendering such a scheme impracticable, would have been a still more fatal obstacle in the days of Chatham and Townshend. If, even with the vast enlargement of the political horizon which our hundred years' experience of federalism has effected, the difficulty of such a union still seems so great, we may be sure it would have proved quite insuperable then. The only practicable solution would have been the frank and cordial admission, by the British government, of the essential soundness of the American position that, in accordance with the entire spirit of the English Constitution, the right of levying taxes in America resided only in the colonial legislatures, in which alone could American freemen be adequately represented. Nor was there really any reason to fear that such a step would imperil the unity of the empire. How mistaken this fear was, on the part of English statesmen, is best shown by the fact that, in her liberal and enlightened dealings with her colonies at the present day, England has consistently adopted the very course of action which alone would have conciliated such men as Samuel Adams in the days of the Stamp Act. By pursuing such a policy, the British government has to-day a genuine hold upon the affections of its pioneers in Australia and New Zealand and Africa. If such a statesman as Gladstone could have dealt freely with the American question during the twelve years following the Peace of Paris, the history of that time need not have been the pitiable story of a blind and obstinate effort to enforce submission to an ill-considered and arbitrary policy on the part of the king and his ministers. The feeling by which the king's party was guided, in the treatment of the American question, was very much the same as the feeling which lately inspired the Tory criticisms upon Gladstone's policy in South Africa. Lord Beaconsfield — a man in many respects remarkably like Charles Townshend — bequeathed to his successor a thoroughly unjustifiable quarrel with the Dutch farmers of the Transvaal; and Mr. Gladstone, after examining the case on its merits, had the moral courage to acknowledge that England was wrong, and to concede the demands of the Boers, even after three successive military defeats at their hands. Perhaps no other public act of England in the nineteenth century has done her greater honor than this. But said the Tories, All the world will now laugh at Englishmen, and call them cowards. In order to vindicate the military prestige of England, the true policy would be, forsooth, to prolong the war until the Boers had been once thoroughly defeated, and then grant them self-government. Just as if the whole world did not know, as well as it can possibly know anything, that whatever qualities the English nation may lack, it certainly does not lack courage, or the ability to win victories in a good cause! All honor to the Christian statesman

who dares to leave England's military prestige to be vindicated by the glorious records of a thousand years, and even in the hour of well-merited defeat sets a higher value on political justice than on a reputation for dealing hard blows! Such incidents as this are big with hope for the future. They show us what sort of political morality our children's children may expect to see, when mankind shall have come somewhat nearer toward being truly civilized.

In the eighteenth century, no such exhibition of good sense and good feeling, in the interest of political justice, could have been expected from any European statesman, unless from a Turgot or a Chatham. But Charles Townshend was not even called upon to exercise any such self-control. Had he simply taken Alderman Beckford's advice, and done nothing, all would have been well; but his meddling had now put the government into a position which it was ruinous to maintain, but from which it was difficult to retreat. American tradition rightly lays the chief blame for the troubles which brought on the Revolutionary War to George III.; but, in fairness, it is well to remember that he did not suggest Townshend's measures, though he zealously adopted and cherished them when once propounded. The blame for wantonly throwing the apple of discord belongs to Townshend more than to any one else. After doing this, within three months from the time his bills had passed the House of Commons, Townshend was seized with a fever, and died at the age of forty-one. A man of extraordinary gifts, but without a trace of earnest moral conviction, he had entered upon a splendid career; but his insincere nature, which turned everything into jest, had stamped itself upon his work. He bequeathed to his country nothing but the quarrel which was soon to deprive her of the grandest part of that empire upon which the sun shall never set.

If Townshend's immediate object in originating these measures was to curry favor with George III., and get the lion's share in the disposal of the king's immense corruption-fund, he had doubtless gone to work in the right way. The king was delighted with Townshend's measures, and after the sudden death of his minister he made them his own, and staked his whole political career as a monarch upon their success. These measures were the fatal legacy which the brighter political charlatan left to the duller political fanatic. The fierce persistency with which George now sought to force Townshend's measures upon the Americans partook of the nature of fanaticism, and we shall not understand it unless we bear in mind the state of political parties in England between 1760 and 1784. When George III. came to the throne, in 1760, England had been governed for more than half a century by the great Whig families which had been brought into the foreground by the revolution of 1688. The Tories had been utterly discredited and cast out of political life by reason of their willingness to conspire with the Stuart pretenders in disturbing the peace of the country. Cabinet government, in its modern form, had begun to grow up during the long and prosperous administration of Sir Robert Walpole, who was the first English Prime Minister in the full sense. Under Walpole's wise and powerful sway, the first two Georges had possessed scarcely more than the shadow of sovereignty. It was the third George's ambition to become a real king, like the king of France or the king of Spain. From earliest babyhood, his mother had forever been impressing upon him the precept, "George, be king!" and this simple lesson had constituted pretty much the whole of his education. Popular tradition regards him as the most ignorant king that ever sat upon the English throne; and so far as general culture is concerned, this opinion is undoubtedly correct. He used to wonder

what people could find to admire in such a wretched driveler as Shakespeare, and he never was capable of understanding any problem which required the slightest trace of imagination or of generalizing power. Nevertheless, the popular American tradition undoubtedly errs in exaggerating his stupidity, and laying too little stress upon the worst side of his character. George III. was not destitute of a certain kind of ability, which often gets highly rated in this not too clear-sighted world. He could see an immediate end very distinctly, and acquired considerable power from the dogged industry with which he pursued it. In an age where some of the noblest English statesmen drank their gallon of strong wine daily, or sat late at the gambling-table, or lived in scarcely hidden concubinage, George III. was decorous in personal habits and pure in domestic relations, and no banker's clerk in London applied himself to the details of business more industriously than he. He had a genuine talent for administration, and he devoted this talent most assiduously to selfish ends. Scantily endowed with human sympathy, and almost boorishly stiff in his ordinary unstudied manner, he could be smooth as oil whenever he liked. He was an adept in gaining men's confidence by a show of interest, and securing their aid by dint of fair promises; and when he found them of no further use, he could turn them adrift with wanton insult. Any one who dared to disagree with him upon even the slightest point of policy he straightway regarded as a natural enemy, and pursued him ever afterward with vindictive hatred. As a natural consequence, he surrounded himself with weak and short-sighted advisers, and toward all statesmen of broad views and independent character he nursed the bitterest rancor. He had little faith in human honor or rectitude. In pursuing an end he was not often deterred by scruples, and as a liar — well, mendacity has usually been part of the royal prerogative in most countries!

Such was the man who, on coming to the throne in 1760, had it for his first and chiefest thought to break down the growing system of cabinet government in England. For the moment circumstances seemed to favor him. The ascendency of the great Whig families was endangered on two sides. On the one hand, the Tory party had outlived that idle, romantic love for the Stuarts upon which it found it impossible to thrive. The Tories began coming to court again, and they gave the new king all the benefit of their superstitious theories of high prerogative and divine right. On the other hand, a strong popular feeling was beginning to grow up against parliamentary government as conducted by the old Whig families. The House of Commons no longer fairly represented the people. Ancient boroughs, which possessed but a handful of population, or, like Old Sarum, had no inhabitants at all, still sent their representatives to Parliament, while great cities of recent growth, such as Birmingham and Leeds, were unrepresented. To a great extent, it was the most progressive parts of the kingdom which were thus excluded from a share in the government, while the rotten boroughs were disposed of by secret lobbying, or even by open bargain and sale. A few Whig families, the heads of which sat in the House of Lords, thus virtually owned a considerable part of the House of Commons; and, under such circumstances, it was not at all strange that Parliament should sometimes, as in the Wilkes case, array itself in flat opposition to the will of the people. The only wonder is that there were not more such scandals. The party of "Old Whigs," numbering in its ranks some of the ablest and most patriotic men in England, was contented with this state of things, upon which it had thrived for two generations, and could not be made to understand the

iniquity of it, — any more than an old cut-and-dried American politician in our time can be made to understand the iniquity of the "spoils system." Of this party, the Marquis of Rockingham was the political leader, and Edmund Burke was the great representative statesman. In strong opposition to the Old Whig policy there had grown up the party of New Whigs, bent upon bringing about some measure of parliamentary reform, whereby the House of Commons might truly represent the people of Great Britain. In Parliament this party was small in numbers, but weighty in character, and at its head was the greatest Englishman of the eighteenth century, the elder William Pitt, under whose guidance England had won her Indian empire and established her dominion over the seas, while she had driven the French from America, and enabled Frederick the Great to lay the foundations of modern Germany.

Now when George III. came to the throne, he took advantage of this division in the two parties in order to break down the power of the Old Whig families, which so long had ruled the country. To this end he used the revived Tory party with great effect, and bid against the Old Whigs for the rotten boroughs; and in playing off one set of prejudices and interests against another, he displayed in the highest degree the cunning and craft of a self-seeking politician. His ordinary methods would have aroused the envy of Tammany. While engaged in such work, he had sense enough to see that the party from which he had most to fear was that of the New Whigs, whose scheme of parliamentary reform, if ever successful, would deprive him of the machinery of corruption upon which he relied. Much as he hated the Old Whig families, he hated Pitt and his followers still more heartily. He was perpetually denouncing Pitt as a "trumpeter of sedition," and often vehemently declared in public, and in the most offensive manner, that he wished that great man were dead. Such had been his eagerness to cast discredit upon Pitt's policy that he had utterly lost sight of the imperial interests of England, which indeed his narrow intelligence was incapable of comprehending. One of the first acts of his reign had been to throw away Cuba and the Philippine Islands, which Pitt had just conquered from Spain; while at the same time, by leaving Prussia in the lurch before the Seven Years' War had fairly closed, he converted the great Frederick from one of England's warmest friends into one of her bitterest enemies.

This political attitude of George III. toward the Whigs in general, and toward Pitt in particular, explains the fierce obstinacy with which he took up and carried on Townshend's quarrel with the American colonies. For if the American position, that there should be no taxation without representation, were once to be granted, then it would straightway become necessary to admit the principles of parliamentary reform. The same principle that applied to such commonwealths as Massachusetts and Virginia would be forthwith applied to such towns as Birmingham and Leeds. The system of rotten boroughs would be swept away; the chief engine of kingly corruption would thus be destroyed; a reformed House of Commons, with the people at its back, would curb forever the pretensions of the Crown; and the detested Lord Chatham would become the real ruler of a renovated England, in which George III. would be a personage of very little political importance.

In these considerations we find the explanation of the acts of George III. which brought on the American Revolution, and we see why it is historically correct to regard him as the person chiefly responsible for the quarrel. The obstinacy with which he refused to listen to a word of reason from America was largely due to the exigencies of the po-

litical situation in which he found himself. For him, as well as for the colonies, it was a desperate struggle for political existence. He was glad to force on the issue in America rather than in England, because it would be comparatively easy to enlist British local feeling against the Americans as a remote set of "rebels," with whom Englishmen had no interests in common, and thus obscure the real nature of the issue. Herein he showed himself a cunning politician, though an ignoble statesman. By playing off against each other the two sections of the Whig party, he continued for a while to carry his point; and had he succeeded in overcoming the American resistance, and calling into England a well-trained army of victorious mercenaries, the political quarrel there could hardly have failed to develop into a civil war. A new rebellion would perhaps have overthrown George III. as James II. had been overthrown a century before. As it was, the victory of the Americans put an end to the personal government of the king in 1784, so quietly that the people scarcely realized the change. A peaceful election accomplished what otherwise could hardly have been effected without bloodshed. So while George III. lost the fairest portion of the British Empire, it was the sturdy Americans who, fighting the battle of freedom at once for the Old World and for the New, ended by overwhelming all his paltry schemes for personal aggrandizement in hopeless ruin, leaving him for posterity to contemplate as one of the most instructive examples of short-sighted folly that modern history affords.

John Fiske.

FOUR BOOKS OF VERSE.

A CRITIC has unsuspected pleasures, — pleasures which only the wisest of the wise would consider possible to a person in his supercilious trade. One of these is coldly, if not doubtfully, to take up a little book of rhyme, and suddenly find himself a charmed reader. Nowadays this does not often happen even to the most susceptible critic; but something similar to this has just befallen us. Dr. Mitchell's A Masque and Other Poems [1] is nearly a surprise, and entirely a delight. In certain respects it seems to us the most notable volume of recent American verse. The poems are chiefly dramatic in spirit, and in several instances dramatic in form. They possess strength, fire, directness, originality of conception, and are a positive addition to our scant store of this kind of poetry. We find in them admirable things admirably said; a scorn of the commonplace in thought and diction; a finely trained, observant intellect expressing itself picturesquely and dramatically. In The Huguenot Dr. Mitchell proves — what an imaginative writer can always prove — that all the stories have not been told, much contemporary fiction to the contrary notwithstanding. The same freshness of *motif* and the same self-respecting care in workmanship are noticeable in The Sketch, A Medal, and that very striking narrative poem called The Swan-Woman. The brief dramatic scene that lends its title to the volume is especially charming through its ingenuity of plot and its skillfully guarded climax, which instantly sets one to re-reading the little drama. A Masque belongs to that order of things which offers a new lure at each

[1] *A Masque and Other Poems.* By S. WEIR MITCHELL, M. D., LL. D. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1887.

perusal. We refrain from laying bare the secret of the theme, — it shows to best advantage wrapped in its own music, like a fly in amber; but we shall not deny ourselves the satisfaction of copying the following lyric. One has for the most part to go back to the Elizabethan playwrights in order to get just this unpremeditated, bird-like quality:

> "A man and a maid
> The warder prayed.
> Here is gold, said he,
> But a look gave she;
> Sweet eyes went in,
> And the man was stayed.
> For this is the way
> The world to win,
> The world to win.
> Honey of kisses,
> Honey of sin, —
> This is the way
> The world to win."

Poverty of space gives us strength to resist the temptation to fill a page or two with extracts in a different sort. Isolated passages, however, establish nothing. A quotable line here and there does not necessarily constitute a good poem, though that is a poor poem in which there is no quotable line. Felicitous phrases and new epithets abound in Dr. Mitchell's work. For a single example, this description of an antique coin: —

> "Match me this warrior-maid, — this huntress lithe
> *Set in the changeless chastity of gold.*"

One of the marked characteristics of these poems is their novel, concrete imagery. As an illustration, we have, on page 51, a mythical Asian mountain,

> "Whose nameless towers
> Use the plains a hundred miles off
> *For their dial of the hours.*"

It is refreshing, in a period of toddling *triolets*, to come across a verse that dares to fly.

We have spoken of Dr. Mitchell's careful workmanship. We shall not insist upon it too strongly, not wishing to rouse the ire of those critics who despise form; for, as Browning beautifully observes, —

> "The barrel of blasphemy broached once, who bungs?"

We will limit ourselves, then, to saying that our author is seldom at fault in his technique, and is not often to be caught attempting to pass off such clipped and obsolete coin as *lated*. The texture of his verse generally will bear comparison with the best. Of course there are several pieces in the collection which fall short of those we have named, — as, for instance, Rain in Camp, and A Doctor's Century, the latter lacking that indescribable *timbre* which makes delightful the lines concerning George Bancroft on his eighty-sixth birthday. The lines in question are supposed to be addressed to the venerable historian by a decanter of Madeira, — such as Philadelphia knows, — also born in 1800. No future anthology of *vers de société* will be complete without the delicate, high-bred humor of these stanzas. They everywhere reveal that lightness and precision of touch which come only of serious practice. We were on the point of saying that in Weir Mitchell a very accomplished poet was lost in the scientist. It is by no means certain that this poet has not been found.

It is always a satisfaction to note poetic growth, and not the less when crudities and extravagances of expression indicate that the end of growth has by no means been attained. The expectation with which we greeted Miss Guiney's Songs at the Start, two or three years ago, has been much more than realized in her later book, The White Sail and Other Poems,[1] the "other poems" being classed under Legends, Lyrics, and Sonnets. The White Sail is the story of Theseus's neglect to change his black sail for a white one, when returning triumphant from Crete, and the conse-

[1] *The White Sail and Other Poems.* By Louise Imogen Guiney. Boston: Ticknor & Co.

quent self-destruction of Ægeus. It is Greek in its incident, but romantic in treatment, as note especially the introduction of the two songs by Alcamenes and Theron, the latter of whom is bidden by the king to "engird" his "pain with some thrice-gallant catch, some madrigal." We are not taxing Miss Guiney with mere verbal anachronism, but reminding her that the whole spirit of the two songs, and, to a less degree, of the narrative itself, reflects an introverted, complex mind, and has little to do with the single-minded, straight-away course of Greek mythic story. It is more the pity since the *naiveté* of the *dénoûment* in the Greek story is not marred in Miss Guiney's version.

But Greece is left behind with this story, and Miss Guiney is in a more native element when dealing with Roman and mediæval subjects. Her division of Legends shows her strength better than that of Lyrics. She needs a story in order to secure a concrete and well-defined theme; for her method is in general so oblique and allusive that she runs the risk of glancing off from the mark, and leaving the reader in a somewhat painful uncertainty what has been hit. This method has its advantage, as indeed it is at home in the legendary form, which assimilates the ballad, for the ballad supposes a drama. Thus The Rising of the Tide, perhaps the strongest poem in the book, suggests two or three stories; and only when one has reached the last line does he see the whole force of the legend, though even then he would fain have, not a foot-note, but a little more distinct disclosure in the beginning to which to look back. Tarpeia is more direct and narrative, yet this poem has lines which seem to indicate an inability to keep to a straight course, a disposition to import into the legend readings which do not accord with the legend itself. Something of the same confusion or indistinctness attaches to The Caliph and the Beggar, and scarcely one of these longer poems but has one or more intrusive lines. In The Serpent's Crown, which is almost a riddle, wholly a parable, one, after stumbling over some very consonantal lines, takes a rather quick slide over the line, —

"Oh, I had once some wild schemes under my hat."

We have hinted at what appears to be a snare in Miss Guiney's path. She is so ambitious to be terse and sinewy, she evidently holds in such disdain the smooth ways of fluent versifiers, that she allows herself to tie knots in her sentences, and to hump her lines into a rugged insolence which is not strength, but clumsy affectation of virility. Here are a few of the lines which cross the reader's path: —

"Then was the sacred and sequestered prime
Of liberation, benison, and peace;
When the round heaven, in summer's minis-
trance,
Rolled on its choral axle; till, at end
Like to a cloudlet that assails the blue,
Comely and yet with rains ingerminate,
Minos the Cretan unto Athens sent
His nimble princeling."

"Over her human forehead, reared among
glens abysmal,
Glitters a crown gold-gossamer; only a mo-
ment's arc
Crosses the creature torrid, flexile, palpitant,
prismal,
Then breaks on the earth, a terror spiraling
into the dark."

"O loveliest one,
Lender of sixfold wings the while I run,
Whose tortoise-lyre saves yet for me its sweet
Cyllenic suasions old, to thy dim seat
Glory and grace!"

It would scarcely be fair to take single lines, rent from their context, but one who has read the book attentively will remember that it was necessary to go back from time to time, in a poem, for a fresh start, since the way seemed to be lost. This excess of vigor, which aims to pack a thought into the briefest possible space, and hammers out new words from odds and ends of old ones, will give way, we

trust, to a more harmonious measure. Miss Guiney shows that she has a good sense of rhythm, and, what is more, a conception of the capacity of different forms of verse; and if she will consent to be a little plainer in her meaning, a little less of a connoisseur in words, her verse will have more of growing life in it, and will not so readily suggest to the reader a linguistic museum. So much strength can well afford to expend itself in the perfection of form. We shall look with interest for the sane development of this writer's power.

The poem which opens the volume of Mr. Sill's posthumous publication strikes the key-note of his work.[1] Before the broken marble of the Venus of Milo a worshiper muses, and turns now and again for a contrasting figure to the Venus de' Medici, in which he sees the

> "Spirit of all short-lived love
> And outward, earthly loveliness."

He has no scorn for her, though by such phrases as "sly and servile grace" he treats her with a little lack of gallantry, but rather a pity for those who worship her, when they might kneel at the shrine of his goddess. For himself, he knows her charms and confesses her subtle power, yet his backward look at her is not one of regret or lingering passion. She beckons him, but he is not drawn. "Farewell," he cries, —

> "Farewell, for thou hast lost me: keep thy train
> Of worshipers; me thou dost lure in vain;
> The inner passion, pure as very fire,
> Burns to light ash the earthlier desire."

Then he turns with strong voice to the other: —

> "O greater Aphrodite, unto thee
> Let me not say farewell. What would earth be
> Without thy presence? Surely unto me
> A life-long weariness, a dull, bad dream.
> Abide with me, and let thy calm brows beam
> Fresh hope upon me every amber dawn,
> New peace when evening's violet veil is drawn.
> Then, tho' I see along the glooming plain
> The Medicean's waving hand again,
> And white feet glimmering in the harvest-field,
> I shall not turn, nor yield;
> But as heaven deepens, and the Cross and Lyre
> Lift up their stars beneath the Northern Crown,
> Unto the yearning of the world's desire
> I shall be 'ware of answer coming down;
> And something, when my heart the darkness stills,
> Shall tell me, without sound or any sight,
> That other footsteps are upon the hills;
> Till the dim earth is luminous with the light
> Of the white dawn, from some far-hidden shore,
> That shines upon thy forehead evermore."

It would be a narrow interpretation of this striking poem which held the speaker to be abjuring the delights of a sensuous love in the possession and anticipation of a nobler affection for intellectual and spiritual ideals, although this is involved in the thought. Rather, the poet sings the praises of the noble life, from the height of which all meaner pleasure may be coolly regarded, and the most seductive allurements dispassionately surveyed. The worshiper is beyond the reach of such temptation; his trials and tests are of another sort.

It is no accident that the erotic element is absent from this volume. Mr. Sill's mind was so clearly absorbed in the pursuit of spiritual shapes that the graces of humanity seem chiefly to have served as symbols for higher loveliness. A face at a concert draws him by the eloquence with which it responds to the appeal of the music, and discloses, with a like indefiniteness of line, the shades and tints and half-tints of the soul. Yet one does not greatly miss this note of love, because the note of friendliness is sounded so distinctly, — of friendliness for human life in its restlessness, doubt, earnestness, and faith. There is not much materialization, — the figures that flit across the pages are rarely given very dramatic vividness; but there is a passionate realization of human thought as issuing in action and determination of

[1] *Poems.* By Edward Rowland Sill. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1887.

purpose, a strong sympathy with men and women in their moments of spiritual struggle, which serves to make the reader oblivious to the lack of varied personalities.

What is this but saying that the poet has been himself the subject of many and diverse spiritual experiences, but has not hugged the delusion that these were his special, individual adventures? He has seen in them the common lot of man, and has been aware of kinship in life. The worshiper at the shrine of the Venus of Milo may muse in solitude, but he does not forget that he is one of an invisible throng of worshipers. This loneliness which is not selfish, this absorption which is not blind disregard of one's neighbor, this earnest penetration of mysteries which does not look to private gain, so characterizes Mr. Sill's loftier verse as to impart to it that element of vicariousness which saves the poetry of unrest from evaporation into vague, shifting forms. It makes it possible for one to translate the language into his own more familiar dialect. In a word, we are reading poetry which reflects spiritual states, and not personal, capricious moods.

Nevertheless, it is the personality, we repeat, which endows these poems with a penetrating gift. We are aware of a fine nature, ardent, generous, baffled at times and beaten back by adverse winds, yet pressing forward, and never really despairing. He is eager for more life; he will even look resolutely into those manifestations of the spirit which seem to deny the perpetuity of life, and the courage, not of despair, but of faith bids him track Death to his lair. Among the finest passages in this notable little volume are those which imagine the sudden encounter of Life with Death, and the clarion notes of Quem Metui Moritura? the calm supremacy of A Morning Thought, fitly close the volume; for they will linger in the ears of the reader as the lofty reach of this battling spirit.

We have not thought it necessary to copy freely from this book, since many of the poems have already been before our readers in these pages; and we have been too desirous of discovering the spirit which pervades the whole collection to speak in detail of those technical excellences which render Mr. Sill's verse so agreeable to the ear, those felicitous turns which make an incident, when he uses it, to have almost the effect of a whole drama, as notably in The Links of Chance. At the time of his death he was acquiring so thorough a mastery of his instrument that we had a right to expect constantly richer tones. The abundance of life which his nature demanded, the freedom with which he gave with open hands the best of everything that came to him, promised a fullness of expression which will always make this little volume, to those who study his career, a sad as well as an inspiring book.

Mr. Sill represents the poet whose material is thought, and whose constructions thus lack the clear outlines which belong to creations that are the images of visible beings and objects. He is a thinker having various modes of expression, and finding verse the natural vehicle for carrying certain ideas that are only illustrated by men and nature, not immanent in them. We pass to another order of poetry, like yet unlike, when we take up Miss Thomas's new book.[1] Here is a poet who is a thinker, not a thinker who is a poet; and though her thought is not so occupied with the ethical domain as is the case with Mr. Sill, it is penetrative of life, and in this book more even than in her former makes search into the depths of being. But the poetic faculty in Miss Thomas, that power which sees beneath the particular, which interprets and reconstructs in new and fitting form, in a

[1] *Lyrics and Sonnets.* By Edith M. Thomas. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1887.

word the creative faculty, is the commanding one, and thought waits upon it.

Many of the poems in the volume have already been given to the readers of The Atlantic, but Miss Thomas gains by having her separate poems brought together. Their range is discovered, and the different notes which she strikes are more distinct by their repetition. First of all, one notices afresh with delight that power which she has of animating nature, without recourse to the familiar machinery either of supernatural figures or of too insistent translation into human analogues. The opening poem in this volume, for instance, The Breathing Earth, renders with exquisite grace a most subtle sympathy with nature. This poem illustrates also that artistic touch which every one perceives in Miss Thomas's work, — a touch of lightness, which affects one much as the rare skill of some pianist, whose fingers seem so sensitive to contact with the keys that the merest touch is enough to awaken melodies. The poem on Anemone again catches the faint flush of the wind flower, and A Nocturn has the hush of the night. Again and again one is surprised by the fine accord with nature which permits the poet to render the most elusive moments not in vague terms of the human sentiment, but in specific terms of natural life.

We are glad to see a gain in this respect over the poems of Miss Thomas's former volume. In that, she made more frequent use of classic terms in which to express her interpretation of nature. There are but few poems here directly inspired by classic subjects, and we would gladly have more; but there is a marked absence of that suggestion of a book in the hand which gave a certain charm to her earlier poems, — a charm, however, not so abiding as the stronger one, which rests in the immediate contact of life and nature. A firmer tread in the woods and by the lake shore falls upon our ear, as the poet leaves her book behind.

There is a tone in this volume which was occasionally sounded in the earlier, but so frequently here as to be unavoidable. We mean that questioning of mystery in suffering and death which, speculative in some, is in others too earnest and forcible to be referred to merely intellectual curiosity. It takes the form in these poems, not of impatience, or querulousness, or resistance to fate, but of that silence which is broken by song, that courage which is born of serene faith. There is a breath of sadness in many of the verses, but one is aware of spiritual power which is not to be overcome by adverse fate. Indeed, even more than in the previous volume, there is sounded a note of triumph which stirs one's blood. The Leader is a poem which has the voice of a trumpet, and we greatly mistake if it does not quicken the pulse of many a man and woman. Altogether, in its range and in its depth, this volume of Lyrics and Sonnets will not merely confirm Miss Thomas's position, but greatly increase the confidence in her genius.

THE GONCOURT MEMOIRS.

"For me Nature is an enemy. The country seems to me funereal. The green earth appears to me like a great cemetery. That grass feeds on men. Those plants grow and flourish on all that dies. That sun which shines, so smiling, so bright, is the great corrupter. Trees, sky, water, — all this suggests

to my mind an allotment in a burial-ground, where the gardener renews the flowers in the spring. . . . No, nothing of all that in Nature speaks to me says anything to my soul. No, it does not touch me like that woman who, at table just now, reminded me by the upper part of her head of Andrea del Sarto's Charity, and by her mouth of the ghoul of the Arabian Nights. . . . No, it does not touch me like our talk of yesterday, the quick and cruel talk of young B. about Mirès. The physiognomy of woman and the word of man, — there alone is my pleasure, my interest."

This extract might serve as the epigraph of the Journal des Goncourt,[1] the second volume of which has recently appeared, containing the memoirs of the literary life of the brothers Edmond and Jules de Goncourt during the years 1862–1865. This book is simply unique in the annals of French literature, — unique as a piece of literary art, and unique in the nature of its subject-matter. It is the diary of the most delicately sensitive observers, and at the same time the most exquisitely appreciative critics and historians of the art and society of the eighteenth century in France. As the passage above quoted warns us, we must not take up the Journal des Goncourt in the hope of finding any sympathetic record of the influence of earth, sea, or sky on the souls of the writers. The Goncourts are absorbed, as men rarely have been absorbed, in matters of art and of intellect; in the meditation, the contemplation, the enjoyment, of an idea, of a line, of a touch of color. They have studied themselves, their own sensations, the movements of their hearts, the quiverings and vibrations of the finest fibres of their faculties of enjoyment and suffering, with such persistency and refinement that they have become marvelously sensitive instruments for the notation of the most delicate and fugitive impressions of art and psychology. The Goncourts are Latin men; for them the garden of reality contains no mazes, no secret arbors, where they do not dare to penetrate. Thus put upon his guard, the Anglo-Saxon reader will pass certain pages, if he pleases, — perhaps thirty out of three hundred; the rest he will read and wonder at, for in them he will find living and literally speaking portraits of many of the most remarkable writers and thinkers of the past forty years. The Goncourts were amongst the earliest members of the famous Dîner Magny, where, every Friday during the Empire, the guests were Gavarni, Sainte-Beuve, Théophile Gautier, Paul de Saint-Victor, Taine, Renan, Berthelot, Nefftzer, Scherer, Flaubert, etc. When reading here and there in other literary memoirs about this dinner of illustrious wits, how often have we regretted that no record remained of their after-dinner talk! Happily, the Goncourts were there, and after every meeting the brothers would sit up till two or three o'clock in the morning, writing down in their diary the conversations in which they too had had their share; and, the memory of one aiding the memory of the other, they would reconstruct the whole train of observations, answers, contradictions, and epigrams, giving with the fidelity of a stenographer the *ipsissima verba* of the speakers, but, with the art of the writer, omitting the superfluous, using freely a line of dots here and there, and preserving only the very *summum* and essence of what was said. This notation of real conversations has never before been achieved with such perfect art. Often the accompanying gesture is given; the voice, even, is vividly described; each man speaks in a personal manner, with his own peculiar rhythm, his special cut of sentence, his particular accent; and as the same men return again and again in these conversations, we finally become

[1] *Journal des Goncourt.* Mémoires de la Vie Littéraire. Deuxième Volume. Paris: G. Charpentier et Cie. 1887.

so intimately acquainted with them that we seem to hear Sainte-Beuve interrupting his short, choppy little phrases with his inevitable "hum, hum," and Théophile Gautier uttering prodigious paradoxes and terrible anathemas with the suavity of a serene and corpulent Titan. Besides these wonderful conversations, which defy translation, there are admirable pen-portraits: notably one of George Sand when she was living with the engraver Manceau, in the Rue Racine; another portrait of George Sand at Nohant, drawn by Théophile Gautier, and reproduced by the Goncourts; another of Michelet, described as having the appearance of a *petit bourgeois rageur*. All the men and women who figure in these literary memoirs are faithfully depicted, as they appeared and as they talked during the moments when they came under the observation of the Goncourts, in various moods and in various attitudes, both moral and physical. Often the conversation of these famous personages is far from Olympian; not unfrequently it is surprising in its grossness; but, nevertheless, it is always the conversation of high intellect. And this must be carefully borne in mind by those who might be tempted to criticise the uncompromising sincerity of the MM. de Goncourt. Whatever they may have said about Michelet, Gautier, or Sainte-Beuve, and however familiarly they may have depicted them, the authors have always presented their friends as men of distinguished intellect, and never with any intention of diminishing or disparaging their worth.

The Journal des Goncourt will comprise in all about ten volumes, half a dozen of which M. Edmond de Goncourt purposes to publish during his lifetime. To judge from the two volumes which have already appeared, and especially from this second volume, it is not impossible that for profound and complete literary and human interest the Journal will eventually be ranked above all the other works of the two illustrious writers.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

Why Persons of Sense act like Fools.

MEDITATING on the fact that many a person who is not a fool is nevertheless found on occasion to act like one, I am led to inquire into the causes of this phenomenon. These appear to group themselves under certain heads, which I will herewith set forth in order, as old-fashioned preachers did their hour-long discourses.

And first, I need only briefly note one of the commonest causes of foolish action and speech, since it is so well known and so simple of apprehension as to call for little comment. Anger being a short madness, it follows that the subject thereof does not see things or persons as they really are. He has lost, for the time, that power of godlike reason which distinguishes man from the brute.

Secondly, a less obvious cause of folly is the lack in man or woman of what I will comprehensively term sensibility, by which I mean the capacity for the more generous emotions of the soul. I shall best illustrate my meaning by an example. Let us imagine a man, A, to be thrown into pretty close relation with another, B; and let us suppose that in this relation the latter displays toward the former an affection and kindness testified to by word and deed. Later on, clouds come over their intercourse, chiefly caused by A's self-regarding cau-

tiousness, and inability to comprehend B's disinterested attitude toward himself. Feeling in his own colder nature no glow of regard answering to that bestowed by B, he also experiences but a slight emotion of gratitude for the same; he fails to interpret magnanimously B's words, misjudges his conduct, ungenerously repels his efforts at explanation, and throws away the friendship of a man worth himself ten times over. Can any folly be more self-retributive than to refuse such a jewel, when offered?

Thirdly, impulsiveness is the cause of many an unwise speech and action, sadly regretted, perhaps, when reflection follows; and with some persons reflection is apt to come close upon the heels of impulse. If only the impetuous person could have put the curb upon himself, and for one little half hour taken time to think! This is commonly supposed to belong to youth, but it is in truth more a question of temperament than of years, and there are men and women who retain the fresh force of impulse to the last of life.

Fourthly, a fertile cause of blundering is the habit of being guided by popular formulas and wise saws, instead of trusting to one's own reason and to the unbiased instincts of the heart. This is a sort of folly which alone would furnish matter for lengthy discourse, and is vividly and abundantly illustrated in the world of every day. People will follow words, words, and if once they begin doing so, as it has been said, they never can tell where they will end. "The eyes, the sympathies, even the appetites, know a thing or two" that have never been put into syllogism, nor into those phrases of convention and sage maxims whose "narrow truth is but broad falsity." Never to think and to judge for one's-self is to give away one's birthright for nothing, and the fatal result thereof to make a man into a fool, when Nature did not intend him to be one.

Fifthly, a form of foolishness which some very acute persons are guilty of is the striving too hard for certain things they want, or grasping to get too much of them, whereby they fail to secure any. The unscrupulous selfishness that wastes energy in overreaching its mark is so analogous to another species of folly that the two may come under the same head. If a man is a fool who plays the rogue more actively than is necessary, he is a fool of like quality who sets out to be a knave, and cannot decide to be a thorough-paced one. Who wills the end must will the means; he must not lack what may be called immoral courage.

Sixthly, a sagacious person will sometimes behave like a fool by being irritated into arguing with one.

Seventhly, and lastly, people, otherwise sensible enough, but wanting in the sense of humor, may be guilty of absurdity at any moment of the twenty-four hours. They will put ideas together without a suspicion of their incongruity, gravely place themselves and other people in ridiculous situations, and never be aware that they have done anything amiss.

The fanatic, a species of earnest and often most respectable fool, is generally wholly without humor.

I may quote an example of aspiring and enthusiastic folly, accompanied with total want of humor, from a biographical sketch lately issued by a Boston publishing firm, in which the author declares of his subject that we have in her "the true focus of Mind," one who has struck out to demonstrate truth "with the dash of an Amazon and the strength of a Hercules;" who has cleared up the "muddle" in which Kant left metaphysics, and sent "irresistible thunderbolts of pure fact through solid intellect into the eye of materialistic philosophy," and also, "beginning with the two-edged sword of Truth, has strewn her pathway with Huxley & Co.'s intellectual ruins." After this feat, we are not surprised to

learn that the labors of Plato, Aristotle, Descartes, and Hegel are simply left nowhere in comparison with the intellectual work achieved by this phenomenal mind, nor that other philosophical writers may have "discerned somewhat, but through pride or love of popularity they fell back, like the worm that has nearly ascended the tree." The biographer adds the remark that they — the unfortunate philosophic worms — "return to earth to cater to public taste." Is it the public of the poultry yard that is alluded to? This gifted being is pictured for us by the glowing imagination of the biographer as listening to the music of the spheres, and emerging from her rapt solitude to "mount the world's pulpit," — a Mont Blanc height of abstract thought is the pulpit, the biographer kindly explains. Then her hearers find themselves in the audience-chamber of supreme understanding, "the walls only limited by the mental horizon of eternity, decorated with thought-gems, and then the throb of inspiration bursts forth, vibrates through the congregation of ideas, and enwraps us in celestial repose." History must reveal this woman and her works, we are told, yet they have already "marvelously survived, and nothing can stay her thought's circumnavigation of the globe." Let us all go sit at the feet of this teacher, since "there is no kink in the problem of life which does not find in her its full and ready disentanglement."

I do not know if a rivalry exists between the system so enthusiastically advocated by the above ardent disciple and the neo-Buddhism so much in vogue in some quarters; it may be that the radiance of spiritual glory emanating from these sublime ideas has the effect of somewhat dazzling the vision of the neophytes, so that they are found entering the temple of theosophic worship when they properly belong to that of Christian Science. The teachers hold the distinctions of their respective creeds clearly, no doubt; and if the devotees of these new-old religions and philosophies remain a little vague in their apprehension of mystical doctrines, why, perhaps it does n't so much matter.

Are Good-Natured People Uninteresting? — In a chance interview with a lady contributor, the other day, the name of a common acquaintance of ours was mentioned, whereupon, in response to a direct inquiry, I spoke of him as "a pleasant man." It seemed a safe and timely remark. Certainly I intended no offense. On the contrary, I meant to be understood as paying a compliment; which, as I gathered from my interlocutor's manner, was precisely what the occasion called for. But she picked up the word with something almost like resentment. Pleasant people, she declared, were as a rule a very uninteresting set. I made amends as best I could, on the spur of the moment (in my own case this famous spur commonly proves rather dull and inefficacious), by explaining that, so far as I could judge, her friend was by no means good-natured enough to spoil him, and there the matter ended; but since then it has several times recurred to my thoughts. I have no prejudice against a paradox. A statement may be all the truer for seeming to be false, or, if not absolutely truer, it may at least be more truly effectual; but is it not putting too great a strain upon language, as well as too heavy a yoke upon the conscience, to treat a simple imputation of amiability as if it were tantamount to a defamation of character? "The tongue can no man tame," says an apostle; and if this be true, — as I have never seen reason to doubt, — then surely one may hope to be forgiven a slip so slight and unintentional as that of applying the epithet "pleasant" to a gentleman of whose qualities, good or bad, one knows next to nothing. Such an offense, I am bound to say, looks to me comparatively venial, especially in view of the freedom with which all of

us are accustomed to handle the reputation of absent friends and neighbors.

Yet, as I have turned the subject over in my mind, I have found myself entering more and more into a measure of sympathy with my fellow-contributor's feeling. As a general thing, original people, people with wills and opinions, — in other words, interesting people, — are not, I am inclined to believe, of a very easy-going temper. The man who has a mind of his own usually wishes to have his own way, and is therefore not likely to be regarded as in any conspicuous degree pleasant. When it is said of a clergyman, "Oh, he is a very *good* man," all church-going persons at once get an idea of very dry sermons. (For the conveying of such a compliment as this all the vowels and consonants together are not equal to one left-handed inflection.) The most interesting character in Milton's Paradise Lost is unquestionably the arch-fiend himself; and in the modern newspaper, — epic poems being long out of date, — no class of persons, unless it be political candidates, cut a greater figure than the criminals. There is no doubt of it, good nature and even a good character — which things, I comfort myself with hoping, are not exactly the same — do tend to grow somewhat monotonous and tiresome. Human nature is like an apple, — all the more palatable for being a trifle tart. No husband and wife ever lived together in greater mutual affection than did Elia and his cousin Bridget, concerning whom we read, nevertheless, "We agree pretty well in our tastes and habits — yet so as 'with a difference.' We are generally in harmony, with occasional bickerings, as it should be among near relations. Our sympathies are rather understood than expressed; and once, upon my dissembling a tone in my voice more kind than ordinary, my cousin burst into tears, and complained that I was altered."

A little flavor of individuality and self-will is excellent for preventing insipidity. Thus I theorize. And why not? If a man is fond of his own ease and his own way, always "notional," often out of sorts, and never very amiable, why should he not shape his theory to fit the facts?

All the while, however, I am conscious that I could find much to say on the other side. There used to be a funeral hymn (it may have gone out of vogue ere this) beginning, "Sister, thou wast mild and lovely," the word "lovely" being employed, I take it, in the old-fashioned, dictionary sense of lovable, not in the new-fangled, boarding-school sense of beautiful; and I cannot help feeling that mildness, gentleness of spirit, is one of the traits which most people like to attribute to their friends, at least after they are dead. It would sound rather odd and incongruous — would it not? — to sing about the coffin, "Sister, thou wast irascible and interesting." And even in the case of the living, I must confess to a preference for an equable and obliging disposition, especially in a woman. I may be whimsical, but I have never seen many who affected me as uncomfortably sweet-tempered.

My fellow-contributor is a writer of stories, and possibly may have fallen a little into the habit of looking at her neighbors, as painters look at sunsets, from a professional point of view; and in these days of realistic fiction (or fictitious realism, — the phrase may be ordered to suit the individual taste) it would no doubt go hard with novelists, especially with the feminine members of the guild, if everybody else were as amiable and innocent as they are themselves. Even a Sunday-school novel must have at least one wicked character. I, however, who write no stories, may be pardoned, I trust, for remaining, on the whole, of a different mind. For a wife, sister, or familiar friend, then, give me one who is never cross-grained or disputatious, but, as country people say, "always just

so." Let me have such about me, and I will cheerfully risk any possible scarcity of interesting vixens and villains. These are common enough at present, certainly, and, to my vision, seem no more likely to fail than seedtime and harvest; standing, I sometimes think, in the class of universal and indiscriminative mercies, like sunshine and the rain.

The Proposed Universal Language. — Public attention has of late been frequently called to the Volapük, or universal language, invented by the German linguist, John Martin Schleyer. It is said to consist of the best of over twenty languages, omitting their irregularities, the majority of the words being taken from the English language, and the others being represented in proportion to their importance.

The inventor of the new language does not propose to suppress other tongues, but merely to supply a new one for the common purposes of all mankind. The arguments most urgently insisted upon in favor of the adoption of the Volapük language are that it would be a convenient medium for commercial intercourse, and an important agency in promoting the universal brotherhood of mankind.

The advantages of a universal language are numerous, and so obvious as not to require to be pointed out. It is not certain, however, that the best way of obtaining the desired object would be by the formation of a new language. While the proposed Volapük might take the place formerly held by the Latin, as a common channel by which scholars throughout the world might communicate ideas to each other, it would not come into use for popular literature, and hence it would necessarily remain stiff and formal.

What is really wanted is a universal language for popular use; a living language; a language subject to the laws of growth and development, which operate to give life and vigor to speech in actual use by progressive communities of mankind. There do not seem to be any good grounds for the success of a Volapük made to order, but it is possible that a "world-speech" may result from the orderly development of human affairs. The signs of such an event are plainly observable. Such extensive portions of the world have already been brought under the control of English-speaking people, and the prospects for the still more extensive dominion of our race are so bright, that the problem seems likely to be ultimately solved by the spread of the use of the English language into every region of the globe.

In case such a result should be worked out by time, the future history of our language would be no more marvelous than its past. Four hundred years ago our language was confined to a portion of the island of Great Britain. Now it possesses large regions in every quarter of the globe. It is destined, through the expansive energy of the United States, to spread through the whole of North America by displacing the Spanish in Mexico; while in India, as the language of the governing power, it must ultimately prevail over the native tongues.

There was a time when doubts prevailed as to whether unity of language and literature would be preserved by the dispersed descendants of Englishmen. Noah Webster, just at the close of the Revolutionary War, in writing in favor of reform in the spelling of our language, recommended the adoption of a policy intended to give America a distinct language. In his work on this subject he says, —

"A capital advantage of this reform, in these States, would be that it would make a difference between the English orthography and the American. This will startle those who have not attended to the subject; but I am confident that such an event is an object of vast polit-

ical consequence. For the alteration, however small, would encourage the publication of books in our own country. It would render it, in some measure, necessary that all books should be printed in America. The English would never copy our orthography for their own use; and consequently the same impressions of books would not answer for both countries. The inhabitants of the present generation would read the English impressions; but posterity, being taught a different spelling, would prefer the American orthography. Besides this, a *national language* is a bond of *national union.* Every engine should be employed to render the people of this country *national;* to call their attachments home to their own country, and inspire them with pride of national character. . . . Let us then seize the present moment, and establish a national language as well as a national government."

In process of time Webster gained more enlightened views. In the preface to his dictionary, he expressly says that it is desirable to perpetuate sameness between the language of England and America. He refers with pride to the fact that the country has writers who present as pure models of genuine English as Addison or Swift. He exultantly looks forward to the time when the standard of our vernacular tongue will be respected by five hundred millions of people in America alone.

The earlier British writers had very contracted notions as to the extent of the field for their fame. They thought they were writing for only a part of one small island, in a language not destined to endure. Bacon sought to perpetuate his fame by translating into Latin the works he had written in English. In a letter written to Tobie Matthew, in 1623, he says, —

"It is true my labors are most set to have those works which I formerly published, as that of the Advancement of Learning, that of Henry VII., that of the Essays, being retractrate and made more perfect, well translated into Latin by the help of some good pens which forsake me not. For these modern languages will at one time or another play the bankrupt with books; and since I have lost much time with this age, I would be glad, as God shall give me leave, to recover it with posterity."

Pope, in the preface to his poetical works, after speaking of how much more care the ancients took than the moderns to correct and finish their writings, says:

"If we can pretend to have used the same industry, let us expect the same immortality; though, if we took the same care, we should still lie under a further misfortune: they writ in languages that became universal and everlasting, while ours are extremely limited both in extent and duration. A mighty foundation for our pride! when the utmost we can hope is but to be read in one island, and thrown aside at the end of one age."

So, too, the poet Daniel, in the Elizabethan age, laments the contracted bounds which then confined the knowledge of the English tongue to his "scarce-discovered isle:" —

"Oh that the ocean did not bound our style
Within these strict and narrow limits so;
But that the melody of our sweet isle
Might now be heard to Tiber, Arne, and Po;
That they might know how far the Thames does outgo
The music of declinèd Italy!"

He also predicts, in lines written some years before the Puritans landed on Plymouth Rock, that the English language would in future times be more widely spread, when he says, —

"Who knows whither we may vent
The treasures of our tongue? to what strange shores
This gain of our best glory may be sent,
T'enrich unknowing nations with our stores?
What worlds in the yet unformed Occident
May come refined with accents that are ours?"

If Bacon's works, especially his Es-

says, upon which his popular fame chiefly depends, had survived him only in the Latin tongue, how little would now be heard of him outside of scientific circles! Pope's fears as to the narrow limits of his fame seem very ridiculous, now that he probably has in Australia alone, then scarcely known, as many readers as he had in England in his lifetime; in America, fifty times as many; to say nothing of those in India, South Africa, and the other possessions of Great Britain.

Moreover, in every civilized country a knowledge of the English language is now an essential part of a liberal education. On the continent of Europe, those who read the plays of Shakespeare with facility exceed in number the Englishmen who, in the days of Pope, were familiar with the literature of their own country. In Germany, in particular, the study of English has of late been increased by a disinclination to study the French language and literature, growing out of political hostility to France. It is very certain that if the English language shall continue to spread in the same ratio in the future as it has during the past three hundred years, it will soon become practically the world-speech, instead of that which Professor Schleyer and his followers are advocating.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

Theology and Religion. The Divine Man, from the Nativity to the Temptation, by George Dana Boardman. (Appleton.) An elaborate amplification of the brief portion of the Gospels which refer to the Christ before his public ministry. It is exegetical, homiletic, and occasionally literary. It is perhaps wordier than some readers of religious literature like, and less suggestive to thoughtful persons, but it is fervid, and implies no doubts or misgivings. — Sermons Preached in St. George's, by W. S. Rainsford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) Earnest, direct, short sermons, that have the vitality of the preacher infused in them. Now and then a striking thought occurs, but for the most part the sermons are an eager voice, penetrating, if possible, the conscience and heart. — The World to Come, by W. B. Wright (Houghton), is not the world of some future and other abode of human life, but our present world when lifted to that place for which God designs it. Mr. Wright is a fresh sermonizer. He is often very keen in his exegesis, and wholly unconventional in his manner. He writes with nervous force and must, we think, catch many readers who would turn away from most books of sermons. — The Evolution of Immortality, or suggestions of an individual immortality based upon our organic and life history, by C. T. Stockwell. (Charles H. Kerr & Co., Chicago.) A thoughtful little book, which considers the growth of human being from embryological and cell-life up to the origin and evolution of consciousness, and, noting at every step the anticipation of the next, is justified in looking forward in the same line from the present point. It is worth reading. — What and Where is God? by H. B. Philbrook. (Philbrook & Dean, Chicago.) The title-page declares further that this book is "a discussion of the cause, character, and operations of the Creator," and the preface, duly signed by the author, is as follows: "An apology is wanted for a book's appearance only when it is a work of no value to a community or any class of persons." A further examination of the work convinces us that H. B. Philbrook is a community. It closes with what the author calls Psalms, but which are really Conundrums, as witness this verse: "Who gave a plain a creature, and who filled the air with birds? Is there a plumage upon a cat? Can a bird devour a grass?" We give it up. — Millennial Dawn, vol. i.; the Plan of the Ages. (Zion's Watch Tower, Pittsburgh.) The reader will pause long before the chart which prefaces this wonderful volume, and then, if he likes, can read three hundred and fifty pages of small print, which aim to present the plan of God, as derived from the Bible, with special reference to present labor problems. It is a dreary piece of work. — Our Heredity from God, consisting of lectures on Evolution, by E. P. Powell. (Appleton.) The work of a preacher who,

finding his traditionally received views of theology swept away by the Darwinian doctrines, yet moves through these same doctrines to what he holds as a more impregnable position regarding the being of God and the relation of man to him. The lectures have a good deal of unconventionality about them, and there is an apparent effort at sharpness and cleverness which makes one distrust somewhat the speaker, as if he had not that profound humility which is the unerring note of true seekers after truth. — Christian Facts and Forces, by Newman Smyth. (Scribners.) A score of discourses, marked by that frank yet reverent spirit which gives one the feeling that the preacher breathes the air that envelops the world, and not the carefully regulated air of the study. Mr. Smyth feels too keenly the life that goes on about him not to express his Christian faith in terms that show sympathy with that life. His book is honest, positive, and helpful. — The Story of the Psalms, by Henry Van Dyke. (Scribners.) An interesting treatment of the Book of Psalms, by which the historical basis, where there is one, is carefully disclosed and commented on. Others are made the occasion for fresh and earnest application. The entire book strikes us as a happy improvement in method upon ordinary commentaries. — Life's Problems, Here and Hereafter: an Autobiography. (Cupples & Hurd.) The autobiographic form is chosen, apparently, to enable the writer to speak most freely on such subjects as Personality, Immortality, the Spiritual World, Prayer, and the like, since the results reached are determined by personal consciousness acting on rational lines. It is a story of intellectual and spiritual travail from Doubt to Faith. It is an interesting book by a thoughtful person, and, if not always incisive, it is honest and candid. — Uplifts of Heart and Will, a series of religious meditations or aspirations, addressed to earnest men and women, by James H. West. (Chas. H. Kerr & Co., Chicago.) These meditations are drawn, we believe, from actual use in a congregation by the minister. They are especially characterized by the absence of personality, though the writer would probably claim that they expressed a higher spirituality. But religion which seems so unwilling to spell God without drawing it out into Good is rather apt to add naught to the original conception. — Philosophy of Theism, by Borden P. Bowne. (Harpers.) In the author's words, he has sought to give an outline of the essential argument which might serve as a text for teachers, and as a somewhat critical survey of the subject for other readers. Mr. Bowne is a keen critic, and it is a pleasure to read a writer who thrusts so positively. He is slightly contemptuous over what he calls the "atheistic gust of recent years," and remarks slyly that the "British Association for the Advancement of Science has not favored us with a cosmological manifesto for the last dozen years." — The Bhagavad Gîtâ, or The Lord's Lay, with commentary and notes, as well as references to the Christian Scriptures; translated from the Sanskrit for the benefit of those in search of spiritual light, by Mohini M. Chatterji. (Ticknor.) This version differs from those already in English chiefly in this: that the translator has in mind not the satisfaction of intellectual curiosity, but the distinct guidance of the spiritual nature. Therefore he has availed himself of modern Brahminical comments, and has sought to show the essential harmony with the Christian Scriptures. It is a pity that the Scripture texts in the notes had not been given in full rather than by reference merely. — History of the Christian Church, by George Park Fisher. (Scribners.) Professor Fisher is a marvel of industry. More than that, he is not a dryasdust, but sees so clearly the just relations of historic movements and is so catholic in his judgment that he makes history, even when compact and closely narrative in form, an interpretation of life and thought. — Ecclesiastical History of Newfoundland, by the Very Reverend M. F. Howley, D. D. (Doyle & Whittle, Boston.) The size of this volume, an octavo of over four hundred pages, compels the author to treat his subject as a great one, and the figures in it of priests who have made the ecclesiastical history are "colossal-minded," and their reign is "glorious." One needs to get at the exact angle of the writer of this book in order to see proportions as he sees them.

Travel and Nature. Ten Thousand Miles on a Bicycle, by Karl Kron. (Author, The University Building, Washington Square, New York.) This is a book of eight hundred pages, in very small type, that it may be packed, we take it, in the haversack, or whatever the pillion of a bicycle is called; for it is a traveler's guide to all sorts of places on the American continent, besides containing a vast deal of cursory information, which the tired bicycler, if he has a microscope about him, may read when his wheel is lying gently on its side, or standing sidewise, at his nooning-time. The author is fatiguingly egotistical in his preliminary matter, — a little of the ego goes farther than a good deal of it, — but he certainly may be thanked for packing so much necessary information in the same parcel with his needless word-spinning. If he had condensed his matter and enlarged his type, we could have praised him more heartily. — Mountain Trails and Parks in Colorado, by L. B. Trance. (Chain, Hardy & Co., Denver.) An agreeable mixture

of personal adventure and reflection. The customary characters that serve to give spice to hunting and fishing excursions in literature are introduced, but the author is much more interesting than his imagined friends. — Winter, from the Journal of Henry D. Thoreau, edited by H. G. V. Blake. (Houghton.) This volume, made upon the same general plan as Spring and Summer, introducing passages from Thoreau's journals in the order of the season, but regardless of years, will have a strong interest for lovers of a writer who is winning a place in men's regard as well as holding his place in literature. It seems to us that a softer manner pervades this book, and that one might almost take it as expressing riper thought; but that, of course, can be only fancy, since the plan of editing precludes such a notion. If the interest in Thoreau increases, his admirers and students will begin to wish that they had his writings before them more distinctly in chronological order. Mr. Blake's careful dating, however, of these volumes of extracts will put the reader in possession of the means of such a survey. — A Vacation in a Buggy, by Maria Louise Pool. (Putnams.) An animated record of a drive through the Berkshire Hills; written originally for a newspaper, and with something of the transient form still clinging to it. It is in fact sprightly enough in parts to make one wish the whole had been as good as these parts, and that then there had been more of it. — The Isles of the Princes, or The Pleasures of Prinkipo, by Samuel S. Cox. (Putnams.) If Mr. Cox were only lively, his book would be, as our cousins say, not half bad. But he is not content with being lively. He has too much the self-consciousness of a Congressional wit. — The Heart of Merrie England, by the Rev. James S. Stone, D. D. (Porter & Coates.) The record of the experience of a scholarly man, who knows England by books and by personal residence and saunter. There is a leisureliness about the work which is very agreeable, and there will be found many to echo the author's sentiment for the nooks and corners which have not yet been spoiled by the tourist crowd. — Ancient Cities of the New World, translated from the French of Désiré Charnay by J. Gonino and Helen S. Conant, with an introduction by Allen Thorndike Rice (Harpers), is a record of voyages and scientific explorations in Mexico and Central America from 1857 to 1882. The general reader as well as the archæologist will find this to be an important work. — An interesting series has been begun in Trees of Reading, Mass. Mr. F. H. Gilson, of that town, has been photographing, and then printing, by the heliotype process, the noble trees of his vicinity, accompanying each print by a page of description and history. He clearly sympathizes with and respects his subjects, and the *naïveté* of his letterpress accords well with the simplicity and dignity of the prints.

Fiction. The Count of the Saxon Shore, or the Villa in Vectis, a Tale of the Departure of the Romans from Britain, by the Rev. A. J. Church, with the collaboration of Ruth Putnam. (Putnams.) An historical romance, which is in some respects an odd translation of modern life into ancient terms. — The Story of Antony Grace, by G. Manville Fenn. (Appleton.) The story, being autobiographical in form, avails itself easily of conversation as the means of carrying forward the plot. There is hardly a description in the book more than three lines long. — Home Again, by George Macdonald. (Appleton.) The story of a young man who thought he had genius as a writer, and went out into the world to fulfill his destiny, only to come home again to his farm, there to work at his living, and to write his verses at his honest work. — The Story of an Enthusiast, told by himself, by Mrs. C. V. Jamison. (Ticknor.) The enthusiast is a painter, and a somewhat wordy one, who has sufficient acquaintance with ordinary composition to construct an autobiographic story, but not enough imagination to make any connection between the form of the story and the character of the story-teller. — Our Party of Four, a Story of Travel, by Mrs. H. B. Goodwin. (Cupples & Hurd.) The travel was in Spain chiefly, the four were American women, and there is a mild love-story inwoven. The whole is a sort of wax-work show. — Zorah, a Love Tale of Modern Egypt, by Elizabeth Balch. (Cupples & Hurd.) The story is a romance spun out of whole cloth, with threads of Eastern scenery and life shot through it. It is hard to make the people real, or to believe in their possible existence. — Bledisloe, or Aunt Pen's American Nieces, an International Story, by Ada M. Trotter. (Cupples & Hurd.) The graceful little proem to this story leads one to expect much more than he finds in the story itself, or perhaps, more strictly, much less, — less conventional tragedy, less tiresome repetition of worn-out novel-themes. If the author had aimed at a simple pastoral, she might have reached a success, but she has superimposed upon a slight basis a tottering fabric of love, debt, heroism, self-sacrifice, et cetera. — In Paul and Christina (Dodd, Mead & Co.), Mrs. Barr is on familiar ground. She finds in the wild nature of the Orkneys and the rude fisher folk an excellent opportunity for presenting those studies of human life which collect about strong will, struggle with temptation, noble victory, in terms almost elemental. The ab-

sence of a complex civilization helps her, and she manages to give almost a Scandinavian value to her story. — The Flag on the Mill, by Mary B. Sleight. (Funk & Wagnalls.) A domestic tale, with a self-sacrificing heroine and two young men, one noble and serious, the other frivolous and handsome; customary runaway teams, houses afire, and bedridden invalids. — Miss Curtis, a sketch, by Kate Gannett Wells. (Ticknor.) Under the guise of a study of an impossible character, Mrs. Wells has given herself the opportunity of talking rationally about charity and social life, without frightening away the hearers. — The Lost Wedding Ring, by Mrs. Winter and Mrs. Boy. (Putnams.) A discussion of marriage set in a somewhat confusing border of conversation, club, and incident. The writer appears so eager to escape the charge of dullness as to be open to the charge of talking in riddle. — Tony, the Maid, by Blanche Willis Howard. (Harpers.) Has not Miss Howard dropped two or three pegs in this book? She used to write careful stories, and stories which aimed at high success. This is a cheap thing. — Frau Wilhelmine, the concluding part of the Buchholz Family, by Julius Stinde, translated by Harriet F. Powell. (Scribners.) More of this curiously wrought piece of assumed *naïveté*. — Within and Without, a Philosophical, Lego-Ethical, and Religious Romance, in Four Parts. (J. Thompson Gill, Chicago.) Rather an alarming notice to post at the entrance of a novel, and readers will be likely to stay without, rather than go within and face the problems which would appear to confront them. The book is a somewhat tiresome story, made to carry a good deal of not very new nor very incisive criticism of evangelical religion. There is, it must be said, an absence of cheap ridicule, and an evident desire to do justice to a form of faith which the author has outgrown. But the book is dull, and not important. — Mona's Choice, by Mrs. Alexander. (Holt.) Mrs. Alexander has not lost her skill as a novelist, but much practice seems to have deadened her sensibilities, and her latest work does not have the charm of the earlier. — Mr. Absalom Billingslea and other Georgia Folk, by Richard M. Johnston. (Harpers.) A collection of the rough, humorous stories which Mr. Johnston and his readers find very entertaining. They do not belong to the school of the New South, — they may be classed rather with Georgia Scenes, and they have an old-fashioned air about them; but they have an unctuousness of humor which renders them acceptable to many who are tired of finespun character sketches. — Seth's Brother's Wife, by Harold Frederic. (Scribners.) A novel of New York country life, which has been running as a serial in Scribner's Monthly. — Jack the Fisherman, by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. (Houghton.) A strong story, as unpleasant as life. The grim logic of events is not interrupted by any soft-hearted Providence of an author.

History and Biography. Brief Institutes of General History, by E. Benjamin Andrews. (Silver, Rogers & Co., Boston.) This book differs from such a work as Fisher's Outlines by undertaking to set forth the underlying principles of historic development in chronological order, events being introduced as illustrative. The book thus becomes a good companion to Fisher's Outlines, the one complementing the other. Bibliographical aids are given, and abundant foot-notes. The value of such a work is largely in the success with which it discerns the logic of history. Dr. Andrews seems reasonably free from pet theories; he has availed himself of substantial works by German students, condensing their results, and thus putting the reader into possession of the suggestions which are so profuse in such literature, and its most serviceable characteristic. The book is one which will appeal to thoughtful students; the ordinary mechanical student would be bewildered by it. It ought to serve an important end in quickening thought and enlarging conceptions. — A new series has been started, English History by Contemporary Writers, under the editorship of F. York Powell. Its design is to select such passages as may give in quickest fashion the salient points. The idea is a capital one, provided the subjects taken for illustration are sufficiently limited to allow of the treatment. We wish that the editor had gone a step beyond, and indicated in detail further illustrative passages, named by title only, for the convenience of students who wish to pursue the same method. The series will be of greatest help to those who are already prepared with a definite knowledge of the times. The first volume is Edward III. and his Wars, 1327–1360, and is arranged and edited by W. J. Ashley; the second, The Misrule of Henry III., 1236–1251, by Rev. W. H. Hutton. (Putnams.) — The Lawyer, the Statesman, and the Soldier, by George S. Boutwell. (Appleton.) Biographical and personal sketches of Choate, Webster, Lincoln, and Grant. There is not quite as much reference to the author's personal acquaintance with these men as we had hoped to find, and we do not see that he brings a very acute criticism or power of characterization to bear on the subjects.

THE

ATLANTIC MONTHLY:

A Magazine of Literature, Science, Art, and Politics.

Vol. LXI. — APRIL, 1888. — No. CCCLXVI.

YONE SANTO: A CHILD OF JAPAN.

XV.

FAIR PROMISE.

SEATED on my veranda, overlooking the broad bay of Yedo, I waited to learn the motive of this new demonstration.

"I will say once more," Milton began, "and say it for the last time, that, so far as I can judge myself, your threats of abusive treatment have no weight with me. But there are arguments at work in my own mind which do indeed affect me. Until this night, although I ought to have known, I did not fully know in what direction I was tending, nor with what insane speed. Now I do know. No harm, fortunately, has yet been done, and within a week I shall quit Japan, without again seeing Yone Santo."

He was a strange compound of weakness and impulsive vigor, of honorable and ignoble propensities. Listening to him now, marking the fervor, the apparent frankness, and the unmistakable feeling with which he spoke, no unprepared hearer could have distrusted him. For myself, I do not doubt that at the moment he was thoroughly sincere. But it would have been a lamentable folly, knowing his utter instability, to leave him in a condition of such merely superficial and probably transitory regret. His impressions might change entirely in a day; and I had — or believed I had — ample evidence of the worthlessness of his pledges.

"Much harm *has* been done, sir," I said, in reply to one part of his observation.

"None whatever," he responded, "thanks to Yone's innocence, — not to my honesty. When I reached home, after leaving you this afternoon, I found a note from her, written at Santo's dictation, and asking for instruction about a detail of the boat. I first thought of going there to-morrow. But the evening was so bright that I determined upon an after-dinner walk to the building-yard. If you had asked me, I should have said it was mainly, if not solely, with a view to answering Santo's inquiries."

"And it would not have been true."

"It would have been true then, for, as I remember, that was certainly my conviction. Now, of course, I recognize that it was little better than a pretext, imposed by myself upon myself. But I had no foreshadowing of what would occur. The opportunity was unusual, and the temptation was great. Having settled the business question, old Santo himself proposed going into the garden; and after seeing Yone and myself seated on the bench, he straightway dropped asleep. I think we might have been there half an hour when you appeared. How much you heard I do not know. It was the first time I had ever addressed her in a way — in a way likely

to do harm. I had been friendly, and, I admit, affectionate before, — too much so, perhaps, — but I had never tried to pervert her notions of right and wrong. As you probably know, I failed completely, — and I thank God for it. I was surprised in the beginning, then vexed, at her total lack of comprehension. I could not help wondering if it was genuine, but I soon saw I might as well have endeavored to make her understand a new language as tried to sully her thoughts with a suspicion of evil."

"Why do you tell me this?" I demanded.

"Because, whether I succeed or not, I wish to try and repair some of the damage I have done, — the only damage, I may say, — which is the uneasiness I have caused you."

"That may rest. But it is not the only damage. The unfamiliar words and ideas you have planted in Yone's mind will not pass out of her recollection, as if she were a girl of mean intelligence. You have laid a foundation upon which her imagination will build, until she becomes acquainted with the existence of many things yet unknown to her. It was against such a risk that I would have guarded her, at any cost."

"But surely, Dr. Charwell, I may say — Heaven knows, without a thought of offense — that a girl of her peculiar beauty would be sure, sooner or later, to be enlightened."

"You know little of this country, sir. She might live to old age, and never hear a whisper of such venomous stuff as you have attempted to pour into her ears to-night. That does not happen to be the style of ill-treatment which the Japanese apply to women of a decent class. It was reserved for foreigners to institute the pastime of woman-hunting in this part of the world. And a noble revelry they make of it! They remind me of that princely Nimrod, the Count de Chambord, who used to have his deer driven so close that he could look into their eyes, and then, as he slaughtered them right and left, he called it sport. The pursuit of Japanese women by foreigners is the same sort of manly diversion. They bring down their game, not because they are expert or daring, but because their victims are all unconscious of the danger that threatens them. You and others fall in with a pretty and attractive girl, and ply her with seductive words she has never heard before, — words which she did not know *could* be spoken to her, and the sound of which awakens emotions she had never dreamed of. She becomes alive to possibilities far outside of her accustomed sphere, and to the possession of faculties as strange to her as sunlight to the blind. Think how narrow are the limits of a Japanese woman's happiness! Maternity is the single deep and absorbing joy she can know. If she gets a husband who treats her with reasonable kindness, she may become moderately attached to him; but conjugal love is a sentiment she never feels, and never dares to feel. If she finds it stealing upon her, she knows her sole hope is to crush it out, lest she suffer the more keenly when the inevitable day of neglect and cruelty comes. As for the proud delight of courtship, the little span of bliss when the weaker becomes the stronger, when the expectant bride is the ruler and her lover the willing slave, no glimpse of such ecstasy ever dawns upon girlhood in Japan. Of all the women in the land, not one knows what it means. But you are not to suppose them any more destitute of tender sensibilities than our own daughters and sisters. The loving instincts of their sex are not called into life here, — that is all. But what is to happen when one of them listens to professions, against the danger of which *our* young women are guarded by parental vigilance or conventional education? Why should the untaught Japanese doubt the sincer-

ity of what she hears? She knows no reason why any man alive — least of all, any foreigner — should take pains to flatter or delude her by false avowals. What is *she*, to assume that it is worth any man's while to beguile her with deceitful protestations? Who would so foolishly waste time on *her*? Strange as it seems, it must be real and true. She has never before been told she possessed beauty, or grace, or other charms; certainly not as she is now told. Her thoughts have never been turned into those channels. In the ordinary course of her life they never would be. But now she is confronted by a foreigner, a being upon whom she looks as a moral and intellectual superior, who flutters her little soul with caresses which she does not know how to reject, and which open to her a rare new world of poetry and romance. Then comes her dream of happy love, which lasts a month, two months, more commonly a week, and from which she awakes with her poor fond heart broken, — broken as ruthlessly as the tie which she believed, because she had been told, would endure forever. That 's the proud game of the woman-hunter in Japan. That is the game which you, Mr. Milton, start out to play with a trusting, unsuspecting child, confident that, in the unequal contest, your practiced weapons will swiftly beat down her weak defenses, and destroy her."

"I won't admit," said Milton, without a trace of the anger or impatience I had looked for, — "I won't admit that any injury can come of it, though I have no intention of exculpating myself. I will say, whether you credit it or not, that there was no premeditation. The grievous story you told me earlier in the day was fresh in my mind, and I was filled with pity for the poor girl. Pity — that is to say — well, you shall have the truth without disguise, — it was *not* all pity. She has had a hold upon me for weeks, which I could not break away from. Not that she knew anything about it. All she has heard amiss from me she has heard to-night. It cannot hurt her. She is not one of the ignorant and unguarded class you speak of. She is well educated; her training has been ample. She is far above danger from so small a mischance as this."

"Not so. Her education has not prepared her for experiences of this kind. Warnings against the snares of unscrupulous foreigners could hardly be taught in the schools for Japanese girls. Unhappily, her culture, though far from what it should be, has advanced sufficiently to render her keenly susceptible to severe misfortune. She is one of the few whose minds have been too rapidly and maturely developed for the position they are constrained to hold. Without foreign cultivation of any kind, she might have passed through life, even as the wife of a rude mechanic, and never felt the worst of the griefs and humiliations she has now to endure. Left unaware that the conditions of her existence were a perpetual degradation, she would have known little of the shame which now oppresses her. Fortunately, her scholarship yields her some compensations, and her own beautiful nature sustains her in patience. But there is one misery from which neither her studies nor her high character can protect her, and which, if it falls upon her, will be increased a thousand-fold by the very acuteness of her intelligence. She has no knowledge yet — at least I trust not — as to what her own heart is capable of. All I can wish for her is a composed and tranquil passage, without heavy sorrows, over the course marked out for her. But if her stronger affections are ever awakened by such wiles as a reckless libertine may employ, and if she learns what passionate love means, then her peace is gone, her future is a hopeless misery. And if you, Arthur Milton, set yourself to an undertaking so cowardly and base as to draw this good and noble girl away from the

life to which she has resigned herself, only to leave her presently to everlasting despair, you are a monster of whom, I tell you plainly, I think the Almighty might well be helped to rid the world with the least possible loss of time."

"I have said I shall go away from Japan," answered Milton, "and I mean to go. I cannot bring myself to share your apprehensions, but I will act as if I did. I consent to be governed by your extravagant theories, but it will never be apparent to me that a young woman's whole life need be made wretched by a bit of harmless flirtation."

"Flirtation! I tell you again that girls of Yone's stamp know nothing of such a word. They either believe or disbelieve what is said to them. You do not require to be told whether your language and tone were calculated to delude her into a false conviction of your sincerity. You are well aware that if she had continued to listen understandingly, she would have taken your declarations in all honesty. She is not the girl to yield to them in any way affecting her good name, — never suppose that, — but she might have been touched by a spell which would endanger her peace of mind. I trust to God she has escaped it. She cannot know what a happy love is; it is too late for that. After all she has gone through, she had better die at once than learn what love in any form but that of friendship means."

"Of course you know, Dr. Charwell," said Milton, after a few moments' thought, "that I could bring a score of opinions to set against yours. I have met more than one man, with as much experience as you have had, who would scream with glee at the notion of a Japanese girl breaking her heart on any pretense. Plenty of the 'old residents' are quite as emphatic on their side of the question as you are on yours."

"Yes, you have fallen in with some of those hardened brutes — leaders of rational public opinion, they call themselves — who strive to establish a belief in the general profligacy of Japanese women, in order to lessen the scandal of their personal iniquities. I know the set, and what their evidence is worth; and so do you, I 'll warrant, though you choose to quote them as entitled to credence. But I tell you that if you listen long to those cold-blooded reptiles, you will soon wish to forget you ever had a mother or a sister."

"Bad as they may be," replied Milton, "they have facts to support them. They do get possession of Japanese women without much difficulty, and generally with the connivance or approval of their fathers or brothers."

"That is a different matter. I make no attempt to defend such Japanese *men* as condemn their wives or daughters to shameful lives. The best contrived tortures of a couple of centuries ago would be too good for them. I speak only of the women. They are victims, not willful sinners. They are brought up to believe that the highest virtue is blind obedience to parental decrees. They accept their doom as a martyrdom, and surrender themselves to a contamination which, they assume, the dire need of their elders renders inevitable. It is often the saddest of sacrifices, yet foreigners, knowing this to be true, inhumanly pretend that the vicious course is adopted with satisfaction, if not with eagerness. Worse than all, the foreign women who come here with maxims of Christian charity in their mouths, ostensibly to aid in the work of civilization, — these women, almost without exception, join in the defamatory outcry, and, from the moment of their arrival, act upon the absurd theory that they are dealing with a race of beings among whom chastity, modesty, and delicacy are unknown. They treat their charges, not as if a single one of them possessed the naturally clean instincts of girlhood, but as if they must all be put through some humiliat-

ing process of moral purification before being admitted to companionship with these over-righteous messengers of social enlightenment. And the result? But we are straying far from the track, Mr. Milton. Our subject is particular, not general. Your departure, I understand, will take place " —

" Within a week, as you shall see," he answered.

I thanked him, but with an effort, for indeed nothing would have completely satisfied me except, probably, his immediate withdrawal, even at that impracticable hour, — on foot, if necessary, — to Yokohama, and his prompt embarkation from that port early in the morning. I had obtained, however, as much as I could expect; and with that partially consolatory reflection I retired, to pass the night in conjectures as to the steps required for my ill-guarded child's welfare in future, mingled with deep regrets that, among the whole body of European and American residents settled in Japan, I could not bethink me of one true, large-hearted woman to whom I might confide the story of Yone's life, and whose generous sympathy would supply the help which my sex and my rougher nature alike disqualified me from offering. Not one!

XVI.

TREACHERY.

As I sat alone, the next morning, still musing, with many misgivings, over the difficult situation, I was startled by the abrupt entrance of Milton, in vehement haste and much disorder, and so agitated as to be for some moments incapable of speech. He flung himself into a chair, and gazed at me intently, essaying at intervals to articulate, but repeatedly failing. I carried him a glass of spirits, part of which he drank, exclaiming, afterward, in a husky voice, —

" I wish to God it was poison! "

" You don't wish anything of the sort," I replied; " and I hoped, from our understanding of last night, that there would be no more occasion for these mock heroics. What has happened? "

He left the chair he had taken on first entering, and seated himself in another, close beside my table.

" We can be alone, I hope," he said.

" Certainly; " and I locked the office doors. Returning near him, and examining him attentively, I saw that he was in an unnatural state of excitement, from which I could not but draw alarming forebodings.

" Come, what has happened? " I again demanded.

" Worse — yes, much worse — than I could have believed," he panted, in response.

" Speak plainly, man! " I cried. " To begin with, you have seen Yone."

" But I did not go to her," he protested, eagerly. " It was the purest accident."

" There, there," I answered, " leave off excusing yourself and your misdeeds. What has happened to Yone? "

" Nothing, — nothing serious, I hope — I believe. I have just left her, at the bridge near the Custom House. I think she will soon be coming to you. I — I wanted to see you first."

" Naturally," said I, giving full vent to my contempt, and concerning myself in no degree about his feelings, now that I felt assured Yone was safe, — " naturally enough; you wanted me to hear your own story before getting the absolute truth from her."

" In any case," he proceeded, " you had best listen to me, at present. You can learn what you wish to learn from her, afterward. She has gone to the school, and may be here in a few moments. God knows I don't want to see her again, — not now, if ever. I want to get over what I have to do, and be gone. No, sir, you have no conception of my motive in coming. I have broken

faith, and disgraced myself; and I choose that you shall hear of it from me, rather than from one whose kind heart would lead her to soften — to conceal — my miserable" —

He broke off abruptly, and so livid a pallor overspread his countenance that I forbore further reproaches. Presently he resumed: —

"I was at work the best part of last night, packing and making ready, and by to-morrow I should have been prepared to start for Yokohama. I had not the remotest idea of seeing Yone again. But my cursed fortune brought us face to face, as I was walking about Tsukiji, early this morning. She was on her way to see you. Her curiosity, at least, was excited by what happened last night, and she was looking forward to an explanation, I suppose."

"No doubt I could have given her one that would have done no harm," I answered.

"But I could not," he rejoined, excitedly. "There was nothing for me to tell but the truth. I could have avoided her, — I tried to; but to be with her, beside her, again — Good God, Charwell, don't you know what temptation means? I lost all thought of everything, — everything but her and myself. I forgot I had ever made a promise. I forgot that we could ever be separated. We walked together for an hour, — perhaps two hours."

"And what did you tell her?"

"All — all that I ought not to have told her. But she acted very nobly, Charwell; you must not have a single doubt about her. She was all you could have wished. But for myself" —

"Ay, keep to yourself, young man," I broke in, "and don't you offend decency by undertaking to vindicate Yone Santo. We shall have the devils from hell, next, avouching the purity of the saints."

"You may say and do to me what you please, Dr. Charwell. Take a pistol and fire it in my face, if you like. I deserve that, and more."

"If you have nothing in your head but theatrical shams," said I, "you had better go. You seem to have done your worst in every way. You have lied like a scoundrel, and you have sown unending sorrow in a gentle, harmless breast. I thank God I never before knew so foul a coward and villain, and I trust I never may see your like again. Now go!"

"You strike me when I am down."

"Not I. I would, heavily enough, if it could do any good. But you had better get out of my sight. I see another visitor approaching. Not by that door; come this side. You can find your way through the house, and go out by the rear entrance."

He went, with hesitating steps, and paused once, as if he would have spoken again; but I would endure nothing more from him, and closed with violence the door through which he disappeared. Then, with a choking sensation, I turned to admit the child who grew dearer and dearer to me as each bitter stroke of fate befell her.

I had urgent cause to exercise all the self-control that remained to me, as I took her hand and led her to a seat. A single night, or, more probably, the last few hours, had wrought a change in her which only the most hardened in worldliness or professional self-righteousness could see unmoved. The fair, open brow was clouded, and marked with lines of pain. The soft, engaging smile, seldom brightly joyous, but always infinitely winning and endearing, had disappeared; and her lips were pressed closely together, as if to hold in restraint the expression of an unwonted grief. The rich, dark eyes, which usually shone undimmed in frank and trustful sincerity, were cast down, under the influence of an emotion which she dreaded to betray. As I saw her slender form yielding to the physical weakness which the suffer-

ing of her earlier life had fastened upon her, I felt as if some dire fatality must have interwoven itself with the unhappy girl's destiny, to overcome which no human skill could avail. All that my care had done to remedy the injuries inflicted upon her in childhood — little enough it was, I knew too well — was now, I feared, undone at a blow. It seemed impossible that she could still retain sufficient strength to carry her through another term of tribulation.

"Thank you, good doctor," she said, presently lifting her face. "You did not look for me to-day. I asked permission to come to Tsukiji before the usual time, because something had made me anxious. You are always very kind, and I am sure you will help Yone a little."

"Yone has no need to ask that," I answered. "I hope it is nothing too serious for us to dispose of easily."

"I do not know," she sighed. "I think it is serious, and I am afraid it cannot be easily mended. It hurts me a little to tell, and if I might ask for a good deal of time I should be easier. But if you are occupied I shall wait, or come another day."

"No, my child, I am not occupied," I replied, feeling at the moment that I would be willing to make it my sole business for weeks and months to come, if I could hope to heal the wound I feared she had received.

"It ought not to be difficult for me to speak to you of anything," she resumed. "I do not quite understand it, — so old a friend. Yet it is hard to begin. You will not be angry, — I know that."

"Never, Yone, never; and being an old friend, I may be able to make it easier than you think."

She glanced at me with some surprise, and I continued, clasping her right hand in a vague desire to impart to her some of my own strength: —

"Now let me save you the trouble of beginning. It is about Mr. Milton."

Again she gave me a startled look, and then bowed her head in assent, without speaking.

"You came because of what occurred near your house, on the river, last night; but since you reached Tsukiji something more important has happened, and *that* is what I must hear about."

She now gazed full in my face.

"You have seen him," she said, in a low voice.

"Yes, I have seen him. Do not tremble so. He has not told me much, and you need not tell me any more than you wish to. I am quite sure that everything you have done is right."

"You know, perhaps, that Arthur has given me" —

"Wait, Yone: why do you call him Arthur?"

"He asked me to do so last night, but then I was unwilling. He begged me again, very earnestly, this morning, and the things he said to me made me believe that it would not be wrong."

"There is no wrong about it, so far as you are concerned; but for the present it is better for you to speak of him as you always have done."

"I am sorry for that," she murmured, dejectedly.

"Why, Yone, does it please you, — do you wish to call him Arthur?"

"No, it is not that," she answered; "but he told me it was right. I am grieved that he did so. I trusted him."

"And he deceived you. But that fault is his, not yours, my child," said I, failing to seize at once the fact that already her concern was chiefly for him, and for his repute as an honest counselor.

"He wished me to call him Arthur, because, he said, he loved me."

"No doubt, no doubt; but now, you see, since he deceived you in a small matter, it would be unwise to believe him in a larger one."

"But I did believe him," she exclaimed; "I could not help but to believe him! Why should he trouble to

tell me such a thing only for falsehood? No one would do that. There is no reason in it. I do believe him."

"Yone, my poor girl, what can I say to you? You must not believe him."

"Doctor," she replied, softly, but very firmly, and looking steadily into my eyes, while the delicate color of her face deepened painfully, — "doctor, I *wish* to believe him."

"Go on, then, Yone; let me hear all you have to tell. I will speak afterward."

She passed her disengaged hand across her forehead, and, struggling to command herself, answered thus: —

"Last evening, by the river, he began to say things which were quite new to me. At first I did not listen attentively, and understood only a little part. Soon it seemed that he was making jests, for both of us to laugh at; but suddenly he spoke and acted in a way that gave me great surprise, — yes, and pain. Then, just before you joined us, he talked so wildly that I believed some trouble had disturbed his reason, and I was deeply alarmed for him. I saw that you were displeased. I had been displeased, too, but I could not bear to ask myself why. As I sat alone, beneath the stars, and recalled what had happened, strange thoughts came upon me. They were not wise, — I knew they were not wise, but I did not put them away. Doctor, I shall keep nothing from you: I could not compel myself to drive them away. They were with me through the night."

Her lips trembled, and she paused, again pressing her hand to her brow.

"And then" — I presently suggested.

"To-day he was more clear. I met him beyond Tsukiji, as I was coming to your house. He wished me to walk with him a little, and then he said he had loved me since he first saw me, though he had never before dared to tell it. I asked him why he had not dared, but he did not explain. Yet I know he was in earnest. His voice shook while he spoke. His cheeks were sometimes so pale as to frighten me, and sometimes like burning flames. He implored me to love him, too. He said I must go with him" —

"What — where?" I hastily demanded.

"Away, far from Japan. And that is the most serious question I have to ask you, doctor. He told me it would be right for me to go; that if I loved him one half as well as he loved me, I ought to go, and be always with him. Oh, doctor, you can tell me, — was it true? Is it right? Would the good men and women in your own country say it was right for me to go? That is what I *must* know."

"Yone, do you really wish me to tell you how you should answer him?"

"No, no, dear doctor, you do not understand," she responded, in great agitation and distress; "you need not tell me that. I did answer him. But what I wish to know is if he spoke — if his words were true, when he told me that he was right to ask me, and that I should be right to go."

"Tell me first, Yone, what your answer was."

"Ah, that will pain me to repeat, for I was obliged to hurt his feelings. But I must not hide it from you. I showed him, as kindly as I could, how far distant such a thought must be from my mind. I showed him that, though I could not suppose he would mislead me about what men and women might do or say in Western countries, it was my duty not to think of them, but of the rules which we in Japan learn from our elders. Only a worthless woman, I had been taught, would leave her home at a stranger's commandment. And though Yone, the last of the daughters of Yamada, was a poor unlearned girl, no wickedness or shame should ever be spoken of her, or give her ancestors reason to look at her from above with scornful faces.

It was severe, doctor, yet I did not wish to be severe; my meaning was only to be truthful and just; and he — Mr. Milton — saw that, I am sure, for he made no sign of anger."

With a long and deep breath of thankfulness I drew her toward me, and lightly kissed her forehead. What! Had I allowed the faintest shadowy outline of a doubt as to the dear girl's integrity to darken my mind, even for the briefest moment? I turned away my head, utterly subdued.

"Why, doctor, have I said anything to afflict you? The tears are in your eyes. What shall happen when our strong doctor has tears in his eyes? You have something still harder for me to hear, I am afraid. But I must know it all. Tell me, I do beg you, did he speak the truth?"

"I can do no good, my dear, by concealing my thoughts, or making light of Mr. Milton's conduct. You have to learn a rough lesson, which I hoped you might never need to be taught. That man has no truth in him. Everything about him is false. He has, I believe, an easy and indolent fancy for you, because you are a girl of much beauty, and your beauty is of a kind he never saw before. But if he loved you with honest and manly sincerity, he would never have approached you as he did. For it is not true, in any country on the earth, that a man is permitted to talk to a woman as he talked to you, unless he can honorably make her his wife. He has been a villain from first to last. He meant to persuade you to join him in a disgraceful flight, in spite of my watchfulness. He swore to me, last night, that he would never see you again, — that he would leave the country without doing more harm. He is a perjured caitiff!"

She lifted her hand with a gesture of entreaty.

"Do not use such bitter words," she said faintly. "I feel that you are right. He is not good; but it wounds me to hear he has acted with so much unkindness, all at once. I hoped — oh, I did hope you could tell me that what he said was in some manner true; that in foreign lands there were unguilty ways of following the course he urged to me. It would have made no change in my mind, nor in my action. I must do what is right in my own eyes, and be led by the teaching of our own good men. But if you could have made me sure that he did not try to blind me by wicked lies, I should be so much less unhappy. I cannot bear to think such things of him, — such wicked, cruel things."

Again the generous spirit was troubled more by the disclosure of his craft and falsehood than by the sorrow he had inflicted upon herself. But it was impossible for her to check or disguise, by any effort, the intensity of her own suffering. She pressed her hands convulsively to her breast, in the endeavor to control an anguish alike new and poignant.

"He has done his infamous work, my poor Yone, — I see he has, — and done it swiftly."

"So swiftly, yes; all in a day, all in one little hour."

A tapping at the door of an inner room interrupted us. Supposing a servant to be there, I opened it without hesitation, but found no one on the other side. Looking about, however, I presently, to my amazement, saw Milton in an opposite corner, endeavoring to escape other observation than mine. He beckoned, and I went to him at once.

"There is no way of getting out of this house of yours," he said, in a whisper. "The doors at the back are locked, and if I go by the side I shall be seen as I pass the windows of the room where you are. Help me away, somehow."

"You have been here ever since?" I asked.

"I have," he answered.

"And have heard" —

"I have heard every word. My God! What an ordeal, and what a revelation!"

"Come this way," said I, intending to show him a passage by which he might depart unnoticed. But, as we turned, we saw Yone standing at the door. Her quick ear had caught our subdued tones, and had probably recognized Milton's voice.

"No, do not go," she said, with a firmness I could not have expected. "I beg you, doctor, to permit him to stay. It is well that Mr. Milton should know what I have heard from you, since he left me at the bridge, not long ago."

The control of events was slipping out of my hands. Certainly, at this moment, I did not feel that I could interfere.

"Come back, then," I said, "since she wishes it so."

XVII.

THE STRUGGLE OF A NOBLE SOUL.

"You need not tell me what you have heard," Milton began, as soon as he reentered the room, addressing himself directly to Yone, and in response to her last remark. "I know it all. I was close at hand. You have been told I am a traitor, a liar, and a perjurer. Oh, yes," and he forced a laugh, "I know the whole of it."

"Ah," I interposed, "you heard what *I* said, and that, I see, galled your pride; but I should like to know which of your senses was touched when you heard what this brave-hearted girl said."

"Do not speak of it, — not now," he answered, in humbler accents. Then, turning again to Yone, he added, "It was all true, all that part of it. You do not know, you cannot know, how horrible it is for me to say it, but it must come out. I *have* betrayed you; I *have* spoken falsely. For this I cannot defend myself. I cannot even ask you to forgive me. But you have been made to believe one thing which is *not* true. Neither Dr. Charwell nor any man but myself has the right to say I do not love you" —

"Stop there!" I cried.

"Why shall I?" he persisted. "Let me tell the one excuse for my perfidy, poor as you choose to think it. I swear to you, Yone, that my whole heart" —

I sprang toward him with, I imagine, a warning light in my eyes, from which he saw the madness of continuing in that strain; but before I could act upon the impulse of hurling him forth into the street, Yone's mild voice once more arrested me: —

"Be not violent, dear doctor, and do him no harm, I beseech you. He cannot hurt me any more; that is ended. And it is right he should know what my feelings are. No, Arthur Milton, I do not believe that you love me. It is not true that you did ever love me. You have caused me to love you, and that I cannot help, — not for many years, and perhaps not while I am alive. But if I love you, I do not respect you, and one single small word from my kindest friend and father, here, means more to me than all that you can avow. You have been drawn to me by what has pleased you in my foolish Japanese face. It would have been more happy for me if my miserable body had been scarred by the pestilence which disfigured so many thousands in my infancy. I was told that I had a fortunate escape. I now see that the scourge would have been a blessing. It would have saved me from your cruelty, Arthur Milton, which is worse to bear than disease, or — or death."

Her voice sank as she uttered these words, to which Milton attempted no reply, only writhing and cringing, as if each sentence stung him like a lash.

"I do not understand it," she continued; "I do not seek to understand why you came to crush and to destroy, if you could, a simple woman who never

thought harm of you, but who believed you were as good as your speech was gentle, and as honest as the face you wear. I shall never ask how a man like you could make it his sport to throw me into sorrow and shame."

"Don't say that, Yone," I exclaimed. "Not shame, my poor child, not shame. Sorrow enough, and too much, dear girl, but not a touch of shame. I never held you in such honor as I do this day."

"Doctor, you do not know the whole," she replied; "I had not time to tell you. Others do not think like you. I visited the school before I came here."

For a short space I did not comprehend the full meaning of this statement. Then suddenly it rushed upon me.

"Good Heaven, Yone," I cried, "you have not done so thoughtless a thing as to tell those people what has happened!"

"Most of it I have told to the two older ladies," she answered, calmly.

"You have made an unfortunate mistake, my child," said I.

"I fear so now," she admitted. "But I could not know. I hoped, although they were not always mild in their speech, that they were still my friends. And this grief, doctor," she continued, paying little heed to Milton, who sat apart, "was new to me. I felt it was a grief belonging to women, — for women to understand and tell me how to heal. I did believe it was my duty to ask for help from some kind and generous ladies" —

"Not there, my dear; you could not find help in that place."

"Also there is something else," she proceeded, in a lower tone than before. "You have seen, doctor, the little scrolls hanging from their walls, with beautiful words taken from the book of their faith. They have long been written in my mind, but I never had such thoughts about them as came to me this morning. One, more than all others: 'Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' With those words of invitation shining on their walls, it was my true hope that even if they could not welcome me as friends, they would aid me in faithful obedience to the religion they profess. Even if I had done wrong, by their rules they were bound to give me help. But I have done no wrong to any one. I told them the truth: that Milton, their countryman, had tried to make me forget the teachings of honor and uprightness; that I had closed my eyes upon him forever, notwithstanding that my heart was full of tenderness for him; and that I begged them to show me how that sacred promise of their prophet could give me ease in this great pain."

"This, also, I have driven her to!" cried Milton, when Yone paused, gathering strength to proceed. "Is there no remedy, Charwell, — is there no way out of this misery?"

"They turned away from me," she resumed. "They said I was a wicked girl. And that is false!" She rose suddenly from her seat, and a flash of indignation, the first I had ever known to be kindled within her, shot from her eyes. "Yamada's daughter has many faults, — it does not become her to deny them; but *wicked* she never was. Doctor, you will protect me from such disgrace. You cannot fail me. You always know me, and you will trust me."

A confused outburst of execrations fell from Milton's lips, but little notice of what he said was taken by Yone, who pursued intently her own train of thought: —

"Many, oh, many times they have urged me to join their religion, and more than once I have reflected on it, — not because of what I heard from their lips, but for what I read in some of their books. I think, to-day, if they had not hidden their faces from me, and wounded me in my sorrow, — wounded me in spite of those solemn pledges in a holy name with which they cover their walls, — to-day, if they had offered me the

charity of the wise and gracious Christ in whose ways they tell us that they walk, I might have willingly, and perhaps gratefully, consented to their wish. But they are not what I thought them. Now I will look to the God of my fathers, whose priests are not learned, but are pitiful and kind. They cannot give me rest, — I know that; but they can make my life active in useful labor, and help me to forget a part of my own burden in lightening the burdens of others; and that is the best I can hope for, in many dreary years to come."

Parts of this touching lament were uncomprehended by Milton, as she had spoken alternately in English and in Japanese; and she seemed at times almost unaware that she had listeners. As she concluded, she moved toward the door, unheeding the young man's renewed appeal, —

"Yone, wait; let us see if something may not yet be done. Charwell, in Heaven's name, stop her."

"Not against her will," I answered. "Do you wish to go now, Yone? Are you strong enough?"

"I wish to go," she feebly responded.

"Then I will go with you. Say nothing to hinder me. Obey your doctor; you are not well enough to be alone. You, Mr. Milton, will, I hope, be here two hours hence. I have something of serious moment to say to you, quite different from anything you have yet heard."

"What!" he said, eagerly, "do you mean there is still a hope?"

"I mean to give you one more chance; look to it that you appreciate its importance and its value."

I found a spacious *jin riki sha*, and insisted on sitting beside her as she was drawn homeward. As we passed the little church which the ladies of the seminary were accustomed to attend, we encountered the Philipson twain, promenading. Their heads twirled around as if simultaneously moved by machinery, and their faces remained averted until we were at a distance. Yone grew a little paler than before, but gave no other sign of having observed the slight.

"Yes, you will have to look elsewhere for your religion," I said, to give her ideas a more active turn.

"They could never tell me what I wish to know," she replied; "I see that now. And I never shall enter their house again, unless great sickness or trouble is there. Or, if you mean to speak of the church itself, I do not think I should have gone to it often. I have never been there without discomfort. It is not pleasant to hear gentlemen and ladies, whose purpose I am sure is kind, telling strange things in a language which nobody can understand. I have always been sorry for them. The younger girls, with naughty mischief, would go to laugh at them, because, in spite of their earnestness, they had not really learned to speak Japanese. They would declare to us, before beginning, that their Lord would smooth away all differences of tongues and make everything plain; but in truth very few of them said anything we could comprehend. No, no; it was not by listening to them that I could have been relieved from trouble. I should have hoped to find what I needed by myself, with a little friendly help. One might almost be satisfied with those comforting legends which the ladies hang about their rooms. But though I wish to say no ill of any person, I think the words have meanings which those two stern sisters do not take into their souls."

After this, she was silent until we had nearly reached her dwelling, when she spoke again: —

"Doctor, he said he could not ask me to forgive him, — Mr. Milton, I mean. I did not heed him then, and I could not answer. I wish you would promise me to tell him that he has no need to ask. I shall forgive him. But he must not know it until he is going away, —

just at the end. Nothing must happen that may lead him back to see me again. Only when you take leave of him, you can say that Yone will strive to forgive him, with all her — with all her strength."

XVIII.

THE LAST HOPE.

Returning to my home, two hours later, I found Milton awaiting me.

"You are punctual," I said.

"I have been here ever since. I was determined to wait for you, though I have twice been nearly driven away by one of those extraordinary missionary women, who seemed disposed to take absolute possession of the premises. She made me half wild by her attempts to drag me into conversation."

"Who was she?" I asked.

"Jackman I think she said the name was."

My heart sank. I could not comfort myself with a doubt as to the object of her call.

"Here she is again!" exclaimed Milton, impatiently. "I hope she has no business with you."

"None whatever. If she comes in, I will do my best to get rid of her, you may be sure."

The unwelcome visitor entered in breathless haste, and, without waiting for forms of salutation, began to interrogate.

"Have you heard the news, Dr. Charwell? It concerns you."

I was staggered by her audacity.

"What news?" I asked, thrown off my guard. Recovering instantly, however, I added, "I have heard no news, and if you will excuse me, Miss Jackman, I am too much occupied to listen to any now. I have an engagement with this gentleman."

She had not failed to observe my momentary confusion.

"I think you must have heard something," she said; "but if not, it is plainly my duty to inform you."

"I told you, Miss Jackman, that I have an engagement with this gentleman."

She gazed at him curiously and intently, pinching her lips together in an aguish smile.

"Perhaps this gentleman is Mr. Milton, of Boston," she observed, with extreme pungency of utterance.

I made no reply.

"Am I right, sir?" she continued, pertinaciously, addressing herself this time directly to Milton.

"That is my name, madam," he answered, shortly.

She glowed with exultation over the opportunity that had unexpectedly fallen to her. Now her proposed projectile would strike a double target.

"I am not sure," she proceeded, seating herself with stiff deliberation, "but that I have a call to deliver myself even in the presence of this very individual. The matter may be important for him to hear. A word in season is never misplaced."

Milton looked at her with surprise. He had no acquaintance with the robust and vigorous "reclaimer," and was utterly at a loss to understand the purpose of her remarks. I knew to what they tended, and endeavored to frustrate her malice by announcing an event which had been officially communicated to me the same morning, and thus introducing a theme which, I believed, would serve as a counter-irritant, and divert her fulminant energies into a new channel.

"Ah!" I cried, "of course I know your news! Speaking of delivering yourself gives me the cue. It is true: an imperial infant was born last night. I can't imagine how you heard of it."

The device was successful. A certain feature of the Mikado's domestic system, sanctioned by immemorial usage, but not amenable to the canons of West-

ern morality, had always been an object of this lady's most impassioned denunciation. She sped madly off upon the tempting tangent."

"Who — who — who" — she gasped.

"Who is the mother?" I responded, catching the meaning of her incoherent appeal. "Not the Empress, I regret to say."

"Abominable!" she burst out, stamping her foot. "If *I* were the Empress" —

"Ah, if you were!" I answered, quietly, by no means insensible to the humor of the suggestion, but unable, oppressed as I was by anxious cares, to derive any entertainment from it. My sole desire was to keep her ideas fixed upon this new and harmless topic. "As it is," I said, "the young prince will enjoy the customary privileges of his paternity, and probably succeed to the throne. The dignitaries go to court to-day to offer congratulations."

She rose, trembling with wrathful agitation.

"It is a court of shame and infamy," she railed; "it is a lost and abandoned court!"

"Not wholly, let us trust," I remonstrated. "There may yet be time for you to reclaim it, if you start at once."

She shot a vicious glance at me, and for an instant appeared undetermined whether to remain and pursue her original design, or rush to the dissemination of the later and more momentous intelligence. The fear of being forestalled decided her, and she darted forth to unburden herself of the interesting fact and of the presumably righteous indignation with which it inspired her.

Excepting for his restlessness at the delay she had caused, Milton had regarded her demonstrations with indifference, being ignorant of her motive in intruding. I, on the contrary, was filled with dismay, for it was evident that she had come from the Philipsons, and had taken upon herself the congenial task of circulating their version of my poor child's sorrowful tale. Her reason for including me in the round of visitation was undoubtedly that she hoped to glean additional matter for redistribution. Milton's presence would have been no check, but would rather have instigated her to especially offensive manifestations; and it was a satisfaction to have warded off the explosion which would certainly have followed the disclosure of her errand. The expedient I used was simply the one which first presented itself, but it was vividly recalled at a later period by circumstances which impressed it indelibly upon my memory.

The moment she disappeared I locked the office doors and drew the window curtains together.

"We will not be interrupted again by anybody," I remarked.

"I thank you, Dr. Charwell."

Then, attacking the subject which had been weighing upon him, he said, —

"Your last words, when you took Yone away, gave me something like hope. I trust you intended them to do so."

Since my return he had not stirred from his position at one end of a table in an obscure corner of the room. I seated myself facing him, at the opposite side.

"It wholly depends upon yourself, Mr. Milton," I replied. "If you have manlier qualities than you have shown in the last few days; if the events of this morning have given you more correct ideas of justice and duty than you held before; to put it plainly, if you are worth the effort I may be induced to make, then I don't deny that there is something like hope."

"Do you think, Dr. Charwell, that any human being could go through what I have, see what I have seen, hear what I have heard, without becoming a changed man?"

"I don't know, I don't know. My

chief concern must be for Yone. At least, I suppose you know *her* better than you did. You will not pretend to question her goodness and nobleness now."

"God knows I do not."

"Her beauty needs no praise; and her cleverness and intelligence are not far behind it. She is not perfection. Persons of my age do not look for that in men or women. But she is as near to it as any being I ever saw. Now, the question is, Shall I attempt a thing most distasteful to myself, the wisdom of which I more than half distrust, but which will enable you to thoroughly comprehend and profit by the girl's rare virtues; or shall I take the safer course of sending you away, and allowing time to heal her bruises?"

"I am bound to go if you exact it, but is it not possible to find a way that may be better for her?"

"You can be sure, young man, that I have no other object in view. I understood you to say you would do anything in your power to repair the injury you have caused."

"I did; and so I will, gladly, eagerly. Only show me that it is possible."

"I can make it possible. Or, not to be too positive, I do not doubt my ability to do so. But let there be no mistakes. You are to remember that I attempt it only by reason of my affection for Yone. If you second me heartily, and do your best to make her happy again, I will more than forgive you. And yet" —

"You hesitate, because you still distrust me," broke in Milton. "I have given you cause. If I did not feel this, you know I could not have undergone so patiently what you have said to me. But let me have the chance, and this time I will prove my title to confidence. There! I will offer you no more pledges. Try me, and you shall see."

The haggard look already began to pass from his face, and his eyes brightened, apparently with good promise and sincere hopefulness. But this, again, might be only a transient phase of his variable, shifting nature.

"After all," I said, "if my plan fails, it will only be another downward step on your part. Yone will not hear of it. Now, Mr. Milton, be good enough to tell me exactly what you proposed doing, if she had been the woman you thought her, and you had succeeded in getting her away."

It was an unexpected question, and he answered with some confusion: —

"If I had succeeded — I meant — perhaps I had no fixed or immediate intention; but I certainly proposed to keep to the letter every promise I had made for her happiness."

"You would have taken her from Japan?"

"Yes, surely."

"Clandestinely, I presume."

"Is this line of inquiry necessary, Dr. Charwell?"

"I must see my way, sir. I have no desire to say disagreeable things. I will try to avoid them. But we are on a new track now, and I must have a clear course before me."

"Certainly I could not have taken her otherwise than secretly."

"And what was your destination?"

"Oh, that I cannot tell. Any place in the wide world where she would have wished to go."

"And for how long?"

"For how long? I don't understand you."

"I wish to know at what time and place you would have proposed to desert her."

"Desert her! You are trifling with me, Dr. Charwell. Desert her! I wish you could read my thoughts. She should never have ceased to be cherished and protected. I would have assisted her to realize every desire of her heart. Her lightest fancies should always have been gratified. I have abundant means, for that matter; more than enough, most persons will say. She should have asked

for nothing on earth a second time, as long as she lived."

"Ah, as long as she lived," I repeated, drawing my chair close to him, and looking him steadily in the face. "Well, then, since you would not have deserted her, and would have devoted yourself to her as long as she lived, at what time and place would you have proposed to marry her?"

He started violently, knocking from the table a set of bronze ornaments, which he immediately stooped to pick up, keeping his face averted from me as he did so.

"Why — why — you know," he stammered, "as regards that, there is an obstacle; as matters stand, it is impossible. She is married already."

"I perceive, Mr. Milton, that you have not made yourself completely familiar with the phenomena of Japanese social life. You evidently know very little about the conjugal relation here; which, to be sure, is too repulsive, in many features, to attract ardent inquirers. It happens to be the case that for the most trivial causes — I might almost say for any cause, or, indeed, no cause — a husband can cast off his wife, and leave her to follow a separate course of life. He is entirely free; and, for all practical considerations that we need look at, so is she. Therefore there would have been no impassable barrier to marriage, at your earliest pleasure. But you will not imagine that I should approve any irregular proceeding. Nothing of that sort is in my mind. Nothing which might be deemed indecorous would satisfy my notion of what is fitting for Yone Santo. No running away for her; no law-breaking, bad as the law may be. She has a husband already, as you say, and you consequently assume that she cannot marry you. But now let us suppose that I remove the obstacle; that I make it all clear and practicable, — reputably, and in perfect accordance with every conventional requirement."

He changed his attitude as I thus addressed him, and stared at me, as if suddenly bereft of his senses.

"You astound me, Charwell. I can't take in such a train of thought. How can you make it possible? How can it be done?"

"For that matter," I replied, "the best explanation is in the byword of our immaculate spinster, Miss Sophia Philipson, — 'because we are in Japan.' For once in a way, a beneficent use can be made of a detestable system. It is absurd to imagine that Santo Yorikichi is capable of estimating the worth of a woman like Yone, and he never had an idea of deep attachment to any human being. He married her with a dim notion that he might thus 'get even' with the aristocratic class, to which, as he knew, she belonged. But he has outgrown that fancy, and I have little doubt that the constant proximity of a creature so delicate and refined, so antipathetic in all respects to his own coarse fibre, begins to weary him. Now, then, you see my drift."

Another set of ideas began to work in his unstable mind. He clutched nervously at the arms of his chair, grasped his head in his hands, and by divers signs and gestures indicated an extreme disquietude.

"I hardly think so," he said, hesitatingly. "No, not yet. All these things are so new, — so remarkable to me. I am not sure I understand you, even now."

"The sole difficulty is that Santo is a well-to-do man, for his station, and may not come readily to terms. He dotes on money, but he has already a fair amount of it. However, I will undertake to satisfy him in one solid way or another. The separation can and shall be effected. In less than a week, I trust, Yone may be liberated, without any deviation from proper and recognized Japanese practice. She shall stand before you free from entanglement, ut-

terly free from reproach, ready — unless she is more unforgiving than I can believe — to overlook what has passed, and to become your wife."

"My wife!" he cried, while an expression of blank amazement and incredulity settled on his face, — "my wife! In God's name, what are you raving about? Are you talking to *me* of marriage with the divorced wife of a Japanese mechanic? You must be mad!"

For a moment I was powerless to speak. Then my temper, never under the steadiest mastery, burst forth uncontrolled, and a blinding rage possessed me.

"By the Lord, I believe I am mad!" I stormed. "I swear I must have been out of my senses for the last half hour. I thought I was talking with a man, and I only now discover that it 's a dog. Come, take advantage of the hallucination, you hound! Get out of my sight and reach, before I have time to think again what you really are."

E. H. House.

ENGLISH FAITH IN ART.

In England, during the last fifty years or more, visible religious influence — using the word "religious" in its accepted Christian meaning — has gradually weakened. During the same space of time there has been a marked revival of interest in art. Whether any actual relation exists between these two facts, whether one is the cause of the other, would be difficult to prove. But the study of this art movement makes it seem possible that, while some men have sought to rekindle the fire of religious love and faith by flying to Rome with Dr. Newman or to ritualism with Dr. Pusey, by organizing the Salvation Army with General Booth or by disfiguring the fair English country with the tents of evangelizing societies; while others have endeavored to replace the old ideals by setting up new temples to humanity, or reërecting the old altars to Isis, a few have unconsciously turned to art as to a fitting substitute for the religion that may perish.

If the new apostles of art have not, like the lovers of humanity, attempted to establish a definite creed and regular form of worship, they have persistently striven to give art a higher and broader meaning, and to find for it a higher and broader sphere, than have hitherto been ascribed to and supposed possible for it. The significance of their efforts is clear to any one who will pause a moment to contrast modern English thought on art with old, or indeed with foreign, methods.

The Italian painters, who are the saints of the new belief, were esteemed by their contemporaries, and have been found worthy to live forever, chiefly and above all because of their technical skill; perfect, if not according to our standard, at least to that of the age in which they lived. Cimabue's Madonna was carried in triumph through the streets of Florence because it far surpassed Byzantine conventionalism, and Florentines saw its greater excellence. Giotto was summoned by the Pope to Rome not because of his faith and humility, but because he knew how to draw better than any other man then living. Would Andrea del Sarto have received the favors of Francis had he not been the Faultless Painter? Would Cellini have called Michelangelo divine if the latter had not been perfect master of brush and chisel? It is the same with all those giants of the olden time, whether of Italy or Spain, of Belgium or Holland, whose paintings and

sculptures fill the galleries of the world. It is not for moral, mystic, or religious qualities in their work, but because they were great artists, that they have been given shrines in the Temple of Fame. Even in England, as late as the last century, when a school of art first received royal and national support, the chief end of art was still held to be technical knowledge and skill. Work, work, work, was the refrain to all that Sir Joshua Reynolds said to the students. Study old masters who could paint and draw, not merely those who could pray and love. If he spoke to them of the ideal in art, it was but to urge them to study, — study of nature, of the human body, of the works of great sculptors and painters; and perhaps the study of poetry, ancient and modern, might not be amiss. The attitude of French and Germans, of Italians and Spaniards, of Americans, to-day is that of early Italians, of Velasquez and Rembrandt, of Sir Joshua Reynolds.

But Englishmen of our times, who are looked up to as artistic authorities, would change all this. It is, they say, in its sanctity and sweetness, its morality and holy beauty, its earnestness and hopefulness, that the greatness of art consists. Of course it would be foolish always to look at pictures only for their technique, just as it would be to read poetry solely for the metre. But the other extreme is still more absurd. It would be no less a folly to make a man who murders the queen's English poet laureate because he is morally sound, than it would be to praise an artist because, though his work is bad, his sentiment has a religious, moral, or poetic value; and yet this is the extreme to which art teaching and criticism are leading. Because of the beauty of their principles, the greatness of the pre-Raphaelites in art must not be denied, no matter how poor their drawing, crude their color, or defective their perspective; a picture is great if it is "the record of a man's endurance in high aims, and his conquest over numberless difficulties." Fancy such criticism being applied to Titian's Sacred and Profane Love, Michelangelo's Sibyls, Rembrandt's Night Watch! What was the artist's thought is now the all-important point to be decided, though the artist himself may agree with a painter whose pictures always find a place in the Royal Academy and the Grosvenor Gallery, and are noted in England and America for their beauty and suggestiveness, and who told a modern art-critic, eager to know what was in his mind when he painted a certain picture, "An artist has got no business to think at all." When Mr. Ruskin was appointed professor at Oxford, his first care was to ground his pupils in the relation of art to religion, morals, and use. Once, at least, when the president of the Royal Academy delivered an address to the students, he devoted it to the same question. It is true, the latter did not uphold the didactic theory with Mr. Ruskin, but it is the prominence given to the subject rather than the conclusion reached that is significant. Others of the new teachers care less for the morality and religion of art than for its unfathomable mystery and ineffable melancholy, for the property a painting or statue has "of affecting one with a special unique impression of pleasure." What difference does it make *how* Botticelli painted his weary, wan Madonnas? Or what should we look for in Lionardo but the strange blossoms and fruits brought out of the secret places of a unique temperament? The great matter is not that the artist should know his art, but that his work should arouse in its admirers rare and unspeakable emotions and sensations. Beautiful as is this æsthetic criticism, and thankful as we should be for the power painting and sculpture have to inspire it, its influence is for evil when, as is threatened, it utterly supplants the honest, practical criticism, without which it is worthless, and

which is well expressed in the following lines from a late notice, written by the art critic of the New York Nation : "In hard words, after all, the best criticism of a picture of Christ on the cross may be expressed in this wise, for instance : 'The chest is luminous and well in relief, the arms are well drawn, the movement is good, and the legs belong to the body ; the head is well constructed.' Apply this sort of criticism to the great pictures of the world, and they will always bear it. There are brutal pictures of the Crucifixion, and there are refined ones ; but they must be good from the point of view of the soulless technician, or they will not live."

I do not mean to say that no writers in England recognize the true value of technique, or that it is altogether ignored by those who give the first place to ethical and poetic beauty in art. Though Mr. Ruskin does distinctly say that in fine art hand must go together with head and heart, the principal lesson taught by his writings — I except, of course, the Elements of Drawing — is that art will make man good and pure, life holy and righteous ; so, though a few English critics have a healthy and hearty appreciation of technical skill, the tendency of the majority is to overlook or belittle its importance. Were it not so, this would not be the age of art literature as Sir George Trevelyan justly called it, when he opened the exhibition in St. Jude's schoolhouse. Technique is not a subject to inspire beautiful and brilliant writing. It really seems as if Englishmen, filled with the passion and poetry and love of the writers of Hindu Vedas and Hebrew Scriptures, but without their supernatural inspiration, had chosen art upon which to expend their intensity of feeling. Of all this school of writers it may be said, as Mr. Morris has written of Mr. Ruskin, their "wonderful eloquence would, whatever its subject matter, have gained [them] some sort of a hearing in a time that has not lost its relish for literature." But no sooner had it gained them a hearing than their beautiful theorizing began to bear practical fruit. They might have gone on forever talking about the weirdness, and mysticism, and holiness of artists who lived centuries ago, and no great harm would have been done. But the worst of it was that painters living to-day began to believe that in a picture the idea is everything, and the technique nothing, and consequently have filled their canvases to overflowing with ideas and bad painting ; so that their finished work needs a book, or at least a pamphlet, to explain it and point out its beauties. Even as Vedic singers and Scriptural prophets were followed by commentators and theologians, so a host of critics, as serious and conscious of their high calling as an Augustine or a Thomas Aquinas, have sprung up to develop theory into doctrine, until even common folk are convinced that good drawing, direct simplicity, and beauty that explains itself are enough to damn a picture. Studios of artists whose work is based on the new teaching are thrown open on Sundays to the few against whom church doors may be said to be closed. Pictures whose beauty is that of holiness, whose greatness is that of intention, are exhibited in a dim religious light, while before them are ranged chairs, where the initiated sit and worship in solemn silence ; and if the mystery is too deep for them, as it assuredly was in the Triumph of the Innocents, leaflets full of Mr. Ruskin's sayings are scattered here and there, to be consulted as a good Christian might refer to his Thomas à Kempis. It is to be regretted that so great an artist as Munkácsy has condescended to these puerile accessories, since he has found that in England and America they pay. Sects have arisen within sects, and the most devout of the art worshipers still cling, like those of other creeds who love the better part, to a peculiar dress, by which they may be

known, and hence respected. The very story in Punch of the æsthetes trying to live up to their blue china is not without significance.

It may be said that all this is the passing folly and fashion of men who are forever seeking some new excitement, some new sensation for their jaded senses, and that, moreover, Postlethwaite and Bunthorne are the physicians who all but cured the English world of its æsthetic fever. Only the other day, the art critic of the Standard asserted that English painting seen in the Royal Academy, the most conservative of places, is far less literary than it was a dozen years ago. I do not dispute this, and indeed it matters little to my argument if it be true. For if art had been tried as a substitute for religion only for so small a minority as the æsthetes, it would not be indicative of the feeling or tendency of the age. But of latter days more practical exponents of the new gospel have arisen to preach it, not to a select handful, but to the great mass of the people at large. No one who pays the least attention to what is going on in England can have failed to notice the concern of the benevolent nowadays for the cheerlessness of life as it is lived by the working classes. There is as much effort made to relieve its dullness as to add to its comfort. It was all very well for the charitable man of other days to leave money for almshouses and weekly distributions of bread. But his modern successor must busy himself in giving the poor concerts and sociables, and finally building for them a huge Palace of Delight. The latter bids fair to prove a huge Palace of Instruction, but this was not the object of the principal instigators and agitators of the movement. Their desire was to provide the people with recreation: not only that which has physical exercise for an object, but recreation that can elevate thought, dignify action, and fill life with the beauty and meaning engendered by high ideals and ends; in a word, recreation that should answer much the purpose that is served in Italy by the Church, with its many ceremonies, and processions, and feasts. Slumming is going the way of æstheticism, but earnest men work on, and it is to art they too have turned for the cheer that religion is apparently fast losing the power to give. The people, they cry, are starving not so much for bread as for beauty; are sickening not so much from overwork as from joyless work and aimless amusement. Therefore, throw open picture galleries on Sundays; give picture exhibitions in the East End; teach the people wood-carving mosaic-work, modeling, — in fact, all the decorative arts that for so many years have languished. Nor has this new crusade against ugliness and dullness and their consequent evils been confined to London and large English towns. The minor arts have been carried in triumph to village after village in England, and finally to Ireland, where they are to achieve that which Reform and Coercion bills have never yet accomplished. With the acceptance of art by the people the social millennium will come. The hungry workman will forget his hunger, according to one of the Rothschilds, by looking at pictures; according to the hero of the day, by the practice of one of the minor arts. Once he has learned to seek consolation and to centre his aspirations in art, he will no longer be unhappy. If this reasoning be pushed to its logical conclusion, it follows that with the death of unhappiness all striving will cease; and hence, once the rich have given the poor what has been called the splendid and priceless gift of bringing art as a familiar factor into the lives of the latter, they themselves will have nothing more to fear from socialists and anarchists, who are beginning to cause them some uneasiness.

I believe with the new reformers that that which makes poverty, even of the

most respectable kind, in England so bitter by comparison with the still greater poverty on the Continent, for example, is its joylessness. Every man is the better for having something in his life besides actual necessities. I also believe that the study of art cannot be too zealously encouraged. What I do question is whether art can accomplish all that these enthusiastic dreamers and doers promise, and prove the great reformer of modern times. Will the most beautiful pictures, painted by the greatest artists, help a workman to forget his hunger and the misery of his children? Will the power to carve wood or work in metal reconcile the discontented to a life of toil? I confess the question is one that interests me; and to find an answer to the first proposition apart from that based on theory, I have been to the National Gallery on bank holidays, and to the Whitechapel art exhibition on Sundays, less to see the pictures than the people. It is but reasonable to suppose that from the beginning of the good work may be foretold something of its future. Let me admit at once, and that very emphatically, that in both these places I thought art was fulfilling at least one of the ends set forth by its present apostles. It served excellently as a pleasant pastime, a cheerful presence. The National Gallery was crowded; the flags decorating St. Jude's Church and the adjoining schoolhouse, where the pictures were exhibited, did much to break and relieve the far-famed and overestimated monotony and ugliness of the East End. But I saw and heard little to encourage the expectation that art will prove something more and mightier than a refining and pleasure-giving factor in the lives of the so-called lower classes. I must explain that the classes were not quite so low as I should have liked. The man with the handkerchief around his neck and the girl with the big hat and feather and long coat were there, but they were not in the majority, being far outnumbered by small tradesmen and the higher class of artisans. But in matters of taste the former seemed of the same mind as the latter. In the National Gallery, the most striking fact was that the pictures which tell a story plainly were in greatest demand. Those of the Flemish and Dutch schools were popular above all others in the east galleries. Often as I passed Rubens's Abduction of the Sabine Women, I never failed to find a crowd in front of it. The people, who as a rule stood in spellbound silence, may never have heard of Romans and Sabines, but it was quite evident to them that, as I heard a genuine old workman in corduroys, bolder than the rest, explain to his wife, "they 'd been to war, and the conquerors was a-carryin' of 'em off." The story told itself; the unmistakable signs of a fight appealed to the manly Briton. Even the Pinturicchios, with their tall, slim young men in striped hose and painted shoes, and the little caps so jauntily set on their thick flowing hair, were not without admirers. The Story of Griselda a small boy pronounced "a very good picture;" others followed Ghirlandaio's Procession to Calvary with interest; one girl, at least, thought Velasquez's Adoration of the Magi "very pretty;" and I noticed that the British matron, as she was represented on these occasions, was not outraged by the nude.

It was the same in the west galleries: the stories carried the day. Ward's picture of James receiving the news of the landing of William of Orange, Wilkie's of Knox preaching, and Maclise's of the play in Hamlet were surrounded hour after hour, while Rossetti's Annunciation and Turner's sunsets and seas were passed unnoticed. The only Turners that seemed to be looked at were the paintings of Greenwich and Richmond parks. The people knew the places, and tried to find them in the pictures.

It was the same at the exhibition in

St. Jude's schoolhouse. This, as is known, was a loan exhibition, and, probably that it might do the greatest possible good to the people of Whitechapel, many of the pictures lent were paintings by Rossetti, Burne-Jones, Watts, Walter Crane, and others, who seek in their work to express what the Pall Mall Gazette, apparently unconscious of the satire, calls the "gospel of quaintness," and to realize Mr. Ruskin's definition of greatness in art, — a definition printed on the cover of the catalogue: "Painting is nothing but a noble and expensive language; invaluable as an article of thought, but by itself nothing. He is the greatest artist who has embodied in the sum of his works the greatest number of the greatest ideas." I was curious to see the effect of the ideas which have been artistically embodied during our age upon men and women who have no culture, but who, since they live in the same age, should find them easy of comprehension; that is, if art belongs to the people, and not merely to Grosvenor Galleryites. Unfortunately for my purpose, the exhibition proved as attractive to the West as to the East End, and was, moreover, like the National Gallery on bank holidays, patronized by people belonging to what I suppose is the lower middle class, — small clerks and tradesmen, the men and women who are always seen at the Derby, at Margate and Ramsgate, during holiday seasons, and who, in the galleries at least, have the power of crushing the workman. The latter but too often passed from picture to picture, silent and crestfallen. His silence may have been merely another instance of the British reserve which makes so many Englishmen of the highest class non-committal upon their first visit to cathedrals at home and churches abroad, until one wonders if reserve is not sometimes a polite name for stupidity. However, by returning time and time again to the pictures in question, and spending hours in front of them, within earshot of promising parties of workmen, I succeeded in forming some idea of the impression that was being made. I have little to record. I am surprised that an Unpretentious Guide for the General Public through this year's Grosvenor, in his indignation against critics who find one half of Mr. Burne-Jones's work preposterous, the other a clever piece of manipulation, should declare, "Yet when the necessary attempt is made — as in Mr. Barnett's East End exhibitions — to show that the manipulation is not all, the pictures of the mythic school are actually as popular, even with the most 'general' public, as any representations of Grandmother's Pet, or That 's Where Pa Is." The mere fact of the pictures being exhibited in Whitechapel is not an assurance of their popularity in Whitechapel. The result of my observations was, that such pictures as Mr. Watts's Sir Galahad, Rossetti's David the Shepherd, David the King, and the Son of David, and his Marigolds, were utterly neglected, while Mr. Walter Crane's La Belle Dame sans Merci fared little better. "Wot 's that?" was the sole criticism it drew from the people to whom it was intended to appeal. It is only fair to add that the same artist's Pan-Pipes awakened one response, for the shepherd's pipings set, not only the village maidens in the picture, but two factory-girls in front of it, to dancing. I almost hesitate to speak of the reception given to Mr. Burne-Jones; that which I have to say will, to many, seem sacrilegious. His Days of the Creation occupied a conspicuous place in one of the lower rooms, but it was absolutely a dead letter to the people, who scarcely waited to look at more than the first stage of the picture. One man expressed the general verdict when he exclaimed, "But I don't understand!" Another, when he turned away with, "Days of Creation! Wot you givin' us?" In one of the rooms up-stairs was The Mill, representing

three tall and slim maidens, with wan faces and clinging draperies, joining hands in a solemn dance in the foreground; beyond is a building, at which you must look twice before you recognize it to be a mill. All who have seen the picture will remember that its color is very rich, its lines beautiful, but that its meaning, however intelligible to the artist, is obscure to the average mortal. The catalogue, as if the compilers felt this obscurity, contained an elaborate explanation, rather pretty to read: "In the quiet hush of the evening, an old mill, its busy day's work over, its wheel at rest, stands reflected in the stream. Pigeons settle down to rest, and while the men refresh themselves in the cool water, after the day's toil, the girls dance gravely to the music which, unseen by them, Love is playing to their hearts, — the music of inward peace and happy memories; for Love is crowned with forget-me-nots, which grow by every such mill-stream as this."

"Where 's the bloody mill?" asked the to-be-reformed British workman.

One girl, with the big hat and feather and heavy fringe, called it "grand," and hurried on. Two Jews flippantly sang The Maid of the Mill, as they passed. A young man and girl, arm in arm, consulted the catalogue. "Wot is it?" asked the girl, staring at the picture. "The Mill," read the man. "It is n't!" she cried, with indignation; and he had to show her the catalogue to prove it was not "his fun." Next came an old man and woman, very shabby and ragged. The woman read aloud the little paragraph, slowly and carefully, and the man was silent for quite a minute. Here at last, thought I, is one who appreciates beauty and poetry. Then the man gave his criticism: "There ain't no dress improvers wanted there." And he, too, like the others, went his way.

But, on the other hand, as in the National Gallery, a picture that told a story — whether Mr. Herkomer's Arrest of the Poacher or Sir George Hayter's Christening of the Prince of Wales, Mr. Eyre Crowe's Day after the Battle or Chierici's A Ghost Story in the Apennines — was examined, discussed, and enjoyed. Any that suggested sport, dearer than aught else to Englishmen, from the Prince of Wales to the London rough, had its knot of admirers all day long, and I am not sure that the tigers in Mr. Briton Rivière's Roman Holiday were not the success of the exhibition. I am sorry not to be able to agree with the more flattering conclusion of the Unpretentious Guide, that in the East End representations of the Grandmother's Pet type are not more popular than Burne-Jones-y (the adjective is his, not mine) mythicism. While The Days of Creation and The Mill were deserted, Fortune Favors the Brave and Childhood's Treasures, by artists comparatively unknown, met with cheerful and hearty favor. In the first, a kitten is withheld from drinking out of a near saucer of milk by a big dog standing over it. "Better give 'er a little drop," suggested a jovial workman. The other picture showed some children and puppies, and the latter were the great attraction. "Look at this 'ere little 'un, — jes' loike loife," I heard one of a group of men exclaim. I include in story-telling pictures landscapes and paintings of houses and churches. Three copies of Turner elicited but an expressive "Hum!" and the remark that Storm Wind and Speed must be an American scene. But Southwark Inns, by Mr. Philip Norman, and Mr. Herbert Marshall's London sketches were carefully, and I might even say lovingly, studied; while in proof that good painting is appreciated by the "most 'general' public," the picture that in popularity ranked only second to Briton Rivière's Roman Holiday and the war scenes was technically by far the best in the exhibition, namely, Rico's Venice on the Grand

Canal. I was struck with the fact that though Mr. Burne-Jones and Mr. Watts failed signally to teach the people the spiritual truths which they sought to express by quaintness and soft, visionary forms, Rico impressed them at once with the material truths which he had expressed by good technical work. "It must be a nice place to live in," I heard one man in corduroys declare; and "There 's color for you!" another cried out, as if he had been an art critic. I thought Rico himself must be satisfied that his picture had achieved its purpose, and reproduced for others the loveliness and brilliancy of Venice as he saw it.

My conclusion, then, is that Mr. Barnett, by giving art exhibitions in Whitechapel, is accomplishing a good work that cannot be too highly praised, since he thus contributes to the recreation of the masses; but I am also convinced that it is by its realism, and not by its idealism, that art appeals to the people, to whom pictures may prove a lasting amusement, but hardly ministering agents to their spiritual life. Mr. Gambier Parry, in a to me somewhat unintelligible essay, says that "fine art, profoundly more a thing of spirit than of sense, is the minister commissioned to interpret its lovely parables to the world." But by his own admission on a previous page, that "as the course of life is often rough, and the ways of it not ways of pleasantness, but of uniformity and depression, it too often happens that, amid the absorbing necessities which harden practical life, fine art is valued by the multitude rather for its furniture than its poetry," he shows why it is impossible for art to succeed as a spiritual interpreter to the very classes whom it is intended to reform.

I know it will be said that it is entirely too soon to measure the true good to be accomplished by art exhibitions. The working-classes must be educated before they can be influenced and elevated and consoled by pictures, and their art education has but begun. Mr. Besant asserts that the many exhibitions in the Bethnal Green Museum have done little good; that the people who do not come to them with the sense of beauty and feeling for artistic work acquire nothing of it there, the pictures saying no more to the crowd than would a Hittite inscription. But in the country and the ages where art attained a height of glory and popularity it never reached before or since, there was no need to prepare the people for its acceptance. There was no talk then of education that Florentines might understand the meaning of Giotto, and Luca Della Robbia, and Michelangelo; or Venetians that of Carpaccio and Bellini, and even of Titian and Tintoret; or Romans that of the great artists who came from every part of Italy to decorate the Sistine Chapel. I do not deny that allowance must be made for the fact that Italians are naturally the art-loving people which Englishmen have never been. But there is another important reason for this contrast, which, in the new fanaticism, self-appointed teachers forget. In those times, art was looked to, not to teach great ideas and holy truths hitherto unknown to the people, but, on the contrary, to express those ideas and truths which were their birthright, and hence had long been familiar to the lowliest; or else it was a record of beauty which, like the charm and color in Rico's Venice, was so well rendered that all men could see and feel it.

Nowadays, if a copy in mosaic of one of Mr. Watts's pictures is set up in Whitechapel, its explanation must be placed at its side; when Mr. Burne-Jones's pictures are exhibited, interpretations though they are supposed to be, they must in turn be interpreted by the catalogue. But the peasant from Tuscan hills or Venetian waters could have explained as clearly, though perhaps not in as beautiful language, as Mr. Ruskin the true meaning of Giotto's frescos or

Carpaccio's pictures, because Giotto or Carpaccio had taken his legend from the people, not given it to them. There was no need of long and elaborate explanations to point out that Titian's women were all-fair, Michelangelo's men all-powerful. Artists represented on their canvases and in their marbles what they and the people knew, and this was the reason that they gave life and popularity to their pictures and statues. The things of religion were as real to them, especially to the men of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, as were the things of state; and when they painted the Annunciation and the Resurrection, their meaning was as clear to the people as when they painted the triumph of doge, or gonfalonier, or pope. Moreover, to make their pictures of sacred subjects more real, they put into them the men and women, the houses and churches, the rivers and mountains, about them. The Virgin was but a Florentine, or Venetian, or Roman maiden, with a halo around her head; saints and angels but Florentine, or Venetian, or Roman youths, each with special marks of martyrdom, — the arrows of St. Sebastian, the gridiron of St. Lawrence, the wings of Gabriel and Michael, — symbols as helpful to mediæval Italians as were the lyre of Apollo and the vine-leaves and thyrsus of Bacchus to their Roman forefathers. In the background to Gospel tales and scenes of martyrdom were the hills, bare save for their pines, the cypress groves, and the winding rivers of Tuscany, the canals and campanili of Venice, even as we see them now. Vernon Lee, in pointing out the sameness between the religious pictures painted in Florence in the fourteenth and those painted in Venice in the sixteenth century, really demonstrates not so much their similarity as the vital difference between them; for if, taking the subject of the Presentation as an example, "the long flight of steps stretching across the fresco in Santa Croce stretches across the canvas of the Venetians, and the little girl climbs up them, presenting her profile to the spectator, . . . at the top of the steps there is in one case a Gothic portal, and in the other a Palladian portico; and at the bottom of the steps in the fresco stand Florentines who might have known Dante, and at the bottom of the steps in the pictures stand Venetian patrons of Aretino." That men went on painting these subjects in the same way is due to that same tendency to give a realistic representation of any and every subject which filled Venetian canvases with Venetians, Florentine canvases with Florentines. Just as the arrows were indispensable in a picture of St. Sebastian, so certain "definite conceptions of situations and definite arrangements of figures" became absolutely necessary in pictures of the Presentation or Resurrection, the Annunciation or Crucifixion, if these were to be understood at once by the people to whom, during the two centuries that separate the Gaddi from Titian and Tintoret, the traditional conceptions and arrangements were made as familiar as the stories upon which they were based. The only change permissible was in those very particulars in which Vernon Lee shows how much they did differ, and because of this change Venetians endeared their pictures to the people for whom they were painted.

This realistic interpretation was not confined to pictures of sacred subjects. Pinturicchio's Ulysses was but another young fifteenth-century Italian, like those who stalk around in his Story of Griselda; according to Veronese, the ladies and gentlemen of the court of Darius were resplendent in full Venetian costume; you have seen many of Titian's women in the flesh, as they fill their buckets at the wells, or carry them over the bridges of Venice. These are but a few of endless examples.

I have spoken entirely of Italy, because, in the first place, it is usually to

Italy we look for religious art in its perfection; and in the second, there is not space here to treat the subject exhaustively. But that which has been said of Italian art is applicable to the art of every country and age in the past, whether expressed in the frieze of the Parthenon or on the canvases of Velasquez and Murillo, of Rembrandt and Rubens. Hitherto artists have not separated themselves from the people, but have gone to them, to their life and belief, for inspiration. Art has been loved by the people when it has been the embodiment, not merely of the artist's conception and aspirations, but of life as they knew it; the record, not of his commendable industry, but of beliefs dear to them; the representation, not of mystic or mythic beauty, but of beauty created for all times and all men.

It is the fact that churches and monasteries contain, or have contained, many of the most famous pictures of the world that has misled us to imagine a mysterious connection between art and religion, until we sometimes fancy them to be inseparable. Because Mr. Ruskin asks how far art may have been literally directed by spiritual powers, and how in any of its agencies it has advanced the cause of the creeds it has been used to recommend, it never occurs to us that temporal and material powers were responsible for even its most religious expressions, and that it is extremely doubtful if real art, however much an ornament, was ever a stimulus to any creed. If in Italy religion secured the service of art, it was because religion, in the shape of popes and bishops, monks and nuns, was best able to pay for it. The relation between religion and art was there eminently business-like and unspiritual. It was because of his cheapness, for example, that the monks of Monte Oliveto brought to their monastery Sodoma, of whose name as he is best known to us the less said the better. It was because Perugino had the best regulated shop that he had such innumerable commissions for his pretty Madonnas and tripping saints and angels; the priest or monk who ordered a picture from him could count upon having it at the promised date, when it was brought to him by the young Raphael, perhaps, with the bill in his pocket. Artists like Fra Angelico were the exception; those like Perugino on the one hand, Sodoma on the other, were the rule. They loved art with a love that cannot be fostered by Royal Academies, or even Grosvenor Galleries and pre-Raphaelite brotherhoods; but they looked upon it as a trade, not as a religion. Their ambition was to excel in it, not to use it to preach a sermon or enforce a moral. It may be argued that, no matter what the artist was, his art was an aid to the piety of the people. But if you will ask a great number of good Christians what art has done for religion, you will be told that it has done nothing, since it led to Mariolatry and other damnable idolatries. To look at the question from the standpoint of the pious Catholic or of Mr. Ruskin is not much more encouraging. For, admitting the possibility of Art becoming the handmaid of Religion, there can be no doubt that in devout, artistic Italy pictures and carvings absolutely without art — staring Bambinos and blackened, battered Madonnas — excited the deepest reverence and devotion in the faithful. That art can make religion beautiful there is no doubt. There must necessarily be more pleasure — not spiritual, however — in prayers offered in the church of Assisi than in those uttered in the ordinary Wesleyan chapel, just as there is more of the same kind of pleasure to the people of Whitechapel in wandering through the picture-hung halls of St. Jude's schoolhouse than in staying all day in their own bare rooms. But it is the mission of art, if indeed it may be said to have any mission whatsoever, to awaken, satisfy, or stimulate

our love of beauty and joy therein, not to purify or sanctify us. When the Christian religion was a subject of general interest, artists painted its history, legends, and traditions; when the Renaissance set men's thoughts to paganism, they painted pagan myths. Whatever seemed to them fair or lovely in life they put upon their canvas. So little concerned were they with mythical or mystical meaning that some of the greatest pictures in the world — and Titian's Sacred and Profane Love is the supreme example of pictures of this class — are, according to modern standards, meaningless.

If pictures, then, judging from the past, when art was most loved by the people, most honored by artists, cannot be expected to give men faith and hopes they do not already possess, the question remains, Can decorative art be looked to to accomplish this, — to become a source of happiness, peace, and consolation to the millions? The theory so enthusiastically advocated to-day by many Englishmen is, that once the minor arts are taught to the masses, factory-girls and sewing-women, workmen and laborers, will no longer crowd the streets and saloons of the East End, but, coming home tired from factory or shop, will fill their leisure hours carving wood, beating brass, setting mosaics, and by so doing will make life worth living. This is all very well in theory, but hardly in practice. There are two serious drawbacks to the scheme, overlooked by its upholders. Decorative art is not play, but work; to treat it as play is to bring about its deterioration. That mediæval artists chuckled over their carving and hammering, that Eastern weavers and embroiderers delighted in the color and texture of their wools and silks, may be unquestionable. But it is less certain that nine hours in a factory or over a sewing-machine would have left them in fit humor for chuckles and delight. To say that art helps a man to take pleasure in his work is very different from saying that art makes work a recreation. The decorative artist may not find his daily occupation irksome, but he is as thoroughly tired out by it as the mill-hand or the stone-breaker is by his labors. There would be an outcry if a shopkeeper forced his assistants to keep at their posts for twelve, fourteen, or sixteen hours a day. And yet it is not much more merciful to ask the man who has been adding up figures, or the woman who has been measuring silks, from eight in the morning until six in the evening, to hurry at once to a workshop, only to take up the chisel or the chaser. That the people to be redeemed will rebel against such means for their redemption I have no doubt. There may be exceptions, of course. Some men are born artists, just as others are born musicians. To Giotto the shepherd there was no pleasure equal to that of drawing the sheep and lambs of his flock, and there have been Giottos in England. What is true of the painter of pictures is true as well of the decorator. But the Giottos are always the exceptions, and we are here concerned with the rule. Those who have it in them to do art work will probably, as in the case of one artist I know, endeavor to toil at the desk all day, and in the studio all the evening, until brain fever makes a choice between the two compulsory. But to the average English workman or workwoman the most beautiful tasks of the studio will have less charm than the freedom of the streets, the sociability of the public house.

My conclusions are not founded wholly upon theory, but upon experience. I had at one time not a little to do with art classes opened for public-school teachers, in connection with the School of Industrial Art established by Mr. Leland in Philadelphia. The school was for public-school children, and its idea and objects were admirable. It has been often pointed out that much of the good accomplished by our public-

school system is counterbalanced by the fact that it unfits the younger generation for manual work. Mr. Leland's school was started to counteract this evil. In it children were taught the minor arts, that they might learn to use their hands, and thus be the better prepared, later, to learn a trade; and at the same time to have their eyes opened to the fact that manual work, so far from being disgraceful, is always honorable, and often beautiful. Classes, free in every sense of the word, were next begun for the teachers, that they might have the same advantages, and then, having mastered these arts, teach the children under their charge. At first they came in crowds, and for several weeks were regular in attendance. Then they began to fall off in enthusiasm and numbers, until after a few months, just when the children's school was established on a firm basis, the teachers' classes were discontinued altogether. The reason was not difficult to find. They had supposed the minor arts, because they were minor, could be learnt in a few lessons, and could almost at once be turned to good use in eking out the too slender school salary. When they discovered, on the contrary, that these arts meant steady application and not immediate pay, the additional work seemed too great a tax upon their leisure, too exhausting after the other labors of the day. If this be true of teachers, whose hours are comparatively short, and whose daily occupation is one that might be expected to make the study of art congenial, is it likely there will be a more satisfactory result when the same experiment is tried with men and women who are shut up many hours every day in mill and factory, shop and warehouse? So long as decorative art can be made to seem to the working people — I am speaking of the great majority, be it remembered — as no work and all play or pay, it will prove attractive. When experience teaches them the truth, their enthusiasm will, I think, like that of the teachers, be lessened.

This is only as it should be. For if the masses could be taught to look upon it as play, decorative art would lose, and not gain, thereby. It never has been great except when men have made and held it to be their life's work, and it is therefore reasonable to assert that hard work on the part of those who practice it has been a condition of its greatness. In the East, men and women for so many generations worked in metal, clay, wood, or silks with the unremitting toil of slaves that now their children inherit, not their inventiveness, perhaps, but their designs and facility in the use of tools; and we exclaim at the marvel, and think for us the work of these children would be but child's play. During the Middle Ages and the Renaissance, when decorative art reached its greatest originality and perfection, it was looked upon as a trade, as Cellini, the prince of such tradesmen, called it, to be seriously and honestly acquired, and as seriously and honestly followed when the days of apprenticeship were passed. The suggestion that men of other trades could take to it in their lighter moments and hours of relaxation, Cellini and his fellow-workers would have laughed to scorn. It is not easy for English philanthropists to realize this, because just as they have come to expect impossibilities of pictures today, so they have come to believe impossibilities of stone-cutters, wood-carvers, metal-workers, in the past. Because in the decorative work of the Middle Ages are the unmistakable signs of that pleasure in the making or doing without which it would not be good work, it is supposed that to the mediæval artisan the conception of beautiful ornament was always a chance, the execution an unmixed joy. Eloquent writers on art platitudinize about the "sad sincerity" with which men worked, until they make us believe that love and faith could guide the commonest workman's

hand to carve the leaves and flowers clustering around the capitals and the misereres, which either shock or delight in Gothic cathedrals; to fill the niches with the statues which, mutilated and defaced as they are by time and vandals, are still so fair to look upon. All the while we never pause to remember that it was not the common workmen, but the master workmen, close students and men of genius, who wrought these wonders. In Italy we know their names; for in Siena, and Orvieto, and Pisa, is it not of the Pisani sculptures we talk? In Pistoia and Florence, is it not of the Della Robbia bas-reliefs? And so on, with almost all the lovely ornaments in duomo or palazzo, in busy city or lonely monastery. If this were the case in art-loving Italy, is it likely that in England those who covered with ornament the minsters and abbeys which are still its glory, who carved the figures peeping out from under the foliage in nave and transepts, and looking down from the west front at Wells, or crowning the loveliness of the south door at Lincoln, were common workmen? No, they were the greatest artists in the land, even though their names are now unknown to fame.

I do not wish to be misunderstood. I do not question the advantage of teaching all the arts to all men who wish to learn. There may be, and have been, great amateur as well as professional artists. If the rudiments and principles of decorative art are rightly taught to the children of the present generation, there will be more hope of developing love and true feeling for art in the men of the next. But it seems to me that it should be made distinctly clear that art is serious work. If it be turned into a mere plaything, then will its standard be lowered to the level of those who use it as such, and the second state of art in nineteenth-century England will assuredly be worse than the first. Decoration may be made to accomplish its two purposes as defined by Mr. Morris, and "give people pleasure in the things they must perforce *use*," and in those "they must perforce *make*." But it is dreaming idle dreams and encouraging false hopes to preach a possibility of its giving a pleasure beyond and above this, and becoming a factor to draw the workman, wearied by other labors, out of himself, and reconcile him to a world in which he lives to toil, and toils to live.

Should the religion now held perish, art may make beautiful that which will surely come to take its place, just as when the paganism of Rome was destroyed its services could still be employed by the new worship of Christ. But to think that art can in any way fulfill the functions of religion is to imagine vain things.

Elizabeth Robins Pennell.

THE ASPERN PAPERS.

IN THREE PARTS. PART SECOND.

V.

I WAS seldom at home in the evening, for when I attempted to occupy myself in my apartments the lamplight brought in a swarm of noxious insects, and it was too hot for closed windows. Accordingly I spent the late hours either on the water (the moonlight of Venice is famous), or in the splendid square which serves as a vast forecourt to the strange old basilica of Saint Mark. I

sat in front of Florian's café, eating ices, listening to music, talking with acquaintances: the traveler will remember how the immense cluster of tables and little chairs stretches like a promontory into the smooth lake of the Piazza. The whole place, of a summer's evening, under the stars, and with all the lamps, all the voices and light footsteps on marble (the only sounds of the arcades that enclose it), is like an open-air saloon, dedicated to cooling drinks and to a still finer degustation — that of the exquisite impressions received during the day. When I did n't prefer to keep mine to myself there was always a stray tourist, disencumbered of his Bädeker, to discuss them with, or some domesticated painter rejoicing in the return of the season of strong effects. The wonderful church, with its low domes and bristling embroideries, the mystery of its mosaic and sculpture, looked ghostly in the tempered gloom, and the sea-breeze passed between the twin columns of the Piazzetta, the lintels of a door no longer guarded, as gently as if a rich curtain were swaying there. I used sometimes, on these occasions, to think of the Misses Bordereau and of the pity of their being shut up in apartments which, in the Venetian July, even Venetian vastness did n't prevent from being stuffy. Their life seemed miles away from the life of the Piazza, and no doubt it was really too late to make the austere Juliana change her habits. But poor Miss Tita would have enjoyed one of Florian's ices, I was sure; sometimes I even had thoughts of carrying one home to her. Fortunately, my patience bore fruit, and I was not obliged to do anything so ridiculous.

One evening, about the middle of July, I came in earlier than usual — I forget what chance had led to this — and instead of going up to my quarters made my way into the garden. The temperature was very high; it was such a night as one would gladly have spent in the open air, and I was in no hurry to go to bed. I had floated home in my gondola, listening to the slow splash of the oar in the narrow, dark canals, and now the only thought that solicited me was the vague reflection that it would be pleasant to recline at one's length, in the fragrant darkness, on a garden bench. The odor of the canal was doubtless at the bottom of that aspiration, and the breath of the garden, as I entered it, gave consistency to my purpose. It was delicious — just such an air as must have trembled with Romeo's vows when he stood among the flowers and raised his arms to his mistress's balcony. I looked at the windows of the palace, to see if by chance the example of Verona (Verona being not far off), had been followed; but everything was dim, as usual, and everything was still. Juliana, on summer nights, in her youth, might have murmured down from open windows at Jeffrey Aspern, but Miss Tita was not a poet's mistress, any more than I was a poet. This, however, did n't prevent my gratification from being great as I became aware, on reaching the end of the garden, that Miss Tita was seated in my little bower. At first I only made out an indistinct figure, not in the least counting on such an overture from one of my hostesses; it even occurred to me that some sentimental maid-servant had stolen in, to keep a tryst with her sweetheart. I was going to turn away, not to frighten her, when the figure rose to its height and I recognized Miss Bordereau's niece. I must do myself the justice to say that I did n't wish to frighten her either, and much as I had longed for some such accident I should have been capable of retreating. It was as if I had laid a trap for her by coming home earlier than usual and adding to that eccentricity by creeping into the garden. As she rose she spoke to me, and then I reflected that perhaps, secure in my almost inveterate absence, it was her nightly practice to take a lonely air-

ing. There was no trap, in truth, because I had had no suspicion. At first I took for granted that the words she uttered expressed discomfiture at my arrival; but as she repeated them — I had n't caught them clearly — I had the surprise of hearing her say, "Oh, dear, I 'm so very glad you have come!" She and her aunt had in common the property of unexpected speeches. She came out of the arbor almost as if she were going to throw herself into my arms.

I hasten to add that she did nothing of the kind; she did n't even shake hands with me. It was a gratification to her to see me, and presently she told me why — because she was nervous when she was out-of-doors, at night, alone. The plants and bushes looked so strange in the dark, and there were all sorts of queer sounds — she could n't tell what they were — like the noises of animals. She stood close to me, looking about her with an air of greater security, but without any demonstration of interest in me as an individual. Then I guessed that nocturnal prowlings were not in the least her habit, and I was also reminded (I had been struck with the circumstance, in talking with her before I took possession), that it was impossible to overestimate her simplicity.

"You speak as if you were lost in the backwoods," I said, laughing. "How you manage to keep out of this charming place, when you have only three steps to take to get into it, is more than I have yet been able to discover. You hide away mighty well so long as I am on the premises, I know; but I had a hope that you peeped out a little at other times. You and your poor aunt are worse off than Carmelite nuns in their cells. Should you mind telling me how you exist without air, without exercise, without any sort of human contact? I don't see how you carry on the common business of life."

She looked at me as if I were talking some strange tongue, and her answer was so little of an answer that I was considerably irritated. "We go to bed very early — earlier than you would believe." I was on the point of saying that this only deepened the mystery, when she gave me some relief by adding, "Before you came we were not so private. But I never have been out at night."

"Never in these fragrant alleys, blooming here under your nose?"

"Ah," said Miss Tita, "they were never nice till now!" There was a melancholy reference in this, and a flattering comparison, so that it seemed to me I had gained a small advantage. As it would help me to follow it up to establish a sort of grievance, I asked her why, since she thought my garden nice, she had never thanked me in any way for the flowers I had been sending up in such quantities for the previous three weeks. I had not been discouraged — there had been, as she would have observed, a daily armful; but I had been brought up in the common forms, and a word of recognition now and then would have touched me in the right place.

"Why, I did n't know they were for me!"

"They were for both of you. Why should I make a difference?"

Miss Tita reflected, as if she might be thinking of a reason for that, but she failed to produce one. Instead of this, she asked abruptly, "Why in the world do you want to know us?"

"I ought, after all, to make a difference," I replied. "That question is your aunt's; it is n't yours. You would n't ask it if you had n't been put up to it."

"She did n't tell me to ask you," Miss Tita replied, without confusion; she was the oddest mixture of the sensitive and the placid.

"Well, she has often wondered about it herself, and expressed her wonder to you. She has insisted on it, so that she has put the idea into your head that I

am insufferably pushing. Upon my word, I think I have been very discreet. And how completely your aunt must have lost every tradition of sociability, to see anything out of the way in the idea that respectable people, living as we do, under the same roof, should occasionally exchange a remark! What could be more natural? We are of the same country, and we have some, at least, of the same tastes, since, like you, I am very fond of Venice."

My interlocutress appeared incapable of grasping more than one clause in any proposition, and she declared, quickly, eagerly, as if she were answering my whole speech, "I am not in the least fond of Venice. I should like to go far away!"

"Has she always kept you back so?" I went on, to show her that I could be as irrelevant as herself.

"She told me to come out to-night; she has told me very often," said Miss Tita. "It is I who would n't come. I don't like to leave her."

"Is she too weak, is she failing?" I demanded, with more emotion, I think, than I intended to show. I judged this by the way her eyes rested upon me in the darkness. It embarrassed me a little, and to turn the matter off I continued, genially, "Do let us sit down together, comfortably, somewhere, and you will tell me all about her."

Miss Tita made no resistance to this. We found a bench less secluded, less intimate, as it were, than the one in the arbor; and we were still sitting there when I heard midnight ring out from those clear bells of Venice which vibrate with a solemnity of their own over the lagoon, and hold the air so much more than the chimes of other places. We were together more than an hour, and our interview gave, as it struck me, a great lift to my undertaking. Miss Tita accepted the situation without a protest; she had avoided me for three months, yet now she treated me almost as if these three months had made me an old friend. If I had chosen, I might have inferred from this that, though she had avoided me, she had given a good deal of consideration to doing so. She paid no attention to the flight of time — did n't worry at my keeping her so long away from her aunt. She talked freely, answering questions and asking them, and not even taking advantage of certain longish pauses, with which they inevitably alternated, to say she thought she had better go in. It was almost as if she were waiting for something — something I might say to her — and she wished to give me my opportunity. I was the more struck by this as she told me that her aunt had been less well for a good many days, or at any rate had fallen into a condition without precedent. She was weaker; at moments it seemed as if she had no strength to speak of, yet more than ever before she wished to be left alone. That was why she had told her to come out — not even to remain in her own room, which was alongside; she said her niece disturbed her, made her nervous. She sat still for hours together, as if she were asleep; she had always done that, to a certain extent, but at such times, formerly, she gave, at intervals, some small sign of life, of interest, and she liked her companion to be near her with her work. Miss Tita confided to me that at present her aunt was so motionless that she sometimes feared she was dead, and she took hardly any food; she did n't see what she lived upon. The great thing was that she still, on most days, got up; the serious job was to dress her, to wheel her out of her bedroom. She clung to as many of her old habits as possible, and she had always, little company as they had received for years, made a point of sitting in the parlor.

I scarcely knew what to think of all this — of Miss Tita's sudden conversion to sociability and of the strange circumstance that the more the old lady ap-

peared to decline towards her end the less she should desire to be looked after. The story did n't hang together, and I even asked myself whether it were not a trap laid for me, the result of a design to make me show my hand. I could n't have told why my companions (as they could only by courtesy be called) should have this purpose — why they should try to trip up so lucrative a lodger. At any rate, I kept on my guard, so that Miss Tita should n't have occasion again to ask me if I had an *arrière-pensée*. Poor woman! before we parted for the night, my mind was really at rest as to any capacity on her own part for entertaining one.

She told me more about their affairs than I had hoped; there was no need to be prying, for it evidently drew her out simply to feel that I listened, that I cared. She ceased wondering why I cared, and at last, as she spoke of the brilliant life they had led years before, she almost chattered. It was Miss Tita who judged it brilliant; she said that when they first came to live in Venice, years and years before (I saw that her mind was essentially vague about dates and the order in which events had occurred), there was n't a week that they had n't some visitor or that they did n't make some delightful *passeggio* in the city. They had seen all the curiosities; they had even been to the Lido, in a boat (she spoke as if I might think there was a way on foot); they had had a collation there, brought in three baskets and spread out on the grass. I asked her what people they had known, and she said, Oh, very nice ones — the Cavaliere Bombicci and the Contessa Altemura, with whom they had had a great friendship. Also English people — the Churtons, and the Goldies, and Mrs. Stock-Stock, whom they had loved dearly; she was dead and gone, poor dear. That was the case with most of their pleasant circle (this expression was Miss Tita's own), though a few were left, which was a wonder, considering how they had neglected them. She mentioned the names of two or three Venetian old women; of a certain doctor, very clever, who was so kind — he came as a friend, he had really given up practice; of the *avvocato* Pochintesta, who wrote beautiful poems and had addressed one to her aunt. These people came to see them, without fail, every year, usually at the *capo d'anno*, and of old her aunt used to make them some little present — her aunt and she together: small things that she, Miss Tita, made herself, like paper lamp-shades, or mats for the decanters of wine at dinner, or those woolen things that in cold weather were worn on the wrists. The last few years there had n't been many presents; she could n't think what to make, and her aunt had lost her interest and did n't suggest. But the people came all the same; if the Venetians liked you once they liked you forever.

There was something affecting in the good faith of this sketch of former social glories; the picnic at the Lido had remained vivid through the ages, and poor Miss Tita evidently was of the impression that she had had a brilliant youth. She had, in fact, had a glimpse of the Venetian world, in its gossiping, home-keeping, parsimonious, professional walks, for I observed for the first time that she had acquired, by contact, something of the manner of the familiar, soft-sounding, almost infantile speech of the place. I judged that she had imbibed this invertebrate dialect, from the natural way the names of things and people — mostly purely local — rose to her lips. If she knew little of what they represented, she knew still less of anything else. Her aunt had drawn in — her failing interest in the table-mats and lamp-shades was a sign of that — and she had not been able to mingle in society, or to entertain it, alone; so that the matter of her reminiscences struck one as an old world altogether. I found

myself falling into the error of thinking of her, too, as one of Jeffrey Aspern's contemporaries; this came from her having so little in common with my own. It was possible, I said to myself, that she had n't even heard of him; it might very well be that Juliana had not cared to lift even for her the veil that covered the temple of her youth. In this case, she perhaps would n't know of the existence of the papers, and I welcomed that presumption — it made me feel more safe with her — until I remembered that we had believed the letter of disavowal received by Cumnor to be in the handwriting of the niece. If it had been dictated to her she had of course to know what it was about; yet, after all, the effect of it was to repudiate the idea of any connection with the poet. I did n't believe, at all events, that Miss Tita had read a word of his poetry. Moreover, if, with her companion, she had always escaped the interviewer, there was little occasion for her having got it into her head that people were "after" the letters. People had not been after them, inasmuch as they had n't heard of them, and Cumnor's fruitless feeler would have been a solitary accident.

When midnight sounded Miss Tita got up; but she only stopped at the door of the house after she had wandered two or three times with me round the garden. "When shall I see you again?" I asked, before she went in; to which she replied, with promptness, that she should like to come out the next night. She added, however, that she should n't come — she did n't do everything she liked.

"You might do a few things that *I* like," I said, with a sigh.

"Oh, you — I don't believe you!" she declared, at this, looking at me with her simple solemnity.

"Why don't you believe me?"

"Because I don't understand you."

"That is just the sort of occasion to have faith." I could n't say more, though I should have liked to, as I saw that I only mystified her; for I did n't want seriously to have it on my conscience that I might pass for having made love to her. Nothing less should I have seemed to do, had I continued to beg a lady to "believe in me," in an Italian garden, on a midsummer night. There was some merit in my scruples, for Miss Tita lingered and lingered; I perceived that she felt that she should n't really soon come down again, and wished therefore to protract the present. She insisted, too, on making the talk between us personal to ourselves, and altogether her behavior was such as would have been possible only to a completely innocent woman.

"I shall like the flowers better, now that I know they are also meant for me."

"How could you have doubted it? If you will tell me the kind you like best, I will send a double lot of them."

"Oh, I like them all best!" Then she went on, familiarly, "Shall you study — shall you read and write — when you go up to your rooms?"

"I don't do that at night, at this season. The lamplight brings in the animals."

"You might have known that when you came."

"I did know it!"

"And in winter, do you work at night?"

"I read a good deal, but I don't often write." She listened as if these details had a rare interest, and suddenly a temptation, quite at variance with the prudence I had been teaching myself, associated itself with her plain, mild face. Ah yes, she was safe, and I could make her safer! It seemed to me, from one moment to another, that I could n't wait any longer — that I really must take a sounding. So I went on: "In general, before I go to sleep — very often in bed (it 's a bad habit, but I confess to it), I read some great poet. In nine cases out of ten, it 's a volume of Jeffrey Aspern."

I watched her well as I pronounced that name, but I saw nothing wonderful. Why should I, indeed; and was n't Jeffrey Aspern the property of the human race?

"Oh, we read him — we *have* read him," she quietly replied.

"He is my poet of poets — I know him almost by heart."

For an instant Miss Tita hesitated; then her sociability was too much for her.

"Oh, by heart — that 's nothing!" she murmured, smiling. "My aunt used to know him — to know him" — she paused an instant, and I wondered what she was going to say — "to know him as a visitor."

"As a visitor?" I repeated, staring.

"He used to call on her, and take her out."

I continued to stare. "My dear lady, he died a hundred years ago!"

"Well," she said, mirthfully, "my aunt is a hundred and fifty."

"Mercy on us!" I exclaimed; "why did n't you tell me before? I should like so to ask her about him."

"She would n't care for that — she would n't tell you," Miss Tita replied.

"I don't care what she cares for! She *must* tell me — it 's not a chance to be lost."

"Oh, you should have come twenty years ago: then she talked about him."

"And what did she say?" I asked, eagerly.

"I don't know — that he liked her immensely."

"And she — did n't she like him?"

"She said he was a god." Miss Tita gave me this information flatly, without expression; her tone might have made it a piece of trivial gossip. But it stirred me deeply, as she dropped the words into the summer night; it seemed such a direct testimony.

"Fancy, fancy!" I murmured. And then, "Tell me this, please — has she got a portrait of him? They are distressingly rare."

"A portrait? I don't know," said Miss Tita; and now there was discomfiture in her face. "Well, good-night!" she added; and she turned into the house.

I accompanied her into the wide, dusky, stone-paved passage which, on the ground floor, corresponded with our grand sala. It opened at one end into the garden, at the other upon the canal, and was lighted now only by the small lamp that was always left for me to take up as I went to bed. An extinguished candle, which Miss Tita had apparently brought down with her, stood on the same table with it. "Good-night, good-night!" I replied, keeping beside her as she went to get her light. "Surely you would know, would n't you, if she had one?"

"If she had what?" the poor lady asked, looking at me queerly over the flame of her candle.

"A portrait of the god. I don't know what I would n't give to see it."

"I don't know what she has got. She keeps her things locked up." And Miss Tita went away, towards the staircase, with the sense, evidently, that she had said too much.

I let her go — I did n't wish to frighten her — and I contented myself with remarking that Miss Bordereau would n't have locked up such a glorious possession as that — a thing a person would be proud of and hang up in a prominent place on the parlor wall. Therefore, of course, she had n't any portrait. Miss Tita made no direct answer to this, and candle in hand, with her back to me, she ascended two or three stairs. Then she stopped short and turned round, looking at me across the dusky space.

"Do you write — do you write?" There was a tremor in her voice; she could scarcely bring out what she wished to ask.

"Do I write? Oh, don't speak of my writing on the same day with Aspern's!"

"Do you write about *him* — do you pry into his life?"

"Ah, that 's your aunt's question; it can't be yours!" I said, in a tone of slightly wounded sensibility.

"All the more reason, then, that you should answer it. Do you, please?"

I thought I had allowed for the falsehoods I should have to tell; but I found that in fact, when it came to the point, I had n't. Besides, now that I had an opening, there was a kind of relief in being frank. Lastly (it was perhaps fanciful, even fatuous), I guessed that Miss Tita personally would n't, in the last resort, be less my friend. So after a moment's hesitation, I answered, "Yes, I have written about him, and I am looking for more material. In Heaven's name, have you got any?"

"*Santo Dio!*" she exclaimed, without heeding my question; and she hurried up-stairs and out of sight. I might count upon her in the last resort, but for the present she was visibly alarmed. The proof of it was that she began to hide again, so that for a fortnight I never beheld her. I found my patience ebbing, and after four or five days of this I told the gardener to stop the flowers.

VI.

One afternoon, as I came down from my quarters, to go out, I found Miss Tita in the sala; it was our first encounter on that ground since I had come to the house. She put on no air of being there by accident; there was an ignorance of such arts in her nude, diffident directness. That I might be quite sure she was waiting for me she informed me of the fact, and told me that Miss Bordereau wished to see me; she would take me into the room at that moment, if I had time. If I had been late for a love-tryst I would have stayed for this, and I quickly signified that I should be delighted to wait upon the old lady. "She wants to talk with you — to know you," Miss Tita said, smiling, as if she herself appreciated that idea; and she led me to the door of her aunt's apartment. I stopped her a moment before she had opened it, looking at her with some curiosity. I told her that this was a great satisfaction to me, and a great honor; but, all the same, I should like to ask what had made Miss Bordereau change so suddenly. It was only the other day that she would n't look at me. Miss Tita was not at all embarrassed by my question; she had as many little unexpected serenities as if she told fibs, but the odd part of them was that they had, on the contrary, their source in her truthfulness. "Oh, my aunt changes," she answered; "it 's so terribly dull — I suppose she 's tired."

"But you told me that she wanted more and more to be alone."

Poor Miss Tita colored, as if she found me over-insistent. "Well, if you don't believe she wants to see you — I have n't invented it! I think people often are capricious, when they are very old."

"That 's perfectly true. I only wanted to be clear as to whether you have repeated to her what I told you the other night."

"What you told me?"

"About Jeffrey Aspern — that I am looking for materials."

"If I had told her, do you think she would have sent for you?"

"That 's exactly what I want to know. If she wants to keep him to herself she might have sent for me to tell me so."

"She won't speak of him," said Miss Tita. Then, as she opened the door, she added, in a lower tone, "I have told her nothing."

The old woman was sitting in the same place in which I had seen her last, in the same position, with the same mystifying bandage, as it seemed to me, over her eyes. Her welcome was to

turn her almost invisible face to me and show me that while she sat silent she saw me clearly. I did n't advance to shake hands with her; I felt too well, on this occasion, that that was out of place forever. It had been sufficiently enjoined upon me that she was too sacred for that sort of reciprocity — too venerable to touch. There was something so grim in her aspect (it was partly the accident of her green shade), as I stood there to be measured, that I ceased on the spot to feel any doubt as to her knowing my secret, though I did n't in the least doubt that Miss Tita had just spoken the truth. She had not betrayed me, but the old woman's brooding instinct had served her; she had turned me over and over, in the long, still hours, and she had guessed. The worst of it was that she looked terribly like an old woman who, at a pinch, would burn her papers. Miss Tita pushed a chair forward, saying to me, "This will be a good place for you to sit." As I took possession of it I asked after Miss Bordereau's health; expressed the hope that in spite of the very hot weather it was satisfactory. She replied that it was good enough — good enough; that it was a great thing to be alive.

"Oh, as to that, it depends upon what you compare it with!" I exclaimed, laughing.

"I don't compare — I don't compare. If I did that, I should have given everything up long ago."

I liked to think that this was a subtle allusion to the rapture she had known in the society of Jeffrey Aspern — though it was true that such an allusion would have accorded ill with the wish I imputed to her to keep him buried in her soul. What it accorded with was my constant conviction that no human being had ever had a more delightful social gift than his, and what it seemed to convey was that nothing in the world was worth speaking of if one pretended to speak of that. But one did n't! Miss Tita sat down beside her aunt, looking as if she had reason to believe some very interesting conversation would come off between us.

"It 's about the beautiful flowers," said the old lady; "you sent us so many — I ought to have thanked you for them before. But I don't write letters, and I receive only at long intervals."

She had n't thanked me while the flowers continued to come, but she departed from her custom so far as to send for me as soon as she began to fear that they would n't come any more. I noted this; I remembered what an acquisitive propensity she had shown when it was a question of extracting gold from me, and I privately rejoiced at the happy thought I had had in suspending my tribute. She had missed it, and she was willing to make a concession to bring it back. At the first sign of this concession I could only go to meet her. "I am afraid you have n't had many, of late, but they shall begin again immediately — to-morrow, to-night."

"Oh, do send us some to-night!" Miss Tita cried, as if it were an immense circumstance.

"What else should you do with them? It is n't a manly taste to make a bower of your room," the old woman remarked.

"I don't make a bower of my room, but I am exceedingly fond of growing flowers, of watching their ways. There is nothing unmanly in that: it has been the amusement of philosophers, of statesmen in retirement; even, I think, of great captains."

"I suppose you know you can sell them — those you don't use," Miss Bordereau went on. "I dare say they would n't give you much for them; still, you could make a bargain."

"Oh, I have never made a bargain, as you ought to know. My gardener disposes of them and I ask no questions."

"I would ask a few, I can promise you," said Miss Bordereau; and it was the first time I had heard her laugh. I

could n't get used to the idea that this vision of pecuniary profit was what drew out the divine Juliana most.

"Come into the garden yourself and pick them; come as often as you like; come every day. They are all for you," I pursued, addressing Miss Tita and carrying off this veracious statement by treating it as an innocent joke. "I can't imagine why she does n't come down," I added, for Miss Bordereau's benefit.

"You must make her come; you must come up and fetch her," said the old woman, to my stupefaction. "That odd thing you have made in the corner would be a capital place for her to sit."

The allusion to my arbor was irreverent; it confirmed the impression I had already received that there was a flicker of impertinence in Miss Bordereau's talk, a strange, mocking lambency which must have been a part of her adventurous youth and which had outlived passions and faculties. None the less I asked, "Would n't it be possible for you to come down there yourself? Would n't it do you good to sit there in the shade, in the sweet air?"

"Oh, sir, when I move out of this it won't be to sit in the air, and I 'm afraid that any that may be stirring around me won't be particularly sweet! It will be a very dark shade indeed. But that won't be just yet," Miss Bordereau continued, cannily, as if to correct any hopes that this courageous allusion to the last receptacle of her mortality might lead me to entertain. "I have sat here many a day, and I have had enough of arbors in my time. But I 'm not afraid to wait till I 'm called."

Miss Tita had expected some remarkable talk, but perhaps she found it less genial on her aunt's side (considering that I had been sent for with a civil intention) than she had hoped. As if to give the conversation a turn that would put our companion in a more favorable light, she said to me, "Did n't I tell you, the other night, that she had sent me out? You see that I can do what I like!"

"Do you pity her — do you teach her to pity herself?" Miss Bordereau demanded, before I had time to answer this appeal. "She has a much easier life than I had when I was her age."

"You must remember that it has been quite open to me to think you rather inhuman."

"Inhuman? That 's what the poets used to call the women a hundred years ago. Don't try that; you won't do as well as they!" Juliana declared. "There is no more poetry in the world — that I know of, at least. But I won't bandy words with you," she pursued, and I well remember the old-fashioned, artificial sound she gave to the speech. "You have made me talk, talk! It is n't good for me at all." I got up at this, and told her I would take no more of her time; but she detained me to ask, "Do you remember, the day I saw you about the rooms, that you offered us the use of your gondola?" And when I assented, promptly, struck again with her disposition to make a "good thing" of my domestication and wondering what she now had in her eye, she broke out, "Why don't you take that girl out in it and show her the place?"

"Oh, dear aunt, what do you want to do with me?" cried the "girl," with a piteous quaver. "I know all about the place!"

"Well, then, go with him as a cicerone!" said Miss Bordereau, with an effect of mockery in her quiet, sweet-voiced readiness — an incongruous suggestion that she was a sarcastic, profane, cynical old woman. "Have n't we heard that there have been all sorts of changes, in all these years? You ought to see them, and, at your age (I don't mean because you 're so young), you ought to take the chances that come. You 're old enough, my dear, and this gentleman won't hurt you. He will

show you the famous sunsets, if they still go on — *do* they go on? The sun set for me so long ago. But that 's not a reason. Besides, I sha'n't miss you; you think you are too important. Take her to the Piazza; it used to be very pretty," Miss Bordereau continued, addressing herself to me. "What have they done with the funny old church? I hope it has n't tumbled down. Let her look at the shops; she may take some money, she may buy what she likes."

Poor Miss Tita had got up, discountenanced and helpless, and as we stood there before her aunt it would certainly have seemed to a spectator of the scene that the old woman was amusing herself at our expense. Miss Tita protested, in a confusion of exclamations and murmurs; but I lost no time in saying that if she would do me the honor to accept the hospitality of my boat, I would engage that she should not be bored. Or if she did n't want so much of my company, the boat itself, with the gondolier, was at her service; he was a capital oar, and she might have every confidence. Miss Tita, without definitely answering this speech, looked away from me, out of the window, as if she were going to cry; and I remarked that once we had Miss Bordereau's approval we could easily come to an understanding. We would take an hour, whichever she liked, one of the very next days. As I made my obeisance to the old lady I asked her if she would kindly permit me to see her again.

For a moment she said nothing; then she inquired, "Is it very necessary to your happiness?"

"It entertains me more than I can say."

"You are wonderfully civil. Don't you know it almost kills me?"

"How can I believe that, when I see you more animated, more brilliant, than when I came in?"

"That is very true, aunt," said Miss Tita. "I think it does you good."

"Is n't it touching, the solicitude we each have that the other shall enjoy herself?" sneered Miss Bordereau. "If you think me brilliant to-day you don't know what you are talking about; you have never seen an agreeable woman. Don't try to pay me a compliment; I have been spoiled," she went on. "My door is shut, but you may sometimes knock."

With this she dismissed me, and I left the room. The latch closed behind me, but Miss Tita, contrary to my hope, had remained within. I passed slowly across the hall, but before taking my way down-stairs I waited a little. My hope was answered; after a minute Miss Tita followed me. "That 's a delightful idea, about the Piazza," I said. "When will you go — to-night, to-morrow?"

She had been disconcerted, as I have mentioned, but I had already perceived, and I was to observe again, that when Miss Tita was embarrassed she did n't (as most women would have done) turn away from you and try to escape, if it was in some degree your fault; but came closer, as it were, as if to rest on you, almost to cling, to beg you to desist, to support and protect her. Her attitude was perpetually an appeal for assistance, for explanation; and yet no woman in the world could have been less of a comedian. From the moment you were kind to her she depended on you absolutely; her self-consciousness dropped from her quickly, and she took the greatest intimacy, the innocent intimacy which was the only thing she could conceive, for granted. She told me she did n't know what had got into her aunt; she had changed so quickly, she had got some idea. I replied that she must find out what the idea was, and then let me know; we would go and have an ice together at Florian's, and she should tell me while we listened to the band.

"Oh, it will take me a long time to find out!" she said, rather ruefully;

and she could promise me this satisfaction neither for that night nor for the next. I was patient now, however, for I felt that I had only to wait; and in fact, at the end of the week, one lovely evening, after dinner, she stepped into my gondola, to which, in honor of the occasion, I had attached a second oar.

As we swept, in the course of five minutes, into the Grand Canal, she uttered a murmur of ecstasy as fresh as if she had been a tourist just arrived. She had forgotten how splendid the great water-way looked on a clear, hot summer evening, and how the sense of floating between marble palaces and reflected lights disposed the mind to sympathetic talk. We floated long and far, and though Miss Tita gave no high-pitched voice to her satisfaction I felt that she surrendered herself. She was more than pleased, she was transported; the whole thing was an immense liberation. The gondola moved with slow strokes, to give her time to enjoy it, and she listened to the plash of the oars, which grew louder and more musically liquid as we passed into narrow canals, as if it were a revelation of Venice. When I asked her how long it was since she had been in a boat she answered, "Oh, I don't know; a long time — not since my aunt began to be ill." This was not the only example she gave me of her extreme vagueness about the previous years and the line which marked off the period when Miss Bordereau flourished. I was not at liberty to keep her out too long, but we took a considerable *giro* before going to the Piazza. I asked her no questions, but kept the conversation, on purpose, away from her domestic situation and the things I wanted to know; I poured treasures of information about Venice into her ears, described Florence and Rome, discoursed to her on the charms and advantages of travel. She reclined, receptive, on the deep leather cushions, turned her eyes conscientiously to everything I pointed out to her, and never mentioned to me till some time afterwards that she might be supposed to know Florence better than I, as she had lived there for years with Miss Bordereau. At last she asked, with the shy impatience of a child, "Are n't we really going to the Piazza? That 's what I want to see!" I immediately gave the order that we should go straight; after which we sat silent, with the expectation of arrival. As some time still passed, however, she said, suddenly, of her own movement, "I have found out what is the matter with my aunt: she is afraid you will go!"

"What has put that into her head?"

"She has had an idea you have not been happy. That is why she is different now."

"You mean she wants to make me happier?"

"Well, she wants you not to go; she wants you to stay."

"I suppose you mean on account of the rent," I remarked, candidly.

Miss Tita's candor showed itself a match for my own: "Yes, you know; so that I shall have more."

"How much does she want you to have?" I asked, laughing. "She ought to fix the sum, and I will stay till it 's made up."

"Oh, that would n't please me," said Miss Tita. "It would be unheard of, your taking that trouble."

"But suppose I should have my own reasons for staying in Venice?"

"Then it would be better for you to stay in some other house."

"And what would your aunt say to that?"

"She would n't like it at all. But I should think you would do well to give up your reasons and go away altogether."

"Dear Miss Tita," I said, "it 's not so easy to give them up!"

She made no immediate answer to this; after a moment she remarked, "I think I know what your reasons are."

"I dare say, because the other night I almost told you how I wish you would help me to make them good."

"I can't do that without being false to my aunt."

"What do you mean, being false to her?"

"Why, she would never consent to what you want. She has been asked, she has been written to. It made her fearfully angry."

"Then she *has* got papers of value?" I asked, quickly.

"Oh, she has got everything!" sighed Miss Tita, with a curious weariness, a sudden lapse into gloom.

These words caused all my pulses to throb, for I regarded them as precious evidence. For some minutes I was too agitated to speak, and in the interval the gondola approached the Piazzetta. After we had disembarked I asked my companion whether she would rather walk round the square or go and sit at the door of the café; to which she replied that she would do whichever I liked best — I must only remember again how little time she had. I assured her there was plenty to do both, and we made the circuit of the long arcades. Her spirits revived at the sight of the bright shop-windows, and she lingered and stopped, admiring or disapproving of their contents, asking me what I thought of things, theorizing about prices. My attention wandered from her; her words of a while before, "Oh, she has got everything!" echoed so in my consciousness. We sat down, at last, in the crowded circle at Florian's, finding an unoccupied table among those that were ranged in the square. It was a splendid night, and all the world was out-of-doors; Miss Tita could not have wished the elements more auspicious for her return to society. I saw that she enjoyed it even more than she told; she was agitated with the multitude of her impressions. She had forgotten what an attractive thing the world is, and it was coming over her that, somehow, she had for the best years of her life been cheated of it. This did n't make her angry; but as she looked all over the charming scene, her face had, in spite of its smile, the flush of a sort of wounded surprise. She became silent, as if she were thinking, with a secret sadness, of opportunities forever lost, which ought to have been easy; and this gave me a chance to say to her, "Did you mean, a while ago, that your aunt has a plan of keeping me on by admitting me occasionally to her presence?"

"She thinks it will make a difference with you if you sometimes see her. She wants you so much to stay that she is willing to make that concession."

"And what good does she consider that I think it will do me to see her?"

"I don't know; she thinks it 's interesting," said Miss Tita, simply.

"So it is; but every one does n't think so."

"No, of course not, or more people would try."

"Well, if she is capable of making that reflection, she is capable also of making this further one," I went on: "that I must have a particular reason for not doing as others do (in spite of the interest she offers), for not leaving her alone." Miss Tita looked as if she failed to understand this rather complicated proposition; so I continued, "If you have not told her what I said to you the other night, may she not at least have guessed it?"

"I don't know; she is very suspicious."

"But she has n't been made so by indiscreet curiosity, by persecution?"

"No, no; it is n't that," said Miss Tita, turning on me a somewhat troubled face. "I don't know how to say it: it 's on account of something — ages ago, before I was born — in her life."

"Something? What sort of thing?" I asked, as if I myself could have no idea.

"Oh, she has never told me," Miss Tita answered; and I was sure she was speaking the truth.

Her extreme limpidity was almost provoking, and I felt for the moment that she would have been more satisfactory if she had been less genuine. "Do you suppose it 's something to which Jeffrey Aspern's letters and papers — I mean the things in her possession — have reference?"

"I dare say it is!" my companion exclaimed, as if this were a very happy suggestion. "I have never looked at any of those things."

"None of them? Then how do you know what they are?"

"I don't," said Miss Tita, placidly. "I have n't had them in my hands. But I have seen them when she has had them out."

"Does she have them out often?"

"Not now, but she used to. She is very fond of them."

"In spite of their being compromising?"

"Compromising?" Miss Tita repeated, as if she did n't know the meaning of the word. I felt almost as one who corrupts the innocence of youth.

"I mean their containing painful memories."

"Oh, I don't think they are painful."

"You mean you don't think they affect her reputation?"

At this a singular look came into the face of Miss Bordereau's niece — a kind of confession of helplessness, an appeal to me to deal fairly, generously, with her. I had brought her to the Piazza, placed her among charming influences, paid her an attention she appreciated, and now I seemed to let her perceive that all this had been a bribe — a bribe to make her turn in some way against her aunt. She was of a yielding nature, and capable of doing almost anything to please a person who was kind to her; but the greatest kindness of all would be not to presume too much on this. It was strange enough, as I afterwards thought, that she had n't the least air of resenting my want of consideration for her aunt's character, which would have been in the worst possible taste, if anything less (from my point of view) had been at stake. I don't think she really measured it. "Do you mean that she did something bad?" she asked, in a moment.

"Heaven forbid I should say so, and it 's none of my business. Besides, if she did," I added, laughing, "it was in other ages, in another world. But why should n't she destroy her papers?"

"Oh, she loves them too much."

"Even now, when she may be near her end?"

"Perhaps when she 's sure of that she will."

"Well, Miss Tita," I said, "it 's just what I should like you to prevent."

"How can I prevent it?"

"Could n't you get them away from her?"

"And give them to you?"

This put the case very crudely, though I am sure there was no irony in her intention. "Oh, I mean that you might let me see them and look them over. It is n't for myself; there is no personal avidity in my desire. It is simply that they would be of such immense interest to the public, such immeasurable importance as a contribution to Jeffrey Aspern's history."

She listened to me in her usual manner, as if my speech were full of reference to things she had never heard of, and I felt particularly like the reporter of a newspaper who forces his way into a house of mourning. This was especially the case when, after a moment, she said, "There was a gentleman who some time ago wrote to her in very much those words. He also wanted her papers."

"And did she answer him?" I asked, rather ashamed of myself for not having her rectitude.

"Only when he had written two or three times. He made her very angry."

"And what did she say?"

"She said he was a devil," Miss Tita replied, simply.

"She used that expression in her letter?"

"Oh no; she said it to me. She made me write to him."

"And what did you say?"

"I told him there were no papers at all."

"Ah, poor gentleman!" I exclaimed.

"I knew there were, but I wrote what she bade me."

"Of course you had to do that. But I hope I sha'n't pass for a devil."

"It will depend upon what you ask me to do for you," said Miss Tita, smiling.

"Oh, if there is a chance of *your* thinking so, my affair is in a bad way! I sha'n't ask you to steal for me, nor even to fib — for you can't fib, unless on paper. But the principal thing is this — to prevent her from destroying the papers."

"Why, I have no control of her," said Miss Tita. "It 's she who controls me."

"But she does n't control her own arms and legs, does she? The way she would naturally destroy her letters would be to burn them. Now, she can't burn them without fire, and she can't get fire unless you give it to her."

"I have always done everything she has asked," my companion rejoined. "Besides, there 's Olimpia."

I was on the point of saying that Olimpia was probably corruptible, but I thought it best not to sound that note. So I simply asked if that faithful domestic could n't be managed.

"Every one can be managed by my aunt," said Miss Tita. And then she observed that her holiday was over; she must go home. I laid my hand on her arm, across the table, to stay her a moment, and pursued —

"What I want of you is a general promise to help me."

"Oh, how can I — how can I?" she asked, wondering and troubled. She was partly surprised, partly frightened, at my wishing to make her play a part.

"This is the main thing: to watch her carefully and warn me in time, before she commits that horrible sacrilege."

"I can't watch her when she makes me go out."

"That 's very true."

"And when you do, too."

"Mercy on us!" I exclaimed, "do you think she will have done anything to-night?"

"I don't know; she is very cunning."

"Are you trying to frighten me?" I asked.

I felt this inquiry sufficiently answered when my companion murmured, in a musing, almost envious way, "Oh, but she loves them — she loves them!"

This reflection, repeated with such emphasis, gave me great comfort; but to obtain more I said, "If she should n't intend to destroy the objects we speak of before her death, she will probably have made some disposition by will."

"By will?"

"Has n't she made one for your benefit?"

"Why, she has so little to leave. That 's why she likes money," said Miss Tita.

"Might I ask, since we are really talking things over, what you and she live on?"

"On some money that comes from America, from a lawyer. He sends it every quarter. It is n't much!"

"And won't she have disposed of that?"

My companion hesitated — I saw she was blushing. "I believe it 's mine," she said; and the look and tone which accompanied these words were such that I almost thought her charming. The next instant she added, "But she had a lawyer once, ever so long ago.

And some people came and signed something."

"They were probably witnesses. And you were not asked to sign? Well, then," I argued, rapidly and hopefully, "it is because you are the legatee; she has left all her documents to you!"

"If she has, it 's with very strict conditions," Miss Tita declared, rising quickly; and this movement gave the words a little character of decision. They seemed to imply that the bequest would be accompanied with a command that the articles bequeathed should remain concealed from every inquisitive eye, and that I was very much mistaken if I thought she was the person to depart from so solemn an injunction.

"Oh, of course you will have to abide by the terms," I replied; and she said nothing to mitigate the severity of this conclusion. None the less, later, just before we disembarked at her own door, on our return, which had taken place, in the gondola, almost in silence, she said to me, abruptly, "I will do what I can to help you." I was grateful for this — it was very well so far as it went; but it did n't keep me from remembering, that night, in a worried waking hour, that I now had her word for it, to reinforce my own impression, that the old woman was very cunning.

VII.

The fear of what this side of her character might have led her to do made me nervous for days afterwards. I waited for an intimation from Miss Tita; I almost figured to myself that it was her duty to keep me informed, to let me know definitely whether or no Miss Bordereau had sacrificed her treasures. But as she gave no sign I lost patience and determined to judge, so far as was possible, with my own senses. I sent, late one afternoon, to ask if I might pay the ladies a visit, and my servant came back with surprising news. Miss Bordereau could be approached without the least difficulty; she had been moved out into the sala and was sitting there, by the window that overlooked the garden. I descended, and found this picture correct; the old lady had been wheeled forth into the world and had a certain air, which came mainly, perhaps, from some brighter element in her dress, of being prepared again to have converse with it. It had not yet, however, begun to flock about her; she was perfectly alone, and though the door leading to her own quarters stood open, I had at first no glimpse of Miss Tita. The window at which she sat had the afternoon shade, and, one of the shutters having been pushed back, she could see the pleasant garden, where the summer sun had by this time dried up too many of the plants — the yellow light and the long shadows.

"Have you come to tell me that you will take the rooms for six months more?" she asked, as I approached her, startling me by something coarse in her avidity almost as much as if she had not already given me a specimen of it. Juliana's desire to make our acquaintance lucrative had been, as I have sufficiently indicated, a false note in my image of the woman who had inspired a great poet with immortal lines; but I may say here definitely that I recognized, after all, that it behoved me to make a large allowance for her. It was I who had kindled the unholy flame; it was I who had put into her head that she had the means of making money. She appeared never to have thought of that; she had been living wastefully, for years, in a house five times too big for her, on a footing that I could explain only by the presumption that, excessive as it was, the space she enjoyed cost her next to nothing, and that, small as were her revenues, they left her, for Venice, an appreciable margin. I had descended on her one day and taught her to calcu-

late, and my almost extravagant comedy on the subject of the garden had presented me, irresistibly, in the light of a victim. Like all persons who achieve the miracle of changing their point of view when they are old, she had been intensely converted; she had seized my hint with a sort of desperate, tremulous clutch.

I invited myself to go and get one of the chairs that stood, at a distance, against the wall (she had given herself no concern as to whether I should sit or stand); and while I placed it near her I began, gayly, "Oh, dear madam, what an imagination you have, what an intellectual sweep! I am a poor devil of a man of letters, who lives from day to day. How can I take palaces by the year? My existence is precarious. I don't know whether, six months hence, I shall have bread to put in my mouth. I have treated myself for once; it has been an immense luxury. But when it comes to going on" —

"Are your rooms too dear? if they are you can have more for the same money," Juliana remarked. "We can arrange, we can *combinare*, as they say here."

"Well, yes, since you ask me, they are too dear," I said. "Evidently, you suppose me richer than I am."

She looked at me, in her barricaded way. "If you write books don't you sell them?"

"Do you mean don't people buy them? A little — not as much as I could wish. Writing books, unless one be a great genius — and even then! — is the last road to fortune. I think there is no more money to be made by literature."

"Perhaps you don't choose good subjects. What do you write about?" Miss Bordereau inquired.

"About the books of other people. I 'm a critic, an historian, in a small way," I replied, wondering what she was coming to.

"And what other people, now?"

"Oh, better ones than myself: the great writers, mainly — the great philosophers and poets of the past; those who are dead and gone and can't speak for themselves."

"And what do you say about them?"

"I say they sometimes attached themselves to very clever women!" I answered, laughing. I spoke with great deliberation, but as my words fell upon the air they struck me as imprudent. However, I risked them, and I was not sorry, for perhaps, after all, the old woman would be willing to treat. It seemed to be tolerably obvious that she knew my secret; why, therefore, drag the matter out? But she did n't take what I had said as a confession; she only asked —

"Do you think it 's right to rake up the past?"

"I don't know that I know what you mean by raking it up; but how can we get at it unless we dig a little? The present has such a rough way of treading it down."

"Oh, I like the past, but I don't like critics," the old woman declared, with her fine tranquillity.

"Neither do I, but I like their discoveries."

"Are n't they mostly lies?"

"The lies are what they sometimes discover," I said, smiling at the quiet impertinence of this. "They often lay bare the truth."

"The truth is God's, it is n't man's; we had better leave it alone. Who can judge of it — who can say?"

"We are terribly in the dark, I know," I admitted; "but if we give up trying, what becomes of all the fine things? What becomes of the work I just mentioned, that of the great philosophers and poets? It is all vain words, if there is nothing to measure it by."

"You talk as if you were a tailor," said Miss Bordereau, whimsically; and then she added, quickly, in a different manner, "The house is very fine; the

proportions are magnificent. To-day I wanted to look at this place again. I made them bring me out here. When your man came, just now, to learn if I would see you, I was on the point of sending for you, to ask if you did n't mean to go on. I wanted to judge what I 'm letting you have. This sala is very grand," she pursued, moving a little, as I guessed, her invisible eyes. "I don't believe you often have lived in such a house, eh?"

"I can't often afford to!" I said.

"Well, then, how much will you give for six months?"

I was on the point of exclaiming — and the air of excruciation in my face would have denoted a moral fact — "Don't, Juliana; for *his* sake, don't!" But I controlled myself and asked, less passionately, "Why should I remain so long as that?"

"I thought you liked it," said Miss Bordereau, with her shriveled dignity.

"So I thought I should."

For a moment she said nothing more, and I left my own words to suggest to her what they might. I half expected her to say, coldly enough, that if I had been disappointed we need n't continue the discussion, and this in spite of the fact that I believed her now to have in her mind (however it had come there), what would have told her that my disappointment was natural. But to my extreme surprise she ended by observing, "If you don't think we have treated you well enough, perhaps we can discover some way of treating you better." This speech was somehow so incongruous that it made me laugh again, and I excused myself by saying that she talked as if I were a sulky boy, pouting in the corner, to be "brought round." I had not a grain of complaint to make; and could anything have exceeded Miss Tita's kindness in accompanying me, a few nights before, to the Piazza? At this, the old woman went on: "Well, you brought it on yourself!" And then, in a different tone, "She is a very nice girl." I assented, cordially, to this proposition, and she expressed the hope that I did so not merely to be civil, but that I really liked her. Meanwhile, I wondered still more what Miss Bordereau was coming to. "Except for me, to-day," she said, "she has n't a relation in the world." Did she, by describing her niece as amiable and unencumbered, wish to represent her as a *parti*?

It was perfectly true that I could not afford to go on with my rooms at a "fancy" price and that I had already devoted to my undertaking almost all the hard cash I had set apart for it. My patience and my time were by no means exhausted, but I should be able to draw upon them only on a more usual Venetian basis. I was willing to pay the venerable woman with whom my pecuniary dealings were such a discord twice as much as any other *padrona di casa* would have asked, but I was not willing to pay her twenty times as much. I told her so, plainly, and my plainness appeared to have some success, for she exclaimed, "Very good; you have done what I asked — you have made an offer!"

"Yes, but not for half a year. Only by the month."

"Oh, I must think of that, then." She seemed disappointed that I would n't tie myself to a period, and I guessed that she wished both to secure me and to discourage me; to say severely, "Do you dream that you can get off with less than six months? Do you dream that even by the end of that time you will be appreciably nearer your victory?" What was more in my mind was that she had a fancy to play me the trick of making me engage myself when in fact she had annihilated the papers. There was a moment when my suspense on this point was so acute that I all but broke out with the question, and what kept it back was but a kind of instinctive recoil (lest it should be a mistake), from the last violence of self-exposure.

She was such a subtle old witch that one could n't tell where one stood with her. You may imagine whether it cleared up the puzzle when, just after she had said she would think of my proposal, and without any formal transition, she drew out of her pocket, with an embarrassed hand, a small object wrapped in crumpled white paper. She held it there a moment and then she asked, "Do you know much about curiosities?"

"About curiosities?"

"About antiquities, the old gimcracks that people pay so much for to-day. Do you know the kind of price they bring?"

I thought I saw what was coming, but I said ingenuously, "Do you want to buy something?"

"No, I want to sell. What would an amateur give me for that?" She unfolded the white paper and made a motion for me to take from her a small oval portrait. I possessed myself of it with a hand of which I could only hope that she did n't perceive the tremor, and she added, "I would part with it only for a good price."

At the first glance I recognized Jeffrey Aspern, and I was well aware that I flushed with the act. As she was watching me, however, I had the consistency to exclaim, "What a striking face! Do tell me who it is!"

"It 's an old friend of mine, a very distinguished man in his day. He gave it to me himself, but I 'm afraid to mention his name, lest you never should have heard of him, critic and historian as you are. I know the world goes fast, and one generation forgets another. He was all the fashion when I was young."

She was perhaps amazed at my assurance, but I was surprised at hers; at her having the energy, in her state of health and at her time of life, to wish to sport with me that way — simply for her private entertainment to test me and practice on me. This, at least, was the interpretation that I put upon her production of the portrait, for I did n't believe that she really desired to sell it or cared for any information I might give her. What she wished was to dangle it before my eyes and put a prohibitive price upon it. "The face comes back to me, it torments me," I said, turning the picture this way and that, and looking at it very critically. It was a careful but not a brilliant work of art, larger than the ordinary miniature, and representing a young man with a remarkably handsome face, in a high-collared green coat and a buff waistcoat. I judged the picture to have a valuable quality of resemblance and to have been painted when the model was about twenty-five years old. There are, as all the world knows, three other portraits of the poet in existence, but none of them is of so early a date as this elegant production. "I have never seen the original, but I have seen other pictures," I went on. "You expressed doubt of this generation having heard of the gentleman, but he strikes me for all the world as a celebrity. Now who is he? I can't put my finger upon him. Was n't he a writer? Surely he 's a poet." I was determined that it should be she, not I, who should first pronounce Jeffrey Aspern's name.

My resolution was taken in ignorance of Miss Bordereau's extremely resolute character, and her lips never formed, in my hearing, the syllables that meant so much for her. She neglected to answer my question but raised her hand to take back the picture, with a gesture which, though ineffectual, was in a high degree peremptory. "It 's only a person who should know, for himself, that would give me my price," she said, with a certain dryness.

"Oh, then, you have a price?" I did n't restore the precious object; not from any vindictive purpose, but because I instinctively clung to it. We looked at each other hard while I continued to retain it.

"I know the least I would take.

What it occurred to me to ask you about is the most I should be able to get."

She made a movement, drawing herself together, as if, in a spasm of terror at having lost the picture, she were going to attempt the immense effort of rising to snatch it from me. I instantly placed it in her hand again, saying as I did so, "I should like to have it myself, but with your ideas I could never afford it."

She turned the small oval plate over in her lap, with its face down, and I thought I saw her catch her breath a little, as if she had been strained or had an escape. This, however, did n't prevent her from saying, in a moment, "You would buy a likeness of a person you don't know, by an artist who has no reputation?"

"The artist may have no reputation, but that thing is wonderfully well painted," I replied, to give myself a reason.

"It 's lucky you thought of saying that, because the painter was my father."

"That makes the picture indeed precious!" I exclaimed, laughing; and I may add that a part of my laughter came from my satisfaction in finding that I had been right in my theory of Miss Bordereau's origin. Aspern had of course met the young lady when he went to her father's studio as a sitter. I observed to Miss Bordereau that if she would entrust me with the picture for twenty-four hours I should be happy to take advice upon it; but she made no answer to this save to slip it, in silence, into her pocket. This convinced me still more that she had no sincere intention of selling it during her own lifetime, though she may have desired to satisfy herself as to the sum her niece, should she leave it to her, might expect eventually to obtain for it. "Well, at any rate, I hope you will not offer it without giving me notice," I said, as she remained irresponsive. "Remember that I am a possible purchaser."

"I should want your money first!" she returned, with unexpected rudeness; and then, as if she bethought herself that I had just cause to complain of such an insinuation, and wished to turn the matter off, asked abruptly what I talked about with her niece when I went out with her that way in the evening.

"You speak as if we had set up the habit," I replied. "Certainly, I should be very glad if it were to become a habit. But in that case I should feel still greater scruples at betraying a lady's confidence."

"Her confidence? Has she got confidence?"

"Here she is — she can tell you herself," I said; for Miss Tita now appeared on the threshold of the old woman's parlor. "Have you got confidence, Miss Tita? Your aunt wants very much to know."

"Not in her, not in her!" the younger lady declared, shaking her head with a dolefulness that was neither jocular nor affected. "I don't know what to do with her; she has fits of horrid imprudence. She is so easily tired, and yet she has begun to roam, to drag herself about the house." And she stood looking down at her immemorial companion with a sort of helpless wonder, as if all their years of familiarity had not made her perversities, on occasion, any more easy to follow.

"I know what I 'm about. I 'm not losing my mind. I dare say you would like to think so," said Miss Bordereau, with a cynical little sigh.

"I don't suppose you came out here yourself. Miss Tita must have had to lend you a hand," I interposed, with a pacifying intention.

"Oh, she insisted that we should push her; and when she insists!" said Miss Tita, in the same tone of apprehension, as if she did n't know what service that she disapproved of her aunt might force her next to render.

"I have always got most things done I wanted, thank God! The people I

have lived with have humored me," the old woman continued, speaking out of the ashes of her vanity.

"I suppose you mean that they have obeyed you."

"Well, whatever it is, when they like you."

"It 's just because I like you that I want to resist," said Miss Tita, with a nervous laugh.

"Oh, I suspect you 'll bring Miss Bordereau up-stairs next, to pay me a visit," I went on; to which the old lady replied —

"Oh, no; I can keep an eye on you from here!"

"You are very tired; you 'll certainly be ill to-night," Miss Tita remarked.

"Nonsense, my dear; I feel better at this moment than I have done for a month. To-morrow I shall come out again. I want to be where I can see this gentleman."

"Should n't you perhaps see me better in your sitting-room?" I inquired.

"Don't you mean, should n't you have a better chance at me?" she returned, fixing me a moment with her green shade.

"Ah, I have n't that anywhere! I look at you, but I don't see you."

"You excite her dreadfully, and that is not good," said Miss Tita, giving me a reproachful, appealing look.

"I want to watch you — I want to watch you!" the old lady went on.

"Well, then, let us spend as much of our time together as possible — I don't care where — and that will give you every facility."

"Oh, I 've seen you enough for to-day. I 'm satisfied. Now I 'll go home." Miss Tita laid her hands on the back of her aunt's chair and began to push, but I begged her to let me take her place. "Oh, yes, you may move me this way — you sha'n't in any other!" Miss Bordereau exclaimed, as she felt herself propelled firmly and easily over the smooth, hard floor. Before we reached the door of her own apartment she commanded me to stop, and she took a long, last look up and down the noble sala. "Oh, it 's a magnificent house!" she murmured; after which I pushed her forward. When we had entered the parlor Miss Tita told me that she should now be able to manage, and at the same moment the little red-haired *donna* came to meet her mistress. Miss Tita's idea was evidently to get her aunt immediately back to bed. I confess that in spite of this urgency I was guilty of the indiscretion of lingering; it held me there to think that I was nearer the documents I coveted — that they were probably put away somewhere in the faded, unsociable room. The place had indeed a bareness which did n't suggest hidden treasures; there were no dusky nooks nor curtained corners, no massive cabinets nor chests with iron bands. Moreover, it was possible, it was perhaps even probable, that the old lady had consigned her relics to her bedroom, to some battered box that was shoved under the bed, to the drawer of some lame dressing-table, where they would be in the range of vision by the dim night-lamp. None the less I scrutinized every article of furniture, every conceivable cover for a hoard, and noticed that there were half a dozen things with drawers, and, in particular, a tall old secretary, with brass ornaments, of the style of the Empire — a receptacle somewhat rickety, but still capable of keeping a great many secrets. I don't know why this article fascinated me so, inasmuch as I certainly had no definite purpose of breaking into it; but I stared at it so hard that Miss Tita noticed me and changed color. Her doing this made me think I was right and that, wherever they might have been before, the Aspern papers at that moment languished behind the peevish little lock of the secretary. It was hard to remove my eyes from the dull mahogany front when I reflected that a simple panel

divided me from the documents of my desire; but I remembered my prudence and, with an effort, took leave of Miss Bordereau. To make the effort graceful I said to her that I should certainly bring her an opinion about the little picture.

"The little picture?" Miss Tita asked, surprised.

"What do *you* know about it, my dear?" the old woman demanded. "You need n't mind. I have fixed my price."

"And what may that be?"

"A thousand pounds."

"Oh Lord!" cried poor Miss Tita, irrepressibly.

"Is that what she talks to you about?" said Miss Bordereau.

"Imagine your aunt's wanting to know!" I had to separate from Miss Tita with only those words, though I should have liked immensely to add, "For Heaven's sake meet me to-night in the garden!"

Henry James.

TURNER'S OLD TÉMÉRAIRE.

UNDER A FIGURE SYMBOLIZING THE CHURCH.

THOU wast the fairest of all man-made things;
The breath of heaven bore up thy cloudy wings,
And, patient in their triple rank,
The thunders crouched about thy flank,
Their black lips silent with the doom of kings.

The storm-wind loved to rock him in thy pines,
And swell thy vans with breath of great designs;
Long-wildered pilgrims of the main
By thee relaid their course again,
Whose prow was guided by celestial signs.

How didst thou trample on tumultuous seas,
Or, like some basking sea-beast stretched at ease,
Let the bull-fronted surges glide
Caressingly along thy side,
Like glad hounds leaping by the huntsman's knees!

Heroic feet, with fire of genius shod,
In battle's ecstasy thy deck have trod,
While from their touch a fulgor ran
Through plank and spar, from man to man,
Welding thee to a thunderbolt of God.

Now a black demon, belching fire and steam,
Drags thee away, a pale, dismantled dream,
And all thy desecrated bulk
Must landlocked lie, a helpless hulk,
To gather weeds in the regardless stream.

Woe 's me, from Ocean's sky-horizoned air
To this! Better, the flame-cross still aflare,
Shot-shattered to have met thy doom
Where thy last lightnings cheered the gloom
Than here be safe in dangerless despair.

Thy drooping symbol to the flagstaff clings,
Thy rudder soothes the tide to lazy rings,
Thy thunders now but birthdays greet,
Thy planks forget the martyrs' feet,
Thy masts what challenges the sea-wind brings.

Thou a mere hospital, where human wrecks,
Like winter-flies, crawl those renownèd decks,
Ne'er trodden save by captive foes,
And wonted sternly to impose
God's will and thine on bowed imperial necks!

Shall nevermore, engendered of thy fame,
A new sea-eagle heir thy conqueror name,
And with commissioned talons wrench
From thy supplanter's grimy clench
His sheath of steel, his wings of smoke and flame?

This shall the pleased eyes of our children see;
For this the stars of God long even as we;
Earth listens for his wings; the Fates
Expectant lean; Faith cross-propt waits,
And the tired waves of Thought's insurgent sea.

James Russell Lowell.

FERDINAND LASSALLE, THE SOCIALIST.

In the cemetery of Breslau, a plain monument bears the inscription, "Ferdinand Lassalle, thinker and fighter." The epitaph is from August Boeckh, the great philologist and classical antiquary, whom Lassalle had known in his Berlin days, and it epitomizes the character of a man who was only thirty-nine years of age when he died. Lassalle was wont to resent the application to himself of the epithet "socialist," for he claimed to stand on scientific ground, and to be a genuine economist, which he may yet come to be considered. Thus far his fame is associated with the revival and reorganization of the German Social-Democratic Party, amongst whom his influence is still felt. It is also with weapons of his fabrication that Bismarck strives to overthrow the men whom "the thinker and fighter" marshaled upon the political field, and gave the guidons of battle.

Lassalle's greatest work was done in the last three years of his life, although his previous history was but a preparation for it. Like most other leaders, he made enthusiastic adherents and passion-

ate antagonists, and it is a sign of his greatness that his adversaries steadily diminish in number and cease from personalities. Soon after his death, J. M. Ludlow wrote for English readers a critical notice, which, while admitting his versatility and intellectual strength, attempted to discredit him by accusing him of ambition and an utter absence of the moral sense. Twelve years later, John Rae presented him afresh to the same public, with a far more studious estimate of his work and far fewer insinuations of his depravity. Twice since then Dr. Ingram, of Dublin, has enrolled him among the practical economists of Germany, with simple acceptance of his honorable historical place; abstaining from solicitations for condemnation upon the extraneous grounds of his origin, his gallantries, or his religious deficiencies. If the process goes on, like the once vilified Spinoza or Mazzini, he may yet be revered for his services to mankind.

What Lassalle accomplished in Germany will be better understood if we first gain some idea of his personality. Few men have been more strictly the product of their environment than Ferdinand Lassalle. Even the vices which his foes attributed to him, such as audacity, ambition, and salaciousness, are characteristics of turbulent times. He was a Jew. Many of the first promoters of German socialism were of this race, as Karl Marx and his disciples, Friedrich Engels, Edward Lasker, and Paul Singer, while the basis of their economical arguments is the teaching of David Ricardo, another Israelite. Ferdinand's father was a prosperous trader in Breslau, where, in his day, reminiscences of the great Frederick's invasions chilled the attachment of the people to the Hohenzollern house. The grandfather had many times paid the infamous *Leibzoll*, or tax assessed on every Hebrew as many times as he passed the municipal boundaries, or those of the petty state within which he resided. In his distress, the handsome Frederick William III., anxious to push the French to the wall as they returned from Russia, invited the Jews to help, promising them the civil rights of Gentiles; but a few years later he was compelled by public sentiment to revoke their army commissions, and to exclude their teachers from the universities. To the credit of the royal house of Prussia, it ought to be said that for a century few of its members have been guilty of the savage sentiment which first outlaws and then persecutes the children of Abraham. It was the social influence emanating from the apothegm of the present Crown Prince, that "educated men could not despise Jews," which repressed Court Chaplain Stöcker's late anti-Semitic agitation. This attitude of the reigning house has had much to do with the position of German Israel; for in earlier times a patent of nobility made the Jew "court-qualified," and, what was far more important, pointed out the way in which he was to seek civil emancipation. It confirmed his predilection for town life, and stimulated his taste for fashion, learning, and politics.

One other influence must not be lost from sight, and that arose among the educated classes. Scholastic life performs in Germany something of the same function that the Church did for feudal Europe. It is the one domain in Germany where all other distinctions than those of personal ability are leveled. Unusual significance must be attached to this fact in a country which affords no other field for the growth of cosmopolitan standards of manners and intercourse, and where provincialism and caste are factors to be daily confronted. The nobility still cling to court precedence, to army commissions, and to the diplomatic service; but even hereditary right to a seat in the Herrenhaus has not arrested the lapse of aristocracy into a segregated and uninfluential element of national life, while the crown right to create members of that house greatly

enhances the social patronage of the government. In rural and municipal life, the great body of the people is still impotent, for the tax assessor determines what relative weight the voter is to have in the control of public affairs.

Forty years ago, the Church was suffering from the effects of a court Erastianism, and for a generation had dissipated its energies in the petty controversies which arose out of the attempt to enforce a scheme of union conceived in a paralytic stage of rationalism. What influence it had grew out of the force with which its scholars threw themselves into university life. As a social institution, either to bind classes together and promote their intercourse, or to open definite careers to its adherents, its function was small.

The rural population was a peasantry, and the artisan guilds of the towns despotically repressed the enterprise of ingenious mechanics, or slowly crumbled before the concentrations of capital, caused by the introduction of machinery and its attendant subdivisions of labor. While manual toil was daily performing greater services for civilization, the toilers were sinking into a more isolated depression. Indeed, it was to arrest the gradual extinction of the small shops, with their masters, journeymen, and apprentices, and to stay the spread of the English type of industrial centralization, that Schultze-Delitzsch entered upon his tardily recognized coöperative schemes.

The one solvent of outgrown conditions was, and still is, culture. Here men are emancipated from conventional disabilities, here the prizes are open to merit, here affiliations are natural, here a vital reorganization of society seems possible, — a fact which goes far to explain why Germany strode so fast and surely to the front of scholarship. The court affected and patronized learning. Pretensions of birth were scorned in the schools, while the aristocracy, exclusive in temper and impoverished by frequent distribution of ancestral inheritances, was a *noblesse fainéante*. Examinations were the door to preferment in the gymnasium, the university, the civil service, and the church. While diplomacy and the army commands were tenaciously monopolized by the hereditary nobility, yet there were a few regiments and some staff appointments conceded to those who could win them by scholarship. A man who escaped from the oppressions of the farm or the shop, and from the contempt of hereditary pride, into the democratic air of a university was practically emancipated from all limitations but those of his own faculties. What other career, then, could an ambitious Jew choose in Germany but that of a scholar and a politician? Ferdinand Lassalle did not hesitate, and it is infinitely to his credit that he became so undisputed a scholar and so disinterested a politician. When he is charged with an insatiable and unscrupulous hankering for notoriety, one may regret that more men do not choose a public life with so little hope of reward, and pursue it with an equal loftiness of spirit.

His father, who wrote the name Lassal, wished the lad to be bred to trade, for which the boy had no liking, and sent him to a commercial school at Leipsic. Among the nobler minds of his race another ambition had been awakened, which one of them traces to Moses Mendelssohn, from whose friendship and character Lessing derived his conception of Nathan the Wise. It produced a Hebrew Culturverein in 1823, two years before Lassalle was born, which, though obnoxious to the orthodox Jews and of ephemeral duration, marked the drift that had already set in, and was, under the Frankels, Abraham Geiger, Morris Veit, and Leopold Zunz, to influence the ambition of the younger generation. The authority of the Talmud was shaken, and the allurements of song, history, and science were enticing. Lassalle returned from Leipsic to Bres-

lau, a city the synagogues of which were already penetrated with modern tastes. From the University of Breslau he went to that of Berlin, where he completed his studies in his twenty-first year. During his Berlin residence he met the septuagenarian Humboldt, who was attracted by his mental vigor and attainments, and called him a *Wunderkind*. It was Lassalle's intention at this time to qualify as a *privat-docent* in the University, and philosophy was his chosen line of study; for he had become deeply saturated with Hegelianism as well as with democratic opinions, according to the student fashion of the times, and he had planned a systematic exposition of the Ionian Heracleitus, who, above all Greek philosophers, lent himself most readily to the illustration of Hegel's conceptions. Thirteen years later, this undertaking was completed by the issue from the Berlin press of the standard work upon the subject, and one which immediately established Lassalle's position as a scholar.

But a serious interruption to his studies had already begun, and its course throws a strong light upon his character. The Countess Sophie von Hatzfeldt, who was then in the thirty-sixth year of her age, met him during his last term at the University. Her husband's residence was at Düsseldorf, a circumstance which led Lassalle to make his headquarters in the vicinity with consequences greatly affecting his future career. Here was one of the densest seats of industry in Europe, while the people, enjoying more liberal institutions than any other under the Prussian crown, were also deeply tinged with democratic sentiments. But, above all, here Lassalle was to meet Karl Marx and his intimate Engels, and to receive the impulse which fixed his economic system. The Count of Hatzfeldt was at bitter feud with his wife, who was also his cousin. Their joint estates were large. Whatever the original cause of their dissension, she had been dispossessed of her property; despoiled one by one of all her children but the youngest son, whom the father was then trying to remove from her custody; forced to live apart upon an insufficient income, capriciously supplied, and to see the family estates lavished upon her illicit rivals. For twenty years she had endured an exasperating persecution, and under every disadvantage which German customs and tribunals could put in the way of a woman contending for her marital rights. It will not be necessary to recite again the oft-told story of Lassalle's spirited intervention beyond what is necessary to exhibit his character. Two instincts of his nature were profoundly touched by the Countess's misfortunes: his chivalrous resentment of a woman's wrongs, and his hatred of injustice. The social emancipation of his race was but recent, and with the abandon of youth he had thrown himself into the business of making the most of it. His income was generous, his person was handsome, his manners were captivating, his dress was fashionable, his dinners were artistic, and he loved to pose as a young *Gelehrter*. With all his dashing audacity, there was beneath the characteristic calculation of his race, which seldom fails to see the substantial good to be gained. His recklessness, although it did not transcend the prudence necessary to his ends, was not an affectation, but rather the policy of an arrogant nature. Under the form of Alcibiades was the heart of Maccabee. The enthusiasms of his own youth were reinforced by those of a rejuvenating race, constituting a kind of primitive exuberance. Lassalle determined to succor the Countess, and for ten years he did not cease to prosecute her cause, nor until justice was secured. He took up the study of law to qualify himself to be her adviser. He infected his companions with his own generous indignations. "When every human right is violated," he says, "when even

the voice of blood is mute and helpless and man is forsaken by his born protectors, then there arises with right man's first and last relation, — man." That was his warrant for interposition. He opposed truth to appearance, right to rank, mind to money, and averred that had he foreseen all the calumny and its easy credence which awaited him he would not have flinched.

During all this time he was under the bribed espionage of his own valets, and his conduct was subjected to every misconstruction. How violent an enemy he had to fight is shown by the affair of the *cassette*. The Countess learned in some way that her husband was about to settle an annuity of five thousand dollars upon his mistress, Baroness von Meyerdorff, to the impoverishment of their youngest child. She went to him to remonstrate, and at the first interview obtained a promise to cancel the lien, but on seeking a second interview was contumeliously driven from the door; and soon after the Meyerdorff started for Cologne, it was believed, to secure her bond. At Lassalle's instigation, the casket containing it was abstracted from her room — stolen, the legal processes said — by two of his companions. All three were tried, but only one — Mendelssohn — was imprisoned. Nevertheless, the odium of theft was never suffered to fall from Lassalle, although the nature of the transaction as the righting of a great wrong was never disputed. He pursued the Countess's right in thirty-six distinct actions in court, and forced her husband to compromise on unexpectedly favorable terms. As might be anticipated, he was his client's intimate friend, often her guest, and again and again received from her gratitude moneys which he would not accept as fees. The tongue of scandal was busy with this couple, and had their relations to each other been in any wise immoral, the scrutiny of the powerful and unscrupulous noble whom he attacked would have detected it. Such a charge rests upon no better foundation than that Sophie von Hatzfeldt was fond of horses and rather dashing in manners, while Lassalle was handsome, was in the impressionable age, and perhaps was as salacious as those who suspected him of wrong. But, after the lapse of years, there remains of this affair only the admiration of ingenuous minds for the chivalrous and splendid part which he performed.

Lassalle went to Düsseldorf in the summer of 1846 with a letter from Prince Frederick of Prussia to Hatzfeldt, intending to open negotiations with him for a marital settlement, and there the same business caused him to linger for several years. In the autumn of 1846 he was in Paris, where Heine, in the full brilliance of his journalism, received him with admiration, and sent him back to Varnhagen von Ense, in Berlin; saying that he united "with the richest gifts of exposition an energy of the will and an *habilité* in action which astounded" him, but that he was a genuine son of the new age, in which there was no pretense of modesty or self-denial. Lassalle himself claimed at that time friendly association with the "foremost men of learning in Germany."

Two years later, Marx and Engels left Belgium, and began to edit the Neue Rheinische Zeitung of the democratic party in Rhineland. It was a time of agitation in Europe. At Berlin the government dissolved Parliament, and, with the promise of conceding a constitution, undertook to administer affairs on the primitive basis of royal right. All Germany was in a ferment, and the popular expedient for tying the hands of the government was that of withholding taxes. In Düsseldorf, Lassalle, who derided a "passive resistance which did not resist," joined with Cantador, the head of the burgher guard, in proposing barricades, taking possession of the public money, and arming the people. He

had just escaped from the custody of the *Staatsanwälte* on charge of stealing the cassette, when he was thrown into prison for sedition, where he lay for six months before he was brought to trial. On the 3d of May, 1849, he defended himself before the tribunal with a lofty and uncompromising intrepidity. "I am an adherent of the social-democratic republic," said he. "When the government confiscates popular freedom, an appeal to arms is a right and a duty." His invectives of Parliament for its feeble policy of "ill-will" were unsparing. For himself, he was a "revolutionist on principle." By this he meant, not necessarily violence, for every fundamental change in principle is a revolution, while a reform is only a modification of method. A reform could be bloody, as was the peasants' war; a revolution might be peaceable, as was the Protestant Reformation. The point he wished to make was, that he looked for a reorganization of the state upon new principles, and however that was to be achieved he was for it. His personal defense attracted great attention for its candid avowals, its lofty courage, its brilliance, and its success; for he was acquitted by the jury, and the government was forced to bring him before an inferior tribunal, where a jury could be dispensed with, and to try him upon a petty accusation of resisting the police. For this minor offense he was incarcerated for six months. He went jubilantly to prison, gave orders to the turnkeys, broke the rules of discipline, made himself comfortable, and, when his sister appealed to the crown for his release, immediately disclaimed her petition. But the trial bore serious consequences. On account of it he was forbidden to come to Berlin, although it is quite probable that the influence of the Count von Hatzfeldt was felt in procuring the prohibition. He therefore returned to Düsseldorf, smarting under his proscription, opening his rooms as an asylum to political refugees, imbibing the economy of Marx, and working on his Heracleitus.

After several futile applications for permission to return to Berlin, he disguised himself as a teamster, and thus entered the city. This was in 1859, but John Rae, in his Contemporary Socialism, erroneously puts it two years earlier. It was the publication, in 1858, of Die Philosophie Herakleitos des Dunklen and the intercession of Humboldt upon which he relied to secure his unmolested residence at the capital. Nor was he disappointed in the influence of either. The political agitator was forgotten in the critical and superb scholar.

Now comes an event seemingly out of correspondence with the rest of his public career, but which really had much to do with it, — an event which evinces his marvelous political sagacity. He signalized his return to Berlin by a pamphlet called The Italian War and the Mission of Prussia, a Voice from the Democracy, in which the policy actually followed by Bismarck, who was then in the diplomatic corps, was described and advocated. In July of that year, the Peace of Villafranca was signed. Although the treaty left the boundaries of Victor Emmanuel's kingdom at the Mincio and the Po, the problem of Italian unity was solved, and it was evident that the whole peninsula would ultimately obey one sceptre. When this was accomplished, the republicans would have a fair field for their operations. Nationality must go before democracy. Such was the procedure which Lassalle commended to Germany. Austria must be driven out of the Confederation, and the hegemony transferred to Prussia, under whose authority alone the aspiration for German unity could be realized. On the new stage the revolutionists could play their part like men.

So far from being ready to receive these counsels were his compatriots that many of them deemed Lassalle to have

deserted his standards, and gone over to the monarchy. But there was such sagacious prescience in his views that one would not be surprised to learn that Bismarck inspired them. At all events, it is certain that many points of contact between these two men existed, and at the very time of Lassalle's pamphlet Bismarck was writing to Schleinitz that a rupture with Austria would be a "healthy crisis," for "Prussia's connection with the Germanic Confederation was a thing to be cured with blood and fire."

At this juncture, two publications presented the versatile Lassalle to the world as a jurist and a critic. Neither of them need detain us long. In 1861 appeared The System of Acquired Rights, which traces the philosophical evolution of positive law, and lays the foundation of a new socialistic epoch; such as dominated, in widely different manners, the dreams of his friends Marx and Rodbertus. The work is not without authority among masters of jurisprudence.

As a critic Lassalle fell foul of poor Heinrich Julian Schmidt, who had been rash enough to attempt the interpretation of German intellectual life to mankind. From Schmidt's wares he shook the false criticisms, the historical blunders, and the grammatical errors, making them smoke under his sarcasm, until all Germany was filled with the odor of a dissolving literary reputation. "Divine to man is that which he does not understand," the hapless Schmidt had said. "Ach! Mein Herr," retorted his relentless critic, "it is not so, for then all German literature would be divine to you."

Contemporaneous with the accession of Bismarck to the royal cabinet began Lassalle's significant public career. Hitherto political activity had been to him chiefly an incident of a scholar's life. The time had come for his varied labors to bear some practical fruit. There was not a conservative fibre in him, for what had he to conserve? While his venerable father still adhered to the synagogue, he had exchanged the learning of Babylon and Tiberias for the culture of Athens. He was twenty-five years old before he wholly ceased to be an alien in the land of his birth, and he owed its traditions little allegiance. He was a recognized expounder of the only metaphysics that then had any vitality in Germany; he was a jurist who had traced the orderly growth of law from Solon to Napoleon; he was an economist who, while not claiming originality, had exploited with rigorous logic the whole orthodox school, and insisted that the "dismal science" must be rejuvenated by a larger study. He hated oppression and injustice; he had felt the sinister pervasiveness of aristocratic influence in his own imprisonments; he had defied absolutism and scorned the penalties it could inflict; he was humane, fearless, of splendid energy, a born leader amongst his companions, fertile in expedients, undaunted and lofty. What place could this exuberant child of revolution and the prisons take in the urgent social life of his times? Everything in his history converges to one goal. One could predict that his conservatism will be only that of a theorist, that his outlook will be upon a new state, that his method will be bold and energetic, and that his object will be humane.

As president, whether provisional or permanent, of the Staats Ministerium, Bismarck had to release the government from the annoyance of a distracted, *doctrinaire*, and feeble legislature. The party in that body strongest in numbers was the Fortschritt, or Progressist, which was made up of the burgher class, the lawyers and scholars, men who esteemed themselves liberal, and to them the "mad Junker" was a menace. But Bismarck was both a nationalist and an absolutist, — perhaps the one for the sake of the other, — with a splendid

courage, and an impatience of sophistries and obstructions which must have fascinated a man of Lassalle's spirit. Both were men, to use Heine's thought again, of "the new age, without pretense of modesty or self-denial." Both were also, but for different reasons, advocates of universal direct suffrage, and opposed to the classified cumbrous electoral system of the constitution of 1850. Lassalle now began to issue opportune political pamphlets, all of which were contributions to the support of the great minister. In one he insisted on the precedence of might over right, not because the ethical order was good, but because it was the uniform historical order. He would compel right to seek its embodiment in action, without which it is sham. In another he attacked the constitutionalism of the Liberals, because the existing one was a pretense, and blinded men to real issues. A written charter creates nothing; it simply declares what exists. The actual distribution of power is the thing to be looked to. Lassalle had no respect for a constitution which hindered the court and army from achieving national unity, and gave the populace no regulation of their own freedom. That constitution was a lie. Already he was a sufficiently conspicuous figure to incur the wrath of the Progressists, who soon made him feel the weight of their resentment; but as his attitude promised a diversion in the ranks of his political foes, and the creation of an extreme left to turn their flank, Bismarck has been more than suspected of giving him countenance. For the emergency the men were of one mind.

On October 12, 1862, Lassalle, before the Artisans' Society of the Oranienburg suburb of the capital, delivered a lecture which in a later form is known as the Workingmen's Programme. It contains his own economic and political theories, and traces out lines of action adhered to by the Social-Democrats to the present day. For this lecture he was arrested, on the charge of inciting the proletariats against the property classes, and condemned to a six months' imprisonment at Berlin, which he bore with the same lofty hardihood as he had the previous one at Cologne. But the lecture and the imprisonment commended him to the workingmen in a way that first gave him access to their councils and the attitude of a leader. It was the era of Workingmen's Congresses, and one about to meet at Leipsic invited Lassalle to address it in February, 1863. In his cell he wrote to it a letter of advice. Among the Leipsic artisans, the discussion of their political duties was warmly prosecuted. Some favored adhesion to the Fortschritt party, from which Schultze-Delitzsch had won a little countenance for his trades-unions, savings-funds, and coöperative societies; others advocated abstinence altogether from political action. Lassalle told these men that both positions were unwise: the Progressist section, because that party was the foe of universal suffrage, in which must be found the solution of the industrial problem, and because the Schultze-Delitzsch plan of self-help was based upon the fundamentally wrong economical doctrine of competition and its consequent "law of wages;" the abstinence section, because the people were the state, and to ignore the state was self-elimination. No socialism had been laid to the charge of the government for the assistance it gave to railways, to agriculture, or to manufactures; neither should there be if it should assist laborers' production. Let the working-people first demand direct universal suffrage; and when the control of government was by this means placed in their hands, then let them insist that its powers should be used to secure a juster distribution of the annual income than that founded upon the iron law of necessary wages. The letter containing this advice was largely condemned by the journals of the day, and formally

rejected by workingmen's clubs all over the country. Leipsic alone seemed disposed to listen patiently, and thither Lassalle went in April, and addressed a meeting of thirteen hundred men, of whom but seven voted against him. On May 23d he founded the Deutscher Arbeiterverein, of which he became the first president. Fifteen months later he was dead. Into this short period was compressed an astounding amount of propagandist activity. He wrought almost single-handed against the apathy of the class he sought to organize, and against the afflux of visionary, impracticable social agitators of every description. On South Germany he could make no impression; the chief scenes of his success were Leipsic, Berlin, Frankfort, and the Rhine provinces, where his former career had made him the idol of the workingmen.

Marx was at this time in London, a recognized leader of the communists, and was working away at the organization of the International. His affiliations were largely with the French, and his views were expanded to cover all the working-classes, without regard to race or state limits. Herein Lassalle differed from him, not in theory or economic aims, but in confining his movement to the creation of a German national party, aiming first at the control of the instruments of legislation. His restless energies were occupied with correspondence, public addresses, organization of branches, publication of tracts (many of them from Rodbertus), songs and social romances; with suppressing rivalries, jealousies, and wild schemes of violence; and with meeting government prosecutions, of which he encountered an average of one about every six weeks. On the other hand, he was probably encouraged by the "mad Junker" at the head of the Staats Ministerium; for it is known that at one time a telegram from Bismarck put a stop to a local police design of interference with one of his public meetings. Moreover, the chief obstructions to Bismarck's government came from the Fortschritt party, whose hold upon the populace it was his interest to weaken, and this Lassalle's new organization tended to accomplish.

The Schultze-Delitzsch controversy, which fell in the last year of Lassalle's life, exhibits the position taken by the founder of the Social-Democrat party, and the fear inspired by his activity and by the ovations tendered him in Rhineland. As soon as the diversion of the artisans from the Fortschritt party threatened to become formidable, it turned to Schultze, whom it had thus far treated with considerable indifference, intending to bring him into the field to neutralize the influence of the "revolutionist on principle." After a course of six very effective lectures by Lassalle before the Berlin Workingmen's Union, the Saxon apostle of coöperation was rash enough to assail his position, and, rashest of all, to accuse him of superficial learning. Nothing was better calculated to inflame the polemic ardor of the young Gelehrter than a taunt of ignorance, and Lassalle went to work with piquant zeal, not only to demolish the arguments of his antagonist, but to retort the evidences of his own incompetency upon him. Of the score of original publications belonging to the last fifteen months of his life, the product of this transport is the longest and the best presentation of its author's economic opinions.

Poor Schultze was a disciple of Frederic Bastiat, the vivacious opponent of French socialism as represented by Louis Blanc, Considérant, and Prudhon. Bastiat had made use of Henry C. Carey's doctrine of rent, that it rested not upon possession simply, but upon the improvements which had rendered the land arable, and therefore upon the previous labor expended. All natural things he held to be gratuitous to man, like the air or water. Rent, then, was a recog-

nition of labor, the receiver of it a representative of labor, and real property was not, as Prudhon declared, "robbery." But this position avails nothing against the scientific socialist, for he does not assail the right of property, but the mode of distributing the national income, by which the laborer receives only what is necessary to maintain him in working condition and in the reproduction of other proletariats, while those who are in command of the instruments of production, such as capital and land, take all the difference between the cost of material and labor and the market value, without any regard to the amount of service they render. Ricardo had taught that labor was the source of all production, though his theory of rent departed from Bastiat's. Now it was this doctrine which Rodbertus and Marx had seized upon as an economical axiom, and used to show the injustice of free competition as an industrial law. Indeed, it is the basis of all socialistic thinking. Schultze had not removed private property from the arguments of his opponents by following Carey; on the contrary, he had exposed it still more to their claims.

It was no difficult task to upset the teachings of a superficial follower of the clever but inconsequential French disciple of the English economists. Lassalle set about it characteristically, and entitled his book Herr Bastiat Schultze von Delitzsch, der Oekonomische Julian, oder Capital und Arbeit, thus indicating that Schultze's information was second hand, that he was to be demolished with the same trenchant sarcasm as poor Schmidt, the literary historian, had been, and that the vital industrial problem was the regulation of the proper share of surplus value to be accorded each to capital and labor. Schultze never entered the field of polemics again, and his leadership amongst workingmen was effectually discredited. Historically, Lassalle's position was that feudal organization sought solidarity by virtually owning labor; that the struggle for personal liberty which culminated in the French Revolution of 1789 issued in a practically privileged *bourgeois* class; that Abbé Sieyès's *tiers état* contained a *fourth estate*, the working people, who were ninety-six per cent. of the nation, but were practically disfranchised. The French constitution, which distinguished between the active and passive citizen, giving suffrage to payers of a prescribed amount of taxes and withholding it from others, was a proof of this fact, as the electoral system of Prussia still is. Lassalle considered that the incidence of all indirect taxation was upon the consumer; and as five sixths of the Prussian revenue were derived from such sources, the great body of the workingmen bore the burden of state-support. Schultze's alleviating schemes had two radical faults: first, they were content with the so-called free competition of the orthodox economists and were based upon the permanence of the existing industrial organization; secondly, they called upon the workingmen who were without capital to combine for competition with those who were in possession of all the instruments of production in the country. In such a strife, the artisan was foreordained to fail. Competition and the "necessary law of wages" were the two things to extirpate, not to build afresh upon. They had been tried, and the result was a *bourgeoisie*, rapacious and plutocratic, ignorant of the conditions of trade, and therefore speculative. The socialist does not wage war upon private property. He believes in it, and only seeks to make its legitimate acquisition possible to the producing classes. He is charged with atheism, but in the programme of the Socialistic Workingmen's Party of Germany, which is the platform upon which it has stood ever since the Congress of Gotha in 1875, "religion is declared to be a private concern;" and this, for Americans, is not only sound political doctrine,

but indefeasible. Some of Lassalle's critics have said that he discouraged the Schultze doctrine of self-help to substitute for it state-help. Who is the state? asked Lassalle. It is the people. Is not the state themselves, and state-help self-help? What becomes of the prodigious revenues levied upon consumption, of which the poor contribute the greater part to the support of the government? They are squandered in dynastic squabbles, or employed to aid the enterprises of the capitalistic classes. Would it not be better to spend part of this money in guiding and building up productive enterprises under state regulation, in which profit-sharing should take the place of wages?

Ethically considered, self-help means individualism. It opposes the selfishness of the individual, as far as practicable, to the welfare of the whole. Socialism seeks solidarity of interests; and if it be objected that under it the individual will still be guided by self-interest, the answer is that in a socialistic *régime* it is difficult to extricate personal from the general welfare. Among the *bourgeoisie*, chance and connections make men wealthy. It beholds the whole trading world linked together, from Berlin to Melbourne and Tacoma. The men in the control of its enterprises are at work in the dark, ignorant of the intricate state of supply and demand, and therefore speculating. The system is anarchic, and should give way to a rational regulation.

Again, society has long been reducing the rights of property. It has forbidden that right in the laborer; it ought also to prohibit it in his labor. It is true, the workingman has technical freedom, but freedom is no boon unless it bring with it the opportunity for development. It is but small gain to put an end to slavery, if a man is still compelled by hopeless necessity to part with his time and faculty for a bare subsistence. To the bourgeoisie the function of the state is simply to stand guard over personal liberty. To the socialist it is something far higher. Without it man has not advanced, and cannot develop. It is the great instrument for the advancement of culture; and it is only just that those who are the larger part of the state should, in their political capacity, obtain the best means for promoting personal excellence. In all this, Lassalle firmly believed that he was seeking increase of production and a rationally just distribution of income. The method he prescribed for realizing a social republic was agitation for direct universal suffrage. When that was achieved, the ninety-six per cent. of the population would be in possession of the government. Whether they would use their power well is to some a matter of conjecture, to many of foreboding. That they can be trusted the history of our own country, and even the parliamentary reforms of Great Britain, have so far shown, for in both countries direct universal suffrage is now the practical basis of government.

Lassalle died in a duel. The circumstances are these: In 1862, at Berlin, he encountered Helene von Dönnigsen, the daughter, by a Jewish mother, of the Bavarian minister to Switzerland, and an heiress in her own right. She was a fair-haired woman of about twenty-two years, adventurous, keen, and eccentric, but, as Lassalle said and events proved, deficient in resolution. So much did she resemble him that in after-years, when acting on an amateur stage in Breslau, many of the audience spoke of her as the young Lassalle come to life again. At this time, negotiations were already on foot to contract Helene to a Wallachian Count von Racowitza, whom she eventually married. Of all the exclusive circles in Germany, none is more exacting than the diplomatic. When, in 1847, Bismarck, discussing Jewish emancipation in the Prussian Parliament, said that while willing to accord to Hebrews

every personal civil right, "If I should see a Jew a representative of the king's most sacred majesty, I should feel deeply humiliated," he circumscribed that sacred area within which none but aristocratic feet might tread. Lassalle sought an alliance within this inviolable caste, and was resolutely repulsed. Helene fell under the spell of his beauty and daring, and all accounts of the courtship represent her as making the first advances, even to a point where a less chivalrous nature than his would have deeply compromised her. In July, 1864, he turned over his duties as head of the Workingmen's Union to Bernhard Becker, who as his political executor was soon to succeed him, and went to Rhigi Mountain, in the Canton of Schwyz, ostensibly for his health. Thither came Helene in company with some ladies, upon an excursion, and made her presence known to him. They spent a day together. It is probable that this interview was brought about by one of Lassalle's friends, the fair lady being quite ready for the adventure. A number of encounters succeeded, in one of which Helene came to him, and, foreseeing the inexorable opposition of her parents, proposed an immediate elopement; but he took the Fräulein courteously back to her mother, — a chivalrous act which was the beginning of an estrangement. Lassalle was determined to conquer the reluctance of her family, and to win his bride openly and fairly. On the girl's return home, two emissaries of her father came to Lassalle to beg him to leave Geneva, where all the parties then were, and to relinquish further pursuit of her hand. He refused, and employed the agency of two friends to obtain for him further intercourse.

Meanwhile, the parents spurred on the Racowitza engagement, and the placid Helene rapidly subsided into unresisting conformity to parental plans, from which state neither Lassalle's frantic letters nor the eloquence of his friends could rouse her. In vain he invoked the intervention of the Countess von Hatzfeldt; of Baron von Schrenk, the official superior of Dönnigsen; and of his friend Ketteler, the saintly Bishop of Mainz. It is said that Lassalle proposed to turn Catholic, and seek with Helene the protection of the Church for their nuptials, forgetting that the Dönnigsens were Protestants. But surely no such conjecture is needed. Ketteler was himself of aristocratic birth, of the same faith as the Bavarian court, and also a friend of the Countess von Hatzfeldt. He had already been attracted by Lassalle's economic doctrines, had expressed his sympathy with them, and was contemplating the organization of a Catholic socialistic movement for his own archdiocese. His was an influence that a Bavarian diplomat would respect, and Lassalle had not to go far out of his way to secure it.

But the Wallachian count arrived on the scene, and the revolutionary suitor received a harsh and peremptory dismissal. The ostensible objection to Lassalle was the odium of the casket theft, yet evidence is not wanting that the real ground of his rejection was the fear of compromising the Dönnigsen social and official position by an alliance with a man of unrecognized family. Lassalle, who could ill brook opposition, let alone contumely, raged, and so far forgot himself as to challenge Helene's father and successful suitor. He who carried Robespierre's cane with him ostentatiously, because he had received it in token of approbation of his moral courage in formerly refusing the *duello* on principle, went into the field with Racowitza, in a Genevan suburb, on the morning of the 28th of August, and there received an abdominal wound, from which, after great torture, he died on the third day. Helene married her Wallachian lover, and soon after nursed him through a fatal illness. She and Herr Becker have given to the public many particulars of

this episode in her life, but they are of little permanent interest.

Now follows one of the most singular features of this tumultuous history. A great concourse assembled, from workingmen's unions, socialistic clubs, and political and learned circles, to attend the funeral ceremonies at Geneva. Under the direction of Countess von Hatzfeldt, the body was borne through Rhineland, and received with pageantry at every town, until at Cologne its progress towards Berlin was interrupted by the police, who in the name of the family bore away the corpse for sepulture at Breslau. Upon Lassalle's testamentary nomination, Bernhard Becker became president of the German Labor League, and set about enhancing, with perilous arts, the influence of the dead leader. He with others resolved to exalt Lassalle's ascendency into the domain of faith, and to surround his grave with a glamour like that which once rested upon the tombs of King Arthur of Britain and of Frederic Barbarossa. They instituted festivals in honor of the dead (*Todtenfeier*), in which he was represented as translated, and his spirit was invoked. It is probable that many of the more superstitious artisans believed that the founder of the Arbeiterverein was sacrificed by aristocratic influence on their account, and even that he would come again from the tomb to lead them to victory. In their clubs, one called him the "Messiah of the century;" another, "the mighty Titan, who never dies;" and a third said, "The salvation of the people was destined to a man of the seed of Judah." Semi-religious celebrations were periodically maintained in various parts of Germany, until, at least, the anti-socialist laws of 1878 were put in force, and the very contriver of the cult, eventually thinking it outgrown, undertook to extirpate its last roots by unsavory "revelations" of Lassalle's "tragic life-ending." For this misuse of his name the dead man could in no wise be responsible. That his career should readily lend itself to such an apotheosis is evidence of the extraordinary impression made by his energy and genius.

When the results of a man's life are to be measured, one must look beyond the mere limits of professed discipleship. There are solar agitations above and below the visible spectrum of the sun's rays. So those who do mankind the greatest services are men whose influence transcends the circles of sect and party. As an organizer of a league, Lassalle died weary with disappointment. He wished to array in one union 100,000 workingmen for his fulcrum, from which to move the Prussian government, and when he perished he had enrolled but 4610 adherents. Three years elapsed before any notable expansion of numbers began, and then a diversion had set in, under the leadership of Bebel and Liebknecht, in favor of Karl Marx's International Society. Yet to-day it is the political maxims of Lassalle rather than of Marx which direct the aims of the Social-Democrats of Germany towards national rejuvenation. In 1867 that party returned five members to the North German Diet. In 1877 twelve, and in 1884, despite the active repression of the government, twenty-four, of their representatives sat among the deputies of the Reichstag.

When the socialist laws of 1878 were under debate, Prince Bismarck spoke of Lassalle as "a man of the greatest amiability and ability, from whom much could be learned." The great Chancellor had connived at the formation of Lassalle's Labor League, and had profited by his policy; but he had also evoked a marshaled strength, fast becoming formidable. He determined to put it down, and his process resolved itself into counterparts: with one hand he would repress it by statute, with the other he would conciliate and control it. To accomplish the latter part of his design, he concocted a measure of national insurance for

workingmen, and a council of advice upon questions of social economy. The project is essentially Lassallean in principle, and popular support for it is sought in the opinions and motives which Lassalle disseminated. By becoming a Lassalle himself, Bismarck would overthrow the authority of Lassalle. In introducing the scheme of national insurance, the Chancellor candidly said his plan was only tentative, and that the policy, once entered upon, must draw in its wake further socialistic experiments. Thus Germany begins to domicile the spirit of the great agitator in the central chambers of her authority.

Two other related movements must be referred back to Lassalle. The Catholic socialism of Bishop von Ketteler has already been mentioned, and where it has planted itself the propaganda of the secularists is well-nigh impotent. A like religious organization has sprung up in the Lutheran Church, and at Berlin it is represented by Stöcker, the court chaplain, whose crusade against the Jews has already been mentioned. In each of these movements, the historical starting-point was the teaching of Ferdinand Lassalle, a man whose theories are now turned to do duty against his adherents.

As an economist Lassalle did not claim originality. There was no need for it: the old orthodoxy devoured itself; the industrial world needed reconstruction upon contradictions of its definitions; the last utterances of historical and economic wisdom were on the pages of Rodbertus and Marx. It is due to Lassalle that the researches and conclusions of these scholars have become the possession of German workingmen. To the emphasis which he gave to the historical method of studying social problems it is also largely due that the younger generation of German economists accept the designation of "Socialists of the Chair," and recognize as a fundamental postulate that wealth is more than money, because it includes the public weal.

As Abbé Sieyès defined the tiers état and made it visible to France, so within that estate Lassalle found a fourth and greater, — the workingmen; and he is its political apostle who has made its existence manifest to the world.

D. O. Kellogg.

TO MY INFANT SON.

In what far land you dwelt before you came
To this our earth, truly I cannot tell;
But much I fear you hold yourself to blame
When you reflect, and doubt if you did well
To make the change. What wild caprice did move you
On quest so rash as changing worlds to prove you?

Much of that world I wonder, while I try
If I may gather from your speech or mien
Some clue its place or sort may signify.
I surely something of that land unseen
May gather if I watch you very shrewdly,
Although, perchance, I form my guesses crudely.

It must a region be of sweetest clime
And wholesome air that one so fair has bred;
It much misheartens me that this world's grime
Your milk-white soul may smirch ere all be said.
Brought you no amulet or magic token
By which all spells of evil may be broken?

That you were wise with wisdom of that land
Your canny knowingness full well doth show;
Though some strange vow I cannot understand
Has sealed your lips from telling what you know.
No hint can I beguile from your discretion
To give me of its lore the least impression.

I am assured by your right regal air
You were a prince therein, of sway supreme;
Sooth, it behooves me speak your Highness fair
Against the day you shall your crown redeem!
I pray consider, if at times I thwart you,
'T is but that useful lessons may be taught you.

Belike from your superior heights you deem
Much that I count of weight but little worth;
To you, no doubt, as idle fardels seem
The things men strive for in this gurly earth.
But do not by your former standards measure;
These are the best we know of worth or pleasure.

Had we the knowledge renders you so wise,
We too, mayhap, would all these trifles scorn,
And hold earth's honors as the emptiest lies,
Its gains as windle-straws trampled forlorn.
Yet, certes, we already hold them lightly;
Sad were our case to rate them yet more slightly.

Methinks I was a fool that your sweet speech,
When first you came, I did not strive to learn,
But cumbered rather mine to you to teach,
When surely yours had better served your turn,
If you were minded any hints to scatter
Of the hid way you came, or such high matter.

They much must miss you in your former place;
It chills my heart to think how lorn and sad
Would be the home had known, but missed, your grace.
Prithee consider, fair sojourning lad,
How little able I to live without you,
And slip not back, however fortune flout you.

Some time, it may be, fate will be so kind
As passports to us both at once to send;
And I myself your guest, perhaps, may find,
And watch you as you debonairly bend
To the glad plaudits of your subjects loyal,
Half mad with joy to greet their master royal.

Ah, well; if so it falls, though I should be
Far from the throne set in the lower ranks,
Yet I at least your kingly state may see,
And babble garrulous to those around of pranks
You played while here incognito you tarried,
And out of sight your wings and aureole carried.

Meanwhile, since my son's shape you deign to wear,
If I fall short in aught, beseech you, naught
Set down to malice. Since within you share
A king's state yet, with kingly kindness fraught
Be still your thought. Reflect: we both walk blindly;
Then why should either bear himself unkindly?

Arlo Bates.

FIRST CRISIS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

TOWNSHEND was succeeded in the exchequer by Lord North, eldest son of the Earl of Guildford, a young man of sound judgment, wide knowledge, and rare sweetness of temper, but wholly lacking in sympathy with popular government. As leader of the House of Commons, he was sufficiently able in debate to hold his ground against the fiercest attacks of Burke and Fox, but he had no strength of will. His lazy good-nature and his Tory principles made him a great favorite with the king, who, through his influence over Lord North, began now to exercise the power of a cabinet minister, and to take a more important part than hitherto in the direction of affairs. Soon after North entered the cabinet, colonial affairs were taken from Lord Shelburne and put in charge of Lord Hillsborough, a man after the king's own heart. Conway was dismissed from the cabinet, and his place was taken by Lord Weymouth, who had voted against the repeal of the Stamp Act. The Earl of Sandwich, who never spoke of the Americans but in terms of abuse, was at the same time made postmaster-general; and in the following year Lord Chatham resigned the privy seal.

While the ministry, by these important changes, was becoming more and more hostile to the just claims of the Americans, those claims were powerfully urged in America, both in popular literature and in well-considered state papers. John Dickinson, at once a devoted friend of England and an ardent American patriot, published his celebrated Farmer's Letters, which were greatly admired in both countries for their temperateness of tone and elegance of expression. In these letters, Dickinson held a position quite similar to that occupied by Burke. Recognizing that

the constitutional relations of the colonies to the mother country had always been extremely vague and ill-defined, he urged that the same state of things should be kept up forever through a genuine English feeling of compromise, which should refrain from pushing any abstract theory of sovereignty to its extreme logical conclusions. At the same time, he declared that the Townshend revenue acts were "a most dangerous innovation" upon the liberties of the people, and significantly hinted that, should the ministry persevere in its tyrannical policy, "English history affords examples of resistance by force." While Dickinson was publishing these letters, Samuel Adams wrote for the Massachusetts assembly a series of addresses to the ministry, a petition to the king, and a circular letter to the assemblies of the other colonies. In these very able state papers, Adams declared that a proper representation of American interests in the British Parliament was impracticable, and that, in accordance with the spirit of the English Constitution, no taxes could be levied in America except by the colonial legislatures. He argued that the Townshend acts were unconstitutional, and asked that they should be repealed, and that the colonies should resume the position which they had occupied before the beginning of the present troubles. The petition to the king was couched in beautiful and touching language, but the author seems to have understood very well how little effect it was likely to produce. His daughter, Mrs. Wells, used to tell how one evening, as her father had just finished writing this petition, and had taken up his hat to go out, she observed that the paper would soon be touched by the royal hand. "More likely, my dear," he replied, "it will be spurned by the royal foot!" Adams rightly expected much more from the circular letter to the other colonies, in which he invited them to coöperate with Massachusetts in resisting the Townshend acts, and in petitioning for their repeal. The assembly, having adopted all these papers by a large majority, was forthwith prorogued by Governor Bernard, who, in a violent speech, called them demagogues to whose happiness "everlasting contention was necessary." But the work was done. The circular letter brought encouraging replies from the other colonies. The condemnation of the Townshend acts was unanimous, and leading merchants in most of the towns entered into agreements not to import any more English goods until the acts should be repealed. Ladies formed associations, under the name of Daughters of Liberty, pledging themselves to wear homespun clothes and to abstain from drinking tea. The feeling of the country was thus plainly enough expressed, but nowhere as yet was there any riot or disorder, and no one as yet, except, perhaps, Samuel Adams, had begun to think of a political separation from England. Even he did not look upon such a course as desirable, but the treatment of his remonstrances by the king and the ministry soon led him to change his opinion.

The petition of the Massachusetts assembly was received by the king with silent contempt, but the circular letter threw him into a rage. In cabinet meeting, it was pronounced to be little better than an overt act of rebellion, and the ministers were encouraged in this opinion by letters from Bernard, who represented the whole affair as the wicked attempt of a few vile demagogues to sow the seeds of dissension broadcast over the continent. We have before had occasion to observe the extreme jealousy with which the Crown had always regarded any attempt at concerted action among the colonies which did not originate with itself. But here was an attempt at concerted action in flagrant opposition to the royal will. Lord Hillsborough instructed Bernard to command the assembly to rescind their circular

letter, and, in case of their refusal, to send them home about their business. This was to be repeated year after year, so that, until Massachusetts should see fit to declare herself humbled and penitent, she must go without a legislature. At the same time, Hillsborough ordered the assemblies in all the other colonies to treat the Massachusetts circular with contempt, — and this, too, under penalty of instant dissolution. From a constitutional point of view, these arrogant orders deserve to be ranked among the curiosities of political history. They serve to mark the rapid progress the ministry was making in the art of misgovernment. A year before, Townshend had suspended the New York legislature by an act of Parliament. Now, a Secretary of State, by a simple royal order, threatened to suspend all the legislative bodies of America unless they should vote according to his dictation.

When Hillsborough's orders were laid before the Massachusetts assembly, they were greeted with scorn. "We are asked to rescind," said Otis. "Let Britain rescind her measures, or the colonies are lost to her forever." Nevertheless, it was only after nine days of careful and temperate discussion that the question was put, when the assembly decided, by a vote of ninety-two to seventeen, that it would not rescind its circular letter. Bernard immediately dissolved the assembly, but its vote was hailed with delight throughout the country, and the "Illustrious Ninety-Two" became the favorite toast on all convivial occasions. Nor were the other colonial assemblies at all readier than that of Massachusetts to yield to the Secretary's dictation. They all expressed the most cordial sympathy with the recommendations of the circular letter; and in several instances they were dissolved by the governors, according to Hillsborough's instructions.

While these fruitless remonstrances against the Townshend acts had been preparing, the commissioners of the customs, in enforcing the acts, had taken no pains to avoid irritating the people. In the spring of 1768, the fifty-gun frigate Romney had been sent to mount guard in the harbor of Boston, and while she lay there several of the citizens were seized and impressed as seamen, — a lawless practice long afterward common in the British navy, but already stigmatized as barbarous by public opinion in America. As long ago as 1747, when the relations between the colonies and the home government were quite harmonious, resistance to the press-gang had resulted in a riot in the streets of Boston. Now while the town was very indignant over this lawless kidnapping of its citizens, on the 10th of June, 1768, John Hancock's sloop Liberty was seized at the wharf by a boat's crew from the Romney, for an alleged violation of the revenue laws, though without official warrant. Insults and recriminations ensued between the officers and the citizens assembled on the wharf, until after a while the excitement grew into a mild form of riot, in which a few windows were broken, some of the officers were pelted, and finally a pleasure-boat, belonging to the collector, was pulled up out of the water, carried to the Common, and burned there, when Hancock and Adams, arriving upon the scene, put a stop to the commotion. A few days afterward, a town meeting was held in Faneuil Hall; but as the crowd was too great to be contained in the building, it was adjourned to the Old South Meeting-House, where Otis addressed the people from the pulpit. A petition to the governor was prepared, in which it was set forth that the impressment of peaceful citizens was an illegal act, and that the state of the town was as if war had been declared against it; and the governor was requested to order the instant removal of the frigate from the harbor. A committee of twenty-one leading citizens was appointed to deliver this petition to the governor at

his house in Jamaica Plain. In his letters to the Secretary of State, Bernard professed to live in constant fear of assassination, and was always begging for troops to protect him against the incendiary and blackguard mob of Boston. Yet as he looked down the beautiful road from his open window, that summer afternoon, what he saw was not a ragged mob, armed with knives and bludgeons, shouting "Liberty, or death!" and bearing the head of a revenue collector aloft on the point of a pike, but a quiet procession of eleven chaises, from which there alighted at his door twenty-one gentlemen, as sedate and stately in demeanor as those old Roman senators at whom the Gaulish chief so marveled. There followed a very affable interview, during which wine was passed around. The next day the governor's answer was read in town meeting, declining to remove the frigate, but promising that in future there should be no impressment of Massachusetts citizens; and with this compromise the wrath of the people was for a moment assuaged.

Affairs of this sort, reported with gross exaggeration by the governor and revenue commissioners to the ministry, produced in England the impression that Boston was a lawless and riotous town, full of cutthroats and blacklegs, whose violence could be held in check only by martial law. Of all the misconceptions of America by England which brought about the American Revolution, perhaps this notion of the turbulence of Boston was the most ludicrous. From its first foundation down to the present day, Boston has been one of the most quiet and orderly towns in the world, and its annals are stained with fewer crimes, whether against person or property, than those of any other large city known to history. During the ten years of excitement which preceded the War of Independence there was one disgraceful riot in Boston, — that in which Hutchinson's house was sacked; but in all this time not a drop of blood was shed by the people, nor was anybody's life for a moment in danger at their hands. The episode of the sloop Liberty, as here described, was a fair sample of the disorders which occurred at Boston at periods of extreme excitement; and in any European town in the eighteenth century it would hardly have been deemed worthy of mention.

Even before the affair of the Liberty, the government had made up its mind to send troops to Boston, in order to overawe the popular party and show them that the king and Lord Hillsborough were in earnest. The news of the Liberty affair, however, served to revive any hesitation that might hitherto have been felt. Vengeance was denounced against the insolent town of Boston. The most seditious spirits, such as Otis and Adams, must be made an example of, and thus the others might be frightened into submission. With such intent, Lord Hillsborough sent over to inquire "if any person had committed any acts which, under the statutes of Henry VIII. against treason committed abroad, might justify their being brought to England for trial." This raking-up of an obsolete statute, enacted at one of the worst periods of English history, and before England had any colonies at all, served only to enrage the Americans. But besides all this, the town meeting, that pernicious nursery of sedition, must be put down or overawed; and in pursuance of this scheme, two regiments of soldiers and a frigate were to be sent over to Boston at the ministry's earliest convenience. To make an example of Boston, it was thought, would have a wholesome effect upon the temper of the whole country.

It was now, in the summer of 1768, that Samuel Adams made up his mind that there was no hope of redress from the British government, and that the only remedy was to be found in the assertion of political independence by the

American colonies. The courteous petitions and temperate remonstrances of the American assemblies had been met, not by rational arguments, but by insulting and illegal royal orders; and now at last an army was on the way from England to enforce the tyrannical measures of government, and to terrify the people into submission. Accordingly, Adams came to the conclusion that the only proper course for the colonies was to declare themselves independent of Great Britain, to unite together in a permanent confederation, and to invite European alliances. We have his own words for the fact that from this moment until the Declaration of Independence, in 1776, he consecrated all his energies, with burning enthusiasm, upon the attainment of that great object. Yet in 1768 no one knew better than Samuel Adams that the time had not yet come when his bold policy could be safely adopted, and that any premature attempt at armed resistance on the part of Massachusetts might prove fatal. At this time, no other American statesman had thought the matter out so far as to reach Adams's conclusions. No American had as yet felt any desire to terminate the political connection with England. Even those who most thoroughly condemned the measures of the government did not consider the case hopeless, but believed that in one way or another a peaceful solution was still attainable. For a long time this attitude was sincerely and patiently maintained. Even Washington, when he came to take command of the army at Cambridge, after the battle of Bunker Hill, had not made up his mind that the object of the war was to be the independence of the colonies. In the same month of July, 1775, Jefferson said expressly, "We have not raised armies with designs of separating from Great Britain and establishing independent states. Necessity has not yet driven us into that desperate measure." The Declaration of Independence was at last brought about only with difficulty and after prolonged discussion. Our great-great-grandfathers looked upon themselves as Englishmen, and felt proud of their connection with England. Their determination to resist arbitrary measures was at first in no way associated in their minds with disaffection toward the mother country. Besides this, the task of effecting a separation by military measures seemed to most persons quite hopeless. It was not until after Bunker Hill had shown that American soldiers were a match for British soldiers in the field, and after Washington's capture of Boston had shown that the enemy really could be dislodged from a whole section of the country, that the more hopeful patriots began to feel confident of the ultimate success of a war for independence. It is hard for us now to realize how terrible the difficulties seemed to the men who surmounted them. Throughout the war, beside the Tories who openly sympathized with the enemy, there were many worthy people who thought we were "going too far," and who magnified our losses and depreciated our gains, — quite like the people who, in the War of Secession, used to be called "croakers." The depression of even the boldest, after such defeats as that of Long Island, was dreadful. How inadequate was the general sense of our real strength, how dim the general comprehension of the great events that were happening, may best be seen in the satirical writings of some of the loyalists. At the time of the French alliance, there were many who predicted that the result of this step would be to undo the work of the Seven Years' War, to reinstate the French in America with full control over the thirteen colonies, and to establish despotism and popery all over the continent. A satirical pamphlet, published in 1779, just ten years before the Bastile was torn down in Paris, drew an imaginary picture of a bastile which ten years

later was to stand in New York, and, with still further license of fantasy, portrayed Samuel Adams in the garb of a Dominican friar. Such nonsense is of course no index to the sentiments or the beliefs of the patriotic American people, but the mere fact that it could occur to anybody shows how hard it was for people to realize how thoroughly competent America was to take care of herself. The more we reflect upon the slowness with which the country came to the full consciousness of its power and importance, the more fully we bring ourselves to realize how unwilling America was to tear herself asunder from England, and how the Declaration of Independence was only at last resorted to when it had become evident that no other course was compatible with the preservation of our self-respect; the more thoroughly we realize, the nearer we shall come toward duly estimating the fact that in 1768, seven years before the battle of Lexington, the master mind of Samuel Adams had fully grasped the conception of a confederation of American states independent of British control. The clearness with which he saw this, as the inevitable outcome of the political conditions of the time, gave to his views and his acts, in every emergency that arose, a commanding influence throughout the land that was simply incalculable.

In September, 1768, it was announced in Boston that the troops were on their way, and would soon be landed. There happened to be a legal obstacle, unforeseen by the ministry, to their being quartered in the city. In accordance with the general act of Parliament for quartering troops, the regular barracks at Castle William in the harbor would have to be filled before the town could be required to find quarters for any troops. Another clause of the act provided that if any military officer should take upon himself to quarter soldiers in any of his Majesty's dominions otherwise than as allowed by the act, he should be straightway dismissed the service. At the news that the troops were about to arrive, the governor was asked to convene the assembly, that it might be decided how to receive them. On Bernard's refusal, the selectmen of Boston issued a circular, inviting all the towns of Massachusetts to send delegates to a general convention, in order that deliberate action might be taken upon this important matter. In answer to the circular, delegates from ninety-six towns assembled in Faneuil Hall, and, laughing at the governor's order to "disperse," proceeded to show how, in the exercise of the undoubted right of public meeting, the colony could virtually legislate for itself, in the absence of its regular legislature. The convention, finding that nothing was necessary for Boston to do but insist upon strict compliance with the letter of the law, adjourned. In October, two regiments arrived, and were allowed to land without opposition, but no lodging was provided for them. Bernard, in fear of an affray, had gone out into the country; but nothing could have been further from the thoughts of the people. The commander, Colonel Dalrymple, requested shelter for his men, but was told that he must quarter them in the barracks at Castle William. As the night was frosty, however, the Sons of Liberty allowed them to sleep in Faneuil Hall. Next day, the governor, finding everything quiet, came back, and heard Dalrymple's complaint. But in vain did he apply in turn to the council, to the selectmen, and to the justices of the peace, to grant quarters for the troops; he was told that the law was plain, and that the Castle must first be occupied. The governor then tried to get possession of an old dilapidated building which belonged to the colony; but the tenants had taken legal advice, and told him to turn them out if he dared. Nothing could be more provoking. General Gage was obliged to come on from his headquarters at New York; but not even he, the

commander-in-chief of his Majesty's forces in America, could quarter the troops in violation of the statute without running the risk of being cashiered, on conviction before two justices of the peace. So the soldiers stayed at night in tents on the Common, until the weather grew so cold that Dalrymple was obliged to hire some buildings for them at exorbitant rates, and at the expense of the Crown. By way of insult to the people, two cannon were planted on King Street, with their muzzles pointing toward the Town House. But as the troops could do nothing without a requisition from a civil magistrate, and as the usual strict decorum was preserved throughout the town, there was nothing in the world for them to do. In case of an insurrection, the force was too small to be of any use; and so far as the policy of overawing the town was concerned, no doubt the soldiers were more afraid of the people than the people of the soldiers.

No sooner were the soldiers thus established in Boston than Samuel Adams published a series of letters signed "Vindex," in which he argued that to keep up "a standing army within the kingdom in time of peace, without the consent of Parliament, was against the law; that the consent of Parliament necessarily implied the consent of the people, who were always present in Parliament, either by themselves or by their representatives; and that the Americans, as they were not and could not be represented in Parliament, were therefore suffering under military tyranny over which they were allowed to exercise no control." The only notice taken of this argument by Bernard and Hillsborough was an attempt to collect evidence upon the strength of which its author might be indicted for treason, and sent over to London to be tried; but Adams had been so wary in all his proceedings that it was impossible to charge him with any technical offense, and to have seized him otherwise than by due process of law would have been to precipitate rebellion in Massachusetts. In Parliament, the proposal to extend the act of Henry VIII. to America was bitterly opposed by Burke, Barré, Pownall, and Dowdeswell, and even by Grenville, who characterized it as sheer madness; but the measure was carried, nevertheless. Burke further maintained, in an eloquent speech, that the royal order requiring Massachusetts to rescind her circular letter was absolutely unconstitutional; and here again Grenville agreed with him. The attention of Parliament, during the spring of 1769, was occupied chiefly with American affairs. Pownall moved that the Townshend acts should be repealed, and in this he was earnestly seconded by a petition of the London merchants; for the non-importation policy of Americans had begun to bear hard upon business in London. After much debate, Lord North proposed a compromise, repealing all the Townshend acts except that which laid duty on tea. The more clear-headed members saw that such a compromise, which yielded nothing in the matter of principle, would do no good. Beckford pointed out the fact that the tea-duty did not bring in £300 to the government; and Lord Beauchamp pertinently asked whether it were worth while, for such a paltry revenue, to make enemies of three millions of people. Grafton, Camden, Conway, Burke, Barré, and Dowdeswell wished to have the tea-duty repealed also, and the whole principle of parliamentary taxation given up; and Lord North agreed with them in his secret heart, but could not bring himself to act contrary to the king's wishes. "America must fear you before she can love you," said Lord North. . . . "I am against repealing the last act of Parliament, securing to us a revenue out of America; I will never think of repealing it until I see America prostrate at my feet." "To effect this," said Barré, "is not so easy as some im-

agine; the Americans are a numerous, a respectable, a hardy, a free people. But were it ever so easy, does any friend to his country really wish to see America thus humbled? In such a situation, she would serve only as a monument of your arrogance and your folly. For my part, the America I wish to see is America increasing and prosperous, raising her hand in graceful dignity, with freedom and firmness asserting her rights at your bar, vindicating her liberties, pleading her services, and conscious of her merit. This is the America that will have spirit to fight your battles, to sustain you when hard pushed by some prevailing foe, and by her industry will be able to consume your manufactures, support your trade, and pour wealth and splendor into your towns and cities. If we do not change our conduct towards her, America will be torn from our side. . . . Unless you repeal this law, you run the risk of losing America." But the ministers were deaf to Barré's sweet reasonableness and graceful eloquence. "We shall grant nothing to the Americans," said Lord Hillsborough, "except what they may ask with a halter round their necks." "They are a race of convicted felons," echoed poor old Dr. Johnson, — who had probably been reading Moll Flanders, — "and they ought to be thankful for anything we allow them short of hanging." As the result of the discussion, Lord North's so-called compromise was adopted, and a circular was sent to America, promising that all the obnoxious acts, except the tea-duty, should be repealed. At the same time, Bernard was recalled from Massachusetts to appease the indignation of the people, and made a baronet to show that the ministry approved of his conduct as governor. He was succeeded by Thomas Hutchinson, a man of great learning and brilliant talent, whose History of Massachusetts Bay entitles him to a high rank among the worthies of early American literature. As a native of Massachusetts, it was supposed by Lord North that he would be less likely to irritate the people than his arrogant and quarrelsome predecessor. But in this the government turned out to be mistaken. As to Hutchinson's sincere patriotism there can now be no doubt whatever. There was something pathetic in the intensity of his love for New England, which to him was the goodliest of all lands, the paradise of this world. He had been greatly admired for his learning and accomplishments, and the people of Massachusetts had elected him to one office after another, and shown him every mark of esteem until the evil days of the Stamp Act. It then appeared that he was a Tory on principle, and a thorough believer in the British doctrine of the absolute supremacy of Parliament, and popular feeling instantly turned against him. He was called a turncoat and traitor, and a thankless dog withal, whose ruling passion was avarice. His conduct and his motives were alike misjudged. He had tried to dissuade the Grenville ministry from passing the Stamp Act; but when once the obnoxious measure had become law, he thought it his duty to enforce it like other laws. For this he was charged with being recreant to his own convictions, and in the shameful riot of August, 1765, he was the worst sufferer. No public man in America has ever been the object of more virulent hatred. None has been more grossly misrepresented by historians. His appointment as governor in 1769, however well meant, was accordingly a blunder of the first magnitude.

While these things were going on, a strong word of sympathy came from Virginia. When Hillsborough made up his mind to browbeat Boston, he thought it worth while to cajole the Virginians, and try to win them from the cause which Massachusetts was so boldly defending. So Botetourt, a most genial and conciliatory man, was sent over to be governor of Virginia, to beguile the

people with his affable manner and sweet discourse. But between a quarrelsome Bernard and a gracious Botetourt the practical difference was little, where grave questions of constitutional right were involved. In May, 1769, the Virginia legislature assembled at Williamsburgh. Among its members were Patrick Henry, Washington, and Jefferson. The assembly condemned the Townshend acts, asserted that the people of Virginia could be taxed only by their own representatives, declared that it was both lawful and expedient for all the colonies to join in a protest against any violation of the rights of Americans, and especially warned the king of the dangers that might ensue if any American citizen were to be carried beyond sea for trial. Finally, it sent copies of these resolutions to all the other colonial assemblies, inviting their concurrence. At this point Lord Botetourt dissolved the assembly; but the members straightway met again in convention at the Apollo tavern, and adopted a series of resolutions prepared by Washington, in which they pledged themselves to continue the policy of non-importation until all the obnoxious acts of 1767 should be repealed. These resolutions were adopted by all the Southern colonies.

All through the year 1769, the British troops remained quartered in Boston at the king's expense. According to Samuel Adams, their principal employment seemed to be to parade in the streets, and by their merry-andrew tricks to excite the contempt of the women and children. But the soldiers did much to annoy the people, to whom their very presence was an insult. They led brawling, riotous lives, and made the quiet streets hideous by night with their drunken shouts. Scores of loose women, who had followed the regiments across the ocean, came to scandalize the town for a while, and then to encumber the almshouse. On Sundays the soldiers would race horses on the Common, or would play Yankee Doodle just outside the church-doors during the services. Now and then oaths, or fisticuffs, or blows with sticks, were exchanged between soldiers and citizens, and once or twice a more serious affair occurred. One evening in September, a dastardly assault was made upon James Otis, in the British Coffee House, by one Robinson, a commissioner of customs, assisted by half a dozen army officers. It reminds one of the assault upon Charles Sumner by Brooks of South Carolina, shortly before the War of Secession. Otis was savagely beaten, and received a blow on the head with a sword, from the effects of which he never recovered, but finally lost his reason. The popular wrath at this outrage was intense, but there was no disturbance. Otis brought suit against Robinson, and recovered £2000 in damages, but refused to accept a penny of it when Robinson confessed himself in the wrong, and humbly asked pardon for his irreparable offense. On the 22d of February, 1770, an informer named Richardson, being pelted by a party of schoolboys, withdrew into his house, opened a window, and fired at random into the crowd, killing one little boy and severely wounding another. He was found guilty of murder, but was pardoned. At last, on the 2d of March, an angry quarrel occurred between a party of soldiers and some of the workmen at a ropewalk, and for two or three days there was considerable excitement in the town, and people talked together, standing about the streets in groups; but Hutchinson did not even take the precaution of ordering the soldiers to be kept within their barracks, for he did not believe that the people intended a riot, nor that the troops would dare to fire on the citizens without express permission from himself. On the evening of March 5th, at about eight o'clock, a large crowd collected near the barracks, on Brattle Street, and from bandying abusive

epithets with the soldiers began pelting them with snow-balls and striking at them with sticks, while the soldiers now and then dealt blows with their muskets. Presently, Captain Goldfinch, coming along, ordered the men into their barracks for the night, and thus stopped the affray. But meanwhile some one had got into the Old Brick Meeting-House, opposite the head of King Street, and rung the bell; and this, being interpreted as an alarm of fire, brought out many people into the moonlit streets. It was now a little past nine. The sentinel who was pacing in front of the Custom House had a few minutes before knocked down a barber's boy for calling names at the captain, as he went up to stop the affray on Brattle Street. The crowd in King Street now began to pelt the sentinel, and some shouted, "Kill him!" when Captain Preston and seven privates from the twenty-ninth regiment crossed the street to his aid: and thus the file of nine soldiers confronted an angry crowd of fifty or sixty unarmed men, who pressed up to the very muzzles of their guns, threw snow at their faces, and dared them to fire. All at once, but quite unexpectedly and probably without orders from Preston, seven of the leveled pieces were discharged, instantly killing four men and wounding seven others, of whom two afterwards died. Immediately the alarm was spread through the town, and it might have gone hard with the soldiery, had not Hutchinson presently arrived on the scene, and quieted the people by ordering the arrest of Preston and his men. Next morning the council advised the removal of one of the regiments, but in the afternoon an immense town meeting, called at Faneuil Hall, adjourned to the Old South Meeting-House; and as they passed by the Town House, the governor, looking out upon their march, judged "their spirit to be as high as was the spirit of their ancestors when they imprisoned Andros, while they were four times as numerous." All the way from the church to the Town House the street was crowded with the people, while a committee, headed by Samuel Adams, waited upon the governor, and received his assurance that one regiment should be removed. As the committee came out from the Town House, to carry the governor's reply to the meeting in the church, the people pressed back on either side to let them pass; and Adams, leading the way with uncovered head through the lane thus formed, and bowing first to one side and then to the other, passed along the watch-word, "Both regiments, or none!" When, in the church, the question was put to vote, three thousand voices shouted, "Both regiments, or none!" and armed with this ultimatum the committee returned to the Town House, where the governor was seated with Colonel Dalrymple and the members of the council. Then Adams, in quiet but earnest tones, stretching forth his arm and pointing his finger at Hutchinson, said that if as royal governor of the province he had the power to remove one regiment he had equally the power to remove both, that the voice of three thousand freemen demanded that all soldiery be forthwith removed from the town, and that if he failed to heed their just demand, he did so at his peril. "I observed his knees to tremble," said the old hero afterward, "I saw his face grow pale, — and I enjoyed the sight!" Before sundown the order had gone forth for the removal of both regiments to Castle William, and not until then did the meeting in the church break up. From that day forth the fourteenth and twenty-ninth regiments were known in Parliament as "the Sam Adams regiments."

Such was the famous Boston Massacre. All the mildness of New England civilization is brought most strikingly before us in that truculent phrase. The careless shooting of half a dozen towns-

men is described by a word which historians apply to such events as Cawnpore or the Sicilian Vespers. Lord Sherbrooke, better known as Robert Lowe, declared a few years ago, in a speech on the uses of a classical education, that the battle of Marathon was really of less account than a modern colliery explosion, because only 192 of the Greek army lost their lives! From such a point of view, one might argue that the Boston Massacre was an event of far less importance than an ordinary free fight among Colorado gamblers. It is needless to say that this is not the historical point of view. Historical events are not to be measured with a foot-rule. This story of the Boston Massacre is a very trite one, but it has its lessons. It furnishes an instructive illustration of the high state of civilization reached by the people among whom it happened, — by the oppressors as well as those whom it was sought to oppress. The quartering of troops in a peaceful town is something that has in most ages been regarded with horror. Under the senatorial government of Rome, it used to be said that the quartering of troops, even upon a friendly province and for the purpose of protecting it, was a visitation only less to be dreaded than an inroad of hostile barbarians. When we reflect that the British regiments were encamped in Boston during seventeen months, among a population to whom they were thoroughly odious, the fact that only half a dozen persons lost their lives, while otherwise no really grave crimes seem to have been committed, is a fact quite as creditable to the discipline of the soldiers as to the moderation of the people. In most ages and countries, the shooting of half a dozen citizens under such circumstances would either have produced but a slight impression, or, on the other hand, would perhaps have resulted on the spot in a wholesale slaughter of the offending soldiers. The fact that so profound an impression was made in Boston and throughout the country, while at the same time the guilty parties were left to be dealt with in the ordinary course of law, is a striking commentary upon the general peacefulness and decorum of American life, and it shows how high and severe was the standard by which our forefathers judged all lawless proceedings. And here it may not be irrelevant to add that, throughout the constitutional struggles which led to the Revolution, the American standard of political right and wrong was so high that contemporary European politicians found it sometimes difficult to understand it. And for a like reason, even the most fair-minded English historians sometimes fail to see why the Americans should have been so quick to take offense at acts of the British government which doubtless were not meant to be oppressive. If George III. had been a bloodthirsty despot, like Philip II. of Spain; if General Gage had been another Duke of Alva; if American citizens by the hundred had been burned alive or broken on the wheel in New York and Boston; if whole towns had been given up to the cruelty and lust of a beastly soldiery, then no one — not even Dr. Johnson — would have found it hard to understand why the Americans should have exhibited a rebellious temper. But it is one signal characteristic of the progress of political civilization that the part played by sheer brute force in a barbarous age is fully equaled by the part played by a mere covert threat of injustice in a more advanced age. The effect which a blow in the face would produce upon a barbarian will be wrought upon a civilized man by an assertion of some far-reaching legal principle, which only in a subtle and ultimate analysis includes the possibility of a blow in the face. From this point of view, the quickness with which such acts as those of Charles Townshend were comprehended in their remotest bearings is the most striking

proof one could wish of the extremely high grade of political culture which our forefathers had reached through their system of perpetual free discussion in town meeting. They had, moreover, reached a point where any manifestation of simple brute force in the course of a political dispute was exceedingly disgusting and shocking to them. To their minds, the careless slaughter of six citizens conveyed just as much meaning as a St. Bartholomew massacre would have conveyed to the minds of men in a lower stage of political development. It was not strange, therefore, that Samuel Adams and his friends should have been ready to make the Boston Massacre the occasion of a moral lesson to their contemporaries. As far as the poor soldiers were concerned, the most significant fact is that there was no attempt to wreak a paltry vengeance on them. Brought to trial on a charge of murder, after a judicious delay of seven months, they were ably defended by John Adams and Josiah Quincy, and all were acquitted save two, who were convicted of manslaughter, and let off with slight punishment. There were some hotheads who grumbled at the verdict, but the people of Boston generally acquiesced in it, as they showed by immediately choosing John Adams for their representative in the assembly, — a fact which Mr. Lecky calls very remarkable. Such an event as the Boston Massacre could not fail for a long time to point a moral among a people so unused to violence and bloodshed. One of the earliest of American engravers, Paul Revere, — an ardent patriot, from whom we shall soon hear again, — published a quaint colored engraving of the scene in King Street, which for a long time was widely circulated, though it has now become very scarce. At the same time, it was decided that the fatal Fifth of March should be solemnly commemorated each year by an oration to be delivered in the Old South Meeting-House ; and this custom was kept up until the recognition of American independence in 1783, when the day for the oration was changed to the Fourth of July.

Five weeks before the Boston Massacre the Duke of Grafton had resigned, and Lord North had become Prime Minister of England. The colonies were kept under Hillsborough, and that great friend of arbitrary government, Lord Thurlow, as solicitor-general, became the king's chief legal adviser. George III., was now, to all intents and purposes, his own prime minister, and remained so until after the overthrow at Yorktown. The colonial policy of the government soon became more vexatious than ever. The promised repeal of all the Townshend acts, except the act imposing the tea-duty, was carried through Parliament in April, and its first effect in America, as Lord North had foreseen, was to weaken the spirit of opposition, and to divide the more complaisant colonies from those that were most staunch. The policy of non-importation had pressed with special severity upon the commerce of New York, and the merchants there complained that these fire-eating planters of Virginia and farmers of Massachusetts were growing rich at the expense of their neighbors. In July, the New York merchants broke the non-importation agreement, and sent orders to England for all sorts of merchandise except tea. Such a measure, on the part of so great a seaport, virtually overthrew the non-importation policy, upon which the patriots mainly relied to force the repeal of the Tea Act. The wrath of the other colonies was intense. At the Boston town meeting the letter of the New York merchants was torn in pieces. In New Jersey, the students of Princeton College, James Madison being one of the number, assembled on the green in their black gowns and solemnly burned the letter, while the church-bells were tolled. The offending merchants were stigmatized as " Revolters," and in

Charleston their conduct was vehemently denounced. "You had better send us your old liberty-pole," said Philadelphia to New York, with bitter sarcasm, "for you clearly have no further use for it."

This breaking of the non-importation agreement by New York left no general issue upon which the colonies could be sure to unite unless the ministry should proceed to force an issue upon the Tea Act. For the present, Lord North saw the advantage he had gained, and was not inclined to take any such step. Nevertheless, as just observed, the policy of the government soon became more vexatious than ever. In the summer of 1770, the king entered upon a series of local quarrels with the different colonies, taking care not to raise any general issue. Royal instructions were sent over to the different governments, enjoining courses of action which were unconstitutional and sure to offend the people. The assemblies were either dissolved, or convened at strange places, as at Beaufort in South Carolina, more than seventy miles from the capital, or at Cambridge in Massachusetts. The local governments were as far as possible ignored, and local officers were appointed, with salaries to be paid by the Crown. In Massachusetts, these officers were illegally exempted from the payment of taxes. In Maryland, where the charter had expressly provided that no taxes could ever be levied by the British Crown, the governor was ordered to levy taxes indirectly by reviving a law regulating officers' fees, which had expired by lapse of time. In North Carolina, excessive fees were extorted, and the sheriffs in many cases collected taxes of which they rendered no account. The upper counties of both the Carolinas were peopled by a hardy set of small farmers and herdsmen, Presbyterians, of Scotch-Irish pedigree, who were known by the name of "Regulators," because, under the exigencies of their rough frontier life, they formed voluntary associations for the regulation of their own police and the condign punishment of horse-thieves and other criminals. In 1771, the North Carolina Regulators, goaded by repeated acts of extortion and of unlawful imprisonment, rose in rebellion. A fierce battle was fought at Alamance, near the head-waters of the Cape Fear River, in which the Regulators were totally defeated by Governor Tryon, leaving two hundred of their number dead and wounded upon the field; and six of their leaders, taken prisoners, were summarily hanged for treason. For this achievement Tryon was pronounced the ablest of the colonial governors, and was soon promoted to the governorship of New York, where he left his name for a time upon the vaguely defined wilderness beyond Schenectady, known in the literature of the Revolutionary War as Tryon County. The barbarous condition of the frontier where these scenes occurred, and the fact that the militia of the lower counties voluntarily assisted the governor in his campaign against the Regulators, deprived these events of any such moral influence as they might otherwise have had upon the country; so that it is not the Cape Fear but the Concord River that ordinarily occurs to us, when we think of the first bloodshed in the Revolutionary War.

In Rhode Island, the eight-gun schooner Gaspee, commanded by Lieutenant Duddington, was commissioned to enforce the revenue acts along the coasts of Narraganset Bay, and she set about the work with reckless and indiscriminating zeal. "Thorough" was Duddington's motto, as it was Lord Strafford's. He not only stopped and searched every vessel that entered the bay, and seized whatever goods he pleased, whether there was any evidence of their being contraband or not, but, besides this, he stole the sheep and hogs of the farmers near the coast, cut down their trees, fired upon market-boats, and behaved in

general with unbearable insolence. In March, 1772, the people of Rhode Island complained of these outrages. The matter was referred to Rear-Admiral Montagu, commanding the little fleet in Boston harbor. Montagu declared that the lieutenant was only doing his duty, and insolently added that if any of the Rhode Island people should presume to interfere they would be hanged as pirates. For three months longer the Gaspee kept up her irritating behavior, until one evening in June, while chasing a swift American ship, she ran aground. The following night she was attacked by a party of men in eight boats, and captured after a short skirmish, in which Duddington was severely wounded. The crew were set on shore, and the schooner was burned to the water's edge. This bold act of reprisal was not relished by the government, and large rewards were offered for the arrest of the men concerned in it; but although everybody knew who they were, it was impossible to obtain any evidence against them. By a royal order in council, the Rhode Island government was commanded to arrest the offenders and deliver them to Rear-Admiral Montagu, to be taken over to England for trial; but Stephen Hopkins, the venerable chief justice of Rhode Island, flatly refused to take cognizance of any such arrest if made within the colony.

The black thunder-clouds of war now gathered quickly. In August, 1772, the king ventured upon an act which went further than anything that had yet occurred toward hastening on the crisis. It was ordered that all the Massachusetts judges, holding their places during the king's pleasure, should henceforth have their salaries paid by the Crown, and not by the colony. This act, which aimed directly at the independence of the judiciary, aroused intense indignation. The people of Massachusetts were furious, and Samuel Adams now took a step which contributed more than anything that had yet been done toward organizing the opposition to the king throughout the whole country. The idea of establishing committees of correspondence was not wholly new. The great preacher Jonathan Mayhew had recommended such a step to James Otis in 1766, and he was led to it through his experience of church matters. Writing in haste, on a Sunday morning, he said, "To a good man all time is holy enough; and none is too holy to do good, or to think upon it. Cultivating a good understanding and hearty friendship between these colonies appears to me so necessary a part of prudence and good policy that no favorable opportunity for that purpose should be omitted. . . . You have heard of the *communion of churches*: . . . while I was thinking of this in my bed, the great use and importance of a *communion of colonies* appeared to me in a strong light, which led me immediately to set down these hints to transmit to you." The plan which Mayhew had in mind was the establishment of a regular system of correspondence whereby the colonies could take combined action in defense of their liberties. In the grand crisis of 1772, Samuel Adams saw how much might be effected through committees of correspondence that could not well be effected through the ordinary governmental machinery of the colonies. At the October town meeting in Boston, a committee was appointed to ask the governor whether the judges' salaries were to to be paid in conformity to the royal order; and he was furthermore requested to convoke the assembly, in order that the people might have a chance to express their views on so important a matter. But Hutchinson told the committee to mind its own business: he refused to say what would be done about the salaries, and denied the right of the town to petition for a meeting of the assembly. Massachusetts was thus virtually without a general government at a moment when the public mind was

agitated by a question of supreme importance. Samuel Adams thereupon moved the appointment of a committee of correspondence, "to consist of twenty-one persons, to state the rights of the colonists and of this province in particular, as men and Christians and as subjects; and to communicate and publish the same to the several towns and to the world as the sense of this town, with the infringements and violations thereof that have been, or from time to time may be, made." The adoption of this measure at first excited the scorn of Hutchinson, who described the committee as composed of "deacons," "atheists," and "black-hearted fellows," whom one would not care to meet in the dark. He predicted that they would only make themselves ridiculous, but he soon found reason to change his mind. The response to the statements of the Boston committee was prompt and unanimous, and before the end of the year more than eighty towns had already organized their committees of correspondence. Here was a new legislative body, springing directly from the people, and competent, as events soon showed, to manage great affairs. Its influence reached into every remotest corner of Massachusetts, it was always virtually in session, and no governor could dissolve or prorogue it. Though unknown to the law, the creation of it involved no violation of law. The right of the towns of Massachusetts to ask one another's advice could no more be disputed than the right of the freemen of any single town to hold a town meeting. The power thus created was omnipresent, but intangible. "This," said Daniel Leonard, the great Tory pamphleteer, two years afterwards, "is the foulest, subtlest, and most venomous serpent ever issued from the egg of sedition. It is the source of the rebellion. I saw the small seed when it was planted: it was a grain of mustard. I have watched the plant until it has become a great tree. The vilest reptiles that crawl upon the earth are concealed at the root; the foulest birds of the air rest upon its branches. I would now induce you to go to work immediately with axes and hatchets and cut it down, for a twofold reason, — because it is a pest to society, and lest it be felled suddenly by a stronger arm, and crush its thousands in its fall."

The system of committees of correspondence did indeed grow into a mighty tree; for it was nothing less than the beginning of the American Union. Adams himself by no means intended to confine his plan to Massachusetts, for in the following April he wrote to Richard Henry Lee, of Virginia, urging the establishment of similar committees in every colony. But Virginia had already acted in the matter. When its assembly met in March, 1773, the news of the refusal of Hopkins to obey the royal order, of the attack upon the Massachusetts judiciary, and of the organization of the committees of correspondence was the all-exciting subjects of conversation. The motion to establish a system of intercolonial committees of correspondence was made by the youthful Dabney Carr, and eloquently supported by Patrick Henry and Richard Henry Lee. It was unanimously adopted, and very soon several other colonies elected committees, in response to the invitation from Virginia.

This was the most decided step toward revolution that had yet been taken by the Americans. It only remained for the various intercolonial committees to assemble together, and there would be a congress speaking in the name of the continent. To bring about such an act of union, nothing more was needed than some fresh course of aggression on the part of the British government which should raise a general issue in all the colonies; and, with the rare genius of blundering which had possessed it ever since the accession of George III., the government now went on to provide such

an issue. It was preëminently a moment when the question of taxation should have been let alone. Throughout the American world there was a strong feeling of irritation, which might still have been allayed had the ministry shown a yielding temper. The grounds of complaint had come to be different in the different colonies, and in some cases, in which we can clearly see the good sense of Lord North prevailing over the obstinacy of the king, the ministry had gained a point by yielding. In the Rhode Island case, they had seized a convenient opportunity and let the matter drop, to the manifest advantage of their position. In Massachusetts, the discontent had come to be alarming, and it was skillfully organized. The assembly had offered the judges their salaries in the usual form, and had threatened to impeach them if they should dare to accept a penny from the Crown. The recent action of Virginia had shown that these two most powerful of the colonies were in strong sympathy with one another. It was just this moment that George III. chose for reviving the question of taxation, upon which all the colonies would be sure to act as a unit, and sure to withstand him to his face. The duty on tea had been retained simply as a matter of principle. It did not bring three hundred pounds a year into the British exchequer. But the king thought this a favorable time for asserting the obnoxious principle which the tax involved.

Thus, as in Mrs. Gamp's case, a teapot became the cause or occasion of a division between friends. The measures now taken by the government brought matters at once to a crisis. None of the colonies would take tea on its terms. Lord Hillsborough had lately been superseded as colonial secretary by Lord Dartmouth, an amiable man like the Prime Minister, but like him wholly under the influence of the king. Lord Dartmouth's appointment was made the occasion of introducing a series of new measures. The affairs of the East India Company were in a bad condition, and it was thought that the trouble was partly due to the loss of the American trade in tea. The Americans would not buy tea shipped from England, but they smuggled it freely from Holland, and the smuggling could not be stopped by mere force. The best way to obviate the difficulty, it was thought, would be to make English tea cheaper in America than foreign tea, while still retaining the duty of threepence on a pound. If this could be achieved, it was thought the Americans would be sure to buy English tea by reason of its cheapness, and would thus be ensnared into admitting the principle involved in the duty. This ingenious scheme shows how unable the king and his ministers were to imagine that the Americans could take a higher view of the matter than that of pounds, shillings, and pence. In order to enable the East India Company to sell its tea cheap in America, a drawback was allowed of all the duties which such tea had been wont to pay on entering England on its way from China. In this way, the Americans would now find it actually cheaper to buy the English tea with the duty on it than to smuggle their tea from Holland. To this scheme, Lord North said, it was of no use for any one to offer objections, for the king would have it so. "The king meant to try the question with America." In accordance with this policy, several ships loaded with tea set sail in the autumn of 1773 for the four principal ports, Boston, New York, Philadelphia, and Charleston. Agents or consignees of the East India Company were appointed by letter to receive the tea in these four towns.

As soon as the details of this scheme were known in America, the popular wrath was even greater than that which had been stirred up by the Stamp Act, and the whole country was at once in a blaze, from Maine to Georgia. Never-

theless, only legal measures of resistance were contemplated. In Philadelphia, a great meeting was held in October at the State House, and it was voted that whosoever should lend countenance to the receiving or unloading of the tea would be regarded as an enemy to his country. The consignees were then requested to resign their commissions, and did so. In New York and Charleston, also, the consignees threw up their commissions. In Boston, a similar demand was made, but the consignees absolutely refused to resign; and thus the eyes of the whole country were directed toward Boston as the battlefield on which the great issue was to be tried.

During the month of November many town meetings were held in Faneuil Hall. On the 17th, authentic intelligence was brought that the tea-ships would soon arrive. The next day, a committee, headed by Samuel Adams, waited upon the consignees, and again asked them to resign. Upon their refusal, the town meeting instantly dissolved itself, without a word of comment or debate; and at this ominous silence the consignees and the governor were filled with a vague sense of alarm, as if some storm were brewing whereof none could foresee the results. All felt that the decision now rested with the committees of correspondence. Four days afterward, the committees of Cambridge, Brookline, Roxbury, and Dorchester met the Boston committee at Faneuil Hall, and it was unanimously resolved that on no account should the tea be landed. The five towns also sent a letter to all the other towns in the colony, saying, "Brethren, we are reduced to this dilemma: either to sit down quiet under this and every other burden that our enemies shall see fit to lay upon us, or to rise up and resist this and every plan laid for our destruction, as becomes wise freemen. In this extremity we earnestly request your advice." There was nothing weak or doubtful in the response. From Petersham and Lenox perched on their lofty hilltops, from the valleys of the Connecticut and the Merrimack, from Chatham on the bleak peninsula of Cape Cod, there came but one message, — to give up life and all that makes life dear, rather than submit like slaves to this great wrong. Like words of encouragement came from other colonies. In Philadelphia, at the news of the bold stand Massachusetts was about to take, the church-bells were rung, and there was general rejoicing about the streets. A letter from the men of Philadelphia to the men of Boston said, "Our only fear is lest you may shrink. May God give you virtue enough to save the liberties of your country."

On Sunday, the 28th, the Dartmouth, first of the tea-ships, arrived in the harbor. The urgency of the business in hand overcame the sabbatarian scruples of the people. The committee of correspondence met at once, and obtained from Rotch, the owner of the vessel, a promise that the ship should not be entered before Tuesday. Samuel Adams then invited the committee of the five towns, to which Charlestown was now added, to hold a mass-meeting the next morning at Faneuil Hall. More than five thousand people assembled, but as the Cradle of Liberty could not hold so many, the meeting was adjourned to the Old South Meeting-House. It was voted, without a single dissenting voice, that the tea should be sent back to England in the ship which had brought it. Rotch was forbidden to enter the ship at the Custom House, and Captain Hall, the ship's master, was notified that "it was at his peril if he suffered any of the tea brought by him to be landed." A night-watch of twenty-five citizens was set to guard the vessel, and so the meeting adjourned till next day, when it was understood that the consignees would be ready to make some proposals in the matter. Next day, the message was brought from

the consignees that it was out of their power to send back the tea; but if it should be landed, they declared themselves willing to store it, and not expose any of it for sale until word could be had from England. Before action could be taken upon this message, the sheriff of Suffolk County entered the church and read a proclamation from the governor, warning the people to disperse and "surcease all further unlawful proceedings at their utmost peril." A storm of hisses was the only reply, and the business of the meeting went on. The proposal of the consignees was rejected, and Rotch and Hall, being present, were made to promise that the tea should go back to England in the Dartmouth, without being landed or paying duty. Resolutions were then passed, forbidding all owners or masters of ships to bring any tea from Great Britain to any part of Massachusetts, so long as the act imposing a duty on it remained unrepealed. Whoever should disregard this injunction would be treated as an enemy to his country, his ships would be prevented from landing, — by force, if necessary, — and his tea would be sent back to the place whence it might have come. It was further voted that the citizens of Boston and the other towns here assembled would see that these resolutions were carried into effect, "at the risk of their lives and property." Notice of these resolutions was sent to the owners of the other ships, now daily expected. And, to crown all, a committee, of which Adams was chairman, was appointed to send a printed copy of these proceedings to New York and Philadelphia, to every seaport in Massachusetts, and to the British government.

Two or three days after this meeting, the other two ships arrived, and, under orders from the committee of correspondence, were anchored by the side of the Dartmouth, at Griffin's Wharf, near the foot of Pearl Street. A military watch was kept at the wharf day and night, sentinels were placed in the church belfries, chosen post-riders, with horses saddled and bridled, were ready to alarm the neighboring towns, beacon-fires were piled all ready for lighting upon every hilltop, and any attempt to land the tea forcibly would have been the signal for an instant uprising throughout at least four counties. Now, in accordance with the laws providing for the entry and clearance of shipping at custom houses, it was necessary that every ship should land its cargo within twenty days from its arrival. In case this was not done, the revenue officers were authorized to seize the ship and land its cargo themselves. In the case of the Dartmouth, the captain had promised to take her back to England without unloading; but still, before she could legally start, she must obtain a clearance from the collector of customs, or, in default of this, a pass from the governor. At sunrise of Friday, the 17th of December, the twenty days would have expired. On Saturday, the 11th, Rotch was summoned before the committee of correspondence, and Samuel Adams asked why he had not kept his promise, and started his ship off for England. He sought to excuse himself on the ground that he had not the power to do so, whereupon he was told that he must apply to the collector for a clearance. Hearing of these things, the governor gave strict orders at the Castle to fire upon any vessel trying to get out to sea without a proper permit; and two ships from Montagu's fleet, which had been laid up for the winter, were stationed at the entrance of the harbor, to make sure against the Dartmouth's going out. Tuesday came, and Rotch, having done nothing, was summoned before the town meeting, and peremptorily ordered to apply for a clearance. Samuel Adams and nine others accompanied him to the Custom House to witness the proceedings, but the collector refused to give an answer until the next day. The meeting

then adjourned till Thursday, the last of the twenty days. On Wednesday morning, Rotch was again escorted to the Custom House, and the collector refused to give a clearance unless the tea should first be landed. On the morning of Thursday, December 16th, the assembly which was gathered in the Old South Meeting-House, and in the streets about it, numbered more than seven thousand people. It was to be one of the most momentous days in the history of the world. The clearance having been refused, nothing now remained but to order Rotch to request a pass for his ship from the governor. But the wary Hutchinson, well knowing what was about to be required of him, had gone out to his country house at Milton, so as to foil the proceedings by his absence. But the meeting was not to be so trifled with. Rotch was enjoined, on his peril, to repair to the governor at Milton, and ask for his pass; and while he was gone, the meeting considered what was to be done in case of a refusal. Without a pass it would be impossible for the ship to clear the harbor under the guns of the Castle; and by sunrise, next morning, the revenue officers would be empowered to seize the ship, and save by a violent assault upon them it would be impossible to prevent the landing of the tea. "Who knows," said John Rowe, "how tea will mingle with salt water?" and great applause followed the suggestion. Yet the plan which was to serve as a last resort had unquestionably been adopted in secret committee long before this. It appears to have been worked out in detail in a little back room at the office of the Boston Gazette, and there is no doubt that Samuel Adams, with some others of the popular leaders, had a share in devising it. But among the thousands present at the town meeting, it is probable that very few knew just what it was designed to do. At five in the afternoon, it was unanimously voted that, come what would, the tea should not be landed. It had now grown dark, and the church was dimly lighted with candles. Determined not to act until the last legal method of relief should have been tried and found wanting, the great assembly was still waiting quietly in and about the church when, an hour after nightfall, Rotch returned from Milton with the governor's refusal. Then, amid profound stillness, Samuel Adams arose and said, quietly but distinctly, "This meeting can do nothing more to save the country." It was the declaration of war; the law had shown itself unequal to the occasion, and nothing now remained but a direct appeal to force. Scarcely had the watchword left his mouth when a war-whoop answered from outside the door, and fifty men in the guise of Mohawk Indians passed quickly by the entrance, and hastened to Griffin's Wharf. Before the nine o'clock bell rang, the three hundred and forty-two chests of tea laden upon the three ships had been cut open, and their contents emptied into the sea. Not a person was harmed; no other property was injured; and the vast crowd, looking upon the scene from the wharf in the clear frosty moonlight, was so still that the click of the hatchets could be distinctly heard. Next morning, the salted tea, as driven by wind and wave, lay in long rows on Dorchester beach, while Paul Revere, booted and spurred, was riding post-haste to Philadelphia, with the glorious news that Boston had at last thrown down the gauntlet for the king of England to pick up.

This heroic action of Boston was greeted with public rejoicing throughout all the thirteen colonies, and the other principal seaports were not slow to follow the example. A ship laden with two hundred and fifty-seven chests of tea had already arrived at Charleston on the 2d of December; but the consignees had resigned, and after twenty days the ship's cargo was seized and landed; and

so, as there was no one to receive it, or pay the duty, it was thrown into a damp cellar, where it spoiled. In Philadelphia, on the 25th, a ship arrived with tea; but a meeting of five thousand men forced the consignees to resign, and the captain straightway set sail for England, the ship having been stopped before it had come within the jurisdiction of the custom house.

In Massachusetts, the exultation knew no bounds. "This," said John Adams, "is the most magnificent movement of all. There is a dignity, a majesty, a sublimity, in this last effort of the patriots that I greatly admire." Indeed, often as it has been cited and described, the Boston Tea Party was an event so great that even American historians have generally failed to do it justice. This supreme assertion by a New England town meeting of the most fundamental principle of political freedom has been curiously misunderstood by British writers, of whatever party. The most recent Tory historian, Mr. Lecky, speaks of "the Tea-Riot at Boston," and characterizes it as an "outrage." The most recent Liberal historian, Mr. Green, alludes to it as "a trivial riot." Such expressions betray most profound misapprehension alike of the significance of this noble scene and of the political conditions in which it originated. There is no difficulty in defining a riot. The pages of history teem with accounts of popular tumults, wherein passion breaks loose and wreaks its fell purpose, unguided and unrestrained by reason. No definition could be further from describing the colossal event which occurred in Boston on the 16th of December, 1773. Here passion was guided and curbed by sound reason at every step, down to the last moment, in the dim candle-light of the old church, when the noble Puritan statesman quietly told his hearers that the moment for using force had at last, and through no fault of theirs, arrived. They had reached a point where the written law had failed them; and in their effort to defend the eternal principles of natural justice, they were now most reluctantly compelled to fall back upon the paramount law of self-preservation. It was the one supreme moment in a controversy supremely important to mankind, and in which the common sense of the world has since acknowledged that they were wholly in the right. It was the one moment of all that troubled time in which no compromise was possible. "Had the tea been landed," says the contemporary historian, Gordon, "the union of the colonies in opposing the ministerial scheme would have been dissolved; and it would have been extremely difficult ever after to have restored it." In view of the stupendous issues at stake, the patience of the men of Boston was far more remarkable than their boldness. For the quiet sublimity of reasonable but dauntless moral purpose, the heroic annals of Greece and Rome can show us no greater scene than that which the Old South Meeting-House witnessed on the day when the tea was destroyed.

When the news of this affair reached England, it was quite naturally pronounced by Lord North a fitting culmination to years of riot and lawlessness. This, said Lord George Germaine, is what comes of their wretched old town meetings. The Americans have really no government. These "are the proceedings of a tumultuous and riotous rabble, who ought, if they had the least prudence, to follow their mercantile employments, and not trouble themselves with politics and government, which they do not understand. Some gentlemen say, 'Oh, don't break their charter; don't take away rights granted them by the predecessors of the Crown.' Whoever wishes to preserve such charters, I wish him no worse than to govern such subjects." "These remarks," said Lord North, "are worthy of a great mind." "If we take a determined

stand now," said Lord Mansfield, "Boston will submit, and all will end in victory without carnage." "The town of Boston," said Mr. Venn, "ought to be knocked about their ears and destroyed. You will never meet with proper obedience to the laws of this country until you have destroyed that nest of locusts." General Gage, who had just come home on a visit, assured the king that the other colonies might speak fair words to Massachusetts, but would do nothing to help her; and he offered with four regiments to make a speedy end of the whole matter. "They will be lions," said Gage, "while we are lambs; but if we take the resolute part, they will prove very meek, I promise you." It was in this spirit and under the influence of these ideas that the ministry took up the business of dealing with the refractory colony of Massachusetts. Lord North proposed a series of five measures, which, from the king's point of view, would serve not only to heal the wounded pride of Great Britain, but also to prevent any more riotous outbreaks among this lawless American people. Just at this moment, the opposition ventured upon a bold stroke. Fox said truly that no plan for pacifying the colonies would be worth a rush unless the unconditional repeal of the Tea Act should form part of it. A bill for the repealing of the Tea Act was brought in by Fuller, and a lively debate ensued, in the course of which Edmund Burke made one of the finest speeches ever heard in the House of Commons; setting forth in all the wealth of his knowledge the extreme danger of the course upon which the ministry had entered, and showing how little good fruit was to be expected from a coercive policy, even if successful. Burke was ably supported by Fox, Conway, Barré, Savile, Dowdeswell, Pownall, and Dunning. But the current had set too strongly against conciliation. Lord North sounded the keynote of the whole British policy when he said, "To repeal the tea-duty would stamp us with timidity." Come what might, it would never do for the Americans to get it into their heads that the government was not all-powerful. They must be humbled first, that they might be reasoned with afterwards. The tea-duty, accordingly, was not repealed, but Lord North's five acts for the better regulation of American affairs were all passed by Parliament.

By the first act, known as the Boston Port Bill, no ships were to be allowed to enter or clear the port of Boston until the rebellious town should have indemnified the East India Company for the loss of its tea, and should otherwise have made it appear to the king that it would hereafter show a spirit of submission. Marblehead was made a port of entry instead of Boston, and Salem was made the seat of government.

By the second act, known as the Regulating Act, the charter of Massachusetts was annulled without preliminary notice, and her free government was destroyed. Under the charter, the members of the council for each year were chosen in a convention consisting of the council of the preceding year and the assembly. Each councilor held office for a year, and was paid out of an appropriation made by the assembly. Now, hereafter, the members of the council were to be appointed by the governor on a royal writ of *mandamus*, their salaries were to be paid by the Crown, and they could be removed from office at the king's pleasure. The governor was empowered to appoint all judges and officers of courts, and all such officers were to be paid by the king and to hold office during his pleasure. The governor and his dependent council could appoint sheriffs and remove them without assigning any reason, and these dependent sheriffs were to have the sole right of returning juries. But, worse than all, the town-meeting system of local self-government was ruthlessly swept away. Town meetings could indeed be

held twice a year for the election of town officers, but no other business could be transacted in them. The effect of all these changes would, of course, be to concentrate all power in the hands of the governor, leaving no check whatever upon his arbitrary will. It would, in short, transform the free commonwealth of Massachusetts into an absolute despotism, such as no Englishman had ever lived under in any age. And this tremendous act was to go into operation on the first day of the following June.

By the third act — a pet measure of George III., to which Lord North assented with great reluctance — it was provided that if any magistrate, soldier, or revenue officer in Massachusetts should be indicted for murder, he should be tried, not in Massachusetts, but in Great Britain. This measure — though doubtless unintentionally — served to encourage the soldiery in shooting down peaceful citizens, and it led by a natural sequence to the bloodshed on Lexington green. It was defended on the ground that in case of any chance affray between soldiers and citizens, it would not be possible for the soldiers to obtain a fair trial in Massachusetts. Less than four years had elapsed since Preston's men had been so readily acquitted of murder after the shooting in King Street, but such facts were of no avail now. The momentous bill passed in the House of Commons by a vote of more than four to one, in spite of Colonel Barré's ominous warnings.

By the fourth act all legal obstacles to the quartering of troops in Boston or any other town in Massachusetts were swept away.

By the fifth act, known as the Quebec Act, the free exercise of the Catholic religion was sanctioned throughout Canada, — a very judicious measure of religious toleration, which concerned the other colonies but little, however it might in some cases offend their prejudices. But this act went on to extend the boundaries of Canada southward to the Ohio River, in defiance of the territorial claim of Massachusetts, Connecticut, New York, and Virginia. This magnificent region, the part of North America which was next to be colonized by men of English race, was to be governed by a viceroy, with despotic powers; and such people as should come to live there were to have neither popular meetings, nor *habeas corpus*, nor freedom of the press. "This," said Lord Thurlow, "is the only sort of constitution fit for a colony," — and all the American colonies, he significantly added, had better be reduced to this condition as soon as possible.

When all these acts had been passed, in April, 1774, General Gage was commissioned to supersede Hutchinson as governor of Massachusetts, and was sent over with as little delay as possible, together with the four regiments which were to scare the people into submission. On the first day of June, he was to close the port of Boston and begin starving the town into good behavior; he was to arrest the leading patriots and send them to England for trial; and he was expressly authorized to use his own discretion as to allowing the soldiers to fire upon the people. All these measures for enslaving peaceful and law-abiding Englishmen the king of England now contemplated, as he himself declared, "with supreme satisfaction."

In recounting such measures as these, the historian is tempted to pause for a moment, and ask whether it could really have been an *English* government that planned and decreed such things. From the autocratic mouth of an Artaxerxes or an Abderrahman one would naturally expect such edicts to issue. From the misguided cabinets of Spain and France, in evil times, measures in spirit like these had been known to proceed. But England had for ages stood before the world as the staunch defender of personal liberty and of local self-govern-

ment; and through the mighty strength which this spirit of freedom, and nothing else, had given her, she had won the high privilege of spreading her noble and beneficent political ideas over the best part of the habitable globe. Yet in the five acts of this political tragedy of 1774 we find England arrayed in hostility to every principle of public justice which Englishmen had from time immemorial held sacred. Upon the great continent which she had so lately won from the French champions of despotism, we see her, in a fit of obstinate anger, vainly seeking to establish a tyrannical *régime* no better than that which but yesterday it had been her glory to overthrow. Such was the strange, the humiliating, the self-contradictory attitude into which England had at length been brought by the short-sighted Tory policy of George III.!

But this policy was no less futile than it was unworthy of the noble, freedom-loving English people. For after that fated 1st of June, the sovereign authority of England, whether exerted through king or through Parliament, was never more to be recognized by the men of Massachusetts.

John Fiske.

THE MARRIAGE CELEBRATION IN THE UNITED STATES.

The adoption of the Constitution did not create a new government: it unified and strengthened an old one. The colonies that became the States had gone through a long period of preparatory discipline. The hardship of settlement, the meddlesomeness of the mother country, the strain and stimulus of war, and the reign of sectional feeling and interests had successively worked to develop in them both a genius for self-government and the means and method of its employment. To be sure, some new names were assumed, some new forms shaped; but the substance beneath and within them, — the principles of government and the institutions of society, — could be traced far into the past.

This continuity of growth, while existing in the political system, was to be observed particularly in the social and legal institutions, including the celebration of marriage. In the preceding number of The Atlantic, it was shown that the colonists, at one point discarding the common law, and at another gradually superseding it, built up for themselves, by custom and by statute, a system adapted to the various phases of society and of religion that existed among them. That system was the optional civil celebration. It enjoined the observance of the formalities of publication or license, parental consent and registration; but these formalities it did not in general make indispensable. The one thing everywhere, without which the marriage tie could not be constituted, was a solemnization in the presence of an authorized third person. Of course, this system, largely moulded by circumstances and dictated by convenience, — varying somewhat in each section with its social and religious development, — was complex, crude, and inadequate. It seemed devised more to facilitate and encourage nuptials than to guard and sanctify them. That it failed to protect individuals from haste and improvidence, and did not give to society security and certainty in the formation of the marriage relation, is abundantly evidenced by the constant concern of the legislatures as well as by the terms of their statutes. Nevertheless, its central principle — the interposition and supervision

of the state through its agents, civil or religious — was salutary; it was a sound basis for future improvement as required by the progress of society.

The colonial system of celebration was continued in the States, and for many years, under the Constitution, remained essentially unchanged. The Territories that became States adopted its features, and it seemed firmly established as part of our legal economy. But in the early part of this century there arose in the courts a discussion regarding the nature of our common law, and the relation of that law to our statute law in governing the celebration of marriage, — a discussion which since then has constantly increased, and has gradually brought about a revolution unparalleled in the history of our subject. The other great changes brought some needed reform. The Council of Trent emphasized the religious aspect of the celebration; the Independent movement in England and the American colonies asserted its property as a personal, though civil right; and the French Revolution declared its paramount importance as an institution of society. But this revolution, in the United States, has brought no reform. On the contrary, it has destroyed the colonial system, and has introduced into our law much of the insecurity, the irreverence, the license, of the Middle Ages. Our common law to-day is the canon law that existed prior to the Council of Trent.

The discussion arose in this wise. Cases came before the courts, in which it was attempted to establish the validity of marriages celebrated not by the statutory formalities, but simply by the parties' private agreement to be husband and wife; and the ground taken was that such marriages were valid by the primary or common law. It was argued that the mediæval canon law of the Continent (which to constitute matrimony required merely the consent of the parties,) became the English common law, and, brought as such to this country by the English colonists, was our primary, fundamental, or common law; that, as a general principle, a statute is not effective to repeal the common law unless it indicates such intent in express terms, and hence, as the statutes prescribing formalities did not expressly declare void a marriage celebrated without them, such informal celebration (the mere agreement of the parties) constituted marriage at common law.

Chancellor Kent was, it seems, the first to present this view; and his learning and reputation contributed to its prominence and circulation. In 1809, as chief-justice of New York, he held that "no formal solemnization of marriage was requisite. A contract of marriage made *per verba de præsenti* amounts to an actual marriage, and is as valid as if made *in facie ecclesiæ*." This statement was an *obiter dictum;* and, as usually interpreted, it would seem hardly to have been borne out by the English cases cited. It was based on no American authority. In fact, this doctrine was novel to American courts. It was also inconsistent with the statutory system that had come down from colonial times, — especially with that system as it existed in New York prior to the Revolution. Yet this case went far to settle the law of New York, and has been cited throughout this country with the spread, and in support, of the doctrine which it introduced. In 1814, the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania concurred with that of New York. "Marriage," it declared, "was a civil contract, which might be completed by any words in the present time, without regard to form;" and "it was not absolutely necessary to be done before a clergyman or a magistrate." In 1816, Kent was substantially followed by Tapping Reeve, formerly chief-justice of Connecticut, in his important treatise on the law of the domestic relations. In 1820, Judge Levi Woodbury, of New Hampshire, later a justice

of the United States Supreme Court, citing Kent, declared that "the form of the contract of marriage, as a mere civil transaction, is well enough established. . . . If the contract be per verba de præsenti, the marriage is complete." So in the following year, upon the same authority, Chief-Justice Boyle, of Kentucky, held that "neither the statute of Indiana nor that of this State avoids a marriage not celebrated according to its provisions."

In 1826, Chancellor Kent, in his Commentaries, stating his doctrine more fully, laid the foundation upon which mainly the later authorities rest: "No peculiar ceremonies are requisite by the common law to the valid celebration of marriage. The consent of the parties is all that is required. . . . This is the doctrine of the common law, and also of the canon law, which governed marriages in England prior to the Marriage Act [Lord Hardwicke's Act, 1753] of 26 George II.; and the canon law is also the general law throughout Europe, except where it has been altered by the local municipal law." In 1832, the Kent doctrine was accepted as law by the Court of Appeals of South Carolina. In 1842, its spread was accelerated through its acceptance by Professor Simon Greenleaf in his learned treatise, The Law of Evidence. His statement is lucid and authoritative as touching the relation of the statute to the common law. "Marriage," he declared, "is a civil contract, *jure gentium*, to the validity of which the consent of parties able to contract is all that is required by natural or public law. . . . And though in most, if not all, the United States there are statutes regulating the celebration of the marriage rites, and inflicting penalties on all who disobey the regulations, yet it is generally considered that, in the absence of any positive statute declaring that all marriages not celebrated in the prescribed manner shall be absolutely void, or that none but certain magistrates or ministers shall solemnize a marriage, any marriage, regularly made according to the common law, without observing the statute regulations, would still be a valid marriage." This doctrine was adjudged to be the law of Louisiana in 1846; for this State being under the civil law, a marriage celebrated per verba de præsenti was held valid there according to the canon law, — the Decrees of Trent, though adopted by Spain, not having been applied to the colony of Louisiana. California accepted the Kent doctrine in 1852. In the latter year, also, Joel Prentiss Bishop, in his valuable treatise on Marriage and Divorce, after an exhaustive review of the authorities, concurred with Kent, Reeve, and Greenleaf regarding the nature of our common law and its relation to legislative enactment.

The consensus of so many of our ablest writers and judges caused, in the succeeding years, the rapid spread of their view. It was adopted as the law of Mississippi in 1856, of Georgia in 1860, of Ohio in 1861, of Alabama in 1869, and of Illinois in 1873. In 1875, Judge Cooley held it to be the law of Michigan, thus lending to its support his great scholarship and reputation. He even declared it to be "the settled doctrine of the American courts, the few cases of dissent, or apparent dissent, being borne down by the great weight of authority in favor of the rule as we have stated it." In 1876 it was accepted by the Supreme Courts of Iowa and of Missouri, and in 1877 by the Supreme Court of Minnesota. In the latter year, also, the Supreme Court of the United States took the same position. Before that, in 1843, upon the question whether mere consent made marriage at common law, Kent's opinion being before them, this court was equally divided, and hence no decision was reached. But in 1877, when the question again came before them, the court seemed deeply impressed by the evident drift of the law, and by the great weight

of authority in favor of the Kent doctrine. In the course of the opinion, delivered by Justice Strong, it was said: "A statute may declare that no marriages shall be valid unless they are solemnized in a prescribed manner; but such an enactment is a very different thing from a law requiring all marriages to be entered into in the presence of a magistrate or a clergyman, or that it be preceded by a license or publication of banns, or be attested by witnesses. Such formal provisions may be construed as merely directory, instead of being treated as destructive of *a common-law right to form the marriage relation by words of present consent.*" This decision of the Supreme Court has had great influence upon the state courts. The Kent doctrine was accepted in 1879 by the Supreme Court of Wisconsin, in 1880 by the Supreme Court of Florida, in 1884 by the United States Circuit Court, district of Rhode Island, in 1885 by the Supreme Court of Indiana, and in 1887 by the Supreme Court of Kansas.

On the other hand, from the first there has been a small but respectable body of judges and writers who have constantly and consistently questioned the Kent doctrine, and opposed its acceptance. Not only do they deem it pernicious to society, but they also attack the historical premises upon which the argument in its support is based. They deny that the mediæval canon law of the Continent ever became the English common law, and hence that mere consent was ever sufficient in England, though it was on the Continent, to constitute complete marriage. They assert that by the English common law mere consent could constitute only an inchoate union, — indissoluble, to be sure, but requiring, to compel its completion, the interposition of the ecclesiastical court; that this ecclesiastical jurisdiction, being inconsistent with the spirit and the nature of the colonial institutions, was never introduced here as part of our common law, and its function has never been assumed by any statutory substitute; and hence that such inchoate unions in this country — there being no means of compelling their completion — have never possessed the attributes of complete matrimony. Furthermore, assuming that by our common law such marriages were ever valid, they affirm that where, from a comparative study of the whole course of legislation as well as of the terms of the various statutes, it is the plain intent to make conformity to any statutory formality indispensable to the constitution of marriage, such common law is *ipso facto* repealed, and a marriage celebrated by mere consent, without this formality, has no validity whatever in law. One such indispensable formality, at least, they find in the intent of the statutes, namely, the presence at the celebration of an authorized third person.

This side of the question was also fortunate in having for its earliest advocate a jurist of distinguished learning, ability, and reputation. In 1810, the year after Kent presented his view, Theophilus Parsons, then chief-justice of Massachusetts, delivered an opinion upon the validity of a marriage celebrated by the exchange of consent between the parties, but without also the concurrence of a minister or magistrate required by the statute. He stated first his opinion of the common law: "When our ancestors left England, and ever since, it is well known that a lawful marriage there must be celebrated before a clergyman in orders." Then, after reviewing the legislation of the colony and the commonwealth, he held that the mere agreement of the parties did not constitute "a lawful marriage pursuant to the statute." "A marriage merely the effect of a mutual engagement between the parties, or solemnized by any one not a justice of the peace or an ordained minister, is not a legal marriage, entitled to the incidents of a marriage duly solemnized."

Finally, he points out an apparent absurdity in the Kent doctrine: "A marriage engagement of this kind is not declared void by any statute. But we cannot thence conclude that it is recognized as valid, unless we render in a great measure nugatory all the statute regulations on this subject." This decision was of great importance; for it went far toward settling the law in Massachusetts, and afforded considerable resistance to the spread of the Kent doctrine.

In 1829, the Supreme Court of Tennessee went to the extent of holding that a review of their legislation manifested an intent to make indispensable not only a ceremony before an authorized third person, but also the publication of banns or the obtaining of a license, if not the observance of the other statutory formalities. This decision has been at least once reaffirmed and thrice questioned, but not directly overruled. Hence the law in this State seems unsettled. In North Carolina, also, though in a more moderate form, the Parsons view was early adopted. It has never been seriously questioned, and it seems to be settled law. It was there held, in 1836, that by constant usage and from the earliest period of legislation it had been required as "an essential requisite of a legal marriage that it should either be celebrated by some person in a sacred office. or be entered into before some one in a public station and judicial trust." In 1848, two New England States, Vermont and New Hampshire, took strong ground in favor of the Parsons doctrine. In the former, Judge Redfield, a distinguished writer and jurist, overruling an earlier decision to the contrary, declared that the Kent doctrine "could hardly be regarded as law in this State without virtually repealing our statute upon that subject." So in New Hampshire, Chief-Justice Gilchrist distinctly repudiated that doctrine, discarding Judge Woodbury's opinion, given above, as a mere obiter dictum. In neither State, since 1848, has this question directly arisen.

In 1853, this side of the question was reinforced and ably expounded by Theophilus Parsons the younger, Dane Professor of Law in Harvard University, in his book, The Law of Contracts. To the same effect, the Maryland Court of Appeals gave a unanimous and decisive opinion in 1872, emphasizing the argument from the popular custom and the absence of ecclesiastical courts: "We have no tribunal, as in England, clothed with power and jurisdiction to enforce the solemnization of marriages between parties contracting per verba de præsenti. Further, there is nothing in the law of this State apart from the common law of England which renders such contracts valid without solemnization. . . . There never has been a time in the history of the State, whether before its independence of Great Britain or since, when some ceremony or celebration was not deemed necessary to a valid marriage. . . . It is true the Act contains no express prohibition or declaration of absolute nullity of marriages contracted per verba de præsenti; but . . . the practice and custom of the people of the State have been so universally in conformity with what would appear to have been the policy and requirement of the law that such custom has acquired the force and sanction of law." If in Massachusetts the question needed further discussion, this was amply afforded in an opinion, by Chief-Justice Gray in 1879, remarkable, like the Maryland case, for exhaustive research and forcible argument. Affirming that "in Massachusetts, from very early times, the requisites of a valid marriage have been regulated by statutes of the colony, province, and commonwealth," he proceeded to review "the history of the legislation upon the subject, the *whole* of which, whether repealed or unrepealed, is, by a familiar rule, to be considered in as-

certaining the intention of the legislature." With Chief-Justice Parsons he held that "our statutes, *by necessary implication*, prohibited persons from solemnizing their own marriages by any form of mutual engagement." He then made an authoritative statement of the law: "It has always been assumed in this commonwealth . . . that (except in the single case of Quakers or Friends . . .) a marriage which is shown not to have been solemnized before any third person, acting, or believed by either of the parties to be acting, as a magistrate or minister, is not lawful or valid for any purpose."

It should be observed that these cases simply hold that it was the intent of the statutes to make some solemnization essential; but there has long been in some Southern courts a tendency to go further, and (like the Tennessee decision of 1829 above referred to) to find in the statutes an intent to make the constitution of marriage dependent upon a strict compliance with the statutory forms, — not merely solemnization, but also license, and other formalities. The most recent decision in favor of the Parsons view not only confirms that tendency, but also shows how irreconcilable are the two doctrines when carried to their extremes. In June, 1887, the Supreme Court of Appeals of West Virginia ruled as follows: "Our statute has wholly superseded the common law, and in effect, if not in express terms, renders invalid all attempted marriages contracted in this State, which have not been solemnized in compliance with its provisions. . . . When the terms of the statutes are such that they cannot be made effective, to the extent of giving each and all of them some reasonable operation, without interpreting the statutes as mandatory, then such interpretation should be given to them."

Thus, by judicial inference from the statutes, in Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Vermont, Maryland, North Carolina, Tennessee, and West Virginia, a ceremony before some duly authorized officer, civil or religious, seems essential to constitute marriage. But in one State, Kentucky, such formality is made necessary by the express terms of the statute; for the decision of Chief-Justice Boyle in 1820, given above, was superseded in 1852 by a positive statutory enactment that "marriage is prohibited and declared void when not solemnized or contracted in the presence of an authorized person or society."

Moreover, the Parsons view of the requisites of a valid celebration by the English common law prior to Lord Hardwicke's Act, at the settlement of the American colonies, is supported by the highest English authorities. In 1843, this question was argued before the House of Lords with such learning and ability as is rarely to be found in legal history. The Lords being equally divided, it was held by the unanimous opinion of the judges, delivered by Lord Chief-Justice Tindal, that "by the law of England, as it existed at the time of the passing of the Marriage Act, a contract of marriage per verba de præsenti was a contract indissoluble between the parties themselves, affording to either of the contracting parties, by application to the spiritual court, the power of compelling the solemnization of an actual marriage. . . . It was essential to the constitution of a full and complete marriage . . . that both modes of obligation should exist together; . . . that, besides the civil contract, that is, the contract per verba de præsenti, . . . there has at all times been also a religious ceremony."

In the following States the question whether mere consent can constitute marriage has not yet been decided: Arkansas, Colorado, Connecticut, Delaware, Maine, Nebraska, Nevada, New Jersey, Oregon, Rhode Island, Texas, and Virginia. Were it directly to arise, it is probable from the inclination of the courts that the Parsons doctrine would

be accepted in Delaware, Maine, Texas and Virginia, and the Kent doctrine in the rest.

To sum up: in the Eastern States, the Parsons doctrine is the prevailing law, being held in Massachusetts, New Hampshire, and Vermont, favored in Maine, and not yet rejected in Connecticut and Rhode Island; in the Middle States, the Kent doctrine is the prevailing law, being held in New York and Pennsylvania, favored in New Jersey, and not yet directly repudiated in Delaware; in the Southern States, neither doctrine predominates, — Kent being followed in South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, and Louisiana, and Parsons being followed in Maryland, North Carolina, Kentucky, Tennessee, and West Virginia, and favored in Texas and Virginia; and in the Western States, the Territories, and the District of Columbia, the Kent doctrine prevails without dissent, being held in ten States and in the District, and being favored in the remaining States and the Territories. In short, in eighteen States and in the District it is already accepted as law that mere consent may constitute marriage; to the same effect it will probably soon be decided in eight States more and in all the Territories; while apart from Kentucky, in only three States of the Union, namely, Maryland, Massachusetts, and West Virginia, are there decisions so recent and decisive as to establish beyond a doubt that more than mere consent is essential. In Massachusetts, Maryland, West Virginia, and Kentucky alone, there is not the least doubt that to constitute marriage the interposition of an authorized third person is indispensable.

In view of these facts, the Kent doctrine may be said to be the prevailing common law; and its recent explicit statement in the State of its origin would be accepted as law in the most of the United States. "A man and a woman," said Chief-Justice Folger, of New York, in 1880, "who are competent to marry each other, without going before a minister or magistrate, without the presence of any person as a witness, with no previous public notice given, with no form or ceremony, civil or religious, and with no record or written evidence of the act kept, and merely by words of present contract between them, may take upon themselves the relation of husband and wife, and be bound to themselves, to the State, and to society as such; and if after that the marriage is denied," proof of the subsequent conduct of the parties married, their "acknowledgment and recognition of each other to friends and acquaintances and the public as such, and the general reputation thereof will enable a court to presume that there was in the beginning an actual and *bona fide* marriage."

Such being the predominant common law, one practical result is that, in the words of Judge Redfield, "it is clearly a dispensation with all the requisitions of the statutes upon the subject." During the colonial period care was constantly taken to secure the observance of the formalities of publication or license, parental consent, registration, and solemnization. At first some colonies seem to have made essential a strict conformity to these statutes. But later it was sought to enforce their observance rather by imposing penalties for their infringement than by making void marriages contracted without them. To this course, however, there was one uniform exception. The exchange of matrimonial consent in the presence of an authorized third person was still indispensable. Under the Constitution, also, these statutory forms were retained, together with penalties for their infringement. At the same time, as formerly, an informal marriage seems not to have been void if only it were solemnized before the magistrate or minister authorized by law. Even in recent legislation, these and other forms are prescribed with such

minuteness and comprehensiveness as almost to warrant the inference that their strict observance was intended to be essential. But their terms do not, as a rule, expressly nullify a marriage informally celebrated; and hence the courts refuse to consider their intent. With the general acceptance of the Kent doctrine the last safeguard — the interposition of the State through its agents, civil or religious — has been broken down; and the colonial system, of which this was the distinguishing and vital feature, is finally and essentially overthrown. The present statutory regulations being generally adjudged only "legislative recommendation and advice," their further consideration is without the scope of this article.

As another consequence, the general acceptance of the Kent doctrine has carried our law back to the Middle Ages. Ours is the Roman law of Justinian minus the element of parental consent. In Rome, the bridegroom went openly in the daytime to the house of the bride's father, and with his consent led her away to his own home. In most of the United States, he may go by stealth at night, and carry her off without the knowledge or consent of her parents. If, during the proceeding, the runaways seriously and voluntarily agree *eo instanti* to be husband and wife, *ipso facto* they become such in law. As the Roman law passed into the church or canon law, the element of parental consent was dropped, and the consent of the parties alone was retained. Hence our law is the same as the mediæval canon law. The reform of the latter, through the Council of Trent, in the direction of religious sanctions gradually spread over the most of Western Europe, and prepared the way for the modern development of civil forms. But in the course of this development the current of law in the New World parted from that in the Old. In Europe, especially upon the Continent, the marriage celebration began to be studied particularly in its aspect as creating a social status, — in its relation and consequences to society. In this respect its careful definition and regulation began to be recognized as fundamental to the welfare of the State. Consequently, the State assumed full and primary control: it inquired first of all what safeguards were essential to protect the celebration as a social bulwark (with but little regard to the restriction or limitation that might result to the individual); and at the entrance of the legal status it placed strict, comprehensive, many of them indispensable, formalities, looking to the protection first of the community, and then of the families to which the contracting parties belonged.

In America, on the other hand, the marriage celebration has been treated more in its aspect as the exercise of a personal right, — the right to marry. Its relation and consequences to society have been comparatively neglected. To be sure, it has never been authoritatively denied that society could, for its own protection, prescribe formalities through which alone this right should legally be exercised; and in the earliest period of our history the State did, it seems, make such forms indispensable. But the Puritans firmly implanted in our social soil "the strict Protestant principle that marriage is purely a civil right," and there has always been a tendency to interpret strictly all legislative restriction or limitation upon the exercise of that right. During the present century this tendency has rapidly increased with the spread, and as a consequence, of the Kent doctrine; and it found its fullest expression in 1877 in the decision of the Supreme Court of the United States, that unless a statute shall expressly declare void a marriage not celebrated according to its provisions, "such formal provisions may be construed as merely directory, instead of being treated as destructive of a *common-law right* to form the marriage re-

lation by words of present consent." In other words, in this country it is judicially declared that the act of entering the marriage state is, in its legal aspect, primarily the execution or conclusion of the parties' contract or engagement to marry; that they have a right at common law to execute this contract by their private agreement presently to be husband and wife; that society has the paramount right through legislation to make indispensable to this execution such additional formalities as it deems necessary to its own welfare, but by the statutes as at present worded has not yet exercised such superior right, and has merely given "legislative recommendation and advice;" and hence that the function of the courts, as the law now stands, is simply to interpret the will and intent of the contracting parties; and if, in any case, a time is found when these bona fide expressed to each other an intent presently to be husband and wife, to declare that at that time they became such in law.

This, then, is the extreme to which our law of the marriage celebration has been tending, — indeed, has already reached, — the assertion of the rights of the individual at the expense of the rights of society. But these respective interests are not essentially conflicting. They are reconcilable, and also interdependent. It is a truism that what injures society injures each of its members. It is of the highest importance to the welfare of the contracting parties, and they have a right to demand, that in the legal form by which they enter the marriage relation adequate consideration and protection shall be given to the rights of society as well as of themselves. But, in fact, is this attitude of the law, toward the individual, as much an assertion of right as a denial of protection? True, the rights of the two persons — husband and wife — receive equal consideration as regards the insistence that before either shall be confirmed judicially in the title of spouse a contract, duly executed by each, shall be established. But what slender protection is this, when bare circumstances are sufficient to establish such contract, causing momentous consequences to the parties, as well as to their respective families and to society! Moreover, where in life, if not in forming the marriage relation, does the individual need sobering, warning, and restraint? And to this end what but the arm of the law is adequate? Yet what barrier does this scanty legal requirement afford against haste, indiscretion, and improvidence? Indeed, at this point the courts not only refuse all protection, but also disclaim all responsibility. "For the policy of the law," said a learned judge, "we are not responsible. It is for the legislature to change it, should it see fit to do so."

But our common law fails to protect not only the contracting parties, but also the families to which they belong. Indeed, to protect the latter it makes not the least attempt, and in this respect it is far behind the law of Western Europe. In The Atlantic for February of the current year were described the main features of the French system of celebrating marriage (*le mariage civil obligatoire*), and the rapid spread of that system over Continental Europe. According to the French civil code, "a marriage contracted without the consent of the father and mother, of the ascendants [*des ascendants*], or of the family council, in cases where such consent was necessary, may be impeached" for nullity. So according to the system of optional civil celebration now existing in England, also described in the article above referred to, "in case such parents or guardians, or one of them, shall openly and publicly declare or cause to be declared in the church or chapel where the banns shall be so published, at the time of such publication, his, her, or their dissent to such marriage, such publication of banns shall be absolutely void." If

the marriage is to be celebrated by Episcopal rites, but upon license, and not upon banns, as in the preceding case, or by civil forms upon the registrar's certificate or license, such license or certificate cannot be granted until each party that is under the age of twenty-one years, and has not previously been married, shall take oath that the consent of the proper persons has been obtained.

Indeed, with regard to the protection of the families to which the contracting parties belong, our law would seem to be inferior not only to that of leading civilized nations, but to that even of our savage Indian tribes. For as to this element of parental consent, in ruling upon the existence of a marriage our courts apparently make not the least inquiry. But among some of the American Indians, the consent of the bride's parents, at least, seems to be the foremost requisite to the marriage celebration. By the Indian custom, after the bride's parents have signified their consent by accepting the bridegroom's presents and sending the bride to him to be his wife, then the marriage state is constituted.

While our law is thus deficient in protecting the parties and their respective families, even more noticeable is its total failure to protect society; and in this respect, also, — in dealing with the marriage celebration as creating a social status, a family, an integral part of society, — the United States are far behind the leading nations of Europe. In the French civil code, under the head Of Petitions for Nullity of Marriage, it is declared: "Every marriage not publicly contracted, and not celebrated before the competent public officer, may be impeached by the married parties themselves, by the father and mother, by the ascendants, and by all those who have an actual and existing interest therein, as well as by the public prosecutor." So as to legal evidence of marriage, in striking contrast to Judge Folger's statement above, is the provision of the French code that "no person shall be at liberty to claim the title of spouse and the civil consequences of marriage unless upon the production of an act of celebration inscribed upon the register of the civil power;" and "the actual existence of marriage shall not discharge the pretended spouses, who shall respectively claim to be such, from producing the act of celebration of marriage before the officer of the civil power."

Under the English system, the interests of society are guarded with equal care. In the case of a celebration by Episcopal rites, "if any persons shall *knowingly* and *willfully* intermarry in any other place than a church, or such public chapel where banns may lawfully be published, unless by special license as aforesaid, or . . . without the publication of banns or license from a person having authority to grant the same, . . . or shall knowingly and willfully consent to or acquiesce in the solemnization of such marriage by any person not being in holy orders, the marriages of such persons shall be null and void to all intents and purposes whatsoever." In a celebration by civil forms, it is provided that if any persons shall *knowingly* and *willfully* intermarry in any place other than the church, or other place specified in the notice and certificate, or without due notice to the superintendent registrar, or without certificate of notice duly issued, or without license in case license is necessary, or in the absence of a registrar or superintendent registrar where the presence is necessary, the marriage of such persons shall be null and void.

Thus, under these systems, a marriage cannot be constituted without the observance of the formalities specified, and the intent of the legislature is expressed in such terms as to avoid any misinterpretation by the courts. Whether these forms afford a proper freedom to the individ-

ual, whether they are suited to our needs and conditions, social and legal, is not here under discussion. But it is evident that the marriage celebration as it touches society, while carefully guarded abroad, is shamefully neglected in the United States.

Yet this is a time in many respects critical in our history. In the earliest period, when population was small, scattered, and agricultural, when society was simple, frugal, and conservative, respect for law and conformity to civil regulations were almost universal. Moreover, as settlers of the same race and faith usually dwelt together, there was unanimity of sentiment in the protection of the common interest and the maintenance of social order. Hence the statutory forms for the celebration of marriage were generally observed. Though not all essential, the impartiality with which they were enforced spread abroad the salutary impression that they were equally indispensable to constitute matrimony.

Now, this is a great, a rapidly growing nation. There exists the widest diversity of race, religion, and sentiments. Population is congregating in cities. Labor, forsaking the fields, is crowding into factories and tenements. In the shops, in the factories, in nearly every occupation, at great odds and under peculiar temptations, women compete with men in the selfish, exacting struggle for preferment, for daily bread. Industrial struggle and discontent and social evils are rife in the community. In view of these facts, are we fortifying our social institutions, and strengthening the foundations of social order? And the family, — the unit and the source of society, — are we guarding its dignity and confirming its approaches by the sanctities of religion and the safeguards of law? Nay, our courts are forsaking, not protecting, are tearing down, not building up, "the very basis of the whole fabric of civilized society." For the knowledge is rapidly spreading from the highest courts of this country that in forming the marriage relation there is no need of magistrate or minister, or of any formality whatever. "It is singular," said Chief-Justice Gilchrist, of New Hampshire, "that the most important of all human contracts, on which the rights and duties of the whole community depend, requires less formality for its validity than a conveyance of an acre of land, a policy of insurance, or the agreements which the statute of frauds requires should be in writing." What wonder, then, that the disregard of the "legislative recommendation and advice" is constantly increasing, and the evil of clandestine marriages and secret unions, by destroying the integrity of the family, is sapping the foundations of society! Can the courts deny an easy termination to the relation to which they permit so easy an entrance?

"The contract of marriage is the most important of all human transactions;" yet, the form and circumstances of its execution being left to the will and caprice of the parties, its existence may be involved in the utmost uncertainty and obscurity. "Whether the relation of husband and wife lawfully exists never should be left uncertain." These are the words of Chancellor Kent; and yet it is a corollary of the doctrine which he introduced that the existence of this contract, when judicially called in question, may be established merely by evidence of the subsequent conduct of the parties and of their reputation in the community.

But it may be said that, in fact, secrecy and uncertainty are rare in forming the marriage relation, because custom and public sentiment are as a rule able to secure the observance of civil or religious forms. This assertion, even if admitted to be true, is not pertinent. For the law must be shaped so as to control, not those who follow, but those who disregard, custom and public sentiment.

"The system of irregular marriage now permitted by the law in Scotland," says the report of the Royal Commission on the Laws of Marriage, "appears to us to be irreconcilable with the principle that, in a contract of this importance, the law should aim at the attainment of the greatest possible degree of certainty. To whatever extent its operation may be narrowed or corrected by the sentiments and habits of the people, it seems to us undeniable that it opens the door to much doubt and uncertainty."

By the law of nature, marriage may be constituted by the mutual present consent of competent persons, without the addition of any formality. Such is our prevailing unwritten or common law to-day. Hence upon this matter of vital and universal concern the United States has the minimum of civil regulation and requirement, — the law of nature as it exists among savage tribes, and as it was in the Middle Ages, the darkest period of modern times.

But in the United States this law exists not only at a critical period, but also at critical points. The above summary of States discloses the fact that the Kent doctrine is spreading without dissent throughout our Western States and our Territories. In many, if not in most, of these, society is still in its formative stage. Its constructive, healthful forces are already severely taxed in their struggle toward order, law, morality, and religion. As in all communities, society in the West must centre about the family; and upon the fate of the latter the fate of the former must rest. What a risk, then, is run, while the courts disclaim, and the legislatures disregard, all responsibility!

Another significant and startling fact is that this is the law also in localities possessing the largest negro population, — in South Carolina, Georgia, and all the Gulf States except Texas. Even in the last it is not yet judicially rejected. The worst effects of slavery upon the negro were not material, but intellectual and moral. Since the war, his material condition has been rapidly improving. Has his social condition made equal progress? The responsibility of the community for its weaker classes is generally recognized. How can it be better discharged than by a speedy and adequate amendment of the law of the celebration of marriage?

But it is a fact still more grave and portentous, revealed by the summary above, that in our great centres of population, in nearly all our great cities, the legal status of marriage may be constituted simply by a private agreement between competent persons. New York, Philadelphia, Brooklyn, Chicago, Cincinnati, St. Louis, New Orleans, and San Francisco are all situated in States that adhere to the Kent doctrine. Indeed, in only two cities of the larger class in the United States, namely Boston and Baltimore, would anything more than such agreement be necessary; and even in them, apparently, nothing additional except a ratification of the agreement before a third person duly authorized. Moreover, the population congested in these cities is largely, in some mainly, foreign born; and the swelling tide of immigration bears to us, unfortunately, not the protective, conservative spirit displayed abroad toward the marriage celebration, but the social evils that fester and threaten in Europe. Much is said of the imminent danger to the State through the political corruption of the cities; and of their social condition a vivid though limited impression was received from the recent anarchist disturbances. Though their actual condition is not and cannot be described, sufficient is known to make their reclamation a work of immediate necessity. To be sure, society cannot be reformed by act of legislature. But a law should embody the truths of experience and should express the better sentiment of the community; in both respects our

law of the celebration of marriage is shamefully deficient, and can be rectified only by legislation. Whether the evil has resulted from the blunders of legislatures or from the misinterpretations of courts is not at present the chief concern. The evil exists; the remedy is clear. In theory, the legislature makes, and the courts interpret, the law. In this case, the courts have so interpreted the law that it must be made over by the legislature.

Frank Gaylord Cook.

THE DESPOT OF BROOMSEDGE COVE.

VII.

It was only for a short time that the wounded man lay as one dead. His consciousness gradually returned; his eyelids fluttered and opened slowly; he gazed about with a dazed and fluctuating attention, while he still remained, gasping and bleeding, upon the ground. Then by a mighty effort he rallied his faculties; with the recognition of his own lapsed identity, his normal expression returned to the quivering features, in lieu of the pallid, absent, alien look they had worn. This was Eli Strobe again; badly shaken, but still Eli Strobe. He struggled to his feet, and, tremulous and silent, he took his way down the path toward his home. A few officious friends strove to assist him as he went, and they kept pace with his tottering gait. Others lingered at the forge, looking vaguely after him, and then at Teck Jepson, who was on the crest of the hill, under the broad spread of the oak boughs, still mounted, and gazing back upon the scene. The mare, so suddenly checked in the race, was restive, and impatiently pawed and tossed her head, then reared and plunged as the rider turned back. More than once she bolted and tried to run, the recollection of the race so abruptly cut short still rousing her spirit and vibrating in her strong muscles. The curb held her to a slow gait, but her ears were laid back, giving her a vixenish look, and her full eye rolled as she came mincing sideways down the hill, ready to jump at any moment, her whole aspect oddly incongruous with the pale, anxious face of the rider.

It was he, doubtless, that first of all the crowd saw a light figure, swift and lithe, running at full speed, albeit the hill was rugged and steep, to meet the wounded man, who was half supported by his friends, — now disappearing amongst the laurel, and again flying along a level stretch; her curling hair floating in the wind, her eyes dilated, her face pallid, her breath coming in quick gasps. She had seen it all from the porch, Jepson thought. She must know that he was not to blame. He drew a long breath of relief, and urged the mare down the hill toward the men. He was near enough to hear her words, as she dashed in amongst them.

"Leave him be," she said, with didactic composure. "I be goin' ter lead him home. I 'll keer fur him."

She offered to take the arm that the blacksmith held.

"Don't ye know, Marcelly, ez I be a heap stronger 'n ye?" remonstrated Clem Sanders.

"Naw; Marcelly 'll take keer o' me. Whar 's Marcelly?" piped out Eli Strobe in a weak voice. "Whar 's Marcelly? Marcelly?" he reiterated, as if he clung to the familiar name like a landmark amidst some strangely wrought chaos, — "Marcelly?"

He leaned upon her arm, and he turned toward her now and then with an uncertain look in his eye. "Marcelly?" he said, in the voice of one suddenly awakened.

"Hyar me," her soft tones responded.

The blank stare in his face gave way to an evident satisfaction. He nodded once or twice, and trudged on.

Presently — once more an abrupt pause. "Marcelly?" again with a poignant uncertainty and interrogation. And again "Hyar me," in dulcet, reassuring tones.

She could even conjure a smile into her pale face and a glancing lustre to her distended eyes, while he looked unsteadily and doubtfully at her. But when he began to plod on once more, the blood dripping from the cut in his head down upon his dust-grimed clothes, muttering now and again "Marcelly?" as if this were some cabalistic phrase, hard to grasp, and when once lost never to be found again, a vague terror overspread her features and shone in her excited and wild eyes. Once or twice she turned, and looked an appealing, piteous inquiry at the men who walked beside her, a blank, dull surprise on their faces.

When Isabel, who had followed her sister more slowly because of the obstacles the sharp stones and briers furnished her bare, sunburned feet, joined them, he stretched out his hand gropingly, and laid it on her head. "Ye air — Is'bel!" he declared, with an evident effort of recognition.

"Laws-a-massy, yes," retorted the pert maiden. "I would n't be nobody else fur nuthin'."

He kept his hand on her head as she walked beside him, albeit she remonstrated that he pulled her scalp backward; and as he went he muttered, "Marcelly — Is'bel," and again, "Marcelly — Is'bel."

It seemed a long time before they reached the bars of the fence, and went down the broad turn-row of the field, through the green and glistening Indian corn, to the dooryard of the little cabin.

One might feel in these unshaded and loamy slopes the full richness of the expending spirit of the summer sun, the responsive climaxing ripeness of the herbage of the earth. So broad, so glossy, were the great leaves; so full of vigor and grace, so definite and erect, the tall and stalwart stalks! And how somnolently melodious, how charged with languorous post-meridian sentiment, was the song of the cicada that issued forth! A lizard, swift and noiseless, slipped across the path, his fine yet dull colors showing in the light. The shadows of the chestnut-tree at the gate seemed black with all this yellow glare. A cat slept on the rickety gate-post, despite the enmity of the dog of the "frequent visitor," who had spent his limited energies in barking and bounding about it, and now sat and besieged it in silent patience and with a lolling tongue. The hop-vines were fluttering about the porch; the passage between the two rooms was dark and cool. Teck Jepson, following, watched the group disappear within the door. Then he dismounted, and hitched the mare to the gate-post; the dog of the "frequent visitor" relaxed his vigilance to greet the new-comer with an amity that expressed all the compliments of the season. Jepson gave him no notice; but the mare shied violently and backed her ears as he leaped about her, and the cat on the gate-post took advantage of the opportunity, and ran up the chestnut-tree.

Jepson hesitated; he started slowly along the path amongst the luxuriant grass and weeds, where a coterie of turkeys and ducks were pecking about; then he turned back, and stood leaning with one arm upon the gate-post, his hat drawn down over a moody, anxious brow, now looking meditatively at the little house, as silent and as solemn as the vast dark mountain behind it, and again vaguely glancing toward the forge,

where he could see the gossips clustering around the door, the huddled horses at the rack, the slow ruminative oxen unyoked and lying about in the clearing, and here and there a cumbrous white-covered wagon. Above were the great cliffs, beginning to show a sunset glow; and now and then might be discerned the pathway of the invisible wind in the fainter tints of the reverse side of the leaves, upturned under even this light step, and marking a narrrow line amongst the dense and dark foliage, as it stole down the slopes.

Suddenly, men silent and with grave faces came out of the house. His heart gave a great throb — their faces were so like those that men bore at the little rural funerals that had hitherto formed, in his experience, the only expression of the majesty of death, and the more terrible irrevocability of opportunity, — their manner so like the cumbrous, awkward show of respect and sympathy for the mourners. It seemed strange to him that he should note at that moment — so vagrant are our thoughts, so little held in leash by the will — how still the mountain stood, how fairly the sun shone, how freshly blew the wind, unmindful, unmindful! The soul is the alien on the earth, and the earth heeds not the in-coming of this strange essence, nor the out-going. A strong trembling fell upon every fibre. He looked suddenly gaunt as he strained forward, whispering with pale lips. "Dead? Dead?"

Their eyes with one accord rested upon him. Clem Sanders slowly shook his head; then turned to Bassett, as if doubtful nevertheless, and desiring confirmation. Once more Jepson's dry lips framed the word "Dead?" but no sound came.

"Naw," said Bassett, "not ez ye mought say dead — but" — He paused, and shook his head.

A sudden hand was on his throat. He looked into Jepson's furious eyes; he felt his quick, hot gasps on his cheeks. "Ef ye don't say the word, by the Lord, I 'll choke it out'n ye!"

Bassett was speechless for the moment, even after, half throttled, the blacksmith dragged him from Jepson's clutch. He could only cough and sputter, and look appealingly at Sanders and Dake to answer. Parson Donnard and Jube stood by, gazing on the proceedings with the same face, differing only in years and in expression: the elder in sober and reprehensive dismay, the younger with a keen and eager, almost participative, attention.

"Naw, he ain't dead," said Dake hastily; "he may be like ter die, fur all I know. He be out'n his head, an' yit he ain't out'n his head. I never hear sech talk."

"I tell ye now, though, Teck," said Sanders reprovingly, and with a glance at the coughing and choking Bassett, "ye hev done enough ter-day 'thout killin' Joe, an' hevin' another man's death ter answer fur. I never thunk of ye hevin' ter answer fur it, else I 'd hev tole ye quicker 'n I done."

Jepson turned, with a flush and a flash of the eye. "Ye 'low ez I be a-keerin' fur that, — the answerin' fur it! Naw, sir! It 's the doin' o' sech ez be a-killin' me. I would n't hev done it! I would n't hev done it!" He struck his hands despairingly together above his head. Then his consciousness of their entertained eyes, which expressed a sort of sub-acute unrealized pleasure in the painful excitement, asserted itself, and he leaned passively against the post, silent and unresponsive when they spoke; and presently they all passed through the gate, down the turn-row and up the slope to the forge, to detail the news to the waiting crowd, and hear in turn the speculations elicited.

He stood as still as if he had turned to stone, his elbow on the post, the mare's graceful head close to the broad brim of his hat, the dog of the "frequent visitor," an animal of facile allegiance, at his

heavily booted and spurred feet; he did not stir even when he saw the door open and shut slowly, and Marcella, still pale-faced and large-eyed, emerge upon the porch. She stood, evidently preoccupied, for a moment amidst the luxuriant blossoms, purple and white, that overran the rickety little structure. Then, although her eyes had rested on him some little time, she seemed suddenly to perceive him. For all his super-subtle discernment, he could not interpret the expression on her face. Her light figure was poised for a moment, as if she were uncertain whether she might advance or disappear. Then she came to the verge of the porch, leaning forward and lifting the blossoming tendrils that she might look through at him. She reached forth her hand and beckoned him. His blood gave a great bound in his veins. He felt the hot color in his cheek. His heart was beating so wildly, so heavily, that he could not hear the rustle of the lush grass as his quick strides bore him across the yard, or the abrupt and frantic outcry of the frightened poultry as they scuttled off. There were unwonted tears in his eyes; he could have wept in glad humility for the joy of her generosity. He hastily stretched forth his hand to clasp hers which held the vine, but she withdrew it abruptly, and he only clasped the vines, warm from the touch of her hand. As he looked up at her she looked down at him, inscrutably.

"What be ye a-waitin' thar fur?" she demanded in a low voice, and with an anxious glance toward the window close at hand.

"Ter know ef thar be ennything I kin do fur ye," he said.

She looked away at the refulgent golden-red glow of sunset-tide, that filled all the air over the wooded valley and the mountain above, till it touched the serene and colorless east.

Then she said slowly, "Yes, — ye kin do suthin' fur me." Her eyes met his. "Go up ter the mounting — an' kem back no mo'!" Her voice was intense and low. Her straight, defiant brows were knitted; her eyes, once so soft, had a fierce glitter. "I never want ter see yer face agin whilst I live."

"Marcelly!" he faltered, amazed.

"Go up ter the mounting!" she reiterated. "An' when, mebbe, ez the time goes, ye 'low I mought be changin' my mind, remember I tuk the trouble ter call ye hyar, an' tell ye thar never war a woman ez hated a man like I hate you-uns. Some o' 'em hated one another in the Bible, did n't they? Study bout'n 'em. Fur none o' 'em hated like me!"

"Marcelly!" he cried again, pleadingly. "I never done it a-purpose."

She let her hands fall on either side with a gesture of indifference. "Ye mought ez well."

She knew her power. She saw his pain, and she rejoiced in the retributive pangs.

"I war all day a-tryin' ter holp him in the 'lection," he protested. "I did everything I could fur him. 'T war his fault, — an' ef ye seen it ye air 'bleeged ter know it."

She looked at him with disdainful eyes. "Mought save yerse'f from the court that-a-way, mought n't ye? But *ye* won't hanker fur Sol'mon ter try *yer* case, will ye?"

Her face was suddenly smitten with a ghastly look, as the realization of what that possible future for him involved for her father.

"Marcelly!" he cried, in pity for her, divining her thought.

She recovered in a moment. She bore a stanch heart within her.

"Go up ter the mounting!" She lifted her hand, and pointed through the flowers to the stern fastnesses against the sky. "An' ef I could hev it so by sayin' 'Go out'n the world,' I 'd say it!"

She turned from the vines, — a light step, the flutter of a garment, the cau-

tious closing of a door, and she was gone.

He waited for a time, believing that she would relent; she could but come back with some word of mercy, or pardon, or cheer for him. He still held the vines agape, and looked through into the open passage of the house, fearful that she might come forth and think him gone, not seeing him here. It was strangely still; presently a rooster, bronze and red and yellow, sprang upon the puncheons of the passage, and strutted back and forth, his claws ploddingly audible, muttering inarticulately to himself. And now he was gone. Upon the post of the porch, close at hand, a tree-toad began to shrill. Jepson saw the creature after a little, — a dull greenish-brown color against the weathered gray of the unpainted wood. How acute his senses were! He was conscious of noticing the curious climbing feet of the tiny reptile, as he stood. Women after a time came to the house with baskets on their arms, containing infallible domestic remedies or bundles, hoping to supply some household deficiency. They looked curiously at him; one or two made a motion as if they would speak, then desisted, and went their way. He cared nothing for his pale and agitated face, his wild, eager eyes. His pride seemed spent. He was glad they had seen him. They would tell her he waited without. And surely she would then come with some word to salve the wounds she had dealt. He would be grateful for so little. He could wait so long.

Not so long as he fancied. There came through the window the sound of an unfamiliar voice, he thought at first, strangely mouthing, and presently rising into a dolorous cry. He listened, trembling guiltily. It was Eli Strobe's voice. And when he realized this he could hear no more, — his fortitude was overtaxed. He could wait for no reward, within the sound of those tones.

He turned, strode swiftly to the gate, flung himself upon the restive mare, and the quick thud of her hoofs along the beaten ways of the turn-row announced his departure to those within. He was going up the mountain, as she had bidden him. He was going — he cared not where — to the mountains as instinctively as a bird might seek the woods.

They called to him, as he passed the forge, for news of Eli Strobe. He shook his head; he had no news to give. The votes had been counted, and the local politicians, even in this hour of stress, did not fail to communicate the fact, and one or two triumphant souls shouted to him, as he spurred away, that Eli Strobe was reëlected. But he did not slacken his speed, for all the rough road, nor draw rein in fording the plunging torrent. The mare's neck was vainly downstretched toward the limpid swiftness; its very breath, the dank perfumes of its banks, indescribably refreshing at the end of the sultry day. The sun was slowly withdrawing its fervid presence. The wind rode abreast up and up the mountain. Jepson seemed to go to meet the night, for the shadows trooped from the east, and only the lengthening miles of valley and steeps behind him were pensively splendid in the rich afterglow of the prodigal day; to meet the night, heralded in the melancholy gloom under the pines, in the vague, indefinable pain with which we loose our hold on each successive day, in the sense of quiet and silence lacking in the gorgeous, albeit noiseless, pageant of sunset-tide; to meet the night, with its pensive presentiments of sorrow, its prophetic intimations of some longer space of null and dark futurity. The mare climbed the rugged ways now with a freshened will. Home, that even the animals cherish, lay at the end of the road, and she began to recognize her rider's intention thither. As she threaded the tangles of the laurel, a faint, blood-curdling sound smote her quick senses. A wolf was howling afar off in these primeval fastnesses. She

snorted as she went, and trembled. A star was at the zenith. A great fir seemed to touch it with the dark, slender line of its spire. An open, rocky space, and Jepson could see the dark western mountains, all glooming, the sunset faded out save for a lingering red streak along the horizon, — a dull and dusky tint in the closing obscurity. Below, mists were a-stalking down the valley ways, spectral in the vague light that barely made them visible. They claimed that weird and ghostly hour; and now and then one peered out from amongst the crags hard by, and drew back aghast, it might seem, at the sight of a human being in these preëmptions of solitude, where it should meet only its own disembodied kindred. The mare shied from them with dilated eyes, and chafed at the bit, and plunged and fretted because of the momentary pause.

Jepson marked, far as it was, the lights in the depression where Broomsedge lay, — like a skein of fireflies, — and he gazed down with a pained and throbbing heart, a troublous remorse and a contradictory sense of self-exculpation, a poignant sympathy with Marcella, and, nevertheless, a pulsing, sensitive resentment. "'T war a accident, — nuthin' but a accident," he muttered to himself. And then he bit his lip, remembering her caustic jeer of utilizing this interpretation. Once more the howl of the wolf, strangely nearer than before.

"How them critters kin travel!" he said.

Then even his strong hand had much ado to hold the mare, snorting and plunging, and pushing now through the laurel, now amidst the gaunt and sterile cliffs on the toilsome homeward way, whether he would or no. The rocks echoed her hoof-beats; she seemed to the listening ear the first of a file of horse, — a phantom file, for here and there, where the road was open, and the dull light still showed its curves, it was visibly vacant, for all the measured pace that sounded between the crags. How lonely were these great rocks in the wilderness and the vast silences! With what precipitate avidity they caught at a sound, repeating it from one to another, as if it had some strange significance, some prophecy, perchance, that they should hoard against its fulfillment. Of all the forms of inanimate nature, they alone seemed to him sensate in some sort; and appealing from their isolation, they alone sought to communicate, from their stolid and sterile being, with creatures endowed with a motor life, through those mysteries of the elastic air, set vibrating with a word.

"Marcelly!" he cried out, with some wild desire to hear the wilderness voice her name. The whole world seemed to respond with a subdued acclaim.

"Marcelly!" the mellow tone rang from the heights above. "Marcelly!" the tender echoes of the valley replied. And now a crystalline fine vibration from the upper atmosphere, "Marcelly!" as if the magic word were spoken in the strange scenes of that lucent and glittering star.

He recovered in a moment his normal stolidity. The sounding air brought a burning to his cheek. He would have hushed, if he could, the voices he had summoned. He had a vague regret; a foolish feeling that the word, never losing its pleading intonation, was overheard. He was nearing home. The mare quickened her pace anew. As he emerged from the densities of the wilderness into the high vantage-ground of Bowles's clearing, the vast splendor of the thickly instarred, moonless sky was before him, — so far and foreign it was, so dark the earth lay beneath, so drear. And he hardly cared that the dull orange glow coming from the notch was the light of his hearthstone, although the young mare whickered gleefully at the sight, and went up the long, steep hill at a prancing pace, and with sundry

plunges that threatened to unseat her practiced rider.

He took the saddle from her back as soon as he dismounted, — none too quickly, for she instantly rolled over upon the ground, her iron-shod feet awkwardly waving in the air. Then, as she gathered herself up with a snort of satisfaction, she set out for the barn and the water-trough with a capable air, evidently used to serving her own supper and making her own bed.

As Jepson entered the firelit room, Ben Bowles, sitting beside the hearth, his elbows on his knees, his pipe in his mouth, roused himself from a sort of lethargy of idleness, and a slow smile began to make more distinctly indented the many wrinkles around his mouth and hay-colored beard. His mild eyes shone with such pleasure as so definite a clod might be presumed to feel, but he glanced dubiously at his wife before he ventured to speak.

"Air that you-uns, Teck? Powerful glad ter see ye back hyar," he said cordially.

"I ain't company enough fur him, Teck," said Mrs. Bowles, with an assertive smile, displaying all her fine teeth.

"Laws-a-massy, jes' listen at M'ria, now!" Her husband gallantly scouted the idea, but he looked somewhat deprecatory of having laid himself liable to this interpretation.

Jepson glanced about him, heedless of both.

"Whar 's the chil'n?" he demanded. "Gone ter bed?"

"Whar ye reckon?" retorted Mrs. Bowles, with a flash of her bead-like eyes. "Ye s'pose I hev made sassingers or minch-meat out'n 'em?"

"Ye air ekal ter it," her brother-in-law ruthlessly declared.

The mild Ben Bowles deserved, perhaps, a better fate than the continual futility of his efforts to preserve the peace about him. So much tact, so perfected by practice, disinterestedly exerted seemed wasted here.

"Ha, ha!" He forced a laugh, affecting to interpret facetiously the retort and the counter-retort. "Nare one o' 'em hev got meat enough on thar bones ter be wuth the scrapin', 'ceptin' it air Bob. Ha ha! Bob 's fat enough."

Jepson's only reply was a glance of scorn. He strode over to the shadowy corner where the children lay, and looked down at Sim's pale, unhappy face, with its marks of sullen sorrow all undispelled, even in its absent, far-away expression. Aminty's had the solemnity of sleep upon it, and her tossed and tangled hair about it. Bob's wide-open twinkling hazel eyes shut instantly in feigned slumber the moment they encountered Jepson's. The diplomatist of four snored gently.

Jepson made no comment, but turned back to the broad hearth, slowly divesting himself of his powder-horn and shot-pouch. The firelight glanced upon his full blue eyes; the fairness of his brow contrasted sharply with his sun-embrowned cheeks, and had a definite line across it where the brim of his hat had ceased to cast its shade. The spurs on the heels of his long boots, that reached to his knee, gave out a dull metallic glitter. His brown jeans coat was begirt by a broad leather belt, and his massive, well-formed figure seemed taller than usual, since the others, seated, were fain to look up. Mrs. Bowles's fixed eyes had a certain activity in their bead-like brightness, as she sat silently gazing at him for a time.

Then suddenly, "Ye need n't be holdin' yer jaw, Teck. I know jes' ez well ez ef I hed seen him ez that thar Bob air a-lyin' thar broad awake, like a fox, or possum, or suthin', though he hev been tole forty times" — she lifted her voice that the youth should hear — "ez the devil will kem arter him an' ketch him ef he waits ter go ter sleep till the house be dark. I tell ye now what I 'm

a-goin' ter do. I 'm a-goin' ter put him out'n doors, ter keep company with them t'other night rampagers, — bars, ez eat fat boys, an' painters, an' sech. An' Bob 'll feel powerful lonesome out thar in the dark mountings, a-tryin' ter git away from 'em, this road an' that. His legs air short, an' he can't run fas'.' An' he be so fat he mus' be toler'ble heavy ter hisself ter tote."

There was a vague stir under the quilts. Even the small stoic could but writhe a little in prophetic anguish at this prospect.

Jepson turned abruptly, strode again to the bed, caught the child by the collar of his nightgown, and the next moment Bob was sitting in his chair before the fire, looking very rotund in his straight garment, and gazing with wide, apprehensive eyes at his step-mother, expectant of the blow that always came when she was thwarted. She did not deal it now. She was constrained by the eye of the man as he stood once more on the hearth, busying himself with the strap that held his powder-horn.

"An' when enny bars, or painters, or devils, or folks take arter ye, Bob, jes' call on me, sir, an' I 'll tend ter 'em." He glanced down, and nodded convincingly.

Bob looked up at the big man with a grave and plump countenance. He gave a little sigh of relief, but he did not venture upon words. His pink toes were more rosy in the light of the fire, and now and then curled in the enjoyment of the warmth, for the night was chilly on the mountain. His great wakeful eyes dwelt on the flames. He filled his little armchair very comfortably and his hair, standing up straight in front, gave him a quaintly grotesque look.

Ben Bowles skillfully preserved an air of unconsciousness of the clashing in the domestic circle. Mrs. Bowles seemed for a moment likely to acquiesce without demur in the rule of the stronger. Then a flush rose through her clear olive skin, and overspread her blunt features. Her strong white teeth showed in a satiric smile. That added significant glitter in her small dark eyes struck Jepson's attention. As he held the powder-horn in his hand he paused, and looked down intently at her. She noted his glance. Her desire to harass was strong, but she could not restrain her caustic tongue, or she might have baffled his curiosity.

"Keep on, Teck," she said sarcastically, "keep on the way ye air a-goin'. Set pore leetle Bob up thar ter ketch his death o' cold, an' take an axe an' hack me an' Ben up, an' set the house afire, an' — *ennything!* Ye air ekal ter *ennything* arter what we hev hearn ter-day."

"Hearn what, ter-day?" he asked, marveling how the news of the disaster had reached these untrodden, secluded wilds.

"Oh, nuthin'," she said, flashing her eyes at him.

"Laws-a-massy, M'ria," Ben Bowles ventured to remonstrate, — he would fain have ignored the whole incident, — "let Teck tell us just what did happen. Mought be some mistake."

She laughed, and sneered too. "Toler'ble large-sized mistake, sartin, ter kill Eli Strobe jes' kase his darter would n't marry ye — turned ye off! Gals air choosers one time in thar lives, ennyhow." She tossed her head with a lively relish of this limited ascendency.

Jepson was shaken with a wild fear that they had had later news from the Cove than he. Then he remembered that none had entered or left the room since his return.

"Eli Strobe warn't dead whenst I left Brumsaidge," he replied calmly.

"Thar, now, M'ria, what did I tell ye?" expostulated Bowles.

"Ye tole me," she perversely retorted, "ez Teck war too sharp an' smart ter git inter enny sech trouble, even ef he warn't none too good fur it."

Jepson recognized the facile temporizing of Bowles in this, and he noted the quick flush on the cheek of the master of the house, attesting the veracity of his wife's speech.

Jepson did not resent it, for he had a certain scornful indulgence of the cowardly amiability of his half-brother, and a contemptuous pity for the hardship of his position in his own house. He quietly hung the powder-horn and shot-pouch upon a prong of the deer antlers that formed the rack for his gun. Then he sat down before the fire, his eyes on the blaze, his legs crossed, bringing one of his heavy boots so near Bob that the fat baby could not refrain from leaning forward, and with both chubby hands making the rowel whirl. His teeth shone, his eyes gleamed, he chuckled with glee, till, catching Mrs. Bowles's gaze, a sudden gravity settled upon his open mouth, and he leaned back in his armchair, affecting to rub his eyes, but now and then glancing furtively at her. The cat came and purred about him, and rubbed against his dimpled legs; then, suddenly bethinking herself, sat upon her haunches and put her forepaws on his knees to beg. He was not eating, but she watched for some moments with stern and vigilant eyes every movement of his chubby hands, that they should not undetected convey some unshared delicacy to his lips. Finally even feline patience was exhausted, and with an inaudible motion of mewing once or twice she sprang into the child's lap, curled up, and composed herself to slumber.

Bowles moved uneasily in his chair. The aggressive silence weighed hardly less heavily upon his spirit than the more active expressions of antagonism which he had sought to avert or annul. Now he glanced at his wife with an urgent insistence in his face, of which he was unaware, or he would have suppressed it in his timorous policy, and now at Teck Jepson with an air of appeal. The look only expressed his secret wish; he did not hope aught from their interpretation or comprehension.

Presently, in desperation, he broke the pause: —

"War ye a-axin' jes' now, Teck, who fotched the news hyar? I warn't payin' much 'tention."

Jepson did not take his eyes from the flame. "Naw, I did n't ax," he said.

Bowles subsided into silence, and his wife turned and cast a contemptuous glance upon him, which he comprehended as a rebuke that he should interfere.

The fire burned the freer and the clearer for the draught from the open door; the circle sat well back from the hearth in the alternate red flare and white fluctuations; the dark night looked in through the black aperture of window and door; the awful solitude of the unpeopled mountain was close without. Sometimes a dallying white presence was visible, and one might know that a mist was skulking close at hand, clearing away again to show the glimmer of a lonely star through a dark pine bough. A tree-toad trilled; the woods sighed, and lapsed again to soundless solitude.

Mrs. Bowles, too, chafed at the silence. Once or twice she visibly restrained herself. Then returning to her first impulse, she observed, "Teck don't want ter know, Ben. Them ez he don't like he jes' won't see nor hear, an' it does him mighty nigh ez well ez ef they war dead. He knows somehow ez 't war Jake Baintree ez hev been hyar this evenin'" —

Jepson lifted his head. "Jake Baintree!" he ejaculated, in evident surprise.

Mrs. Bowles rejoiced in her opportunity. "Yes, sir, 't war Jake Baintree." Her black bead-like eyes flashed. She smiled flexibly; her white teeth glittered.

"What call hed he ter kem hyar?" Jepson demanded, puzzled.

"What call hed n't he?" Mrs.

Bowles retorted. "He be a free man! He travels the mountings whar his will leads him, — same ez a fox or a deer. He be ekal ter them dumb sinners, ennywise, I reckon, though he ain't 'lowed ter git baptized an' save his soul."

She relapsed into silence, with an obvious satisfaction to have shot this arrow. She expected him to inquire further. But he only rose, looked on the rude shelf, that served as mantel-piece, for his pipe, filled it, scooped up a coal from the edge of the fire, and smoked thoughtfully, with no show of desire to hear more; and this stimulated infinitely Mrs. Bowles's intention to continue the detail of the visit. She leaned forward, her elbows on her knees, gazed smilingly into the fire, apparently meditating on these things, and once she broke out "Waal, waal!" as if in reminiscent wonder and interest.

Her husband, always alert to take an acceptable part, looked first at her, with her patent bid to be interrogated, and then at Jepson's impassive and lofty face, with its proud indifference. He reflected that Jake Baintree was in one sense his half-brother's enemy, and in another the object of his persecution, and he said nothing.

Mrs. Bowles flushed with a dull red glow, but still persistently smiled and gazed into the fire; then shaking her head slowly and gently, she presently broke forth again: —

"Waal, waal, I never hearn the beat o' Jake's talk! He 'peared plumb rej'iced over it. An' I 'lowed ter him — I said, 'I'll thanky ter remember it be my cousin — yes, sir, own blood relation — ez Teck Jepson hev murdered, so don't git ter glorifyin' over it hyar.' An' he say, 'I can't holp it, Mis' Bowles. I 'm sorry fur Eli an' his darters, an' sech, but 't ain't mine ter question the Lord's devices, nor what He lows what a day shell bring forth. The Lord suffered it,' he says, 'so Eli mus' submit, an' his kinfolks too. But,' he says, 'the Lord hain't done nuthin' so much ter my taste fur the las' ten year! We-uns 'll see how the mate o' Daniel will look in a cage hisself,' Jake say; 'no other lion nor other wild cattle thar, but he kin ramp around an' rage fur twenty. We-uns will see how the friend o' Moses, the Law-giver, will buck agin them law-givers down ter the criminal court. We-uns will git a chance ter rest our ears 'bout them folks in the Bible fur one while, sure, fur the livin' will gin Teck all he kin tend ter, 'thout studyin' on them ez be dead an' gone so long they oughter be furgot, ef they ain't.' An' I ax Jake, I jes' riz up an' axed him, ef he warn't 'shamed ter talk that-a-way, whenst he purtended ter hev religion. An' he 'lowed he hed got through with wantin' religion. Whenst the pa'son declared he would n't baptize him, it jes' kem on him like a flood o' light ez he hed ruther go ter hell 'n ter heaven along o' sech Christians ez pa'son an' Teck. An' sence that minit his soul hed troubled him no mo'."

Jepson slowly blew the smoke from between his lips; the hand that held the corn-cob pipe did not tremble. There was no suggestion of anger in his dark blue eyes, the color of the iris distinct as he gazed meditatively into the fire. The flicker of the flames fluctuated upon his regular definite features, and he showed no consciousness of his surroundings save that he kept his former attitude rigidly, that Bob, leaning forward with the excited eye of achievement and the quick breath of effort, might triumphantly accomplish the feat of unbuckling with his chubby brown hands and taking off the large spur. The child's posture incommoded the slumbers of Aminty's yellow cat that lay in his lap, and she held her green eyes half open that she might guard against the danger of being too much compressed as he bent over. More than once she put up her paw against the breast of his nightgown, with an admonitory claw extended; but he only

peremptorily caught it and put it down, and went on with his enterprise as before.

Mrs. Bowles seemed disposed to despair and desist, as she gazed speculatively at the impassive Jepson. Her husband stirred uneasily, and then remarked non-committally, "*Some* say Jake Baintree air a bad aig."

His wife did not often condescend to a dialogue with him alone. But this was the only prospect of covering her retreat with dignity, as she relinquished her attack on Jepson. She turned her face with a commingling animation and benignity toward her husband, and rejoined in a tone of interest, "Yes, folks say so; but what s'prised me war the cur'ous way he behaved hyar this evenin'. I wisht ye or Teck, one, hed been hyar, jes' ter see how he 'peared. He sot thar in that cheer, — 't war gittin' on toward dark, — an' his face war sharp an' clear, somehows, an' white, an' his hair so slick an' shinin', an' his looks so keen, like he war studyin' 'bout a heap he never would tell in this worl'. An' he say, 'I ain't no mo' use fur religion, Mis' Bowles. I hev got no use fur rivers, 'ceptin' ter go swimmin' in 'em.' An' I say, 'Hev ye traded off yer soul, ez ye don't 'pear ter 'low ye hev got none ter save?' An' he say, 'Ye look out fur me at the Jedgmint Day, Mis' Bowles, an' ye 'll 'low I stan' toler'ble high amongst the n'angels.' He say, 'I hev got suthin' else ter look arter now. Folks in the mountings dunno ez much ez they think they do, Mis' Bowles. I fund that out whilst I war in jail, an' larnin' so much o' town ways.' An' I say, 'It 's good ye air pleased with yer smartness, Jake, fur ye air the fust one I ever hearn accuse ye o' sech.' An' I jes' uped an' set about gittin' supper, an' lef' him thar ter brag by hisself. An' whenst I looked at him, arter a minit, he hed tuk a paper out'n his pocket an' war a-purtendin' ter read. His eyes war jes' set sorter cross-eyed onter it, an' his lips a-movin' like he war a-talkin' ter hisself, an' he looked so plumb foolish ez I jes' drapped the bowl what I war stirrin' batter in, an' hollered an' laffed. An' he say, 'Ye don't b'lieve I kin read, Mis' Bowles; jes' listen, an' I 'll read ye 'bout a man what got tired o' livin' in the world, an' got onter a raft on the ruver.' An' shore enough Jake did."

Jepson suddenly lifted his head. "What did the man do?" His eyes were alert with interest; he held his pipe in his hand; the feeblest tissue of smoke stole upward from it. He had forgotten her antagonism.

She broke into a discordant laugh. "Laws-a-massy, ye reckon I kin remember all that thar! Naw, sir. I did n't mo'n half listen, bein' all tuk up ter see Jake readin' like a preacher! An' Jake say, 'I reckon ye won't see Teck no mo', Mis' Bowles, bein' ez they mus' hev 'rested him by this time. Else I would n't hev kem inter this house, it bein' sorter his'n, ez he lives hyar an' hev put his stock with yourn. An' I 'll say ye air mighty well rid o' him, in my idee.' Arter that he went."

She had unburdened her mind. She had spent her quiver, — not a barbed shaft remained. She was glancing about the room, meditating upon certain arrangements to be providently made over night for the early breakfast; now and again her eyes paused on Bob, still serenely awake in his nightgown, and holding up before eyes that squinted in the eager intensity of their interest the spur which he had taken from the boot.

She was altogether unprepared for aught of moment when Jepson said slowly, "Ye hed better lay off ter milk the cow-critters sooner 'n common, termorrer, M'ria, kase I be goin' ter drive my stock off from hyar by daylight. I hev hed in an' about enough o' this place."

Her small eyes dilated; she changed color; her jaw dropped. Her lethargic husband was suddenly tense and rigid,

looking at Jepson with a dismayed deprecation, aghast at the prospect of this collapse of their partnership. Mild as he was and weak, he was man enough in this emergency to blame his wife.

"Thar now, M'ria!" he said, temperately, however.

It was the first rebuke he had ever given her, and he quailed as the words passed his lips. But she took no heed of them; her sense of loss was so poignant as to dull all resentment. "Why, Teck!" she exclaimed, her voice cordial with persuasive intonations, "ye goin' ter leave us — jes' kase I tole ye what that thar black-hearted Jake Baintree say 'bout our bein' well rid o' ye? I did n't go ter hurt yer feelin's. Ye ain't goin' ter leave us fur sech ez that!" She smiled at him, her eyes and her teeth glittering in the glow of the fire.

"Naw, naw," he disclaimed, still placidly gazing at the blaze, with none of the excitement and instability of an unconsidered resolution in his face. "'T ain't fur nuthin' Jake Baintree say, nor ye nuther. I jes' be a-goin' fur good." He seemed unpliable enough to daunt persuasion or appeal.

"Laws-a-massy, Teck!" Ben Bowles exclaimed, lantern-jawed, and pallid, and disconsolate. The inflections of his voice had such dreary suggestions that Jepson glanced at him, as he sat pulling at his hay-colored beard, the deeply indented grooves and wrinkles in his face growing more definite and multiplying, his weak blue eyes appealing and forlorn. He might seem in terror of being left at the mercy of his wife, who sat beside him, the picture of discomfiture, and swift repentance, and anxious forecast.

The survey evidently suggested to Jepson some modification of his plans.

"I 'll leave old Spot an' her calf, bein' ez yer cow air dry, so ez the chill'n kin hev buttermilk an' M'ria kin churn; an'," after a moment's pause, "I 'll leave one o' my horses, so ye kin git along better puttin' in craps nex' spring. Ye kin keep 'em awhile, ef ye 'll feed 'em."

"Why, Teck!" cried Mrs. Bowles, in a pained yet cordially insistent tone; she forgot what she was about to say, for there surged in upon her the recollection of his "stock," for which they had besought him to abide with them, the usefulness of which benefited infinitely the housekeeping and the farming in a thousand ways. He possessed only a few head of the commonest variety, but they seemed much when once within her grasp, and it had been as if she owned them. "Why, Teck!" she exclaimed once again, at a loss how to continue.

"Ye need n't say nare word," he declared. "I 'm goin', with all I hev got, by daybreak."

He knocked the ashes out of his pipe, put it in his pocket, rose, and strode out on the porch. He had not intended one of his long mountain jaunts, — only a turn or two in the solemn stillness of the night, to be alone with his thoughts, to be free from the presence of his fellows. This was contrary to his usual custom, and he knew that she thought him far away when he saw her through the open door rise up by the hearthstone, and heard her say impressively to the forlorn, stooping, and disquieted Ben Bowles, —

"Ye mark my words," — she lifted her arm and shook her fore-finger at him, — "Eli Strobe ain't dead mebbe, but he will be soon, an' Teck air aimin' aforehand ter git out'n the kentry with all he hev got; he 'll flee the State, an' that ter-morrer mornin'."

Bowles listened with plaintive, hopeless, upturned face. The small Bob had become rigid with propriety of demeanor the instant she lifted her arm, and sat with his bright hazel eyes fixed expectantly and deprecatingly upon her. The man outside in the darkness watched the group for a moment, and then turned away into the black night.

VIII.

The events of the day were peculiarly edifying to Broomsedge Cove. That moralizing tendency rife among rural gossips did not fail to utilize so promising a theme. One might have culled choice apothegms as to the sterility of ambition, failing oft in the very moment of seeming fruition, suggested by the fate of Eli Strobe, lying at the point of death in the flush of success. Others evolved reflections upon the overbearing spirit that would brook not even the control of the law, and certain nice points of ethics arose as to how far a man is warranted in holding his own conscience as monitor, or in subjugating his prerogative to judge of right and wrong.

Nevins still lingered amongst the group about the door of the forge, chewing a straw the while, and seeking to maintain the air of genial acceptance of defeat, and a certain indifference, which all candidates, who have come to grief, more or less successfully attempt to achieve. His face, however, betokened the relaxation of suspense, for the nervous strain that he had undergone was telling upon him now. There were vague blue circles and a flabby fullness under his eyes, which looked hot and were restless, but they held a distinct expression of resentment, and his face was covertly cynical, albeit his replies to the bluff and not altogether good-natured banter were couched in a conciliatory and still politic spirit.

"Plenty o' comp'ny, Nevins," suggested one. "Candidates fur jedge, 'torney-gineral, sher'ff, an' mo' besides mus' hev got the go-by, too, this day."

For to-day was held the general midsummer election of civil officers throughout the judicial circuit.

Another strolled up, and observed, "Hain't seen ye, Nevins, sence the woods war burnt."

"It mus' seem powerful hard," commented a Job's comforter, "ez ye could n't hev the office, sence Eli can't hold it now he hev got it."

"Leastwise, Josh," said another, with a grin, "yer hide be whole yit."

"Josh would n't keer how his hide war chipped or tore, ef it hed a constable inside o' it," chimed in an adverse elector.

The defeated candidate, thus rallied, made shift to smile, although somewhat grimly. He was evidently bent on keeping up his reputation for pluck, but he might have found it far more difficult if Eli Strobe, robust, and florid, and hilarious, had been lingering too at the voting-place, shaking hands with his supporters, receiving the congratulations of his friends, and crowing over his enemies. The aspects of defeat were sufficiently abashing and depressing, and he knew that much was spared him in that the Gorgon face of his competitor's success was withheld. Although the physician, who resided some fourteen miles distant, had not yet arrived, and no professional opinion had been pronounced, there was no doubt expressed that Eli Strobe would not live to enjoy the honors and discharge the duties of the office he had so hardly won, for by reason of the rigors of his previous incumbency the race had been extremely close. More than one of the gossips, full of gloomy forebodings, animadverted upon the lack of "spunk" in the Settlement that it had permitted Teck Jepson to ride by unmolested, and take his way up to the impenetrable fastnesses of the mountain, to issue thence when it should suit his pleasure.

"He oughter been arrested, — yes, sir!" said Jethro Peake, who, having concluded his duties as judge of the election, now entered upon the larger field of censor of the community in general. His round face was red with the influence of a certain beverage innocently believed to be neither sold nor given

away on election day; his fat cheeks shook with the energy of his discourse. "An' ef I hed n't hev been in thar a-countin' out the votes, I 'd hev done it ez he rid by! Laws a-massy! ter ride by a blacksmith shop, whar the three jedges appinted by the county court air a-countin' out the ballots 'cordin' ter law, — ride by in the open light o' day, an' nobody arrest him! Ef I hed been hyar!" He shook his head threateningly, thrust his hands into his pockets, and walked a few short steps hither and thither; manifesting now a prideful elation in his authority that had not been apparent throughout the day, and was probably "set free," chemically speaking, by the action of the whiskey.

"Then we 'd hev hed another cracked head 'round hyar," observed Bassett, gloomily. "'T war tryin' ter arrest Teck fur racin' ez got Eli hurt. I don't reckon nobody air goin' ter meddle with Teck ez ain't 'bleeged ter."

He had a blue bruise on his throat that made his views doubly impressive, and there was no need for Dake, who officiated as a sort of echo of his sentiments, to say, —

"Teck liked ter hev choked Joe ter death, jes' kase he did n't talk fas' enough, an' tell him the news from Eli. He war feared then ez Eli war dead, an' he 'd hev ter answer ter the law. An' I reckon he war skeered ter go inside 'count o' Marcelly. Laws-a-massy! that gal looked like she hed two live coals fur eyes, whenst somebody spoke up his name, tellin' Eli's mother how it happened. Marcelly looked plumb like a painter I seen up ter the mounting wunst. I hed got the critter's kittens out'n a hollow tree, an' 'lowed I 'd take 'em home an' see ef they 'd tame an' pet. An' I looked round whilst kemin' down the mounting, an' thar war that painter crouchin' on a high rock over my head, sleek, an' strong, an' light, an' supple, sir, ready ter spring. I hed no gun, an' I jes' tuk one look at her eyes, an' I knowed that thar beastis hed grit enough ter foller me ter hell. I jes' sot them two leetle painters on a flat rock, an' I fund out what the Lord gin me feet fur. I put 'em ter right smart use fur 'bout a mile." He paused for a moment, in silent reminiscence of this speedy descent from the great steeps above. Then he resumed, "I ain't thunk 'bout that thar painter in I dunno when, till Marcelly's eyes reminded me o' hern."

"Waal, now, I reckon that 'll put an e-end ter Teck Jepson a-settin' up ter Marcelly," said Clem Sanders, hopefully. He was within the forge, leaning against the elevated hearth, feeling a certain inhospitable relief that the shop had been restored to its normal uses, and the judges and the ballot-box, the clerk and the table, and all the paraphernalia of suffrage, animate and inanimate, had been removed. He was not ill-natured nor malicious, but the disaster argued demolition of his rival's hopes, and his own sprang up revivified by the prospect. His heart had not been so light for many a day, — not since he had played cards gayly and victoriously with Mose Hull, all unconscious that Satan perched on the anvil behind him to overlook his hand, while the window-shutter was drawn ajar, and an uncomprehended entity looked in, solemn, dismayed, aghast. Since then the forge had been deserted after nightfall. No longer the mountain youth congregated here. No longer the cliffs echoed the hilarious songs and outbursts of rotund and rollicking laughter. No longer athwart the solemn obscurity of the darkling and brooding night were flung *bizarre* and fluctuating shafts of red and yellow light, summoning out a trembling glimpse of the gigantic trees, or broad, lucent stretches of the river, and making the grim, immovable old crags seem to advance and retreat at the whimseys of the breathing bellows. Parson Donnard himself could not have desired the shop

to be more solitary and silent than it was now since its admonished frequenters were fain to be dull and quiet about the domestic hearth.

"From all I hev hearn, she war jes' a-foolin' Jepson, ter git him ter work fur her dad in the 'lection," Nevins observed; he cast the merest suggestion of a glance at Clem Sanders as he lifted his eyes, adding, "I reckon thar war a good many in the same boat with Teck, too. I never hearn afore of a gal behavin' like she done, takin' the 'lection ter heart same ez men folks. Ginerally gals dunno what thar kinfolks air runnin' fur, an' pays mo' 'tention ef the hen-house war blowed over in a high wind, or a mink hed throttled the fow*els*, 'n ef thar dad air 'lected or beat. Wimmin ginerally dunno ef jedge air higher 'n sher'ff, or sher'ff 'n constable. I never hearn tell o' sech a gal ez this hyar Marcelly Strobe."

He spoke with acerbity, recognizing her as a potent and perhaps decisive adverse influence, the majority being so small.

"Marcelly dunno nuthin'," Clem Sanders remarked, loyally, defending her against that imputation of a knowledge of politics. "She jes' 'lows ez her dad air the biggest man in the Newnited States. Laws-a-massy, I don't wonder Teck Jepson war afeard o' her." He strove to adjust his countenance to a proper sense of calamity, but he was a simple fellow, and frank with himself, and albeit he deplored the misfortunes and distresses of his friends, he saw his own gain, and its prospect of cheer was in his square face and his bright and narrow eyes. "I hed no sheer in it," he observed half aloud, recognizing his own state of mind, "an' I know I hope an' pray to God ez Eli won't die."

No; matters should remain as they were now, — adapted to the best interests of those most worthily concerned. Eli Strobe should recover, but with this breach between the handsome Jepson and Marcella, Clem Sanders felt that no grass should grow beneath his feet while he put his fate to the test.

"I useter be sorter 'feared o' Marcelly, but ef I war gin jes' one mo' chance I 'd do some sech all-fired quick courtin' 't would 'stonish the kentry."

It was not often that Parson Donnard figured as an apologist. But in common with all the country-side, as well as Teck Jepson himself, he had mistaken the biblical enthusiasm of the young man for religion, and had often felt moved to publicly rejoice in the gracious outpourings of the spirit so strikingly manifested here. As he and his son stood amongst the group, he was accosted by Nevins, whose uncharacteristic causticity was sharpening with his sense of loss; for the shock of the first realization of the result had resolved itself into a continuous ache, that would always stir and thrill again so long as his memory might rouse his pride.

"This hev been a toler'ble hard day fur the saints, pa'son," he ventured. His once pleasant smile was a politician's sneer, that did not match the obvious meaning of the words he spoke. "Seems sorter 'stonishin' fur one o' the Lord's elect ter git ter bettin', an' horse-racin', an' resistin' arrest, an' run down an' crack the skull o' the off'cer o' the law, ez kem a-bulgin' an' a-runnin' out in the road afore the horses' huffs, mad ez a bull o' Bashan, though he war a shinin' light hisself."

The thin ascetic face flushed slightly, thus attesting that the parson's blood was red and warm. But he proved equal to the emergency.

"Thar 's a lesson in it, brother," he returned, fervently. "The best 'mongst us kin only lean on the Strong Arm. An' when we loose our hold, brother, ef it 's only fur a minit, ah! then, brother, we fall, — saint or sinner, brother, we fall! Lean on the Strong Arm, brother, an' be upheld!"

There was a reverential attention accorded him while he spoke, his rotund voice rising into the elocutionary effects of rural exhortation, and ringing out into the quiet evening air. Silence succeeded in the group, and when presently one of the men coughed and cleared his throat, and a slight motion made itself apparent amongst them, it was like that gradual recall to mundane sentiments and stir which follows with a jarring impression after praise or united prayer.

Parson Donnard, not unmindful of effect, was not slow to take advantage of this opportunity of retiring from the scene with all his colors flying. And indeed there were evidences of disintegration in the crowd momently becoming more marked. Gaps in the row of horses intimated how many had already gone; continually the tramp of fresh departures rose on the air, and the hoof-beats sounded hollow and with cavernous echoes from the little bridge beyond the forge. Here and there in the valley, or when the winding road up the mountain-side became visible amongst the dense leafage, a great canvas-covered wagon lumbered along, catching the roseate glow of the sunset. Certain lively souls, not to be subdued by any contemplation of tragedy, spiritual, political, or material, although out of sight, could be heard a long way, whooping and hilariously shouting to one another, while all the solemn gray crags assumed a spurious note of jocose and boisterous flippancy, and called back and forth across the valley with a weird mockery. Jube, the parson's son, shambling home in his parent's steps a half hour later, perhaps, his hands in his pockets, his hat askew, paused ever and anon to listen to this mingled fantastic outcry; discerning familiar tones sometimes in the voices of his friends themselves, sometimes in the frenzied mimicry of the crags. He would stand motionless till the sound died away for the nonce, judging from its bizarre fluctuations how far the process of inebriation had gone; then shake his head reprehensively, — for Jube was a man of sober theory, — and pursue his way, brought to a halt again only when all the peaceful valley and all the staid and rigid rocks were again declaiming in drunken mirth.

This dual possibility of standpoint enabled Jube to dwell in great amity and unity of spirit with his solemn and ascetic parents, and yet continue the cherished soul of mirth amongst the wild young mountaineers whose society was so dear to him. In one sense he devoutly believed and had formally accepted all those wise saws condemnatory of levity and promissory of retribution. He could listen with an impersonal conviction to prophecies of impending wrath for those who were merry without cause now, and who should presently gnash their teeth with ample cause.

"*Yes*, sir!" he would often cry out, with animated confirmation, and in a voice rendered even more emphatic by a sort of chronic hoarse wheeze, when his father sat by the fire, and shook his head, and foretold vengeance already poised to alight on those who cared not to hear, and who would not repent while yet there was time.

"Dander on, sing, sir, do they, play kyerds, an' da-ance! An' Satan have gyirded him up, an' air kemin' up the valley, sir, — kemin' up the valley like a black cloud in which thar be no promise o' peace; like a whurlwind ez holds no pity; like the yearthquake, when men may turn this-a-way an' that-a-way, an' find no escape!"

"Yes, *sir*," Jube would filially echo, his eyes distended with some mental vision of Satan expressed in these natural terrors.

The trouble with Jube was a singular lack of pliability in application. It never occurred to him to look upon himself as one of the hopeless and the possibly damned. On the contrary, there are few people in this world who take so

much pleasure in it and in themselves as did Jube Donnard, despite all the restrictions of his narrow circumstances. Few people can walk on their heads and hands with such joy in sheer inversion. Few people can sing so hilariously false, old songs, so oft sung, antedating, perhaps, Broomsedge Cove itself, and still find them fresh and full of delight. Few people can lose their little all at play with such cheerful equanimity. "I never see sech a comical run o' kyerds, noways," he would console himself, with a laugh at some ludicrous sequences. Few people can on occasion drink so deeply, and yet be consciously so little drunk.

If the parson suspected his son's occupations and amusements to be vain and frivolous, and unbeseeming mortality endowed with that large contract of preparing for immortality, and, desiring to include him among those spiritually threatened, spoke with a secret admonitory intent, his finesse was poorly rewarded by the adaptable Jube, who would straightway respond with plastic, earnest sincerity, "*Yes*, sir! Yes, *sir!*"

In one sense they were a family set apart. For Mrs. Donnard, too, unconsciously held herself in some sort as one exempt. She had come to consider religion only as it affected the congregation. The promises of the Bible were for those members who heeded the parson's righteous words. Its threats and monitions were for those who yielded him not the due meed of reverence, spiritual and secular. Somehow, the unpropitious aspects of religion were predominant in Mrs. Donnard's contemplation of the congregation. Like the wives of many preachers of larger pastorates and ampler opportunities, she thought the flock got more out of the parson in many ways than they paid for. The battle of life represented for her the congregation on one side and the parson on the other, and she proved a stanch partisan, a host in herself. "They *say* so," she would sometimes observe sarcastically, when he would detail an improvement in morals or manners resolved upon amongst them, or some great awakening within his bailiwick. "Now let 's see the *doin'* of it."

The parson was far more enthusiastic, eloquent, and able than his helpmeet, but it may be doubted if he were endowed with so accurate a gauge of the efficacy of the good intentions of poor human nature.

Sometimes she would merely remark, "I been hearin' sech ez that thar from old Squair Bynum fur fifty year. Mebbe ef the Lord grants him Methus'lah's age he may make out ter mend his ways, — leastwise some few o' 'em." Then she would burst out singing as she went about her household avocations, "The day o' jedgmint 's on the way!"

In this certain acrimony between herself and her husband's charge, she must have experienced a great satisfaction to be so sure that all their misdeeds and shortcomings would be so severely visited upon them, and so actively rued in fire and brimstone, — for Mrs. Donnard's faith was very complete. Somehow it had strangely discharged itself of personality. She thought no more of her own soul than if she had none to be saved. Salvation was not on her lips. Religion was an engine chiefly valuable in keeping the congregation strung up to beseemingly perform its duties toward the parson. And yet her eye was single to what she conceived to be her duty. She zealously devoted herself to his interests, merging her identity in his; resenting his griefs, rejoicing in his pleasures, and entertaining his views. Jube was the only surviving child of a goodly number, and the unanimity of opinion which subsisted between the old couple suffered no lapse in their mutual persuasion of his perfection. The capacity for believing what one desires to believe is in itself a source of perennial pleasure, and the two took unimpeached joy and

comfort in their colt, who nimbly demonstrated his capacity to pace despite the sober trot of his parents, who had never given themselves over to any such erratic gait.

As Jube came up the path to the log cabin, they were sitting together on the porch, and welcomed him with sparse words, indeed, but with a solemn pleasure in him which their eyes betokened.

"Enny mo' news from the Settle-*mint*, Jubal?" asked his mother. They lived some considerable distance higher on the mountain, and a bulging slope hid from them the little hamlet, the torrent tossing down the mountain, and the beetling crags above. So Mrs. Donnard felt at times afar off, and exhibited that avidity for the news of the day natural to a woman in the country, oppressed by the sense that, without extreme vigilance, she is in a position to be debarred a choice bit of gossip some day.

Jube had that reluctance to detail often exhibited by the favored mortal who has been "to town," what he has heard having ceased to be a novelty. To be sure, Mrs. Donnard might seem to have been feasted with news to-day, and Jube had naught to add to the narrative of the proceedings already given by his father; but she took a long time to fairly assure herself of this, and the revived reference to the subject impaired the parson's cheerfulness.

"I hev labored an' I hev labored in this field," he remarked, "an' it 'pears ter do no good."

He had both his knotted hands clasped on his stick, and rested his long chin on them.

"A set o' hard-hearted, stiff-necked half-livers!" said the parson's wife uncompromisingly.

"Fightin' an' quar'lin' whar thar ought ter be peace, — peace in the fold."

"Ginerally less peace in the fold 'n ennywhar else," affirmed his helpmeet.

"Eli Strobe, — an' old-time member, an' a settled married man."

"Wife been dead ten year or more," said Mrs. Donnard, domestically accurate.

"An' Teck Jepson, what actially 'peared ter be gifted with visions! Kin tell 'bout folks in the Bible till ye kin mos' see 'em a-walkin' out afore ye."

"But Teck Jepson hev a prideful walk *hisself*, — 'pears ter know all the folks air a-starin' at him, specially wimmin. I dunno ez I b'lieve in the savin' grace o' enny men folks ez sets up ter be better lookin' 'n the angel Gabriel, ef the truth war knowed," objected the discerning Mrs. Donnard.

"Teck Jepson gone an' c'mitted murder, — laws-a-massy! I jes' feel how the members o' that church in Piomingo Cove ez be always a-laffin' an' gibin' at we-uns, will crack thar heels tergether an' shout whenst they hear 'bout'n it."

"That thar smooth-faced, fat, jokified Brother 'Zekiel Johns always tuk every chance ter gin a dab at the 'Brumsaidge brethren,' ez he say it." Mrs. Donnard drawled her mimicry in good clerical fashion.

Even the placid Jube was touched by this prophecy of the rejoicing of the opposite religious faction. He shifted his position as he sat on the step, and frowned in perplexed discomfiture, looking even more like his father with these solemn corrugations. It seemed to him at the moment worth while saving one's soul to spite the folks in Piomingo Cove.

"I 'd hev 'lowed," he observed, "ez arter Satan hisself kem hyar an' sot hisself up thar in public in the forge, squattin' on the anvil, ez them fellers, Eli Strobe an' Teck Jepson, mought hev knowed ez bad luck would hev got inter thar fightin'. Eli jes' a-boundin' out in the road under the mare's huffs, an' Teck ridin' the off'cer o' the law down; they knowed the devil hev been viewed in Brumsaidge wunst, ennyways, ef they did n't know 'bout his workin's sence."

The old man lifted his chin from the hands clasped upon his stick. The nos-

trils of his long, thin, bony nose dilated like those of a frightened horse; his eyes widened and brightened, showing a lighter tint than their usual gray.

"What workin's, son?" he demanded.

Jube looked at him in the closing dusk, and mysteriously shook his head.

Mrs. Donnard had not observed the allusion nor the look.

"Racin' an' bettin' air sinful," she declared, "an' that thar tearin'-down, good-lookin' Teck Jepson hev got mighty little religion ef he don't know it."

The old man had a sudden monition of the discipline seemly in his own family. "Warn't ye one o' them a-racin', son?" he asked, although he had had the evidence of his own eyes to the fact. There was a momentary pause.

"Yes, sir. Jes' sorter runnin' the hoss-critter along the road," said the parson's son, as if defining a material difference.

The old man in a manner accepted the distinction.

"Waal, sonny, ye mus' n't do sech. 'T ain't right, an' it air agin the law."

"Yes, sir," said the dutiful Jube.

"Though ye would n't hev run nobody down," said the mother.

"Naw 'm." Jube found it very easy to coincide.

Mrs. Donnard, convinced that there was no more news from the Settlement to be gleaned, rose presently, and went in-doors to dish up supper. The two men, left alone upon the porch, grew more confidential.

"Jube," said the old man eagerly, lowering his voice, "what d' ye mean 'bout the devil's workin's in Brumsaidge sence?"

Jube looked, cogitating and silent, down the slope, where the great dark trees rose, dense, and heavy, and glooming. The sky was far lighter than the earth, and here only was color distinguishable, — the pallid blue tint that barely permitted to be seen the fluctuating glitter of a timorous star. Above Chilhowee, far away, the sickle of the moon was reaping the shadowy mists, gray and crimson, touched with an afterglow of the sun; a vague swath of light was left behind her keen and glistening blade. The voice of a night-hawk sounded raucous and sudden, and once more the heavy silence brooded.

"Waal, dad, I dunno ef I hev enny call ter say nuthin' 'bout it; I promised I would n't tell."

"Laws-a-massy, Jube, who tole ye?" demanded the parson, agitated.

Jube stirred uneasily. His unlucky allusion to the matter had escaped him unwittingly. He was beginning to understand that he should be urged to explain, and his tact and invention were deplorably inadequate to the emergency.

"I promised Clem Sanders I would n't tell," he said desperately.

"Waal, Jubal, I 'll gin ye ter onderstand ez this ain't no matter fur ye an' Clem Sanders ter keep ter yerse'fs," said the old man severely. "I war gin ter view the Enemy in that thar forge, an' ef ennythin' hev kem o' sech I hev got the right ter know it."

This logic freed Jube's conscience, and absolved him, as it were, from his broken promise.

"He hev been thar agin!"

The stick fell from Parson Donnard's grasp, and rolled noisily along the puncheon floor.

"Who?" he gasped, with trembling lips and starting eyes, expectant of the answer that came suppressed —

"Satan!"

Parson Donnard sat as one petrified.

"He kem thar," said Jube, with lowered voice and many furtive glances toward those glooming woods, "one night whenst Clem did n't know nuthin' 'bout'n it, bein' in bed an' asleep; but Dake, he see the forge alight an' hearn the hammers a-strikin', an' he 'lowed 't war Clem. He tole Clem arterward, an' it like ter skeered Clem ter death, kase he 'lowed mebbe 't war that thar *dead Clem*

Sanders, what ye seen lookin' through the window at him whenst he played kyerds, a-hammerin', with the devil a-strikin' fur him!"

"My stars!" exclaimed the trembling parson.

"Yes, sir!" said Jube, flattered by the extreme interest with which his narrative was received, its intensity being altogether unexpected. "Yes, sir, Clem 'lowed ez 't war Satan ez mus' do the strikin', an' not the smith work; kase Clem 'lows ez sech takes a heap o' 'speriunce, an' dealin' in metals air a mighty partic'lar business, an' Satan air a heap too smart ez ter 'low he kin do reg'lar smith work 'thout he hed a power o' teachin'. Strikin' air all Satan would be ekal ter round a forge, Clem 'lows. Waal, sir, two or three nights arterward Clem hears suthin', an' looks out'n the roof-room winder; an' thar he see the forge lit up an' hearn the hand-hammer an' the sledge, clink-clank, clink-clank, jes' ez nat'ral! Clem 'lowed it made him feel powerful bad ter hev his harnt a-walkin' 'bout his own forge 'fore he air dead; he tuk it for a sign, an' it went so ter his heart ez he got off'n his feed fur a few days. But that night, ez he got closer an' closer ter the forge" —

"Did — did Clem go thar?" demanded the old man breathlessly.

"*Yes*, sir!" said Jube. He paused to look at the dark sky, fully instarred now, as all its scintillating splendors were suddenly quenched into neutral monotony, while a ghastly quiver of sheet lightning broadly fluctuated over the infinite spaces of the firmament, and over the long, dark, lonely stretches of wood and mountain. Then it died away, leaving the constellations supreme in the night, and the dark stillness brooding in the woods.

"He got plumb up ter the winder, sir, 'cordin' ter Clem," Jube continued cautiously.

"An' — an' — what did he see?" interrupted the parson.

"He stumbled an' fell right at the winder, an' they hearn the noise inside, an' in a minit it war all dark an' still in the forge, 'ceptin' that the doors they shut with a bang. Clem went in; he fund nuthin' an' nobody. A leetle fire smouldered on the h'ath, but the anvil war a-ringin' like all possessed."

Parson Donnard sat with a rigid face, but half revealed by the dull light that came from the fire within, and all unnoted by his careless son. He had possessed himself anew of his stick, and had resumed his accustomed attitude, his hands clasped upon the head of the stout cane, and his chin resting upon them. But these hands were unsteady, and now and again his lips trembled. He was secretly aware, as he gazed out into the blank darkness, that the vision he had seen was revealed in a manner merely to his spiritual sight. It was rather suggested to his own insulted moral perceptions by the future possibilities to the jocund group. In fact, he had not intended his description of it literally; he had given it in some sort as a parable, the version of the actual scene translated by an acute and discerning moral sense. He had never gauged the limits of his own credulity in the visions of others, and he did not at the time realize that he overstepped the bounds of verity when he construed the tableau according to the moral needs of his hearers. It was salutary that Satan should sit upon the anvil amidst that merry crew, and visibly rejoice in their wicked sports. And who knows but that he did! The parson claimed the benefit of the doubt, and the vision of his spiritual eye was thereby improved. It was eminently restrictive and calculated to impress Clem Sanders that he himself, in some future reflective mood, should gaze back through the windows of memory, solemn and regretful, upon the futile wasted hours of a riotous youth. The parson's figurative language had unforeseen possibilities, and had set the "harnt" of a living

man a-walking before its time. He had not concerned himself greatly with the misapprehension when it first came to his notice. He had not dreamed of strange consequences astir. Despite the natural strength of his mind, his uncultivated instinctive knowledge of human nature, his gift of rude eloquence, he was densely ignorant, saturated in superstition, and even his religion held alternating elements of terror and of bliss. He began to fear that thus unguardedly speaking a judgment was to be sent upon him. His hasty figurative words, unjustifiably used, were forthwith made true. He thought, poor soul, that he had conjured up the devil, to stalk abroad in Broomsedge Cove, where, as well he knew, the denizens were ill prepared to meet him! Not in the guise of a ravening wolf, nor a black dog, but "bat-wise," gigantic and weird, a creature of the night, accompanied by that familiar, yet horribly unfamiliar, presentment of the blacksmith. "I hev gin Clem over. I hev los' my sheep." He groaned aloud in the misery of his reflections.

Perhaps it was the courage of desperation, the unrecognized hope that never dies till every vital spark be extinct, perhaps only the stanch and adventurous spirit of the old mountaineer, — woodsman and hunter as well as parson, — that nerved him to say, "It air some human critter, mebbe, bent on no good." Then he presently observed, "Jube, I be goin' ter watch that thar forge this night, an' every night till I see who it air ez kems."

Jube recoiled. "Lord A'mighty, dad, *I* would n't fur nuthin'. 'Pears like ye ought n't ter resk it." Then gathering reassurance with the reflection, "Mam won't let ye, nohow."

"Thar ain't no need for her to know it." And after a pause, "I ain't a-goin' ter tell her," added the parson.

Perhaps to the cynical it might seem a caustic commentary upon conjugal life that, after thirty years of it, Parson Donnard found it necessary to sedulously hold his tongue in order to be able to keep his own resolution, and that Mrs. Donnard's devotion, making his cause her own, cherishing enmities for his sake, tolerating more difficult friendships, sharing alike haps and mishaps — at last resulted in exclusion from his confidence! It was a lesson of doubtful expediency for Jube to observe the disingenuousness of the parson, as like unto other men as if he had felt no outpouring of the spirit, while he ate the good supper that she had cooked, and wore a placid and incidental countenance, and lighted his pipe after the meal was concluded, and established himself upon the porch in a definite and settled manner as of a fixture for the evening. And how, with his own practice to the contrary, should he preach to Jube, and young people generally, upon the beauty of confidence in the family relations, of the dangers of secrecy, of the necessity of setting good examples, and of amply and quickly returning the blessings that one enjoys of fine traits in others by double measure to them, pressed down and running over!

But the parson did — and most parsons do.

The unconscious Mrs. Donnard, almost pathetic in her unconsciousness, scoured the skillet with ashes, and now and again lifted her voice and sang a fragmentary measure, broken by leaning down and rising up, and mounting upon chairs to place plates and sundry other table ware upon the high shelf, otherwise beyond her reach. Once the hiatus was occasioned by the parson, who put his head into the door to say he was "obligated" to go down to the Settlement to see how Eli Strobe was, when she placidly assented, and went on singing as before. It was Jube who, looking in at her cheerful industry, felt the pang of remorse, — he the good-for-naught; not the worthy parson, plodding off,

feeling that she knew as much as was good for her, after the manner of the best of husbands.

Jube went too, having volunteered in an unguarded moment — repenting of it immediately afterward, but unable to extricate himself — to show his father a certain choice coigne of vantage on the mountain above, where one could easily overlook the road and the forge, and yet be at a considerable distance. "It 's so steep a body mought slip spang down onto the roof, ef ye did n't scotch yer-se'f with a bowlder. Git ahint one o' them bowlders, — that 's the dinctum."

The moon had sunk in the unknown world behind Chilhowee. The blackness on the earth was dense and unbroken, save that here and there the flare from some cabin that they passed revealed the vague outline of the building, the dully illuminated oblong space of the open doorway, a few zigzag lines of the rail fence close at hand thus suggesting the features of their familiar scenes which the night had annulled. Above, the stars blazed in great glory and a scintillating multiplicity, but gave little appreciable light, and the parson was glad that Jube, with his younger eyes and his active step, was with him, when they began to toil up a rugged and brambly pathless ascent. The old man struggled valiantly along, — they had passed through the Settlement, the father observing to the son, by way of keeping his word to Mrs. Donnard, that they would stop and inquire for Eli Strobe upon their homeward way, if it were not then too late, — and he was beset by the terror of meeting some one of his flock here and now, where his errand would be inexplicable. He plunged boldly among the briers; he toiled through steep stony passes; he puffed, and tugged, and made every hearty effort to swiftly betake himself out of the way of any accidental encounter. Once a sudden stir in the bushes hard by caused his heart to spring into his throat, and his quick mind to anxiously canvass some hobbling methods of explaining his position, — the next moment the mellow clangor of a cow-bell; the creature was lying belated, perhaps, on the slope, and had moved her head, hearing their steps, and no more.

He was indefinably perplexed and embarrassed by an odd, unrecognizable change in Jube. A sort of half-subdued hilarity grated on him, sundry smothered guffaws, gleeful allusions to previous capers, of which the parson had never heard and vaguely understood. Only now and then did Jube subside, with a returning realization of the identity of his companion. For the night air, the mountain wind, the secrecy, the excitement, the quivering expectancy of their errand, had begun to make themselves felt in Jube's blood, — a rapid current, and susceptible of considerable elation and exhilaration. The spirit of adventure was astir within him, and only at times was dashed by the remembrance that the parson was — the parson.

When they reached their objective point, Parson Donnard sank down upon a large rock that his son indicated to him, his knees against a bowlder lying hard by, that he might not slide down the steep incline upon the very roof of the forge. He noted how he seemed to face the great concave of the sky, how definite the western mountains stood against the starry expanse, and how distinct certain objects had become even in the pitchy blackness, now that his eyes were in some sort accustomed to it.

"Thar 's the forge, right down yander under this laidge," observed Jube, with that wild gayety in his tone which bewildered the old man, who deprecated it. "Ef ye war ter lean over, dad, an' stretch out yer arm, yer hand would be plumb over the chimbly. Laws-a-massy" — Jube rocked himself in the joy of his reminiscence — "don't I 'member how me an' some o' them t'other boys got up hyar one night, an' drapped a leetle gun-

powder down into the chimbly. An' Clem say, 'Lord A'mighty, what 's that?' An' then I drapped a leetle mo' yit, an' Clem hollered, skeered, till suddint he smelt it, an' out he kem with a bar o' red-hot iron in his hand, a-dustin' up the mounting. 'T war a dark night, an' he jes' looked plumb like the devil hisself."

"Hesh, Jube, hesh! ye talkin' mighty loud." The old man shrank from the sound of his voice.

"An' I seen him," continued Jube, "an' durned ef I warn't so full o' laff that I los' my balance, an' fell right down thar plumb onter the roof. Clem clomb up an' got me, he did! But the t'others hed runned off through the woods."

"Jube, jes' see ef ye can't shet up fur awhile," said the poor parson.

"Waal," remonstrated Jube, "I jes' want ter tell ye how I kep' Clem from bastin' me 'count o' that trick. Oh, ho! 't war the funniest joke on Clem; liked ter never hearn the e-end o' it, an'" —

"I don't want ter hear no joke," said Parson Donnard sternly and ill at ease; perhaps he felt a personified joke himself, perched on the beetling ledges of the mountain in the middle of the night, in imminent danger of rheumatism, and in the more than questionable society of his own son. It would be a gay day for the flock of Brother Ezekiel Johns, in Piomingo Cove, if his enterprise and position should be discovered, and, failing, should become ridiculous. Draw as he might on his large resources of explanation, his license of metaphor and spiritual phrasing, he could not justify the facts with Jube in company.

"This air a solemn 'casion, an' we hev kem out, it may be, ter meet the enemy. 'Pears ter me ye air a mighty junketin' an' jiggetty sort o' boy fur a pa'son's son, gigglin' an' jokin' all the time."

The parson spoke with acrimony; perhaps at that moment he himself would have administered with right good will the bastin' that Clem had spared.

"No use ter take arter me kase the devil kems a-lopin' 'round in Brumsaidge," retorted Jube, surlily. "I hain't hed no dealin's with the devil." He spoke of the enemy familiarly; he was accustomed to hear so much of him. "Ef I war a talkin', 't would n't hender him none from kemin'; *he* ain't afeard o' *me*, I reckon."

He relapsed, however, into silence, preserving a wounded manner which was of great avail generally with his parents, and which advertised that some one had been "tromplin' on his feelin's," as he was wont to phrase it.

The night was wearing on: once the glittering dart of a falling star shot swiftly athwart the dark expanse; not even a dog barked in the Cove. They could hear the pensive night sigh in its brooding reverie. Jube now and again shifted his position, a few loose stones rolling beneath his feet. The tedium of the delay wore heavily upon him. Once as the clarion note of a cock rang out, with its response from the echoing crags, he ventured to say in a low voice, "Thar now!" as a reproach for the lateness of the hour. And more than once afterward he yawned with ostentatious fatigue. Differently, indeed, had the time been beguiled when he and his cronies awaited the propitious moment to throw gunpowder into the smith's forge fire. But then the bellows was at work, with its noisy respirations, and the anvil clamored, and the behests of secrecy were not inconsistent with sound. Now the forge in the black abyss below was as silent as the grave, — as dark. No stir save that of the torrent in the deep obscurity of its channel, its current throbbing like the pulse of the night. No light in all the world, — not even at Eli Strobe's cabin, where the watchers' candle by the bedside had burned late; no light save the glister of the great stars.

Suddenly — the parson's hand falls

with a light touch on Jube's; a step along the road, was it? The wind — a vagrant blast — comes a-rustling down and stirs the dust; the dry, arid scent of it rises to their perch; and again a step. Distinct now, a regular advancing footfall along the road, so dark, so dark under that glittering array of all the hosts of heaven. An approach, a sound — no more! But was the echo so strong, so keen, or was the step followed closely by another?

The parson's breath came in quick gasps through his half-parted dry lips. He trembled throughout all his gaunt frame. For the footfalls had followed the road at the base of the mountain, and had paused at the door of the forge.

All at once the old man, quivering on the ledge, started violently, and came near falling into the depths below, rescuing himself only by the strong clutch of his sinewy hands at the jagged rock on which he sat. For a sound had issued into the null silence, — a long, terrible, jarring sound. A wild, fantastic mimicry of a crowing cock, ending in a sonorous wail, profaned the solemn stillness, and was strident in all the echoes. The next moment his angry blood was throbbing in his temples. Jube's arms were still flapping in his grotesque mockery, and his gay, inadvertent laugh rang out, forgetful of all in the ecstatic opportunity, — of his father, their solemn mission, the purpose of the invaders of the forge, all consideration of the spiritual enemy; — boisterously joying in the sudden exclamation of fear below and the quick retreating footfalls.

"Stop! Stop! Who be that down thar?" exclaimed the parson's authoritative voice. "War ye a-wantin' ter git in the forge?"

A momentary silence below, — seemingly a whisper; then, "Whar 's that thar rooster? Naw; I war jes' a-goin' ter turn roun'. I kem down hyar ter 'quire arter Eli Strobe, 'lowin' they 'd watch all night, an' I would n't hev time ter-morrer; but I see the house air dark."

"Who be ye? What yer name?" asked the parson.

Again a momentary hesitation. Then, "Ain't that Pa'son Donnard?"

The old man writhed under the cumbrous dignity of his identity. How much easier and happier just now to be Jube, burdened with no reverence and veneration of the community to live up to! He had never tasted the bitterness of such humility as he experienced now.

"I be Pa'son Donnard," he said as sonorously as he might, "a humble sarvent of the Lord."

Another vague whisper. Then, aloud, "Laws-a-massy, pa'son, what be ye a-doin' of up in the mounting in the middle of the night? — nigh day, ef the truth war knowed."

"I kem out," said the parson slowly, "ter wrastle with the sperit." He did not think it needful to say in what sense.

"Yes, sir," said the voice below, with an intonation of deep respect. "I never would hev 'lowed 't war you-uns, though. I never war so skeered!"

The parson stuttered in his haste. Whatever construction might be placed upon his intentions and the hour, he would repudiate that wild vocalization of the crowing Jube's.

"I hev brung my son along; I hev got Jube up hyar."

"Edzac'ly," said Jube, with a facetiously accurate hiccough.

"Air Jube a-wrastlin' with the sperit, too?" demanded the unknown from below; the intention of the scoffer was in his tone.

"Ye shet up," said Jube, promptly. "I know ye. I know yer voice. Ye be Jake Baintree. I 'll kem down an' wrastle with you-uns, fust thing ye know."

In the interval a sudden faint flicker of sheet lightning wavered across the dark world. Jube's eyes were young and very keen.

"Who be that thar with ye?" he cried out in a changed tone.

An interval — was it cogitation? was it consultation?

"Nobody," said Jake Baintree sturdily, — "nobody be with me."

"I 'lowed I seen somebody jes' now," urged Jube.

"Shadder, I reckon," said the voice unconcernedly. "Good-night."

He moved off into the obscurity, and Jube sank down beside his father, laying an excited clutch on his arm. "Thar war another man with him, a strange man, dressed diff'ent, ez I never see afore." He listened to the retreating footfalls, tightening his grip. "Thar air two of 'em, — two of 'em, keeping step, keerful and walking like one man!"

The parson rose, his stiff joints creaking.

"I don't keer ef thar be forty, or a hunderd. An' ef Satan hev got a mind, he kin set on the anvil down yander or work at the forge ez a constancy 'fore I 'll be fool enough agin ter kem out in the dark an' roost up on a laidge on the mounting ter spy him out, alongside o' sech a turrible, turrible, disobejient, miser'ble critter ez ye hev kem ter be. They 'lowed 't war me a-crowin', — *me*, the pa'son!"

"I plumb forgot, dad," said the contrite Jube.

"An' Jake Baintree, what I refused ter baptize! This tale will go the rounds o' the kentry! An'," said the parson, dropping his voice to a still more dolorous key as he toiled down the mountain side on the stanch arm of his son, "I dunno what in the world yer mam will say ef she finds out ez I hain't been ter Eli Strobe's at all, an' yit kem back home at this time o' the day."

Charles Egbert Craddock.

BROWNELL.

I.

Upon your hearse this flower I lay.
Brief be your sleep! You shall be known
When lesser men have had their day:
Fame blossoms where true seed is sown,
Or soon or late, let Time do what it may.

II.

Unvext by any dream of fame,
You smiled, and bade the world pass by:
But I — I turned, and saw a name
Shaping itself against the sky —
White star that rose amid the battle's flame!

III.

Brief be your sleep, for I would see
Your laurels — ah, how trivial now
To him must earthly laurel be
Who wears the amaranth on his brow!
How vain the voices of mortality!

Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

MR. LOWELL'S NEW POEMS.

It is pleasant to be reassured that we have poets among us; and when their verses come in such unexpectedly generous quantity as this volume [1] contains, it is a doubly gratifying surprise. Mr. Lowell has gathered these poems from many years; and besides, his mind is so various and so versatile that he escapes altogether the monotony of tone which afflicts the versifiers who publish annually. One little fable is dated thirty-five years ago, and how much earlier those hexameters are which he calls A Youthful Experiment is a matter for mere guessing. Other poems belong to the sixties and seventies: some widely known, like the tribute to Agassiz; some more narrowly, like the Harvard Commencement Verses, 1866; some kept in the poet's drawer, like the lines to George William Curtis, 1874. The unusual variety of the volume is indicated by the method of arrangement, in accordance with which the poems are grouped under headings of Friendship, Sentiment, Fancy, Humor and Satire, and Epigrams; but it is not realized until one begins to read. The range of the style, too, is very wide; it sweeps from the Elizabethan cadence of —

"When oaken woods with buds are pink,
And new-come birds each morning sing,"

to the briefer notes of the Victorian —

"My heart, I cannot still it,
Nest that had song-birds in it;"

and takes in by the way the measures of the Dryden couplet, and even overlaps upon the latest modern of *vers de société*. So wide a reach of subject and such compass in treatment make the volume one in which the critic can wander at his will.

Naturally one looks first for the homebrew; not because it is the best, but because it is ours. Mr. Lowell's attachment to the soil is strong, and his pictures of old New England life are drawn with as much sympathy as definiteness. The Yankee idyl here is Fitz Adam's Story. It was one of a projected Decameron of country tales, in which Clough, who was fond of the short tale in verse, encouraged the poet, and the literary manner of it is that long ago set apart for such narrative and practiced by foregoing generations. It is made up of a double characterization: first, of the native who has lived abroad: —

"only coming West
To give his Old-World appetite new zest;
Yet still the New World spooked it in his veins,
A ghost he could not lay with all his pains;
For never Pilgrims' offshoot scapes control
Of those old instincts that have shaped his soul.
A radical in thought, he puffed away
With shrewd contempt the dust of usage gray,
Yet loathed democracy as one who saw,
In what he longed to love, some vulgar flaw,
And, shocked through all his delicate reserves,
Remained a Tory by his tastes and nerves;"

and secondly of the native who has not left his village, a type of which several illustrations are given, the principal being the inn-keeper and the deacon. The former is thus delineated in the Chaucerian way: —

"No eye like his to value horse or cow,
Or gauge the contents of a stack or mow;
He could foretell the weather at a word,
He knew the haunt of every beast and bird;
. . . . . .
Hard-headed and soft-hearted, you 'd scarce meet
A kindlier mixture of the shrewd and sweet;
Generous by birth, and ill at saying 'No,'
Yet in a bargain he was all men's foe,
Would yield no inch of vantage in a trade,
And give away ere nightfall all he made."

[1] *Heartsease and Rue.* By James Russell Lowell. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1888.

The other persons of the tale are equally sharply outlined, and the old New England country touched with Mr. Lowell's feeling for Nature in her northeast quarter makes the background of the rustic incidents. One fine quatrain we cannot help taking from its place and setting out by itself: —

"I often wonder what the Mountain thinks
Of French boots creaking o'er his breathless brinks,
Or how the Sun would scare the chattering crowd
If some fine day he chanced to think aloud."

The story itself we leave to the reader, who will find it, as Mr. Lowell remarks, of a piece with mediæval humor; and indeed it seems almost as far away as "Rutebeuf and his brother Trouvères bold," — story and setting, too. To the American to-day, to the country as a whole, the Yankee who changed a board nail for a shingle nail, to give exact weight when selling, is as distant and strange a figure as the Tennessee mountaineer or the Louisiana creole.

Mr. Lowell, in the remainder of the volume, is a poet among the choir; a writer of sonnets, love lyrics, the compliments in verse of a high-bred society, or the fancies and philosophy of a mind that has fed on old mythology and Gothic romance. Endymion, with which our readers are familiar, stands in the first place; but it is only one of several poems in which love is either the subject or the motive. Often in these, and especially in the shorter lyrics, there is a perfect melody, real music, which has a charm apart from the meaning of the verse. Here is an example from The Broken Tryst: —

"If a dead leaf startle behind me,
I think 't is your garment's hem,
And, oh, where no memory could find me,
Might I whirl away with them!"

And here is another, quite as perfect in its kind, but how different in its rhythmic quality! —

"I heard the proud strawberry saying,
'Only look what a ruby I 've made!'
It forgot how the bees in their maying
Had brought it the stuff for its trade."

This is the "music" which he tells us in another poem is "the secret." In the sonnet form, too, he can give us remarkable purity in the flow; and as it is our purpose mainly to illustrate in this notice, we quote again, this time the sextet of Bon Voyage addressed to Ocean:

"Smooth all thy surges as when Jove to Crete
Swam with less costly burthen, and prepare
A pathway meet for her home-coming soon
With golden undulations such as greet
The printless summer-sandals of the moon,
And tempt the Nautilus his cruise to dare!"

The writer of the sonnet, however, is but half a master if he cannot achieve something in its nobler strong form, and it would be incomplete justice not to add to the preceding extract some such example as this, On being asked for an Autograph in Venice: —

"Amid these fragments of heroic days
When thought met deed with mutual passion's leap,
There sits a fame whose silent trump makes cheap
What short-lived rumor of ourselves we raise.
They had far other estimate of praise
Who stamped the signet of their souls so deep
In art and action, and whose memories keep
Their height like stars above our misty ways:
In this grave presence to record my name
Something within me hangs the head and shrinks.
Dull were the soul without some joy in fame;
Yet here to claim remembrance were, methinks,
Like him who, in the desert's awful frame,
Notches his cockney initials on the Sphinx."

This group of poems of feeling and imagination is sown with felicities to linger in the memory: such as the pines

"That make a music out of silent air;"

or reflective lines like these: —

"We count our rosary by the beads we miss;"

"A friend whene'er he dies has died too soon."

or the conclusion to Estrangement: —

"At every spot
That feels the memory in my feet,
Each grass-blade turns forget-me-not;"

or the owl who wondered

"What fool it was invented light;"

or the epigram on The Boss, —

"Skilled to pull wires, he baffles Nature's hope,
Who sure intended him to stretch a rope."

The poetic quality of the distinctly literary part of the volume may be judged of by these quotations.

In another aspect, Mr. Lowell is to be looked on also as the poet of Cambridge; and in this collection there is an unusual quantity of familiar friendly verse, some of it light and happy with life that is vigorous still, and much of it the poetry of bereavement or of public eulogy. The long poem which leads in the volume is the well-known ode upon Agassiz, which has the characteristics of Mr. Lowell's powers in meditative elegy. It contains a description of the Saturday Club, with portraits of Clough, Hawthorne, Emerson, Governor Andrew, and others, and readers will recall also the walk home over the bridge at night with Agassiz. Edmund Quincy is remembered in a group of sonnets, in one of which is a fine phrase: —

"The high-bred instincts of a better day
Ruled in his blood, when to be citizen
Rang Roman yet;"

and parenthetically we must express our regret that there is not more of "the citizen" in this volume, for it is this side of Mr. Lowell's interests in life which is least adequately represented. Joseph Winlock the astronomer, Bradford the Spanish scholar, Holmes and Whittier have also their tribute of friendship; but the best of these memorials of the generation to which Mr. Lowell belongs is the Epistle to George William Curtis, which is likely to be most widely appreciated, and stands, in our judgment, in the first place of excellence. Here it is that "the citizen" whose absence we regretted is present, both in the feeling of the whole poem and by direct description: —

"Too well these Capuas could my muscles waste,
Not void of toils, but toils of choice and taste;
These still had kept me, could I but have quelled
The Puritan drop that in my veins rebelled.
But there were times when silent were my books
As jailers are, and gave me sullen looks;
When verses palled, and even the woodland path,
By innocent contrast, fed my heart with wrath,
And I must twist my little gift of words
Into a scourge of rough and knotted cords
Unmusical, that whistle as they swing
To leave on shameless backs their purple sting."

Nor is the characterization of Mr. Curtis done with less force, and it has the added grace of compliment and the kindliness of long acquaintance. These particular tributes are the pleasant literary record of the time now gathering the dignity and passing into the background of age, and are the highest form of occasional verse. For the more general feeling, and the poetic mood which is not limited by any individual memory, there is other expression; and we will not refrain from adding to our already liberal citations the following, which is one of the poems most to our liking: it is called My Portrait Gallery.

"Oft round my hall of portraiture I gaze,
By Memory reared, the artist wise and holy,
From stainless quarries of deep-buried days.
There, as I muse in soothing melancholy,
Your faces glow in more than mortal youth,
Companions of my prime, now vanished wholly,
The loud impetuous boy, the low-voiced maiden.
Ah, never master that drew mortal breath
Can match thy portraits, just and generous Death,
Whose brush with sweet regretful tints is laden!
Thou paintest that which struggled here below
Half understood, or understood for woe,
And with a sweet forewarning

Mak'st round the sacred front an aureole glow
Woven from that light that rose on Easter morning."

Yet with all these illustrations of the poet's work, much of the volume has been left out of view. A collection of brief poems is hardly to be entirely included in a general notice, and in this case the extraordinary variety of the verse makes such an attempt impossible. It is enough if these extracts indicate to the reader the general character of the more important portion of the work, and give him some immediate sense of the poetry in it. The chief distinction of the volume seems to us its classical finish. Mr. Lowell concludes his address to Mr. Curtis with a postscript more recently written, in which he draws a picture of himself "home again," and taking up the old reed to call back its music in the haunts of the old days; the promise involved in this makes a pleasant ending.

DARWIN'S LIFE.

THERE is nothing more useful to observe in the life of Darwin than its simplicity. He was the man of science as Marlborough was the soldier, and he was only that. From boyhood he refused all other ways of life and knowledge as by instinct, and in his maturity the ill-health which ends the career of ordinary men only confirmed him in his own; he was always the collector, the investigator, or the theorizer. A second quality, which is general enough to be constantly attracting attention, is the thoroughly English character of his life; and it is one that gives to these volumes [1] the better part of their charm. Altogether the greater interest of the biography is in the opening chapters, which consist of Darwin's autobiography and the recollections of him by his children; and this is not only because the subject is personal and human, instead of being that scientific research whose history in detail is the real story told us, but much more because the Darwins' home shows us English breeding in one of its most engaging forms. The stock from which he sprang was rich in old English qualities of vigor, sense, and originality; the house in which he was reared offers an excellent type of English family life, and was as good a place to be born in as could be desired for any son; his father's strong character, the influences of his older relatives, the ordinary schools he attended, the smallest incidents of his childhood, even the jokes of his playfellows, belong to the moral climate of the old country; and it does not need the grouse-shooting, the Cambridge undergraduate suppers, and the proposition that he should choose the Church for a profession to tell us where we are. Indeed, we should not quarrel with any one who might find Darwin in his youth, spirite , cordial, and overflowing with health, in his early surroundings of English strength and kindness, quite as attractive as he was in his quieter, and in some respects narrower, working life.

He certainly won upon the men whom he met at the outset of his career. "Looking back," he says, "I infer that there must have been something in me a little superior to the common run of youths: otherwise the above-mentioned men, so much older than me and higher in academical position, would never have

[1] *The Life and Letters of Charles Darwin.* Including an Autobiographical Chapter. Edited by his son, FRANCIS DARWIN. 2 vols. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1887.

allowed me to associate with them. Certainly I was not aware of any such superiority; and I remember one of my sporting friends, Turner, who saw me at work with my beetles, saying that I should some day be a Fellow of the Royal Society, and the notion seemed to me preposterous." Of these men, Henslow was the most attached to him and interested in his success. He had not done much more than work at "his beetles," but his scientific taste was already the ruling genius of his life. It is surprising to see how completely he remained untouched by the ordinary influences of a university training; he thought in later years that his scholastic education had been a waste of time, and he seems justified when one perceives how little good he got from it. His was a mind that belonged to himself, self-fed, almost self-made; he lived his own life, and not another's, from the start; though his taste for collecting was hereditary, the persistence with which he gave himself up to following it, the completeness of his surrender to his one predominant talent, was his own. He was, nevertheless, better furnished with intellectual power than he appears to have believed. "From my earliest youth," he writes, "I have had the strongest desire to understand or explain whatever I observed, that is, to group all facts under some general laws." It is true that he started from some specific facts, had a definite tangible problem to solve; but he felt the necessity to solve it. He differed from the collector in this, that his curiosity was not exhausted in gathering materials, but he must also order his materials; or, to put it exactly, must organize his knowledge. This shows the great vitality of his reasoning faculty, which within its special range was really precocious. The native strength of his mind in this direction is also illustrated by the great pleasure he derived from reading Paley's Evidences. "The logic of this book," he declares, "and, as I may add, of his Natural Theology, gave me as much delight as did Euclid. The careful study of these works, without attempting to learn any part by rote, was the only part of the academical course which, as I then felt and as I still believe, was of the least use to me in the education of my mind. I did not at that time trouble myself about Paley's premises; and taking these in trust, I was charmed and convinced by the long line of argumentation." He acknowledges his inability in later life to follow trains of abstract reasoning, such as make the matter of metaphysics; but he was quite aware of his aptitude for inductive reasoning, and does not overestimate its influence in the composition of his great work. "Some of my critics have said, 'Oh, he is a good observer, but he has no power of reasoning!' I do not think that this can be true, for the Origin of Species is one long argument from the beginning to the end, and it has convinced not a few able men." His taste for collecting was a *sine qua non*, but it was this power of reasoning, however limited in range, that made him great; and it is as clearly to be seen in operation in his formative years as was the passion for collecting which was to feed it with material to work upon. His vivacity and energy no doubt counted much in winning for him the friendship of elder men, and he possessed that indefinable but potent quality of personal attractiveness; but Henslow in the beginning, as Lyell later, must have seen in him that happy conjunction of tastes and faculties which made his genius for science, or at least they must have perceived the promise of it.

All the circumstances of his life seem to have conspired to favor this special endowment. The very fact that the classics did nothing for him helped him: he was relieved from the confusion caused by complex and disturbing elements in a varied education; he had no difficulty in making his choice; he was

not afterward drawn aside by the existence of other unsatisfied tastes, artificially cultivated; he had no ambition for that roundness of development which is a fetich of modern times; he did not fritter away his time and energy in directions in which he could not excel. It is not meant to hold up his luck in this respect as exemplary good fortune, but only to emphasize the way in which it told on his success. He was not less happy in the exterior circumstances of his life, and in those things which come by a kind of hazard. His appointment to the Beagle was a Napoleonic opportunity, and in looking back he realized its value to the full: "The voyage of the Beagle has been by far the most important event in my life, and has determined my whole career; yet it depended on so small a circumstance as my uncle offering to drive me thirty miles to Shrewsbury, which few uncles would have done, and on such a trifle as the shape of my nose." But one ought not to exaggerate the element of chance; and though Captain Fitzroy had continued to disapprove of Darwin's nose, and his uncle had not interfered to overcome the elder Darwin's objection to the voyage on the score that it would be an unbecoming adventure for a prospective clergyman, and other equally good or better grounds, yet we might have had our great naturalist. The voyage of the Beagle, nevertheless, was the turning-point of Darwin's life. He obtained in the course of it the first real training of his mind; it brought before him several departments of science in such a way that he approached them with active and original thoughts, and was constantly forced into an inquiring and bold attitude toward the novel material he found; it gave him five years alone with science and free from any near master to whom he might have formed the habit of deferring. Huxley does not overstate the material advantages that this training brought with it: "In Physical Geography, in Geology proper, in Geographical Distribution, and in Palæontology, he had acquired an extensive practical training during the voyage of the Beagle. He knew of his own knowledge the way in which the raw materials of these branches of science are acquired, and was therefore a most competent judge of the speculative strain they would bear. That which he needed, after his return to England, was a corresponding acquaintance with Anatomy and Development, and their relations to Taxonomy, and he acquired this by his Cirripede work." It is to be noticed that during his voyage in the Beagle he became convinced of the "wonderful superiority of Lyell's manner of treating geology" over every other author's. This is an illustration, like that drawn from Paley, of the character of his mind as primarily a reasoning mind; for what he recognized in Lyell was a method. It was on this voyage, too, that he became ambitious; he began to believe that he might add to the stock of human knowledge, and the stimulation of the welcome his success was meeting in England was evidently keenly felt. He put his whole heart into the work, and few passages are more stirring than those which describe his zeal in his first really scientific enthusiasm, after he had given up his gun as of less use than his eye, and had found sport, even with his fond love of it, an inferior pleasure to the pursuit of knowledge; then, alone in the Andes and the Southern Ocean, he came to his majority.

Mr. Huxley, in the passage cited, has noted the need Darwin had for further training, particularly as a naturalist. He obtained this by his work on the Cirripedes, an eight years' labor. This concluded his education. Of the value of it merely as training and to himself, Sir Joseph Hooker says: "Your father recognized three stages in his career as a biologist: the mere collector at Cambridge; the collector and observer in the

Beagle, and for some years afterwards; and the trained naturalist after, and only after, the Cirripede work. That he was a thinker all along is true enough." Huxley says that Darwin never did a wiser thing than when he devoted himself to these years of patient toil. Darwin himself does not indicate that he purposely chose to do this monograph in order to educate himself, and he doubts whether it was worth the time. He seems to have been gradually drawn into it, and to have finished it because he had gone so far. When he had done with it, at any rate, if not before, he was a thoroughly furnished man for such investigation as was to be his title to lasting fame. He had come to be thus equipped by the mere course of his life: by beetles at Cambridge, and the Beagle, and the Cirripedes. Yet if he had planned his education from the start for the express purpose of dealing in the most masterly way with the mass of diversified details out of which the Origin of Species and the other derivative coördinate works grew, it is hard to see in what way his course could have been improved. The ill-health which seized him so soon was almost a blessing in disguise, since it isolated him from the distractions of modern London, made him value his life and his time, and possibly, by the economy of his strength which it necessitated, aided as much as it hindered him.

It is not within the scope of this notice to follow him through the composition of his books, or even through the elaboration of the theory of natural selection, during the many years that it was growing in his laboratory of notes. For him the formulating of that theory was inevitable: it seems, as one observes him, natural enough to have been foretold of him; but it followed, not from his position, which another man might have occupied, but from his genius. The qualities of mind which it required were not many, and one understands readily why it is so commonly said that all is explained by his power of observation and its vast range; but it did require one high faculty of the mind, and a rare one at that, which Darwin had preëminently among the men of his time, — the faculty, namely, of discerning the lines of inquiry in a mass of as yet unrelated facts. He somewhere says that he had found it harder, perhaps, to put the question than it was to reach the answer. This power is the great economizer of mental energy, in any branch of investigation; it is, to the man who has it, equivalent to a compass, and to Darwin it was the one talent without which his stores of knowledge would have been no more than a heap of unclassified specimens in a museum cellar. Moral and physical qualities he had, besides; his patience and his practiced vision were invaluable; but it was the intellectual part that penetrated the secrets of nature. This sense of the problem, this eye for the question, was most serviceable to his success. His acuteness in perceiving the importance of the infinitely little, which is often mentioned as one of his distinguishing traits, was only an incident of this larger endowment; and his power to make other men useful to him, specialists in horticulture or physiology, or even common observing men, was only the knowledge of how to put practical questions. The point is worth emphasizing, because in this age of the accumulation of scientific detail it is too apt to be forgotten that the thinking mind is as rare in science as in other departments, and is, nevertheless, the indispensable thing which makes a man great.

Here it is worth while to advert to that persistent discussion respecting the nature of a modern education, which Darwin's autobiography is bound to bring to the fore with new vigor. His testimony, both in the chart of himself which he gave Mr. Galton and in the account he wrote for his children, is un-

equivocal. He says he was self-taught; that his training at the university was of no use to him, speaking generally; and that the classics in particular were barren. He seems to be quite correct in his statement; the claim that his powers of observation and comparison were really developed by schoolboy attention to Latin and Greek terminations is purely pedagogical; nor is there any reason to question that men of genius can be successful, achieve eminent greatness for themselves, and do work of the highest value to society without immediate obligation to those studies usually called the humanities. This is nothing new. Instances of self-education for special careers are to be found in other walks than those of science: in war, in administration, and generally in active life, and not infrequently in literature itself. But it is worth observing what testimony these volumes bear to the wonderful vitality of the Greek intelligence. Speaking of the theory of Pangenesis, Darwin writes to a correspondent that the views of Hippocrates "seem almost identical with mine, — merely a change of terms, and an application of them to classes of facts necessarily unknown to the old philosopher." Again, he writes of Aristotle: "From quotations which I had seen I had a high notion of Aristotle's merits, but I had not the most remote notion what a wonderful man he was. Linnæus and Cuvier have been my two gods, though in very different ways, but they were mere schoolboys to old Aristotle. . . . I never realized, before reading your book, to what an enormous consummation of labor we owe even our common knowledge." A more striking passage is that of Huxley's, where he says: "The oldest of all philosophies, that of evolution, was bound hand and foot and cast into utter darkness during the millennium of theological scholasticism. But Darwin poured new life-blood into the ancient frame; the bonds burst, and the revivified thought of ancient Greece has proved itself to be a more adequate expression of the universal order of things than any of the schemes which have been accepted by the credulity and welcomed by the superstition of seventy later generations of men." Rediscovery, however, is not obligation; and perhaps, if Darwin had been thoroughly imbued with the Greek mode of looking upon the universe, he would not have been really indebted to it for his own views; for he went upon different grounds in forming his conceptions. The real question is not whether Darwin succeeded without Greek influences, but whether he lost anything because of his failure to assimilate them. The answer seems to us plain. It is written all over these pages, and is expressly given by Darwin in more than one passage.

No words can be too strong to express the lovableness of Darwin's personality, or the moral beauty of his character. In these volumes, it is true, he is presented as the man of science; but he is seen occasionally in other aspects. He was a dutiful, respectful, and affectionate son, at the outset of his life. He thought his father was sometimes unjust, but he always spoke of him as "the wisest man he ever knew;" and there is a touching passage in one of his letters home, when his father had sent him a note: "I almost cried for pleasure at receiving it; it was very kind, thinking of writing to me." He was also, in his turn, an admirable father, considerate, patient, and more tender. One of his sons tells a most significant anecdote of once having drawn on himself some indignant exclamation "almost with fury," and the end of it being that "next morning, at seven o'clock or so, he came into my bedroom and sat on my bed, and said he had not been able to sleep, from the thought that he had been so angry with me, and after a few more kind words he left me." His description of his little daughter who died is of itself enough

to show the extraordinarily fine quality of his affections; and in general his relations with his children are almost ideal in gentleness, kindness, and companionableness. He was also a good friend and acquaintance. In a word, in his private social relations he was exemplary, judged by the standard of a high civilization. He was not without a sense, too, of public duty. He felt strongly only upon the subject of slavery, and this was largely because of his travels in slave countries. He was interested in philanthropic efforts to some degree, and especially in furthering the increase of kindness to animals. But he was remote from public affairs, and led even in his sympathies a life somewhat narrowly confined to his own circle and his work in science. In other parts of his character there is nothing to displease. He was modest, and just, and free from envy, conscientious to an extreme, and as ready to give as to receive help in all ways. He was more pleased with his fame than he acknowledged; he cared deeply for the success of his theory, and was well aware of its influence on his own reputation as one to be classed with Newton's; he liked praise and distinction, though he limited his desire to the commendation and respect of naturalists; but this is only to wish to be approved by the most competent judges. He was fair to Wallace, and exhibited the best of tempers toward him; but between the lines one reads that he was nettled and annoyed by the incident, and it must be concluded that as he was ambitious in youth, he was desirous of having his due in manhood, and valued fame.

This was a character which might well spare the humanities. The fact remains that he did spare them. What he lost was culture. The confession that he makes of the gradual atrophy of his æsthetic tastes will be long quoted as one of the most remarkable facts of his life. He began with a susceptibility to music, which by his son's account he did not lose; with a liking for poetry, such that he read The Excursion twice, and he would not have read it except for pleasure; and he used to take Milton with him in his pocket. In art he went but a little way, if indeed he ever really had any eye for it. He was religious, as an English boy usually is; but his interest in belief regarding religious subjects died out, and, what is of more consequence, the emotions which were called out by it in early life ceased to be exercised. There was a deadening, in other words, of all his nature, except so far as it was fed by his work, his family, and his friends in its intellectual and social parts. So complete was this change that it affected even his appreciation of beautiful scenery, which had evidently given him keen delight in his youth and travels. He dates this change from just after his thirtieth year, when he became absorbed in scientific pursuits as his profession. Something, no doubt, and perhaps much, is to be set down to the effect of his ill-health, which left him with diminished energies for any recreation; his strength was exhausted in his few hours of work. He was himself so convinced that his life had been narrowed in these ways that he says if he had it to live over he would have planned to give a certain time habitually to poetry.

It would be too much to say that the failure of Darwin to appropriate the humane elements in his university education accounts in any perceptible degree for these defects. In culture as in science, the self-making power of the man counts heavily; and there is such inefficiency in those whose duty it is to give youth a liberal education from classical sources, there are such wrong methods and unintelligent aims in the universities, that it might easily prove to be the case that a student with the most cordial temperament toward the humanities would profit only imperfectly by his res-

idence at seats of learning. In spite of these reservations, however, the Greek culture is the historical source of what are traditionally the higher elements in our intellectual life, and has been for most cultivated men the practical discipline of their minds. But it is to be further observed that the example of Darwin, if it should be set up as showing that Greek culture is unnecessary in modern days, goes just as directly and completely to prove that all literary education, as well by modern as by ancient authors, is superfluous. It is enough to indicate to what a length the argument must be carried, if it is at all admitted. The important matter is rather the question, How much was Darwin's life injured for himself by his loss of culture, in the fact that some of those sources of intellectual delight which are reputed the most precious for civilized man were closed to him?

The blank page in this charming biography is the page of spiritual life. There is nothing written there. The entire absence of an element which enters commonly into all men's lives in some degree is a circumstance as significant as it is astonishing. Never was a man more alive to what is visible and tangible or in any way matter of sensation; on the sides of his nature where an appeal could be made, never was a man more responsive; but there were parts in which he was blind and dull. Just as the boy failed to be interested in many things, the man failed, too; and he disregarded what did not interest him with the same ease at sixty as at twenty. What did interest him was the immediately present, and he dealt with it admirably, both in the intellectual and the moral world; but what was remote was as if it were not. The spiritual element in life is not remote, but it is not matter of sensation, and Darwin lived as if there were no such thing; it belongs to the region of emotion and imagination, and those perceptions which deal with the nature of man in its contrast with the material world. Poetry, art, music, the emotional influences of nature, the idealizations of moral life, are the means by which men take possession of this inner world of man; to which, for man at least, nature in all its immensity is subsidiary. Darwin's insensibility to the higher life — for so men agree to call it — was partly, if not wholly, induced by his absorption in scientific pursuits in the spirit of materialism. We praise him for his achievements, we admire his character, and we feel the full charm of his temperament; he delights us in every active manifestation of his nature. We do not now learn for the first time that a man may be good without being religious, and successful without being liberally educated, and worthy of honor without being spiritual; but a man may be all this, and yet be incomplete. Great as Darwin was as a thinker, and winning as he remains as a man, those elements in which he was deficient are the noblest part of our nature.

On finishing the story of his life, the reflection rises involuntarily in the mind that this man, in Wordsworth's line, "hath faculties that he has never used."

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

A Winter Problem.

THERE is an international tradition of a tourist who had devoted a lifetime to the comparative study of pleasure resorts, and was asked to summarize the result of his inquiries. "If you are traveling in quest of comfort," said he, "just watch the flight of migratory birds, and *go in the opposite direction.*" If we confine our comparison to the comforts of city life, the apparent paradox must, indeed, be accepted as a practical truism. In the course of the last fifty years, the polytechnic science of our Northland cities has accomplished miracles in perfecting the contrivances for making home life pleasant. Weather-tight roofs, moisture-proof walls, ingenious window-frames, self-regulating stoves, faultless lamps, carpets, parlor gardens, and musical automata combine to sweeten the austerities of climate with an artificial summer, decidedly preferable to the season of mosquitoes and sweltering nights; and at the very time when our summer birds seek refuge in the distant South, many thousands of our migratory fellow-men voluntarily return to their homes in the icy North.

Yet in the mean time the progress of another science has rather complicated the winter problem for a large number of our Northern city dwellers. Modern hygiene has demonstrated, with arguments supported by the logic of an ever-widening experience, that habitual indoor life is incompatible with the cure of respiratory disorders. Consumption has proved to be a house disease. On both sides of the Atlantic, the prevalence of pulmonary affections has been found to bear an exact proportion to the prevalence of out-door occupations. On the prairies of our northwestern territories, as well as in the deserts of Tunis and Turkestan, the tent life of pastoral nomads has been ascertained to afford an almost absolute immunity from lung diseases.

And yet the results of practical experiments have hardly encouraged the plan of sending our consumptives to the winter resorts of the lower latitudes. Four out of five visitors of our Southern sanitariums return before the end of winter, or hibernate in the hostelries of the next larger city. After New Year the health resorts of our southern Gulf-coast are patronized chiefly by sportsmen and land-prospectors. The fact is that the territories of civilization do not comprise a perennial summerland. The genial winter of our Southern frontier is at best but a mild, rainy season. Lounging on a dripping veranda is dreary fun, and in a crowded rendezvous of consumptives even the pluckiest patients are apt to succumb to the dismal influence of an "atmosphere of mutual condolence and mutual infection." Sleet-storms range a hundred miles beyond the valley of the Rio Grande, and in a choice between the alternatives of indoor life the home method naturally gets the preference.

Home cures thus rise in demand; and science assures us that *cold* pure air, as a lung specific, excels *warm* pure air, as well as warm impure air. Cold is a tonic and an antiseptic, and the same frosts that terminate the mosquito season also destroy or neutralize countless disease germs, in the slums of our reeking factory towns as in the fever swamps of Florida and Arkansas. The intense cold of the highest latitudes so thoroughly expurgates the morbific elements of the human organism that the natives of the Arctic regions know lung diseases only from hearsay, and in extreme cases intelligent physicians have actually begun to send consumptives to the winter-camps of the Adirondac highlands. Pure

air, though, might be found nearer home, and the temperature of the "northers" that visit the cities of our snow States should be supposed to guarantee their entire freedom from disease germs.

The trouble is that disagreeable remedies are apt to reconcile the patient to the consequences of the let-alone plan. Experience will teach even medical enthusiasts to renounce the prescription of heroic specifics. A friend of mine for years urged the possibility of removing digestive disorders by fasting-cures, but at last concluded to leave an unredeemable world to its fate. "I have done what I could," he writes, "but find I must let the Sybarites join their idols. In stress of extremes they shriek for help, and their letters really could make one believe in their willingness to earn it; but after weeks of correspondence I cannot resist the conclusion that they are *fishing for pills*. They decline to let me cure the evil by the removal of the cause, but would pay me a liberal premium for working a miracle and mixing up a nostrum enabling them to indulge their surfeits with impunity." He ended by compromising the difficulty, and limiting his prescriptions of abstinence to a rather popular and, as he sorely feared, rather ineffectual minimum. The cold-air cure, too, can avoid ostracism only by homœopathic doses. The pupils of civilization will consent to a stroll on a sunny promenade, or a brief sleigh-ride; but the mere idea of a protracted foot-tour in a snowstorm would take away their breath in a way to make asthma seem a lesser evil. Cold indoor air would prove equally objectionable. Mechanics would be hampered by a load of warm clothing. The arguments against frozen ink and frost-numbed fingers could not be refuted with a fur cloak.

There remains, however, one obvious expedient, equally unexceptionable from a theoretical and experimental point of view, and prejudiced only by the influence of the *night-air superstition*. The genesis of that superstition is a suggestive study. Its root, like that of numerous other popular delusions, is the intellectual bias which the schoolmen of old used to define as the *post hoc, ergo propter hoc* fallacy, — the disposition to mistake a coincidence for a causal connection. Woodpeckers are found on dead branches, and thus incur the suspicion of having *caused* the decay of the tree, the common speckled variety of the genus *picus* being widely known as the "sap-sucker." After a long drought, small frogs leave their hiding-places during the first brisk shower; hence the irrepressible myth of "frog-rains." Lung complaints are more frequent in winter than in summer for the simple reason that winter is the season of habitual indoor life. But the coincidence of frosts and catarrhs evolved the theory of their causal connection; and that tenet once established, night-air, as nearly always *colder* than day-air, became the scapegoat of innumerable sins against the health laws of nature.

Yet that Upas of popular superstition might become a panacea of respiratory disorders. The instinctive shudder in the draught of a cold-air current should certainly warn us against the danger of a direct exposure to the influence of a low temperature, just as the shivering discomfort of a cold winter bath should refute the arguments of the cold-air extremists. But to the lungs cold, pure air is as welcome as cold spring water to the stomach. Boiler-makers, who ply their trade in a temperature of more than a hundred degrees Fahrenheit, find constant sips of cold water a positive luxury, and when the body is warmed in a snug cover of bed-clothes the respiratory organs imbibe cold air with a pleasure that must convert a believer in oracle of instinct at the first experiment. In a warm Turkish bath, a small stream of fresh water will cool the outstretched arm so delightfully that it requires some

effort of will-force to withdraw it; but the cold-air thirst of congested lungs has a motive besides the craving for refrigeration. With every breath of fresh air the purifying element is brought in contact with every fibre of the respiratory apparatus, and thus exerts an expurgative influence which, in the course of six hours, suffices to neutralize all the morbific tendencies of the preceding day. Three warm blankets, supplemented by head-shawls and neck-wrappers, make the direct influx of the cool night-air a luxury which *habitués* will not readily forego. A week's experiment is almost sure to lead to the permanent adoption of a plan which, to many thousands, would for the first time reveal all the sweetness of perfect sleep; and the expediency of closing the bedroom windows during the coldest nights is justified only by the circumstance that the influence of a severe frost will expurgate the indoor atmosphere in spite of such obstacles.

The question remains whether the benefits of the night-air cure could not be excelled by the advantages of a climate making out-door exercise a perennial pleasure, and superseding pulmonary specifics by obviating their necessity. With the addition of a few social inducements, certain regions of Central America might possibly answer that purpose; but it is quite certain that no portion of our national territory or adjoining countries combines the requisite climatic conditions, and that the plan of semi-annual migrations must be excluded from a list of staple remedies. Matamoras enjoys a protracted Indian summer, but broils in August, and drips from New Year to April. The tableland cities of Central Mexico are shrouded in winter mists; Jalapa, for instance, often for six consecutive weeks. The rainless winters of the Gila Valley are offset by sandstorms and superheated dogdays; the heavenly summers of the Southern Alleghanies by dreary winters.

The project of Baron Lesseps, however, promises to transform the social status of the Isthmus countries, and in the Elysian terrace-lands of Honduras and Nicaragua the children of the American colonists would soon forget the winter sorrows of their ancestors. Forest culture may ultimately reclaim the drought climate of Southern California sufficiently to make San Diego a perennial sanitarium. Nor is it impossible that the progress of hygienic chemistry may yet teach us a method for making the air of our winter dwellings both comfortable and uninfectious; but in the mean time the practical solution of the winter problem will depend on the chance of opening an Isthmus canal, unless we should prefer the alternative of opening our bedroom windows.

Pleasant People. — What a boon to all his friends and acquaintance a pleasant person is! It may be hard to define pleasantness, but we find no difficulty in recognizing it when we meet with it. Pleasant people are not always by any means the most admirable of mankind, nor the most interesting; for it often happens that the qualities in a man which are worthiest of esteem are, for lack of other modifying elements, the very ones which make against his agreeableness as a companion; and a person who does not impress us as particularly pleasant may nevertheless interest us very much by the display of unusual mental or moral characteristics, or from a complexity of nature which seems to offer itself as an enigma we are curious to solve. Pleasant people may not even be the most truly lovable, but they are *likable;* we perhaps have no desire to make friends of them, in the deeper sense of friendship, but we are glad when we meet them, and enjoy ourselves while in their society. The tie thus formed, though slight, is a real one, and I believe that we should all do well to remember, in the interest of our closer friendships, the attractive and cohesive

force of mere pleasantness. The highest virtues and offices of friendship we are not called on to exercise every day, and in familiar intercourse we have not less, but rather the more, need of making ourselves pleasant, because of the times when our friends will have to answer our drafts on their patience and sympathy.

If we question what it is that goes to constitute a man or woman pleasant, it appears to be a result of both temperament and character. It is hardly necessary to say that these are not the same thing, and yet they are not distinguished in common thought and speech as clearly as they might be. Without attempting any close analysis, we may perhaps say that temperament is a certain combination of elements given us at birth, while character is another set of powers and dispositions, slowly acquired and grown in us: for the first nature is responsible, our parents and ourselves for the second.

It seems easiest to describe a pleasant person by negatives, although assuredly his pleasantness affects us as a most positive quality. To begin with, such a person must not be too much "shut up in his own individuality," to use the phrase of an English writer. That is, he must not be very reserved and concentrated in his emotions and affections, but have a certain expansiveness of nature and openness of manner. He must not be too fastidious, but able to take people for what they are, and what they are worth to him for the passing moment and the needs of the social hour. He must not be of too intense a nature, nor so preoccupied with the serious aspects and duties of life that he is unable to put them aside temporarily, and lend himself to lighter thoughts and lighter people. One of the pleasantest men I ever met was one of the most hard-working, devoted to a dozen good causes and public interests beside his personal and professional ones. None of these were made a bore to others, and his equable and kindly disposition, his readiness to enter into other persons' ideas, his interest in literature and art as well as weightier matters of politics and science, made him able to please and be pleased by men and women of the most diverse sorts. It has sometimes struck me forcibly with respect to such a man, How pleasant he must be to himself, — how comfortable to live with every day!

But as has been said, many a person may be a delightful companion who is far from possessing solid qualities like those of my friend above mentioned. Selfishness is obviously incompatible with pleasantness in any of its more marked and open manifestations; yet of two persons, one may be as radically selfish as the other, and the first be found pleasant, while the second is not. In greater matters, the former acts with as keen an eye to his own advantage as the latter; but he is willing to forego a trifling advantage, or to do a little service that does not cost too much, out of a surface kindliness of disposition which the other lacks. Or take two women, one rather shallow and cold in her emotions, the other capable of deeper and truer feeling: it may be that she whom we would least count on for real affection has an adaptable and easy-going temper, and an instinct of pleasing that render her the more agreeable of the two to live with or to go on a journey with. The genuinely pleasant person, I take it, is such from a sort of natural necessity, and therefore at all times and to all persons alike.

One trait of such a man may be noted in the words of a writer who impresses me with the belief that he himself would be found on acquaintance eminently pleasant. Mr. Stevenson says in one of his essays, "It is a useful accomplishment to be able to say No, but it is surely the essence of amiability to prefer to say Yes. There is something

wanting in the man who does not hate himself whenever he is constrained to say No to another."

There are degrees of pleasantness, and in its highest manifestations the power to please is doubtless due to something more than a mere natural instinct or gift, and implies a happy balance of moral and intellectual qualities. We might all be much pleasanter than our friends find us, — there is no question of that. Yet it remains true that the simple wish and effort to please are not always enough; little foibles and faults we are unconscious of, sometimes our very virtues, stand in the way of many a well-meant attempt.

The late Dean Stanley was, like Shakespeare's heroine, "of so free, so kind, so apt a disposition" that he made, and kept, an unusually large number of warm friends among men of all sorts. Mr. Lowell has paid him a tribute by applying to the Dean the sentiment of an epitaph which was found in a New England graveyard, where it was written over an obscure woman by her sorrowing relatives, "She was so pleasant." One smiles at the simplicity of the phrase, but is it not touching too? The good woman's friends could hardly have said more for her human quality than in the few words that told the impress she had made on those around her.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

History and Biography. In the series The Lives of the Presidents, W. O. Stoddard has reached the third volume, containing the lives of Madison, Monroe, and John Quincy Adams. (Stokes.) Like their predecessors, these lives are plain, unvarnished tales, deriving what value they have from their negative virtue of freedom from excessive detail and moralizing. They have no charm of style, but will give young readers a fairly good account of the main incidents in the careers of the men treated. — Madame de Staël, by Bella Duffy, is the sixteenth volume in the series of Famous Women. (Roberts.) A readable book, written with an English respect for the subject, and with a masculine discernment of its limitations. Recent women writers have been showing a coolness of air about their subjects which threatens to deprive us of our old privilege of smiling at feminine enthusiasm. — Life and Labor, or Characteristics of Men of Industry, Culture, and Genius, by Samuel Smiles. (Harpers.) Mr. Smiles's method is well known. He has applied it hitherto chiefly to muscle-workmen; now he takes up brain-workers, and making a few bags, labeled Great Young Men, Town and Country Life, Health and Hobbies, Great Old Men, Single and Married, and the like, he stuffs them with anecdotes, incidents, and quotations. The result is a book which one can dip into at any point and pull out a plum; of batter there is very little. — The Kentucky Resolutions of 1798, by Ethelbert Dudley Warfield. (Putnams.) A careful and apparently impartial study of an important subject. The importance is less noticeable in the North than in the South, and less to be studied, perhaps, in popular consciousness than in the thinking of professional politicians who have transmitted the influence received by them. — Reminiscences of Winfield Scott Hancock, by his wife. (Charles L. Webster & Co., New York.) The title is correct, though the hasty reader might expect another book. Mrs. Hancock has recorded her recollections of the life which she passed with her husband. She was a true soldier's wife, and thus is able to set down many incidents strictly connected with Hancock's military career. Too much must not be asked of the author, who evidently writes out of a full heart, and not from a familiarity with book-making. — Robert Southey, the story of his life written in his letters, edited by John Dennis. (Lothrop.) Southey's letters are interesting as full records of a busy man of letters, who was greatly overrated by his neighbors and by himself, but who will always be regarded with respect and a certain affection by men of letters themselves. He was brave, hard-working, pitifully mistaken about his verse, an honest gentleman. — The Genesis of the Civil War, the Story of Sumter, by Samuel Wylie Crawford. (Webster.) Dr. Crawford was one of

Major Anderson's staff, and brings to his task a personal connection with the incidents of the historic attack on Sumter. He has used also the documents in the case, and has not spared to enter upon the political tangle which makes so interesting a preliminary to the actual conflict. The reader will find abundant detail, and will be especially interested in the narrative of events at Charleston in the initiation of the Secession movement. — Matthew Calbraith Perry, a Typical American Naval Officer, by William Elliot Griffis. (Cupples & Hurd.) A biography which has been written with painstaking care, with great diligence in the collection of material, and out of a real affection for the subject. Mr. Griffis is not always simple in his language, and he somewhat lacks clear perspective in his treatment, but his book is a good addition to our stock of naval and patriotic biographies. — A History of the Inquisition of the Middle Ages, by Henry Charles Lea. (Harpers.) This work is planned for three volumes, of which two now appear, covering the period preceding the Reformation. It is a learned work, packed with detailed information, and fortified with foot-notes. It taxes the reader, but it rewards him not only with a history which moves steadily toward definite ends, but with frequent suggestions of the interpretation of the human mind. American scholarship has already been honorably represented by Mr. Lea in his strong essays in the same general field, and this work is likely to receive more respect at a distance than familiar acquaintance by the general reader. — The Scottish Pulpit, from the Reformation to the Present Day, by William M. Taylor. (Harpers.) In effect, lectures upon Scottish ecclesiastical history, as illustrated by the careers of Knox, Melville, Rutherford, Dickson, Livingstone, Leighton, Chalmers, the Erskines, and others. The Scottish divines had so much to do with history that personal sketches could scarcely be made without a historical background. — Decisive Battles since Waterloo, the most important military events from 1815 to 1887, by Thomas W. Knox. (Putnams.) A volume which undertakes to supplement Creasy. The selection seems judicious, though probably few scholars would agree in making out the same list, and the author has made the decision to affect nationalities which many readers will feel little interest in. Nevertheless, the South American and Belgic contests give the book its specific value, we think, because the subjects are less hackneyed. — The Life and Times of John Jay, Secretary of Foreign Affairs under the Confederation, and first Chief Justice of the United States, with a sketch of public events from the opening of the Revolution to the election of Jefferson, by William Whitelock. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) A respectable book. Jay was rather important as an agent in great affairs than personally impressive. He did not make history, but he was on hand when history was made. — A History of the Negro Troops in the War of the Rebellion, by George W. Williams. (Harpers.) A studiously temperate work, in which, after a rapid survey of the use of the negro in earlier military operations, a full narrative is given of the part which he played in the war for union. It would be strange if Mr. Williams, writing of his own race, did not appear somewhat as an historical advocate, but the reader readily pardons this offense, if it be one, in consideration of the good taste and freedom from fustian which characterize the work. The eloquence which sometimes catches the writer flows naturally from the mounting emotion caused by the memory of the war. — Horse, Foot, and Dragoons, by Rufus F. Zogbaum (Harpers), is an entertaining account of the author's military experience in France, England, Germany, and the United States. Mr. Zogbaum enriches his text with admirable drawings by his own pencil. — My Autobiography and Reminiscences, by W. P. Frith, R. A., and What I Remember, by Thomas Adolphus Trollope (Harpers), are two very entertaining books, each having its especial charm. Mr. Frith's volume abounds in pleasant anecdote, and Mr. Trollope's is full of shrewd observation of men and manners in the first half of this century. — A Girl's Life Eighty Years Ago, being selections from the letters of Eliza Southgate Bowne, with an introduction by Clarence Cook (Scribner's Sons), gives us a delightful picture of certain features of American social life in 1801 and thereabouts. The text is prettily illustrated with reproductions of miniatures by Malbone and others. — An Abridged History of Canada, by William H. Withrow; also an Outline History of Canadian Literature, by G. Mercer Adam. (William Briggs, Toronto.) A modest book, which does not offend by an exaggerated view of the subject, but industriously gathers into compact form such facts of political and literary growth as are worth knowing. There is little attempt at philosophical explanation of the barrenness of the literary field, yet is it not summed up, when we refer the dearth to the same cause as that of a similar dearth in our own colonial period, — the absence of any real self-centred life? — The fifth volume of Kinglake's The Invasion of the Crimea (Harpers) takes up the narrative after Inkerman, and carries it to the fall of Canrobert. The binding of the volume, which is uniform with the earlier ones, is an indirect evidence of the length of time that has elapsed since the work was launched. — Memoirs of an Arabian Princess: an autobiog-

raphy, by Emily Ruete. (Appleton.) The princess was born in Zanzibar, became an orphan at fifteen, underwent a revolution, married a German, and removed to Germany. She could not return to her own country owing to an estrangement from her brother, and the book is chiefly a record, from recollection of her early years. There is a plaintive tone throughout, and the life described is rather a cheerless one, but the record may serve as a corrective of a too rosy view of Eastern life. — Memorials of a Southern Planter, by Susan Dabney Smedes. (Cushings & Bailey, Baltimore.) The record of the life of T. S. G. Dabney, a Virginian, who removed to Mississippi, written by his daughter from recollections and letters. Mr. Dabney belonged to the finer strain of Southern life, and the book is a singularly interesting exhibition of the best class of Southern planters. — Life of Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet, by his son, Edward Miner Gallaudet. (Holt.) A brief, carefully prepared memoir of an interesting man, who was the pioneer in the movement for teaching the deaf-mutes, wrote a number of books for children, was chaplain of an insane asylum, and in great demand among evangelical circles as secretary of benevolent societies. He must have been a man worth knowing, but his son, while not writing a strictly eulogistic life, has not wholly succeeded in taking his father out of a somewhat limited circle, or in explaining the source of his power and the full meaning of his philanthropic work. — The sixth volume of Winsor's admirable Narrative and Critical History of America (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) covers the period of the revolt of the New England colonies against the mother country. — The English in the West Indies, or the Bow of Ulysses, by James Anthony Froude (Harper & Bros.), is an essay of political intent in the disguise of a very delightful record of travel. We have been waiting a great many years for Mr. Froude to write a dull book.

Holiday Books and Books on Art. Charles Wesley's Hark, the Herald Angels Sing is issued in a little ribbon-tied book, with photogravures from rather interesting designs by Frederick W. Freer. (Stokes.) — A Short History of Architecture, by Arthur Lyman Tuckerman. (Scribners.) A modest contribution, which appears to rest upon a good historical knowledge and discrimination of styles, but we miss indications of that perception of art which penetrates the underlying thought. The book is good as far as it goes, but it is not an inspiriting book. — Olden-Time Music, a Compilation from Newspapers and Books, by Henry M. Brooks. (Ticknor.) A scrap-book of advertisements, programmes, reminiscences, and the editor's own brief digests, relating to music, chiefly in Salem. Readers of The Atlantic who recall Mr. Dwight's article on Our Dark Age in Music, in December, 1882, will find this little book a further illustration of Mr. Dwight's thesis, but not nearly so interesting. — The White Ribbon Birthday Book, a selection for each day from the best writers among women: edited by Anna A. Gordon; illustrated by Mary A. Lathbury. (Woman's Temp. Pub. Association, Chicago.) This is the first birthday book, we are told, composed, compiled, illustrated, and published solely by women. It is in truth an Adamless paradise sown with milkweed. — The Cross and the Grail, by Lucy Larcom; with selections from the poets Shakespeare, Longfellow, Whittier, and Phœbe and Alice Cary. Illustrated by Dora Wheeler. (Woman's Temp. Pub. Association, Chicago.) The poems selected are in the interest of temperance. The pictures have the same intention, but we are afraid that the young man in the last picture, who is no St. Anthony, would set up his goblet once more if he thought he should again have so interesting an angel call upon him. — Eudora, a Tale of Love, by M. B. M. Toland; with drawings by H. Siddons Mowbray and W. H. Gibson, and decorations in the text by L. S. Ipsen. (Lippincott.) Mr. Mowbray, in his desire, apparently, to make his figures natural, has made them uninteresting, but they are no more uninteresting than the same people in the verse. Mr. Gibson had a better chance, since there was no definite description of landscape which he was obliged to reproduce in line, and one or two of his scenes are fresh and effective. — The Standard Cantatas, their stories, their music, and their composers, by George P. Upton. (McClurg.) Mr. Upton has done for the cantatas what he had already done for oratorios and operas. This book is marked by the same industry, care, and good taste as its companion volumes. It is interesting to see how fair a proportion of American names appears among the list of composers of cantatas.

Government and National Development. The State, the Rudiments of New Zealand Sociology, for the use of beginners, by James H. Pope. (George Didsbury, Government Printer, Wellington, New Zealand.) A singular work, which is likely to have an interest centuries hence for the antiquarians of New Zealand. The author set out to instruct the Maoris in the elements of English political and sociological doctrine; he found this a somewhat incomplete end, and proceeded to help the older Maoris; and then he found that what he was teaching was equally needed by the English boys and young men. The oddity consists in the interesting attempt to impart notions of the most complex subjects of modern civilization to those

who are just emerging from savagery, and in the consequent use of illustrations drawn from local life. The author is very much in earnest and somewhat confused, we think, besides being a little of a doctrinaire. He says naively of the United States: "It is a great country still, but not nearly so great as it might easily be." — Natural Resources of the United States, by Jacob Harris Patton. (Appleton.) Mr. Patton has previously treated the same subject in brief in a primer, and now covers the same field more fully. He very properly takes up the separate subjects, such as coal, petroleum, iron, building stones, and follows each over the whole surface of the country. The book will be found full of suggestion, but seems to be lacking in scientific precision. It has no diagrams, which would have shown to the eye the distribution of products, though this has been done so well on a large scale in the statistical atlases that it would scarcely have been possible to repeat it here on a small scale to any great advantage: but the book is really unfinished, since it has no index, — an unpardonable sin in a work of this character. — From the Government Printing Office at Washington comes a volume of the Geological Survey upon the Mineral Resources of the United States, by David T. Day, which will give the reader of Mr. Patton's book, who is eager for more facts, all the facts, figures, and tables of which he may stand in need. — Administrative Reform as an Issue in the Next Presidential Canvass, by General C. C. Andrews, of Minnesota. (Riverside Press, Cambridge.) The subject is limited to reform of the civil service. — The volumes issued by the government upon the operations of the United States Life-Saving Service are always interesting reading, and the latest report for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1886 (Government Printing Office, Washington), contains, besides the customary statistics and detailed narratives, interesting instructions to mariners in case of shipwreck, and directions for saving drowning persons. The narratives, however, are what make these volumes books of thrilling adventure. — The Handbook of New Zealand Mines. (George Didsbury, Government Printer, Wellington.) A stout volume of five hundred pages or so, issued by the colonial government, giving the history and results of the survey of the gold, silver, copper, antimony, and coal mines of New Zealand, with maps and illustrations, and an appendix devoted to schools of mines, principal forest trees, building materials, mineral waters, mineral leases, etc. The book is something more than a dry statistical compend, and has the fullness of detail and general readableness which belong rather to the seductive pamphlets of mining companies. — Sketch of American Finances, 1789–1835, by John Watts Kearny (Putnams), is a careful study of the subject with a view to an intelligent comprehension of the present financial problems. — What shall We do with It? is the title of a pamphlet (Harpers) in which taxation and revenue are discussed by President Cleveland in his message, by Blaine, Watterson, and Edmunds in interview and articles. The *it* of the title is the surplus. The question of the surplus is somewhat incidental, in this discussion, to the more comprehensive question, How shall we stop having a surplus? — The Old South and the New is a series of letters by William D. Kelley, and is Number XLV. of Questions of the Day. (Putnams.) These letters give detailed reports of personal observation in a large number of industrial centres at the South, and contain the author's hopeful view of the situation.

Poetry and the Drama. Moly, a Book of Poems, by Curtis May. (Putnams.) A volume of more than a hundred short poems. One finds here a good word, there a faint catch at a thought or a passing sentiment, but is obliged finally to say, Some one with sensitiveness, but without creative power, has tried to use an art which he has not learned, to express feelings which he has not determined. — Heart Lyrics, by Jessie F. O'Donnell. (Putnams.) Another book of verse. — Poems, Dramatic and Lyric, by Constance Faunt Le Roy Runcie. (Putnams.) The dramatic poems have ever so much fury, and the lyrics have in some instances been set to music by the author; but fury is not strength, and a lyric must be sung without music to be a lyric at all. — Robert Emmet, a Tragedy of Irish History, by Joseph J. C. Clarke. (Putnams.) Mr. Clarke has dramatized Emmet's short history, but has confined himself to prose. The incidents are in themselves dramatic, but the language of the dramatist is prosaic, and he seems more desirous of realizing the successive situations than of infusing his characters with life. Naturalism in a drama must be something more than narrative turned into dialogue. — The Holy Child, or the Flight into Egypt, by Thomas E. Van Bibber. (Putnams.) A versified and amplified narrative of the incident which is barely mentioned in scripture, and has been so often the subject of pictorial art. The book is illustrated by prints from famous pictures. — Poems and Translations, by Mary Morgan. (J. Theo. Robinson, Montreal.) The translations are from French, German, and Italian. The poems are some of them hymns. The author has merely mechanical facility. — Fifty Years of English Song, edited and arranged by Henry F. Randolph (A. D. F. Randolph & Co.), is an admirable compilation of poems selected from the poets of the Victorian period. The editor,

who has done his task with exceptional taste and thoroughness, seems to have got the suggestion of his anthology from Mr. Stedman's Victorian Poets. At all events, Mr. Randolph's volumes form a fitting pendant to Mr. Stedman's critical survey. The numerous notes, biographical and bibliographical, give a special value to the work. — Poems, by "Josiah Allen's Wife," Marietta Holley; illustrated by W. Hamilton Gibson and others. (Funk & Wagnalls.) The thoughts and emotions expressed in this book gain nothing by being given in metrical form. — The Passion of Life, by Jessie Wilson Manning. (Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati.) The story of two lives, in their separate attraction and repulsion, told in smooth verse. The reader picks out the story from the poems, and has no great fault to find with it as a study of self-restraint. It is when he comes to inquire into the poetry of the thing that he begins at once to doubt. — Poems and Translations, by Lewis Frederick Starrett. (Rand Avery Co., Boston.) The larger part of the book is occupied with translations from Rückert, Uhland, Freiligrath, Bürger, Lenau, Heine, and other German lyrists. Mr. Starrett versifies freely, and he seems to keep pretty closely to the original, but there is a lack of that finish in form which is indispensable to successful translation. — Beyond the Shadow, and Other Poems, by Stuart Sterne. (Houghton.) The earnestness and intensity of this poet elicit a respectful attention when she sings, but one is likely to turn aside to blither songs. It requires a very sympathetic mood, if one would be in tune with this voice. In other words, she does not attract the ear, though one in just the same mood with the singer might respond. — From Heart and Nature, by Sarah Knowles Bolton and Charles Knowles Bolton. (Crowell.) Poems, we think, by mother and son. — Lotus and Jewel, containing In an Indian Temple, A Casket of Gems, A Queen's Revenge, with other poems, by Edwin Arnold. (Roberts.) It seems odd to see an acrostic of gems making out the name of the poet's sweetheart. It strikes one as Brummagem orientalism. Mr. Arnold uses Indian legend and myth freely, but there is such a thing as an abundance of orientalism producing the effect of an untranslated poem in a foreign tongue. — Lyrics of the Ideal and the Real, by Coates Kinney. (From Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati.) A good deal of vigor has gone to the making of this book, and the effect is often narrowly near good poetry, as in the final poem of Ships Coming In. But a good deal of the vigor is noise and confusion.

Literature and Criticism. Wit, Wisdom, and Beauties of Shakespeare, edited by Clarence Stuart Ward. (Houghton.) A handy little volume, which attracts by its reserve. Most readers will look for their favorite passages in a play; and whether or not they find all they want, they are not likely to find any indifferent ones. But it is a little doubtful if the demand for such books is as great as it was when literature was the accompaniment of elegant leisure. — Books Which Have Influenced Me. (Pott.) The authors of this *brochure* are Gladstone, Stevenson, Besant, Stead, Ruskin, Hamerton, Haggard, Blackie, Farrar, Smith, Dods (the Rev. Marcus Dods, D. D., if you want to know who Dods is), and Parker (the Rev. Joseph Parker, D. D.). Bits of autobiography, written thus to order, have an interest, but only occasionally throw any real light. If each one wrote about the books which no one else had read, there would be more point to the revelation, but necessarily the mental food of one man is largely that of all men in his general circumstance. — The third series of The Best Reading, edited by Lynd E. Jones, has been issued. (Putnams.) It is a priced and classified bibliography, for easy reference, of the more important English and American publications for the five years ending December 1, 1886. The classification is by subjects, and the brevity of reference enables the editor to make his list very full. By means of abundant cross-references, he helps the dullest reader to track the book he is after. — A History of Elizabethan Literature, by George Saintsbury. (Macmillan.) The issue of Ward's English Poets may have suggested the series of four volumes upon the history of English literature of which this is the second in order, though the first to appear. It will be preceded in the final order by one on the Earliest Period of English Literature, by Stopford Brooke, and followed by the Literature of the Eighteenth Century, by Edmund Gosse, and Modern Literature, by Edward Dowden. Mr. Saintsbury's volume covers the period, substantially, from 1560 to 1660. He writes out of large learning, and holds his pen in a firm hand. Within the space at his command he manages to crowd a remarkable number of illustrations of his theme, without losing sight of the more general prospect, and there is a personal note often struck which indicates, we think, the influence upon a writer of so steadfastly connecting his own name with criticism. — Slips of Tongue and Pen, by J. H. Long. (Appleton.) A don't book, or, more correctly, a do not book. There is a collection of offenses against grammar and good taste, and the reader becomes somewhat bewildered by the succession of petty and grave errors. We notice the omission of one objectionable phrase, the use of "up" in unnecessary connection with

verbs, as ate up, or, worse still, cured up. — Women and Men, by Thomas Wentworth Higginson. (Harpers.) A collection of sixty brief essays upon subjects which suggest themselves to a cultivated man of letters when addressing weekly an audience composed more of women than of men. The grace with which Colonel Higginson touches large subjects does not desert him when he takes up these minor and occasional themes; indeed, his lightness of touch does him special service here, and enables him to hold readers to some bit of ethics or good manners which might otherwise miss its mark. We would give more for the style of a person who read attentively this little book than for that of one who committed to memory the whole of such books as Slips of Tongue and Pen. — Harvard Reminiscences, by Andrew P. Peabody. (Ticknor.) Dr. Peabody's direct connection with the university has extended not much over a quarter of a century, we believe, but he has never been outside of its penumbra since he graduated from it, a mere boy, sixty years or so ago. Accordingly, he is able to speak at first hand of Kirkland, the Wares, Popkin, Quincy, Story, Willard, Farrar, Norton, and others, some seventy in all, whose names are still within the memory of living men, though, unlike stars, their light is receding as they retire in time. His sketches are not wholly matters of reminiscence, but are in effect brief biographies, and are marked by that charity of judgment and generous sympathy which have made him the welcome companion of three generations of men. — Essays chiefly on Poetry, by Aubrey de Vere (Macmillan & Co.), is a work of which we shall speak in detail in a future number.

Text-Books and Education. Animal Life in the Sea and on the Land, a zoölogy for young people, by Sarah Cooper. (Harpers.) The writer begins with sponges, and ends with man. The chapter about man, however, is only fifteen lines long, and there is a discreet absence of connection with the previous chapter on monkeys. There is a good deal attempted in the book, and teachers would probably find it most useful as a skeleton to work from. — Elocution for Advanced Pupils, a practical treatise, by John Murray. (Putnams.) Different from the ordinary treatises on this subject in that it deals little with technicalities, and aims at applying directly such rules as would occur to a person well at home in the meaning of what is to be read or spoken, and gifted with delicacy of discrimination. — Classic German Course in English, by William Cleaver Wilkinson. (Chautauqua Press, New York.) A convenient hand-book for those who do not read German, and wish to get as close and rapid a knowledge as they can of the body of classic German literature. The plan of the book is to give a sketch of German literature as marked by the great writers, illustrated by translations of verse and prose, sometimes the author's, sometimes borrowed from recognized sources. — Platform Voices, choice temperance recitations for old and young, edited by Julia A. Ames. (Woman's Temperance Publication Association.) What should we do without specialists in morals, and what can we do with them? Here is a collection of poems and prose extracts which appear to be absolutely free from all intoxicating qualities, yet just as devoid of any literary merit. We should as soon expect a patient to eat his mustard plaster as that the inebriate, or the ebriate either, would be goaded into temperance principles by having this doggerel recited to him. — Hand-Book of Volapük, by Charles E. Sprague. (The Office Company, New York.) If the ordinary English-speaking person can really master Volapük by attentively studying this small book, the enthusiasts who are advocating the use of this international language ought not to despair of seeing a race of clerks who can correspond in it. — Volapük, a Guide for Learning the Universal Language, by Samuel Huebsch. (435 East 86th St., New York.) A still smaller book, but we should say one that made a teacher somewhat more necessary. — Higher Ground, Hints toward settling the Labor Troubles, by Augustus Jacobson. (McClurg.) A neatly printed book, by a strong advocate of industrial education. We can hardly imagine a more demoralizing policy than that suggested by the writer, who would have the State keep the children of the poor longer at school by paying a sum of money to the parents, the amount being equivalent to what the child might be expected to earn during the same period if set at work. If we go on eliminating the element of sacrifice in education, we shall find ourselves at last with selfishness at the top and bottom of our whole civil order. — Industrial Instruction, a pedagogic and social necessity, together with a critique upon objections advanced, by Robert Seidel; translated by Margaret K. Smith. (Heath.) This little book deals with the subject largely in its relation to prevalent social questions, — an important consideration; yet will not the permanence of industrial education as a component part of a public-school system depend upon its essential relation to education psychologically considered?

THE

ATLANTIC MONTHLY:

A Magazine of Literature, Science, Art, and Politics.

Vol. LXI. — MAY, 1888. — No. CCCLXVII.

THE ASPERN PAPERS.

IN THREE PARTS. PART THIRD.

VIII.

As it turned out, the provision had not been needed, for three hours later, just as I had finished my dinner, Miss Bordereau's niece appeared, unannounced, in the open doorway of the room in which my simple repasts were served. I remember well that I felt no surprise at seeing her; which is not a proof that I did n't believe in her timidity. It was immense, but in a case in which there was a particular reason for boldness it never would have prevented her from running up to my rooms. I saw that she was now quite full of a particular reason; it threw her forward — made her seize me, as I rose to meet her, by the arm.

"My aunt is very ill; I think she is dying!"

"Never in the world," I answered, with a certain bitterness. "Don't you be afraid!"

"Do go for a doctor — do, do! Olimpia is gone for the one we always have, but she does n't come back; I don't know what has happened to her. I told her that if he was not at home she was to follow him where he had gone; but apparently she is following him all over Venice. I don't know what to do — she looks so as if she were sinking."

"May I see her, may I judge?" I asked. "Of course I shall be delighted to bring some one; but had n't we better send my man instead, so that I may stay with you?"

Miss Tita assented to this, and I dispatched my servant for the best doctor in the neighborhood. I hurried downstairs with her, and on the way she told me that an hour after I quitted them, in the afternoon, Miss Bordereau had had an attack of pain in her chest, a terrible difficulty in breathing. This had subsided, but had left her so exhausted that she did n't come up: she seemed all gone. I repeated that she was not gone, that she would n't go yet; whereupon Miss Tita gave me a sharper sidelong glance than she had ever directed at me, and said, "Really, what do mean? I suppose you don't accuse her of making believe!" I forget what reply I made to this, but I grant that in my heart I thought the old woman was quite capable of such a manœuvre. Miss Tita wanted to know what I had done to her: her aunt had told her that I had made her angry. I declared I had done nothing — I had been exceedingly careful; to which my companion rejoined that Miss Bordereau had assured her she had had a scene with me, and the scene had upset her. I answered, with some resentment, that it was a scene of her own making — that I did n't know what she was angry with me for unless for not seeing my way to give a thousand pounds for the portrait

of Jeffrey Aspern. "And did she show you that? Oh, gracious — oh, deary me!" groaned Miss Tita, who appeared to feel that the situation was getting out of her control and that the elements of her fate were thickening around her. I said that I would give anything to possess it, yet that I had n't a thousand pounds; but I stopped when we came to the door of Miss Bordereau's room. I had an immense curiosity to pass it, but I thought it my duty to represent to Miss Tita that if I made the invalid angry she ought perhaps to be spared the sight of me. "The sight of you? Do you think she can see?" my companion demanded, almost with indignation. I did think so, but did n't say it, and I softly followed my conductress.

I remember that what I said to her, as I stood for a moment beside the old woman's bed, was, "Does she never show you her eyes, then? Have you never seen them?" Miss Bordereau had been divested of her green shade, but (it was not my fortune to behold Juliana in her nightcap) the upper half of her face was covered by the fall of a piece of rather dingy lace-like muslin, a sort of extemporized hood, which had been wound round her head and descended to the end of her nose, leaving nothing visible but her white withered cheeks and puckered mouth, closed tightly and, as it were, consciously. Miss Tita gave me a glance of surprise, evidently not seeing a reason for my impatience. "You mean that she always wears something? She does it to preserve them."

"Because they are so fine?"

"Oh, to-day, to-day!" And Miss Tita shook her head, speaking very low. "But they used to be magnificent!"

"Yes, indeed, we have Aspern's word for that." And as I looked again at the old woman's wrappings I could imagine that she had not wished to allow people a reason to say that the great poet had overdone it. But I did n't waste my time in considering Miss Bordereau, who was so motionless as to suggest that no human attention could ever help her more. I turned my eyes all over the room, rummaging the closets, the chests of drawers, the tables, with them. Miss Tita met them quickly, and read, I think, what was in them; but she did n't answer it, turning away restlessly, anxiously, so that I felt rebuked, deservedly, for a preoccupation that was almost profane in the presence of our dying companion. All the same, I took another look, endeavoring to pick out mentally the place to try first, for a person who should wish to put his hand on Miss Bordereau's papers directly after her death. The room was a confusion; it was not, it seemed to me, particularly well ordered. There were clothes hanging over chairs, odd-looking, shabby bundles here and there, and various pasteboard boxes piled together, battered, bulging and discolored, which might have been fifty years old. Miss Tita, after a moment, noticed the direction of my eyes again, and, as if she guessed how I judged the air of the place (as if I had any business to judge it at all), said, perhaps to defend herself from the imputation of complicity in such untidiness —

"She likes it this way; we can't move things. There are old bandboxes she has had most of her life." Then she added, half taking pity on my real thought, "Those things were *there;*" and she pointed to a small, low trunk, which stood under a sofa, where there was just room for it. It appeared to be a queer, superannuated receptacle, of painted wood, with elaborate handles and shriveled straps and with the color (it had last been endued with a coat of light green) much rubbed off. It evidently had traveled with Juliana in the olden time — in the days of her adventures, which it had shared. It would have made a strange figure arriving at a modern hotel.

"*Were* there — they are n't now?" I asked, startled by Miss Tita's implication.

She was going to answer, but at that moment the doctor came in — the doctor whom the little maid had been sent to fetch and whom she had at last overtaken. My servant, going on his own errand, had met her near the house, guiding her companion, and, in the sociable Venetian spirit, retracing his steps with them, had also come up to the threshold of Miss Bordereau's room, where I saw him peeping over the doctor's shoulder. I motioned him away, the more instantly that the sight of his prying face reminded me that I myself had almost as little to do there — an admonition confirmed by the sharp way the little doctor looked at me, appearing to take me for a rival who had the field before him. He was a short, dusky gentleman, with a quick, clever eye and the tall hat of his profession; and he gave me at first more attention than he gave the patient. I bowed to him and left him with the women, going down to smoke a cigar in the garden. I was nervous; I could n't go further; I could n't leave the place. I don't know exactly what I thought might happen, but it seemed to me important to be there. I wandered about in the alleys — the warm night had come on — smoking cigar after cigar, and looking at the light in Miss Bordereau's windows. They were open now, I could see; the situation was different. Sometimes the light moved, but not quickly; it did n't suggest the hurry of a crisis. Was the old woman dying, or was she already dead? Had the doctor said that there was nothing to be done, at her tremendous age, but to let her quietly pass away; or had he simply announced, with a look a little more conventional, that the end of the end had come? Were the other two women moving about to perform the offices that follow in such a case? It made me uneasy not to be nearer, as if I thought the doctor himself might carry away the papers with him. I bit my cigar hard as it came over me again that perhaps there were now no papers to carry!

I wandered about for an hour — for an hour and a half. I looked out for Miss Tita at one of the windows, having a vague idea that she might come there to give me some sign. Would n't she see the red tip of my cigar moving about in the dark and feel that I wanted eminently to know what the doctor had said? I am afraid it is a proof that my anxieties had made me gross that I should have taken in some degree for granted that, at such an hour, in the midst of the greatest change that could take place in her life, they were uppermost also in poor Miss Tita's mind. My servant came down and spoke to me, and he knew nothing save that the doctor had gone, after a visit of half an hour. If he had stayed half an hour, then Miss Bordereau was still alive: it could n't have taken so much time as that to establish the contrary. I sent the man out of the house; there were moments when the sense of his curiosity annoyed me, and this was one of them. He had been watching my cigar-tip from an upper window, if Miss Tita had n't; he could n't know what I was after and I could n't tell him, though I was conscious he had fantastic private theories about me which he thought fine and which I, had I known them, should have thought offensive.

I went up-stairs at last, but I ascended no higher than the sala. The door of Miss Bordereau's apartment was open, showing, from the parlor, the dimness of a poor candle. I went towards it with a light tread, and at the same moment Miss Tita appeared and stood looking at me as I approached. "She 's better — she 's better," she said, even before I had asked. "The doctor has given her something; she woke up, came back to life, while he was there. He says there is no danger."

"No danger? Surely he thinks her condition strange!"

"Yes, because she had been excited. It affects her awfully."

"It will do so again then, because she excites herself. She did so this afternoon."

"Yes; she must n't come out any more," said Miss Tita, with one of her lapses into a deeper placidity.

"What is the use of making such a remark as that, if you begin to rattle her about again the first time she bids you?"

"I won't — I won't do it any more."

"You must learn to resist her," I went on.

"Oh, yes, I shall; I shall do so better if you tell me it 's right."

"You must n't do it for me; you must do it for yourself. It all comes back to you, if you are frightened."

"Well, I am not frightened now," said Miss Tita, cheerfully. "She is very quiet."

"Is she conscious again — does she speak?"

"No, she does n't speak, but she takes my hand. She holds it fast."

"Yes," I rejoined, "I can see what force she still has by the way she grabbed that picture this afternoon. But if she holds you fast," I added, "how comes it that you are here?"

Miss Tita hesitated a moment, and though her face was in deep shadow (she had her back to the light in the parlor and I had put down my own candle far off, near the door of the sala), I thought I saw her smile ingenuously. "I came on purpose — I heard your step."

"Why, I came on tiptoe, as inaudibly as possible."

"Well, I heard you," said Miss Tita.

"And is your aunt alone now?"

"Oh, no; Olimpia is sitting there."

On my side I hesitated. "Shall we then step in there?" And I nodded at the parlor; I wanted more and more to be on the spot.

"We can't talk there — she will hear us."

I was on the point of replying that in that case we would sit silent, but I was too conscious that this would n't do, as there was something I desired immensely to ask her. So I proposed that we should walk a little in the sala, keeping more at the other end, where we should n't disturb the old lady. Miss Tita assented unconditionally; the doctor was coming again, she said, and she would be there to meet him at the door. We strolled through the fine, superfluous hall, where, on the marble floor — particularly as at first we said nothing — our footsteps were more audible than I had expected. When we reached the other end — the wide window, inveterately closed, connecting with the balcony that overhung the canal — I suggested that we should remain there, as she would see the doctor arrive still better. I opened the window and we passed out on the balcony, where the air of the canal seemed even heavier, hotter, than that of the sala. The place was hushed and void; the quiet neighborhood had gone to sleep. A lamp, here and there, over the narrow black water, glimmered in double; the voice of a man going homeward, singing, with his jacket on his shoulder and his hat on his ear, came to us from a distance. This did n't prevent the scene from being very *comme il faut*, as Miss Bordereau had called it the first time I saw her. Presently a gondola passed along the canal, with its slow rhythmical plash, and as we listened we watched it in silence. It did n't stop, it did n't carry the doctor; and after it had gone on I said to Miss Tita —

"And where are they now — the things that were in the trunk?"

"In the trunk?"

"That green box you pointed out to me in her room. You said her papers

had been there; you seemed to imply that she had transferred them."

"Oh, yes; they are not in the trunk," said Miss Tita.

"May I ask if you have looked?"

"Yes, I have looked, for you."

"How for me, dear Miss Tita? Do you mean you would have given them to me if you had found them?" I asked, almost trembling.

She delayed to reply, and I waited. Suddenly she broke out, "I don't know what I would do — what I would n't!"

"Would you look again — somewhere else?"

She had spoken with a strange, unexpected emotion, and she went on in the same tone: "I can't — I can't — while she lies there. It is n't decent."

"No, it is n't decent," I replied, gravely. "Let the poor lady rest in peace." And the words, on my lips, were not hypocritical, for I felt reprimanded and ashamed.

Miss Tita added in a moment, as if she had guessed this and were sorry for me, but at the same time wished to explain that I did drive her on, or at least did insist too much, "I can't deceive her that way. I can't deceive her — perhaps on her death-bed."

"Heaven forbid I should ask you, though I have been guilty myself!"

"You have been guilty?"

"I have sailed under false colors." I felt now as if I must tell her that I had given her an invented name, on account of my fear that her aunt would have heard of me and would refuse to take me in. I explained this, and also that I had really been a party to the letter written to them by John Cumnor months before.

She listened with great attention, looking at me with parted lips, and when I had made my confession she said, "Then your real name — what is it?" She repeated it over twice when I had told her, accompanying it with the exclamation "Gracious, gracious!" Then she added, "I like your own best."

"So do I," I said, laughing. "Ouf! it 's a relief to get rid of the other."

"So it was a regular plot — a kind of conspiracy?"

"Oh, a conspiracy — we were only two," I replied, leaving out Mrs. Prest, of course.

She hesitated, and I thought she was perhaps going to say that we had been very base. But she remarked, after a moment, in a candid, wondering way, "How much you must want them!"

"Oh, I do, passionately!" I conceded, smiling. And this chance made me go on, forgetting my compunction of a moment before: "How can she possibly have changed their place herself? How can she walk? How can she arrive at that sort of muscular exertion? How can she lift and carry things?"

"Oh, when one wants and when one has so much will!" said Miss Tita, as if she had thought over my question already herself and had simply had no choice but that answer — the idea that in the dead of night, or at some moment when the coast was clear, the old woman had been capable of a miraculous effort.

"Have you questioned Olimpia? Has n't she helped her — has n't she done it for her?" I asked; to which Miss Tita replied, promptly and positively, that their servant had had nothing to do with the matter, though without admitting definitely that she had spoken to her. It was as if she were a little shy, a little ashamed now, of letting me see how much she had entered into my uneasiness and had me on her mind. Suddenly she said to me, without any immediate relevance —

"I feel as if you were a new person, now that you have got a new name."

"It is n't a new one; it is a very good old one, thank heaven!"

She looked at me a moment. "I do like it better."

"Oh, if you did n't I would almost go on with the other!"

"Would you, really?"

I laughed again, but for all answer to this inquiry I said, "Of course, if she can rummage about that way, she can perfectly have burnt them."

"You must wait — you must wait," Miss Tita observed, with a sigh; and her tone did n't minister to my patience, for it seemed, after all, to accept that wretched possibility. I would teach myself to wait, I declared, nevertheless; because in the first place I could n't do otherwise, and in the second I had her promise, given me the other night, that she would help me.

"Of course, if the papers are gone that 's no use," she said; not as if she wished to recede, but only to be conscientious.

"Naturally. But if you could only find out!" I groaned, quivering again.

"I thought you said you would wait."

"Oh, you mean wait even for that?"

"For what, then?"

"Oh, nothing," I replied, rather foolishly, being ashamed to tell her what had been implied in my submission to delay — the idea that she would do more than merely find out. I don't know whether she guessed this; at all events, she appeared to become aware of the necessity for being a little more rigid.

"I did n't promise to deceive, did I? I don't think I did."

"It does n't much matter whether you did or not, for you could n't!"

I don't think Miss Tita would have contested this, even had she not been diverted by our seeing the doctor's gondola shoot into the little canal and approach the house. I noted that he came as fast as if he believed that Miss Bordereau was still in danger. We looked down at him while he disembarked, and then went back into the sala to meet him. When he came up, however, I naturally left Miss Tita to go off with him alone, only asking her leave to come back later for news.

I went out of the house and took a long walk, as far as the Piazza, where my restlessness did n't diminish. I could n't sit down (it was very late now, but there were people still at the little tables in front of the *cafés*); I could only walk round and round, which I did half a dozen times. I was uncomfortable, but it gave me a certain pleasure to have told Miss Tita who I really was. At last I took my way home again, slowly, and getting all but inextricably lost, as I did whenever I went out in Venice; so that it was considerably past midnight when I reached my door. The sala, up-stairs, was as dark as usual, and my lamp, as I crossed it, found nothing satisfactory to show me. I was disappointed, for I had notified Miss Tita that I would come back for a report, and I thought she might have left a light there as a sign. The door of the ladies' apartment was closed; which seemed an intimation that my faltering friend had gone to bed, tired of waiting for me. I stood in the middle of the place, considering, hoping she would hear me and perhaps peep out, saying to myself too that she would n't go to bed with her aunt in a state so critical; she would sit up and watch — she would be in a chair, in her dressing-gown. I went nearer the door; I stopped there and listened. I heard nothing at all, and at last I tapped gently. No answer came, and after another minute I turned the handle. There was no light in the room, and this ought to have prevented me from going in, but it did n't. If I have candidly narrated the indiscretions, the indelicacies, the brutalities, of which my desire to possess myself of Jeffrey Aspern's papers had rendered me capable, I need n't shrink from confessing this last act of violence. I think it was the worst thing I did; yet there were extenuating circumstances. I was deeply, though

doubtless not disinterestedly, anxious for more news of the old lady, and Miss Tita had given me, as it were, a rendezvous which it might have been a point of honor with me to keep. It may be said that her leaving the place dark was a positive sign that she released me, and to this I can only reply that I did n't want to be released.

The door of Miss Bordereau's room was open, and I could see, beyond it, the faintness of a taper. There was no sound, and my footstep caused no one to stir. I came further into the room — I lingered there, with my lamp in my hand. I wanted to give Miss Tita a chance to come to me, if she were with her aunt, as she must be. I made no noise to call her, but I waited to see if she would n't notice my light. She did n't, and I explained this (I found afterwards I was right) by the idea that she had fallen asleep. If she had fallen asleep her aunt was not on her mind, and my explanation ought to have led me to go out as I had come. I must repeat again that it did n't, for I found myself at the same moment thinking of something else. I had no definite purpose, no bad intention, but I felt myself held to the spot by an acute, though absurd, sense of opportunity. For what, I could n't have said, inasmuch as it was not in my mind that I might commit a theft. Even if it had been, I was confronted with the evident fact that Miss Bordereau did n't leave her secretary, her cupboard, and the drawers of her tables gaping. I had no keys, no tools, and no ambition to smash her furniture. None the less it came to me that I was now, perhaps alone, unmolested, at the hour of temptation and secrecy, nearer to the tormenting treasure than I had ever been. I held up my lamp, let the light play on the different objects, as if it could tell me something. Still there came no movement from the other room. If Miss Tita was sleeping, she was sleeping sound. Was she doing so — generous creature — on purpose to leave me the field? Did she know I was there, and was she just keeping quiet to see what I would do — what I *could* do? But what could I do, when it came to that? She herself knew even better than I how little.

I stopped in front of the secretary, looking at it very idiotically; for what had it to say to me, after all? In the first place it was locked, and in the second it almost surely contained nothing in which I was interested. Ten to one the papers had been destroyed; and even if they had not been destroyed the old woman would n't have put them in such a place as that, after removing them from the green trunk — would n't have transferred them, if she had the idea of their safety on her brain, from the better hiding-place to the worse. The secretary was more conspicuous, more accessible, in a room in which she could no longer mount guard. It opened with a key, but there was a little brass handle, like a button, as well; I saw this as I played my lamp over it. I did something more than this at that moment: I caught a glimpse of the possibility that Miss Tita wished me really to understand. If she did n't wish me to understand, if she wished me to keep away, why had n't she locked the door of communication between the sitting-room and the sala? That would have been a definite sign that I was to leave them alone. If I did n't leave them alone she meant me to come for a purpose — a purpose now indicated by the quick, fantastic idea that, to oblige me, she had unlocked the secretary. She had n't left the key, but the lid would probably move if I touched the button. This theory fascinated me, and I bent over, very close, to judge. I did n't propose to do anything, not even — not in the least — to let down the lid; I only wanted to test my theory, to see if the cover *would* move. I touched the button with my hand — a mere touch would tell me;

and as I did so (it is very awkward for me to relate it), I looked over my shoulder. It was a chance, an instinct, for I had n't heard anything. I almost let my luminary drop, and certainly I stepped back, straightening myself up at what I saw. Miss Bordereau stood there in her nightdress, in the doorway of her room, watching me ; her hands were raised, she had lifted the everlasting curtain that covered half her face, and for the first, the last, the only time I saw her extraordinary eyes. They glared at me ; they made me horribly ashamed. I never shall forget her strange little, bent, white tottering figure, with its lifted head, her attitude, her expression ; neither shall I forget the tone in which, as I turned, looking at her, she hissed out passionately, furiously —

"Ah, you publishing scoundrel!"

I don't know what I stammered, to excuse myself, to explain ; but I went towards her, to tell her I meant no harm. She waved me off with her old hands, retreating before me with horror ; and the next thing I knew she had fallen back, with a quick spasm, as if death had descended on her, into Miss Tita's arms.

IX.

I left Venice the next morning, as soon as I learnt that the old lady had not succumbed, as I feared at the moment, to the shock I had given her — the shock I may also say she had given me. How in the world could I have supposed her capable of getting out of bed by herself? I did n't see Miss Tita before going ; I only saw the *donna*, whom I entrusted with a note for her younger mistress. In this note I mentioned that I should be absent but for a few days. I went to Treviso, to Bassano, to Castelfranco ; I took walks and drives, and looked at musty old churches with ill-lighted pictures, and spent hours seated smoking at the doors of cafés, where there were flies and yellow curtains, on the shady side of sleepy little squares. In spite of these pastimes, which were mechanical and perfunctory, I did n't enjoy my journey ; there was too strong a taste of the disagreeable in my life. It had been devilish awkward, as the young men say, to be found by Miss Bordereau, in the dead of night, examining the fastening of her bureau ; and it had not been less so to have to believe for a good many hours afterward that it was highly probable I had killed her. In writing to Miss Tita, I attempted to minimize these irregularities ; but as she gave me no word of answer, I could n't know what impression I made upon her. It rankled in my mind that I had been called a publishing scoundrel, for certainly I did publish and certainly I had not been very delicate. There was a moment when I stood convinced that the only way to make up for this latter fault was to take myself away altogether on the instant ; to sacrifice my hopes and relieve the two poor women forever of the oppression of my intercourse. Then I reflected that I had better try a short absence first, for I must already have had a sense (unexpressed and dim) that in disappearing completely it would not be only my own hopes that I should condemn to extinction. It would perhaps be sufficient if I stayed away long enough to give the elder lady time to think she was rid of me. That she would wish to be rid of me, after this (if I was not rid of her), was now not to be doubted : that nocturnal scene would have cured her of the disposition to put up with my company for the sake of my money. I said to myself that after all I could n't abandon Miss Tita, and I continued to say this even while I observed that she quite failed to comply with my earnest request (I had given her two or three addresses, at little towns, *poste restante*) that she would let

me know how she was getting on. I would have made my servant write to me but that he could n't manage a pen. It seemed to me there was a kind of scorn in Miss Tita's silence (little disdainful as she had ever been), so that I was uncomfortable and sore. I had scruples about going back, and yet I had others about not doing so, for I wanted to put myself on a better footing. The end of it was that I did return to Venice on the twelfth day; and as my gondola gently bumped against Miss Bordereau's steps a certain palpitation of suspense told me that I had done myself a violence in holding off so long.

I had faced about so abruptly that I had not telegraphed to my servant. He was therefore not at the station to meet me, but he poked out his head from an upper window when I reached the house. "They have put her into the earth, *la vecchia*," he said to me, in the lower hall, while he shouldered my valise; and he grinned and almost winked, as if he knew I should be pleased at the news.

"She 's dead!" I exclaimed, giving him a very different look.

"So it appears, since they have buried her."

"It 's all over? When was the funeral?"

"The other yesterday. But a funeral you could scarcely call it, signore; it was a little passeggio of two gondolas. Poveretta!" the man continued, referring apparently to Miss Tita.

I wanted to know about Miss Tita — how she was and where she was — but I asked him no more questions till we had got up-stairs. Now that the fact had met me I did n't like it; especially I did n't like the idea that poor Miss Tita had had to manage by herself, after the end. What did she know about arrangements, about the steps to take in such a case? Poveretta indeed! I could only hope that the doctor had given her assistance, and that she had not been neglected by the old friends of whom she had told me, the little band of the faithful whose fidelity consisted in coming to the house once a year. I elicited from my servant that two old ladies and an old gentleman had, in fact, rallied round Miss Tita and had supported her (they had come for her in a gondola of their own) during the journey to the cemetery, the little red-walled island of tombs which lies to the north of the town, on the way to Murano. It appeared from these circumstances that the Misses Bordereau were Catholics, a discovery I had n't made, as the old woman could n't go to church, and her niece, so far as I perceived, either did n't or went only to early mass, in the parish, before I was stirring. Certainly even the priests respected their seclusion; I had never caught the whisk of the curato's skirt. That evening, an hour later, I sent my servant down with five words written on a card, to ask Miss Tita if she would see me for a few moments. She was not in the house, where he had sought her, he told me when he came back, but in the garden, walking about to refresh herself and gathering flowers. He had found her there and she would be very happy to see me.

I went down, and passed half an hour with poor Miss Tita. She had always had a look of musty mourning (as if she were wearing out old robes of sorrow that would n't come to an end), and in this respect there was no appreciable change in her appearance. But she evidently had been crying, crying a great deal — simply, satisfyingly, refreshingly, with a sort of youthful, retarded sense of loneliness and fear of change. But she had none of the formalism or the self-consciousness of grief, and I was almost surprised to see her standing there, in the first dusk, with her hands full of flowers, smiling at me with her reddened eyes. Her white face, in the frame of her mantilla, looked longer, leaner, than usual. I had had an idea that she would be a good deal disgusted

with me — would consider that I ought to have been on the spot to advise her, to help her; and (though I was sure there was no rancor in her composition, and no great conviction of the importance of her affairs) I had prepared myself for a difference in her manner, for some little injured look, half familiar, half estranged, which should say to my conscience, "Well, you are a nice person to have professed" — But historic truth compels me to declare that Tita Bordereau's countenance expressed unqualified pleasure in seeing her late aunt's lodger. That touched him extremely, and he thought it simplified his situation, until he found it did n't. I was as kind to her that evening as I knew how to be, and I walked about the garden with her for half an hour. There was no explanation of any sort between us, and I did n't ask her why she had n't answered my letter. Still less did I repeat what I had said to her in that communication; if she chose to let me suppose that she had forgotten the position in which Miss Bordereau surprised me that night, and the effect of the discovery on the old woman, I was quite willing to take it that way: I was grateful to her for not treating me as if I had killed her aunt.

We strolled and strolled, and really not much passed between us save the recognition of her bereavement, conveyed in my manner and in a sort of air that she had of depending on me now, since I let her see that I took an interest in her. Miss Tita had none of the pride that makes a person wish to preserve the look of independence; she did n't in the least pretend that she knew at present what would become of her. I did n't touch particularly on that, however, for I certainly was not prepared to say that I would take charge of her. I was cautious; not ignobly, I think, for I felt that her knowledge of life was so small that in her simple vision there would be no reason why — since I seemed to pity her — I should n't look after her. She told me how her aunt had died, very peacefully at the last, and how everything had been done afterwards by the care of her good friends (fortunately, thanks to me, she said, smiling, there was money in the house; and she repeated that when once the Italians like you they are your friends for life); and when we had gone into this she asked me about my *giro*, my impressions, the places I had seen. I told her what I could, making it up partly, I am afraid, as in my preoccupation I had n't seen much; and after she had heard me she exclaimed, quite as if she had forgotten her aunt and her sorrow, "Dear, dear, how much I should like to do such things, to take a little journey!" It came over me for the moment that I ought to propose some tour, say I would take her anywhere she liked; and I remarked, at any rate, that some excursion — to give her a change — might be managed: we would think of it, talk it over. I said never a word to her about the Aspern documents; asked no question as to what she had ascertained or what had otherwise happened with regard to them before Miss Bordereau's death. It was not that I did n't want tremendously to know, but that I thought it more decent not to betray my anxiety so soon after the catastrophe. I hoped she herself would say something, but she did n't, and I thought that natural at the time. Later, however, that night, it occurred to me that her silence was somewhat strange; for if she had talked of my movements, of anything so detached as the Giorgione at Castelfranco, she might have alluded to what she could easily remember was in my mind. It was not to be supposed that the emotion produced by her aunt's death had blotted out the recollection that I was interested in that lady's relics, and I fidgeted, afterwards, as it came to me that her reticence might very possibly mean sim-

ply that nothing had been found. We separated in the garden (it was she who said she must go in); now that she was alone in the rooms I felt that (judged, at any rate, by Venetian ideas) I was on rather a different footing in regard to visiting her there. As I shook hands with her for good-night I asked her if she had any general plan — had thought over what she had better do. "Oh, yes, oh, yes, but I have n't settled anything yet," she replied, quite cheerfully. Was her cheerfulness explained by the impression that I would settle for her?

I was glad the next morning that we had neglected practical questions, for this gave me a pretext for seeing her again immediately. There was a very practical question to be touched upon. I owed it to her to let her know formally that of course I did n't expect her to keep me on as a lodger, and also to show some interest in her own tenure, what she might have on her hands in the way of a lease. I was not destined, however, as it happened, to converse with her for more than an instant on either of these points. I sent her no message; I simply went down to the sala and walked to and fro there. I knew she would come out; she would very soon discover I was there. Somehow, I did n't want to be shut up with her; gardens and big halls seemed better places to talk. It was a splendid morning, with something in the air that told of the waning of the long Venetian summer; a freshness from the sea which stirred the flowers in the garden and made a pleasant draught in the house, less shuttered and darkened now than when the old woman was alive. It was the beginning of autumn, of the end of the golden months. With this it was the end of my experiment — or would be in the course of half an hour; when I should really have learned that the papers had been reduced to ashes. After that there would be nothing left for me but to depart; for, seriously (and as it struck me in the morning light), I could n't linger there to act as guardian to a piece of middle-aged female helplessness. If she had n't saved the papers, wherein should I be obliged to her? I think I winced a little as I asked myself how much, if she had saved them, I should have to recognize and, as it were, to repay such a courtesy. Might n't that circumstance, after all, saddle me with a guardianship? If this idea did n't make me more uncomfortable as I walked up and down, it was because I was convinced I had nothing to look to. If the old woman had n't destroyed everything before she pounced upon me in the parlor, she had done so afterwards.

It took Miss Tita rather longer than I had expected to guess that I was there; but when at last she came out she looked at me without surprise. I said to her that I had been waiting for her, and she asked why I had n't let her know. I was glad the next day that I had checked myself before remarking that I had wished to see if a friendly intuition would n't tell her: it became a satisfaction to me that I had not indulged in that rather tender joke. What I did say was virtually the truth — that I was too nervous, since I expected her now to settle my fate.

"Your fate?" said Miss Tita, giving me a queer look; and as she spoke I noticed a rare change in her. She was different from what she had been the evening before — less natural, less quiet. She had been crying the day before, and she was not crying now, and yet she struck me as less confident. It was as if something had happened to her during the night, or at least as if she had thought of something that troubled her — something in particular that affected her relations with me, made them more embarrassing and complicated. Had she simply perceived that her aunt's not being there now altered my position?

"I mean about our papers. *Are* there any? You must know now."

"Yes, there are a great many; more than I supposed." I was struck with the way her voice trembled as she told me this.

"Do you mean that you have got them in there — and that I may see them?"

"I don't think you can see them," said Miss Tita, with a strange expression of entreaty in her eyes, as if the dearest hope she had in the world now was that I would n't take them from her. But how could she expect me to make such a sacrifice as that, after all that had passed between us? What had I come back to Venice for but to see them? My delight at learning they were still in existence was such that if the poor woman had gone down on her knees to beseech me never to mention them again I would have treated the proceeding as a bad joke. "I have got them, but I can't show them," she added.

"Not even to me? Ah, Miss Tita!" I groaned, with a voice of infinite remonstrance and reproach.

She colored, and the tears came back to her eyes; I saw that it cost her a kind of anguish to take such a stand, but that a dreadful sense of duty had descended upon her. It made me quite sick to find myself confronted with that particular obstacle; all the more that it appeared to me I had been extremely encouraged to leave it out of account. I almost considered that Miss Tita had assured me that if she had no greater impediment than that —! "You don't mean to say you made her a death-bed promise? It was precisely against your doing anything of that sort that I thought I was safe. Oh, I had rather she had burned the papers outright than that!"

"No, it is n't a promise," said Miss Tita.

"Pray what is it, then?"

She hesitated, and then she said, "She tried to burn them, but I prevented it. She had hid them in her bed."

"In her bed?"

"Between the mattresses. That 's where she put them when she took them out of the trunk. I can't understand how she did it, because Olimpia did n't help her. She tells me so, and I believe her. My aunt only told her afterwards, so that she should n't touch the bed — anything but the sheets. So it was badly made," added Miss Tita, simply.

"I should think so! And how did she try to burn them?"

"She did n't try much; she was too weak, those last days. But she told me — she charged me. Oh, it was terrible! She could n't speak after that night; she could only make signs."

"And what did you do?"

"I took them away. I locked them up."

"In the secretary?"

"Yes, in the secretary," said Miss Tita, coloring again.

"Did you tell her you would burn them?"

"No, I did n't — on purpose."

"On purpose to gratify me?"

"Yes, only for that."

"And what good will you have done me if after all you won't show them?"

"Oh, none; I know that — I know that."

"And did she believe you had destroyed them?"

"I don't know what she believed at the last. I could n't tell — she was too far gone."

"Then, if there was no promise and no assurance, I can't see what ties you."

"Oh, she hated it so — she hated it so! She was so jealous. But here 's the portrait — you may have that," Miss Tita announced, and took the little picture, wrapped up in the same manner in which her aunt had wrapped it, out of her pocket.

"I may have it — do you mean you

give it to me?" I asked, staring, as it passed into my hand.

"Oh, yes."

"But it's worth money — a large sum."

"Well!" said Miss Tita, still with her strange look.

I did n't know what to make of it, for it could scarcely mean that she wanted to bargain like her aunt. She spoke as if she wished to make me a present. "I can't take it from you as a gift," I said, "and yet I can't afford to pay you for it according to the ideas Miss Bordereau had of its value. She rated it at a thousand pounds."

"Could n't we sell it?" asked Miss Tita.

"God forbid! I prefer the picture to the money."

"Well then, keep it."

"You are very generous."

"So are you."

"I don't know why you should think so," I replied; and this was a truthful speech, for the singular creature appeared to have some very fine reference in her mind, which I did n't in the least seize.

"Well, you have made a great difference for me," said Miss Tita.

I looked at Jeffrey Aspern's face in the little picture, partly in order not to look at that of my interlocutress, which had begun to give me pain, even to frighten me a little — it was so self-conscious, so unnatural. I made no answer to this last declaration, but I privately consulted Jeffrey Aspern's delightful eyes with my own (they were so young and brilliant, and yet so wise, so full of vision); I asked him what on earth was the matter with Miss Tita. He seemed to smile at me with friendly mockery, as if he were amused at my case. I had got into a pickle for him — as if he needed it! He was unsatisfactory, for the only moment since I had known him. Nevertheless, now that I held the little picture in my hand I felt that it would be a precious possession. "Is this a bribe to make me give up the papers?" I asked in a moment, perversely. "Much as I value it, if I were to be obliged to choose, the papers are what I should prefer. Ah, but ever so much!"

"How can you choose — how can you choose?" Miss Tita asked, slowly, lamentably.

"I see! Of course there is nothing to be said, if you regard the interdiction that rests upon you as quite insurmountable. In this case, it must seem to you that to part with them would be an impiety of the worst kind, a simple sacrilege!"

Miss Tita shook her head, with all her dolefulness. "You would understand if you had known her. I'm afraid," she quavered, suddenly — "I'm afraid! She was terrible when she was angry."

"Yes, I saw something of that, that night. She was terrible. Then I saw her eyes. Lord, they were fine!"

"I see them — they stare at me in the dark!" said Miss Tita.

"You are nervous, with all you have been through."

"Oh, yes, very — very!"

"You must n't mind; that will pass away," I said, kindly. Then I added, resignedly, for it really seemed to me that I must accept the situation, "Well, so it is, and it can't be helped. I must renounce." Miss Tita, at this, looking at me, gave a low, soft moan, and I went on: "I only wish to heaven she had destroyed them; then there would be nothing more to say. And I can't understand why, with her ideas, she did n't."

"Oh, she lived on them!" said Miss Tita.

"You can imagine whether that makes me want less to see them," I answered, smiling. "But don't let me stand here as if I had it in my soul to tempt you to do anything base. Natu-

rally, you will understand, I give up my rooms. I leave Venice immediately." And I took up my hat, which I had placed on a chair. We were still there, rather awkwardly, on our feet, in the middle of the sala. She had left the door of the apartments open behind her, but she had not led me that way.

A kind of spasm came into her face as she saw me take my hat. "Immediately — do you mean to-day?" The tone of the words was tragical — they were a cry of desolation.

"Oh, no; not so long as I can be of the least service to you."

"Well, just a day or two more — just two or three days," she panted. Then controlling herself, she added, in another manner, "She wanted to say something to me — the last day — something very particular, but she could n't."

"Something very particular?"

"Something more about the papers."

"And did you guess — have you any idea?"

"No, I have thought — but I don't know. I have thought all kinds of things."

"And for instance?"

"Well, that if you were a relation it would be different."

"If I were a relation?"

"If you were not a stranger. Then it would be the same for you as for me. Anything that is mine — would be yours, and you could do what you like. I could n't prevent you — and you would have no responsibility."

She brought out this droll explanation with a little nervous rush, as if she were speaking words she had got by heart. They gave me an impression of subtlety, and at first I did n't follow. But after a moment her face helped me to see further, and then a light came into my mind. It was embarrassing, and I bent my head over Jeffrey Aspern's portrait. What an odd expression was in his face! "Get out of it as you can, my dear fellow!" I put the picture into the pocket of my coat and said to Miss Tita, "Yes, I 'll sell it for you. I sha'n't get a thousand pounds, by any means, but I shall get something good."

She looked at me with tears in her eyes, but she seemed to try to smile as she remarked, "We can divide the money."

"No, no, it shall be all yours." Then I went on, "I think I know what your poor aunt wanted to say. She wanted to give directions that her papers should be buried with her."

Miss Tita appeared to consider this suggestion for a moment; after which she declared, with striking decision, "Oh, no, she would n't have thought that safe!"

"It seems to me nothing could be safer."

"She had an idea that when people want to publish, they are capable" — And she paused, blushing.

"Of violating a tomb? Good heaven, what must she have thought of me!"

"She was not just, she was not generous!" cried Miss Tita, with sudden passion.

The light that had come into my mind a moment before increased. "Ah, don't say that, for we *are* a dreadful race." Then I pursued, "If she left a will, that may give you some idea."

"I have found nothing of the sort — she destroyed it. She was very fond of me," Miss Tita added, incongruously. "She wanted me to be happy. And if any person should be kind to me — she wanted to speak of that."

I was almost awe-stricken at the astuteness with which the good lady found herself inspired, halting, illogical and, I may add, transparent astuteness as it was. "Depend upon it she did n't want to make any provision that would be agreeable to me."

"No, not to you, but to me. She knew I should like it if you could carry out your idea. Not because she cared for

you, but because she did think of me," Miss Tita went on, with her unexpected, persuasive volubility. "You could see them — you could use them." She stopped, seeing that I perceived the sense of that conditional — stopped long enough for me to give some sign which I did n't give. She must have been conscious, however, that though my face showed the greatest embarrassment that was ever painted on a human countenance it was not set as a stone, it was also full of compassion. It was a comfort to me a long time afterwards to consider that she could n't have seen in me the smallest symptom of disrespect. "I don't know what to do; I 'm too tormented, I 'm too ashamed!" she continued, with vehemence. Then, turning away from me and burying her face in her hands, she burst into a flood of tears. If she did n't know what to do, it may be imagined whether I did any better. I stood there dumb, watching her, while her sobs resounded in the great empty hall. In a moment she was facing me again, with her streaming eyes. "I would give you everything — and she would understand, where she is — she would forgive me!"

"Ah, Miss Tita — ah, Miss Tita," I stammered, for all reply. I did n't know what to do, as I say, but at a venture I made a wild, vague movement, in consequence of which I found myself at the door. I remember standing there and saying, "It would n't do — it would n't do!" pensively, awkwardly, grotesquely, while I looked away to the opposite end of the sala, as if there were a beautiful view there. The next thing I remember is that I was down-stairs and out of the house. My gondola was there, and my gondolier, reclining on the cushions, sprang up as soon as he saw me. I jumped in, and to his usual "*Dove commanda?*" I replied, in a tone that made him stare, "Anywhere, anywhere; out into the lagoon!"

He rowed me away and I sat there prostrate, groaning softly to myself, with my hat pulled over my face. What in the name of the preposterous did she mean, if she did n't mean to offer me her hand? That was the price — that was the price! And did she think I wanted it, poor deluded, infatuated, extravagant lady? My gondolier, behind me, must have seen my ears red, as I wondered, sitting there under the fluttering *tenda*, with my hidden face, noticing nothing as we passed — wondered whether her delusion, her infatuation, had been my own reckless work. Did she think I had made love to her, even to get the papers? I had n't, I had n't; I repeated that over to myself for an hour, for two hours, till I was wearied if not convinced. I don't know where my gondolier took me; we floated aimlessly about on the lagoon, with slow, rare strokes. At last I became conscious that we were near the Lido, far up, on the right hand, as you turn your back to Venice, and I made him put me ashore. I wanted to walk, to move, to shed some of my bewilderment. I crossed the narrow strip and got to the sea-beach — I took my way toward Malamocco. But presently I flung myself down again on the warm sand, in the breeze, on the coarse, dry grass. It took it out of me to think I had been so much at fault, that I had unwittingly but none the less deplorably trifled. But I had n't given her cause — distinctly I had n't. I had said to Mrs. Prest that I would make love to her; but it had been a joke without consequences, and I had never said it to Tita Bordereau. I had been as kind as possible, because I really liked her; but since when had that become a crime, where a woman of such an age and such an appearance was concerned? I don't remember clearly the succession of events and feelings during this long day of confusion, which I spent entirely in wandering about, without going home, until late at night; it only comes back to me that there were moments when I

pacified my conscience and others when I lashed it into pain. I did n't laugh all day — that I do recollect; the case did n't seem to me amusing. It would have been better perhaps if it had. At any rate, whether I had given cause or not it went without saying that I could n't pay the price. I could n't accept. I could n't, for a bundle of old papers, marry a ridiculous, pathetic, provincial old woman. It was a proof that she did n't think the idea would come to me, her having determined to suggest it herself, in that practical, argumentative, heroic way, in which the timidity, however, had been so much more striking than the boldness that her reasons appeared to come first, and her feelings afterward.

As the day went on I grew to wish that I had never heard of Aspern's papers, and I cursed the extravagant curiosity that had put John Cumnor on the scent of them. We had more than enough material without them, and my predicament was the just punishment of that most fatal of human follies, our not having known when to stop. It was very well to say it was no predicament, that the way out was simple, that I had only to leave Venice by the first train in the morning, after writing a note to Miss Tita, to be placed in her hand as soon as I had got clear of the house; for it was a strong sign that I was embarrassed that when I tried to make up the note in my mind in advance (I would put it on paper as soon as I got home, before going to bed), I could n't think of anything but "How can I thank you for the rare confidence you have placed in me?" That would never do; it sounded exactly as if an acceptance were to follow. Of course I might go away without writing a word, but that would be brutal, and my idea was still to exclude brutal solutions. As my confusion cooled I was lost in wonder at the importance I had attached to Miss Bordereau's tattered scraps; the thought of them became odious to me, and I was as vexed with the old witch for the superstition that had prevented her from destroying them as I was with myself for having already spent more money than I could afford in attempting to control their fate. I forget what I did, where I went after leaving the Lido, and at what hour or with what recovery of composure I made my way back to my boat. I only know that in the afternoon, when the air was aglow with the sunset, I was standing before the church of Saints John and Paul and looking up at the small, square-jawed face of Bartolommeo Colleoni, the terrible *condottiere* who sits so sturdily astride of his huge bronze horse, on the high pedestal on which Venetian gratitude maintains him. The statue is incomparable, the finest of all mounted figures, unless that of Marcus Aurelius, who rides benignant before the Roman Capitol, be finer: but I was not thinking of that; I only found myself staring at the triumphant captain as if he had an oracle on his lips. The western light shines into all his grimness at that hour of the day and makes it wonderfully personal. But he continued to look far over my head, at the red immersion of another day — he had seen so many go down into the lagoon, through the centuries — and if he was thinking of battles and stratagems they were of a different quality from any I had to tell him of. He could n't direct me what to do, gaze up at him as I might. Was it before this, or after, that I wandered about for an hour in the small canals, to the continued stupefaction of my gondolier, who had never seen me so restless and yet so void of a purpose and could extract from me no order but, "Go anywhere — everywhere — all over the place!" He reminded me that I had n't lunched, and expressed therefore, respectfully, the hope that I would dine earlier. He had had long periods of leisure during the day, when I had left

the boat and rambled, so that I was not obliged to consider him, and I told him that that day, for a change, I meant to eat no dinner. It was an effect of poor Miss Tita's proposal, not altogether auspicious, that I had quite lost my appetite. I don't know why it happened that on this occasion I was more than ever struck with that queer air of sociability, of cousinship and family life, which makes up half the expression of Venice. Without streets and vehicles, the uproar of wheels, the brutality of horses, and with its little winding ways where people crowd together, where voices sound as in the corridors of a house, where the human step circulates as if it skirted the angles of furniture and shoes never wear out, the place has the character of an immense collective apartment, in which Piazza San Marco is the most ornamented corner, and palaces and churches, for the rest, play the part of great divans of repose, tables of entertainment, expanses of decoration. And somehow the splendid common domicile, familiar, domestic, and resonant, also resembles a theatre, with actors clicking over bridges, and, in straggling processions, tripping along fondamentas. As you sit in your gondola the footways that in certain parts edge the canals assume to the eye the importance of a stage, meeting it at the same angle, and the Venetian figures, moving to and fro against the battered scenery of their little houses of comedy, strike you as members of an endless dramatic company.

I went to bed that night very tired, and without being able to compose a letter to Miss Tita. Was this failure the reason why I became conscious the next morning, as soon as I awoke, of a determination to see the poor lady again, the first moment she would receive me? That had something to do with it, but what had still more was the fact that during my sleep a very odd revulsion had taken place in my spirit. I became aware of this almost as soon as I opened my eyes; it made me jump out of my bed with the movement of a man who remembers that he has left the house-door ajar or a candle burning under a shelf. Was I still in time to save my goods? That question was in my heart, for what had now come to pass was that in the unconscious cerebration of sleep I had swung back to a passionate appreciation of Miss Bordereau's papers. They were now more precious than ever, and a kind of ferocity had come into my desire to possess them. The condition Miss Tita had attached to the possession of them no longer appeared an obstacle worth thinking of, and for an hour, that morning, my repentant imagination brushed it aside. It was absurd that I should be able to invent nothing; absurd to renounce so easily and turn away, helpless, from the idea that the only way to get hold of the papers was to unite myself to her for life. I would n't unite myself and yet I would have them. I must add that by the time I sent down to ask if she would see me I had n't invented an alternative, though, to do so, I had had all the time that I was dressing. This failure was humiliating, yet what could the alternative be? Miss Tita sent back word that I might come; and as I descended the stairs and crossed the sala to her door — this time she received me in her aunt's forlorn parlor — I hoped she would n't think my errand was to tell her I accepted her hand. She certainly would have made, the day before, the reflection that I declined it.

As soon as I came into the room I saw that she had drawn this inference, but I also saw something which had not been in my forecast. Poor Miss Tita's sense of her failure had produced an extraordinary alteration in her, but I had been too full of the grossness of my desire to think of that. Now I perceived it; I can't tell how it startled me. She stood there, in the middle of the room,

with a face of mildness bent upon me, and her look of forgiveness, of absolution, made her angelic. It beautified her: she was younger; she was not a ridiculous old woman. This optical trick gave her a sort of phantasmagoric brightness, and while I was still the victim of it I heard a whisper somewhere, in the depths of my conscience: "Why not, after all — why not?" It seemed to me I was ready to pay the price. Still more distinctly, however, than the whisper, I heard Miss Tita's own voice. I was so struck with the different effect she made upon me that at first I was not clearly aware of what she was saying; then I perceived she had bade me good-by — she said something about hoping I should be very happy.

"Good-by — good-by?" I repeated, with an inflection interrogative and probably foolish.

I saw she did n't feel the interrogation, she only heard the words; she had strung herself up to accepting our separation and they fell upon her ear as a proof. "Are you going to-day?" she asked. "But it does n't matter, for whenever you go I sha'n't see you again. I don't want to." And she smiled strangely, but with an infinite gentleness. She had never doubted that I had left her the day before in horror. How could she, since I had not come back before night to contradict, even as a simple form, such an idea? And now she had the force of soul — Miss Tita with force of soul was a new conception — to smile at me in her humiliation.

"What shall you do — where shall you go?" I asked.

"Oh, I don't know. I have done the great thing. I have destroyed the papers."

"Destroyed them?" I faltered.

"Yes; what was I to keep them for? I burnt them last night, one by one, in the kitchen."

"One by one?" I repeated, mechanically.

"It took a long time — there were so many." The room seemed to go round me as she said this, and a real darkness for a moment descended upon my eyes. When it passed, Miss Tita was there still, but the transfiguration was over and she had changed back to a plain, dingy, elderly person. It was in this character she spoke, as she said, "I can't stay with you longer, I can't;" and it was in this character that she turned her back upon me, as I had turned mine upon her twenty-four hours before, and moved to the door of her room. Here she did what I had not done when I quitted her — she paused long enough to give me one look. I have never forgotten it, and I sometimes still suffer from it, though it was not resentful. No, there was no resentment, nothing hard or vindictive, in poor Miss Tita; for when, later, I sent her, in exchange for the portrait of Jeffrey Aspern, a larger sum of money than I had hoped to be able to gather for her, writing to her that I had sold the picture, she kept it, with thanks; she did n't send it back. I wrote to her that I had sold the picture, but I admitted to Mrs. Prest, at the time (I met her in London, in the autumn), that it hangs above my writing-table. When I look at it my distress at the loss of the letters becomes almost intolerable.

Henry James.

THE CAVALIER.

"An evil reputation is light to raise, but heavy to bear, and very difficult to put aside. No Rumor which many people chatter of altogether dieth away; she too is, after her kind, an immortal." So moralizes Hesiod over an exceedingly thankless truth, which, even in the primitive simplicity of the golden age, had forced itself upon man's unwilling convictions; and while many later philosophers have given caustic expression to the same thought, few have clothed it with more delicate and agreeable irony. Rumor is, after her kind, an immortal. Antæus-like, she gains new strength each time she is driven to the ground, and it is a wholesome humiliation for our very enlightened minds to see how little she has suffered from centuries of analysis and research. Rumor still writes our histories, directs our diplomacy, and controls our ethics, until we have grown to think that this is probably what is meant by the *vox populi*, and that any absurdity credited by a great many people becomes in some mysterious way sacred to the cause of humanity, and infinitely more precious than truth. When Wodrow, and Walker, and the author of The Cloud of Witnesses, were compiling their interesting narratives, Rumor, in the person of "ilka auld wife in the chimley-neuck," gave them all the information they desired; and this information, countersigned by Macaulay, has passed muster for history down to the present day. As a result, the introduction of Graham of Claverhouse into Mr. Lang's list of English Worthies has been received with severely qualified approbation, and Mr. Mowbray Morris has written the biography of a great soldier in the cautious tone of a lawyer pleading for a criminal at the bar.

If ever the words of Hesiod stood in need of an accurate illustration, it has been furnished by the memory of Claverhouse; for his evil reputation was not only raised with astonishing facility, but it has never been put aside at all. In fact, it seems to have been a matter of pride in the grim-visaged Scottish saints to believe that their departed brethren were, one and all, the immediate victims of his wrath; and to hint that they might perhaps have fallen by any meaner hand was, as Aytoun wittily expressed it, "an insult to martyrology." The terror inspired by his inflexible severity gave zest to their lurid denunciations, and their liveliest efforts of imagination were devoted to conjuring up in his behalf some fresh device of evil. In that shameless pasquinade, the Elegy, there is no species of wickedness that is not freely charged, in most vile language, to the account of every Jacobite in the land, from the royal house of Stuart down to its humblest supporter; yet even amid such goodly company, Claverhouse stands preëminent, and is the recipient of its choicest flowers of speech.

> "He to Rome's cause most firmly stood,
> And drunken was with the saints' blood.
> He rifled houses, and did plunder
> In moor and dale many a hunder;
> He all the shires in south and west
> With blood and rapine sore opprest."

It is needless to say that Claverhouse, though he served a Roman Catholic master, had about as much affinity for the Church of Rome as the great Gustavus himself, and that the extent of his shortcomings in this direction lay in his protesting against the insults offered by a Selkirk preacher to King James through the easy medium of his religion.

Now it is only natural that the Covenanters, who feared and hated Dundee, should have found infinite comfort in believing that he was under the direct protection of Satan. In those days of

lively faith, the charge was by no means an uncommon one, and the dark distinction was shared by any number of his compatriots. On the death of Sir Robert Grierson of Lag, the devil, who had waited long for his prey, manifested his sense of satisfaction by providing an elaborate funeral *cortége*, which came over the sea at midnight, with nodding plumes and sable horses, to carry off in ostentatious splendor the soul of this much-honored guest. Prince Rupert was believed by the Roundheads to owe his immunity from danger to the same diabolic agency which made Claverhouse proof against leaden bullets; and his white dog, Boy, was regarded with as much awe as was Dundee's famous black charger, the gift of the evil one himself. As a fact, Boy was not altogether unworthy of his reputation, for he could fight almost as well as his master, though unluckily without sharing in his advantages; for the poor brute was shot at Marston Moor, in the very act of pulling down a rebel. Even the clergy, it would seem, were not wholly averse to Satan's valuable patronage; for Wodrow — to whose claims as an historian Mr. Morris is strangely lenient — tells us gravely how the ill-fated Archbishop of St. Andrew's cowered trembling in the Privy Council, when Janet Douglas, then on trial for witchcraft, made bold to remind him of the "meikle black devil" who was closeted with him the last Saturday at midnight.

But even our delighted appreciation of these very interesting and characteristic legends cannot altogether blind us to the dubious quality of history based upon such testimony, and it is a little startling to see that, as years rolled by, the impression they created remained practically undimmed. Colonel Fergusson, in the preface to his delightful volume on The Laird of Lag, confesses that in his youth it was still a favorite Halloween game to dress up some enterprising member of the household as a hideous beast with a preternaturally long nose, — made, in fact, of a saucepan handle; and that this creature, who went prowling stealthily around the dim halls and firelit kitchen, frightening the children into shrieks of terror, was supposed to represent the stout old cavalier searching for his ancient foes the Covenanters. Lag's memory appears to have been given up by universal consent to every species of opprobrium, and his misdeeds have so far found no apologist, unless, indeed, Macaulay may count as one, when he gracefully transfers part of them to Claverhouse's shoulders. Mr. Morris coldly mentions Sir Robert Grierson as "coarse, cruel, and brutal beyond even the license of those days;" Colonel Fergusson is far too clever to weaken the dramatic force of his book by hinting that his hero was not a great deal worse than other men; and Scott, in that inimitable romance, Wandering Willie's Tale, has thrown a perfect glamour of wickedness around the old laird's name. But in truth, when we come to search for sober proven facts; when we discard — reluctantly, indeed, but under compulsion — the spiked barrel in which he was pleased to roll the Covenanters, in Carthaginian fashion, down the Scottish hills; and the iron hook in his cellar, from which it was his playful fancy to depend them; and the wine which turned to clotted blood ere it touched his lips; and the active copartnership of Satan in his private affairs, — when we lay aside these picturesque traditions, there is little left save a charge, not altogether uncommon, of indecorum in his cups, the ever-vexed question of the Wigtown martyrs, and a few rebels who were shot, like John Bell, after scant trial, but who, Heaven knows, would have gained cold comfort by having their cases laid before the council. On the other hand, it might be worth while to mention that Lag was brave, honest, not rapacious, and, above all, true to his colors when the tide had turned, and he

was left alone in his old age to suffer imprisonment and disgrace.

But if the memory of a minor actor in these dark scenes has come down to us so artistically embellished, what may we not expect of one who played a leading part through the whole stormy drama? "The chief of this Tophet on earth," is the temperate phrase applied to Claverhouse by Macaulay, and it sufficiently illustrates the position popularly assigned him by his foes. Rumor asserted in his behalf her triumphant immortality, and crystallized into tradition every floating charge urged by the Covenanters against his fame. So potent and far-reaching was her voice that it became in time a virtuous necessity to echo it; and we actually find Southey writing to Scott in 1807, and regretting that Wordsworth should have thought fit to introduce the Viscount of Dundee into the sonnet on Killiecrankie, without any apparent censure of his conduct. Scott, who took a somewhat easier view of poetical obligations, and who probably thought that Killiecrankie was hardly the fitting spot on which to recall Dundee's shortcomings, wrote back very plainly that he thought there had been censure enough already; and nine years later he startled the good people of Edinburgh, on his own account, by the publication of that eminently heterodox novel, Old Mortality. Lockwood tells us that the theme was suggested to Sir Walter by his friend Mr. Joseph Train, who, when visiting at Abbotsford, was much struck by the solitary picture in the poet's library, a portrait of Graham of Claverhouse.

"He expressed the surprise with which every one who had known Dundee only in the pages of the Presbyterian annalists must see for the first time that beautiful and melancholy visage, worthy of the most pathetic dreams of romance. Scott replied that no character had been so foully traduced as the Viscount of Dundee; that, thanks to Wodrow, Cruickshanks, and such chroniclers, he who was every inch a soldier and a gentleman still passed among the Scottish vulgar for a ruffian desperado, who rode a goblin horse, was proof against shot, and in league with the devil.

"'Might he not,' said Train, 'be made, in good hands, the hero of a national romance as interesting as any about either Wallace or Prince Charlie?'

"'He might,' said Scott, 'but your western zealots would require to be faithfully portrayed in order to bring him out with the right effect.'"

Train then described to Sir Walter the singular character of Old Mortality, and the result was that incomparable tale, which took the English reading world by storm, and provoked in Scotland a curious fever of excitement, indignation, and applause. The most vigorous protest against its laxity came from Thomas MacCrie, one of the numerous biographers of John Knox, "who considered the representation of the Covenanters in the story of Old Mortality as so unfair as to demand at his hands a very serious rebuke." This rebuke was administered at some length in a series of papers published in the Edinburgh Christian Instructor. Scott, the "Black Hussar of Literature," replied with much zest and spirit in the Quarterly Review; cudgels were taken up on both sides, and the war went briskly on, until Jeffrey the Great in some measure silenced the controversy by giving it as his ultimatum that the treatment of an historical character in a work of pure fiction was a matter of very trifling significance. It is not without interest that we see the same querulous virtue that winced under Sir Walter's frank enthusiasm for Claverhouse uttering its protest to-day against the more chilly and scrupulous vindications of Mr. Morris's biography. "An apology for the crimes of a hired butcher," one critic angrily calls the sober little volume, forgetting in his heat that the expression "hired butcher,"

though of a most scathing sound, is equally applicable to any soldier, from the highest to the lowest, who is paid by his government to kill his fellow-men. War is a rough trade, and if we choose to call names, it is as easy any time to say "butcher" as "hero." Stronger words have not been lacking to vilify Dundee, and many of these choice anathemas belong, one fears, to Luther's catalogue of "downright, infamous, scandalous lies." Their freshness, however, is as amazing as their ubiquity, and they confront us every now and then in the most forlorn nooks and crannies of literature. Not very long ago I was shut up for half an hour in a boarding-house parlor in company with a solitary little book entitled Scheyichbi and the Strand, or Early Days along the Delaware. Its name proved to be the only really attractive thing about it, and I was speculating drearily as to whether Charles Lamb himself could have extracted any amusement from its pages, when suddenly my eye lighted on a sentence that read like an old familiar friend: "The cruelty, the brutality, the mad, exterminating barbarity, of Claverhouse, and Lauderdale, and Jeffreys, the minions of episcopacy and the king." There it stood, venerably correct in sentiment, with a strangely new location and surroundings. It is hard enough, surely, to see Claverhouse pilloried side by side with the brute Jeffreys; but to meet him on the banks of the Delaware is like encountering Ezzelin Romano on Fifth Avenue, or Julian the Apostate upon Boston Common.

Much of this universal harmony of abuse may be fairly charged to Macaulay, for it is he who in a few strongly written passages has presented to the general reader that remarkable compendium of wickedness commonly known as Dundee. "Rapacious and profane, of violent temper and obdurate heart," is the great historian's description of a man who sought but modest wealth, who never swore, and whose imperturbable gentleness of manner was more appalling in its way than the fiercest transports of rage. Under Macaulay's hands Claverhouse exhibits a degree of ubiquity and mutability that might well require some supernatural basis to sustain it. He supports as many characters as Saladin in The Talisman; appearing now as his brother David Graham, in order to witness the trial of the Wigtown martyrs, and now as his distant kinsman Patrick Graham, when it becomes expedient to figure as a dramatic feature of Argyle's execution. He changes at will into Sir Robert Grierson, and is thus made responsible for that highly curious game which Wodrow and Howie impute to Lag's troopers, and which Macaulay describes with as much gravity as if it were the sacking and pillage of some doomed Roman town. It is hard to understand the precise degree of pleasure embodied in calling one's self Apollyon and one's neighbor Beelzebub; it is harder still to be properly impressed with the tremendous significance of the deed. I have known a bevy of schoolgirls, who, after an exhaustive course of Paradise Lost, were so deeply imbued with the sombre glories of the satanic court that they assumed the names of its inhabitants; and for the remainder of that term, even the mysterious little notes that form so important an element of boarding-school life began — heedless of grammar — with "Chère Moloch," and ended effusively with "Your ever-devoted Belial." It is quite possible that these children thought and hoped they were doing something desperately wicked, only they lacked an historian to chronicle their guilt. It is equally certain that Lag's drunken troopers, if they ever did divert themselves in the unbecoming manner ascribed to them, might have been more profitably, and it would seem more agreeably, employed. But of one thing, at least, we may feel tolerably confident. The pastime would have found scant favor in the eyes of

Claverhouse, who was a man of little imagination, of stern discipline, and of fastidiously decorous habits. Why, even Wandering Willie does him this much justice, when he describes him as alone amid the lost souls, isolated in his contemptuous pride from their feasts and dreadful merriment: "And there sat Claverhouse, as beautiful as when he lived, with his long, dark, curled locks streaming down over his laced buff-coat, and his left hand always on his right spule-blade, to hide the wound that the silver bullet had made. He sat apart from them all, and looked at them with a melancholy, haughty countenance." If history be, as Napoleon asserts, nothing but fiction agreed upon, let us go straight to the fountain-head, and enjoy our draught of romance unspoiled by any dubious taint of veracity.

Mr. Walter Bagehot, that most keen and tolerant of critics, has pointed out to us with his customary acumen that Macaulay never appreciated in the highest degree either of the two great parties — the Puritans and the Cavaliers — who through so many stirring events embodied all the life and color of English history. In regard to the former, it may be safely said that whatever slights they have received at the hands of other historians have been amply atoned for by Carlyle. He has thrown the whole weight of his powerful personality into their scale, and has fairly frightened us into that earnestness of mind which is requisite for a due appreciation of their merits. His fine scorn for the pleasant vices which ensnare humanity extended itself occasionally to things which are pleasant without being vicious; and under his leadership we hardly venture to hint at a certain sneaking preference for the gayer side of life. When Hazlitt, with a shameless audacity rare among Englishmen, disencumbers himself lightly of his conscience, and apostrophizes the reign of Charles II. as that "happy, thoughtless age, when king and nobles led purely ornamental lives," we feel our flesh chilled at such a candid avowal of volatility. Surely Hazlitt must have understood that it is precisely the fatal picturesqueness of that period to which we, as moralists, so strenuously object. The courts of the first two Hanoverians were but little better or purer, but they were at least uglier, and we can afford to look with some leniency upon their shortcomings. His sacred majesty George II. was hardly, save in the charitable eyes of Bishop Porteus, a shining example of rectitude; but let us rejoice that it never lay in the power of any human being to hint that he was in the smallest degree ornamental.

The Puritan, then, has been wafted into universal esteem by the breath of his great eulogist; but the Cavalier still waits for his historian. Poets and painters and romancers have indeed loved to linger over this warm, impetuous life, so rich in vigor and beauty, so full to the brim of a hardy adventurous joy. Here, they seem to say, far more than in ancient Greece, may be realized the throbbing intensity of an unreflecting happiness. For the Greek drank deeply of the cup of knowledge, and its bitterness turned his laughter into tears; the Cavalier looked straight into the sunlight with clear, joyous eyes, and troubled himself not at all with the disheartening problems of humanity. How could a mind like Macaulay's, logical and disciplined, sympathize for a moment with this utterly irresponsible buoyancy! How was he, of all men, to understand this careless zest for the old feast of life, this unreasoning loyalty to an indifferent sovereign, this passionate devotion to a church and easy disregard of her precepts, this magnificent wanton courage, this gay prodigality of enjoyment! It was his loss, no less than ours, that, in turning over the pages of the past, he should miss some of their beauty and their pathos; for History, that calumni-

ated muse, whose sworn votaries do her little honor, has illuminated every inch of her parchment with a strong, generous hand, and does not mean that we should contemptuously ignore the smallest fragment of her work. The superb charge of Rupert's cavalry; that impetuous rush to battle, before which no mortal ranks might stand unbroken; the little group of heart-sick Cavaliers who turned at sunset from the lost field of Marston Moor, and beheld their queen's white standard floating over the enemy's ranks; the scaffolds of Montrose and King Charles; the more glorious death of Claverhouse, pressing the blood-stained grass, and listening for the last time to the far-off cries of victory; Sidney Godolphin flinging away his life, with all its abundant promise and whispered hopes of fame; beautiful Francis Villiers lying stabbed to the heart in Surbiton lane, with his fair boyish face turned to the reddening sky, — these and many other pictures History has painted for us on her scroll, bidding us forget for a moment our formidable theories and strenuous partisanship, and suffer our hearts to be simply and wholesomely stirred by the brave lives and braver deaths of our mistaken brother men.

"Every matter," observes Epictetus, "has two handles by which it may be grasped;" and the Cavalier is no exception to the rule. We may, if we choose, regard him from a purely moral point of view, as a lamentably dissolute and profligate courtier; or from a purely picturesque point of view, as a gallant and loyal soldier; or we may, if we are wise, take him as he stands, making room for him cheerfully as a fellow-creature, and not vexing our souls too deeply over his brilliant divergence from our present standard. It is like a breath of fresh air blown from a roughening sea to feel, even at this distance of time, that strong young life beating joyously and eagerly against the barriers of the past; to see those curled and scented aristocrats who, like the "dandies of the Crimea," could fight as well as dance, facing pleasure and death, the ball-room and the battle-field, with the same smiling front, the same unflagging enthusiasm. No wonder that Mr. Bagehot, analyzing with friendly sympathy the strength and weakness of the Cavalier, should find himself somewhat out of temper with an historian's insensibility to virtues so primitive and recognizable in a not too merry world.

"The greatness of this character is not in Macaulay's way, and its faults are. Its license affronts him, its riot alienates him. He is forever contrasting the dissoluteness of Prince Rupert's horse with the restraint of Cromwell's pikemen. A deep, enjoying nature finds in him no sympathy. He has no tears for that warm life, no tenderness for that extinct mirth. The ignorance of the Cavaliers, too, moves his wrath: 'They were ignorant of what every schoolgirl knows.' Their loyalty to their sovereign is the devotion of the Egyptians to the god Apis: 'They selected a calf to adore.' Their non-resistance offends the philosopher; their license is commented on in the tone of a precisian. Their indecorum does not suit the dignity of the narrator. Their rich, free nature is unappreciated; the tingling intensity of their joy is unnoticed. In a word, there is something of the schoolboy about the Cavalier; there is somewhat of a schoolmaster about the historian." [1]

That the gay gentlemen who glittered in the courts of the Stuarts were enviably ignorant of much that, for some inscrutable reason, we feel ourselves obliged to know to-day may be safely granted, and scored at once to the account of their good fortune. It is probable that they had only the vaguest notions about Sesostris, and could not have defined an hypothesis of homophones with any reasonable degree of accuracy. But they were possessed, nevertheless, of a certain

[1] Literary Studies, vol. ii.

information of their own, not garnered from books, and not always attainable to their critics. They knew life in its varying phases, from the delicious trifling of a polished and witty society to the stern realities of the camp and battle-field. They knew the world, women, and song, three things as pleasant and as profitable in their way as Hebrew, Euclid, and political economy. They knew how to live gracefully, to fight stoutly, and to die honorably; and how to extract from the gray routine of existence a wonderfully distinct flavor of novelty and enjoyment. There were among them, as among the Puritans, true lovers, faithful husbands, tender fathers; and the indiscriminate charge of dissoluteness on the one side, like the indiscriminate charge of hypocrisy on the other, is a cheap expression of our individual intolerance.

The history of the Cavalier closes with Killiecrankie. The waning prestige of a once powerful influence concentrated itself in Claverhouse, the latest and strongest figure on its canvas, the accepted type of its most brilliant and defiant qualities. Readers of old-fashioned novels may remember a lachrymose story, in two closely printed volumes, which enjoyed an amazing popularity some twenty years ago, and which was called The Last of the Cavaliers. It had for its hero a perfectly impossible combination of virtues, a cross between the Chevalier Bayard and the Admirable Crichton, labeled Dundee, and warranted proof against all the faults and foibles of humanity. This automaton, who moved in a rarefied atmosphere through the whole dreary tale, performing noble deeds and uttering virtuous sentiments with monotonous persistency, embodied, we may presume, the author's conception of a character not generally credited with such superfluous excellence. It was a fine specimen of imaginative treatment, and not wholly unlike some very popular historic methods by which similar results are reached to-day. Quite recently, a despairing English critic, with an ungratified taste for realities, complained somewhat savagely that "a more intolerable embodiment of unrelieved excellence and monotonous success than the hero of the pious Gladstonian's worship was never moulded out of plaster of Paris." He was willing enough to yield his full share of admiration, but he wanted to see the real, human, interesting Gladstone back of all this conventional and disheartening mock-heroism; and, in the same spirit, we would like sometimes to see the real Claverhouse back of all the dramatic accessories in which he has been so liberally disguised.

But where, save perhaps in the ever-delightful pages of Old Mortality, shall we derive any moderate gratification from our search? Friends are apt to be as ill advised as foes, and Dundee's eulogists, from Napier to Aytoun, have been distinguished rather for the excellence of their intentions than for any great felicity of execution. The "lion-hearted warrior," for whom Aytoun flings wide the gates of Athol, might be Cœur-de-Lion himself, or Marshal Ney, or Stonewall Jackson, or any other brave fighter. There is no distinctive flavor of the Graeme in the somewhat long-winded hero, with his "falcon eye," and his "war-horse black as night," and his trite commonplaces about foreign gold and Highland honor. On the other hand, the verdict of the disaffected may be summed up in the extraordinary lines with which Macaulay closes his account of Killiecrankie, and of Dundee's brief, glorious struggle for his king: "During the last three months of his life he had proved himself a great warrior and politician, and his name is therefore mentioned with respect by that large class of persons who think that there is no excess of wickedness for which courage and ability do not atone." No excess of wickedness! One wonders what

more could be said if we were discussing Tiberius or Caligula, or if colder words were ever used to chill a soldier's fame. Mr. Mowbray Morris, the latest historian in the field, seems divided between a natural desire to sift the evidence for all this wickedness and a polite disinclination to say anything rude during the process, "a common impertinence of the day," in which he declares he has no wish to join. This is exceedingly pleasant and courteous, though hardly of primary importance; for a biographer's sole duty is, after all, to the subject of his biography, and not to Macaulay, who can hold his own easily enough without any assistance whatever. When Sir James Stephens published, some years ago, his very earnest and accurate vindication of Sir Elijah Impey from the charges so lavishly brought against him in that matchless essay on Warren Hastings, he expressed at the same time his serene conviction that the great world would go on reading the essay and believing the charges just the same, — a new rendering of "Magna est veritas et prævalebit," which brings it very near to Hesiod's primitive experience.

As for Mr. Morris's book, it is a carefully dispassionate study of a wild and stormy time, with a gray shadow of Claverhouse flitting faintly through it. In his wholesome dislike for the easy confidence with which historians assume to know everything, its author has touched the opposite extreme, and manifests such conscientious indecision as to the correctness of every document he quotes, that our heads fairly swim with accumulated uncertainties. This method of narration has one distinct advantage, — it cannot lead us far into error; but neither can it carry us forward impetuously with the mighty rush of great events, and make us feel in our hearts the real and vital qualities of history. Mr. Morris proves very clearly and succinctly that Claverhouse has been, to use his temperate expression, "harshly judged," and that much of the cruelty assigned to him may be easily and cheaply refuted. He does full justice to the scrupulous decorum of his hero's private life, and to the wonderful skill with which, after James's flight, he roused and held together the turbulent Highland clans, impressing even these rugged spirits with the charm and force of his vigorous personality. In the field Claverhouse lived like the meanest of his men; sharing their poor food and hard lodgings, marching by their side through the bitter winter weather, and astonishing these hardy mountaineers by a power of physical endurance fully equal to their own. The memory of his brilliant courage, of his gracious tact, even of his rare personal beauty, dwelt with them for generations, and found passionate expression in that cry wrung from the sore heart of the old chieftain at Culloden, "Oh, for one hour of Dundee!"

But in the earlier portions of Mr. Morris's narrative, in the scenes at Drumclog and Bothwell Bridge, at Ayrshire and Clydesdale, we confess that we look in vain for the Claverhouse of our fancy. Can it be that this energetic, modest, and rather estimable young soldier, distinguished, apparently, for nothing save prompt and accurate obedience to his orders, is the man who, in a few short years, made himself so feared and hated that it became necessary to credit him with the direct patronage of Satan? One is tempted to quote Mr. Swinburne's pregnant lines concerning another enigmatic character of Scottish history: —

> "Some faults the gods will give to fetter
> Man's highest intent,
> But surely you were something better
> Than innocent."

Of the real Dundee we catch only flying glimpses here and there, — on his wedding night, for instance, when he is off and away after the now daring rebels, leaving his bride of an hour to weep his

absence, and listen with what patience she might to her mother's assiduous reproaches. "I shall be revenged some time or other of the unseasonable trouble these dogs give me," grumbles the young husband with pardonable irritation. "They might have let Tuesday pass." It is the real Dundee, likewise, who, in the gray of early morning, rides briskly out of Edinburgh in scant time to save his neck, scrambles up the castle rock for a last farewell to Gordon, and is off to the north to raise the standard of King James, "wherever the spirit of Montrose shall direct me." In vain Hamilton and the convention send word imperatively, "Dilly, dilly, dilly, come and be killed." The wily bird declines the invitation, and has been censured with some asperity for his unpatriotic reluctance to comply. For one short week of rest he lingers at Dudhope, where his wife is awaiting her confinement, and then flies further northward to Glen Ogilvy, whither a regiment is quickly sent to apprehend him. There is a reward of twenty thousand pounds sterling on his head, but he who thinks to win it must move, like Hödr, with his feet shod in silence. By the time Livingstone and his dragoons reach Glamis, Dundee is far in the Highlands, and henceforth all the fast-darkening hopes of the loyalists are centred in him alone. For him remain thirteen months of incredible hardships and anxiety, a single stolen visit to his wife and infant son, heart-sick appeals to James for some recognition of the desperate efforts made in his behalf, a brilliant irregular campaign, a last decisive victory, and a soldier's death. "It is the less matter for me, seeing the day goes well for my master," he answers simply, when told of his mortal hurt; and in this unfaltering loyalty we read the lifelong lesson of the Cavalier. If, as a recent poet tells us, the memory of Nero be not wholly vile, because one human being was found to weep for him, surely the memory of James Stuart may be forgiven much because of this faithful service. It is hard to understand it now.

> "In God's name, then, what plague befell us,
> To fight for such a thing?"

is our modern way of looking at the problem; but the mental processes of the Cavalier were less inquisitorial and analytic. "I am no politician, and I do not care about nice distinctions," says Major Bellenden bluntly, when requested to consider the insurgents' side of the case. "My sword is the king's, and when he commands, I draw it in his service."

As for that other and better known Claverhouse, the determined foe of the Covenant, the unrelenting and merciless punisher of a disobedient peasantry, he, too, is best taken as he stands; shorn, indeed, of Wodrow's extravagant embellishments, but equally free from the delicate gloss of a too liberal absolution. He was a soldier acting under the stringent orders of an angry government, and he carried out the harsh measures entrusted to him with a stern and impartial severity. Those were turbulent times, and the wild western Whigs had given decisive proof on more than one occasion that they were ill disposed to figure as mere passive martyrs to their cause.

> "For treason, d' ye see,
> Was to them a dish of tea,
> And murder, bread and butter."

They were stout fighters, too, taking as kindly to their carnal as to their spiritual weapons, and a warfare against them was as ingloriously dangerous as the melancholy skirmishes of our own army with the Indians, who, it would seem, were driven to the war-path by a somewhat similar mode of treatment. There is not the slightest evidence, however, that Claverhouse was averse either to the danger or the cruelty of the work he was given to do. Religious toleration was then an unknown quantity. The Church of England and her Presbyterian

neighbor persecuted each other with friendly assiduity, while Rome was more than willing, should an opportunity offer, to lay a chastening hand on both. If there were any new-fangled notions in the air about private judgment and the rights of conscience, Claverhouse was the last man in England to have been a pioneer in such a movement. He was passionately attached to his church, unreservedly loyal to his king, and as indifferent as Hamlet to his own life and the lives of other people. It is strange to hear Mr. Morris excuse him for his share in the death of the lad Hyslop, by urging in his behalf a Pilate-like disinclination to quarrel with a powerful ally, and risk a censure from court. Never was there a man who brooked opposition as impatiently, when he felt that his interests or his principles were at stake; but it is to be feared that the shooting of a Covenanter more or less was hardly, in his eyes, a matter of vital importance. This attitude of unconcern is amply illustrated in the letter written by Claverhouse to Queensberry after the execution of John Brown, "the Christian carrier," for the sole crime of absenting himself from the public worship of the Episcopalians, says Macaulay; for outlawry and resetting of rebels, hint less impassioned historians. Be this as it may, however, John Brown was shot in the Ploughlands; and his nephew, seeing the soldiers' muskets leveled next at him, consented, on the promise of being recommended for mercy, to make "an ingenuous confession," and give evidence against his uncle's associates. Accordingly, we find Claverhouse detailing these facts to Queensberry, and adding in the most purely neutral spirit, —

"I have acquitted myself when I have told your Grace the case. He [the nephew] has been but a month or two with his halbert; and if your Grace thinks he deserves no mercy, justice will pass on him; for I, having no commission of justiciary myself, have delivered him up to the lieutenant-general, to be disposed of as he pleases."

Here, at least, is a sufficiently candid exposition of Claverhouse's habitual temper. He was in no sense of the word bloodthirsty. The test oath was not of his contriving; the penalty for its refusal was not of his appointing. He was willing enough to give his prisoner the promised chance for life; but as for any real solicitude in the matter, you might as well expect Hamlet to be concerned because, by an awkward misap prehension, a foolish and innocent old man has been stabbed like a rat behind the arras.

When Plutarch was asked why he did not oftener select virtuous characters to write about, he intimated that he found the sinners more interesting; and while his judgment is to be deprecated, it can hardly be belied. We revere Marcus Aurelius, but we delight in Cæsar; we admire Sir Robert Peel, but we enjoy Richelieu; we praise Wellington, but we never weary of Napoleon. "Our being," says Montaigne, "is cemented with sickly qualities; and whoever should divest man of the seeds of those qualities would destroy the fundamental conditions of human life." It is idle to look to Claverhouse for precisely the virtues which we most esteem in John Howard; but we need not, on that account, turn our eyes reproachfully from one of the most striking and characteristic figures in English history. He was not merely a picturesque feature of his cause, like Rupert of the Rhine, nor a martyr to its fallen hopes, like the Marquis of Montrose; he was its single chance, and with his death it died. In versatility and daring, in diplomatic shrewdness and military acumen, he far outranked any soldier of his day. "The charm of an engaging personality," says a recent critic, "belongs to Montrose, and the pity of his death deepens the romance of his life; but the strong man was Dundee."

Agnes Repplier.

PO' SANDY.

On the northeast corner of my vineyard in central North Carolina, and fronting on the Lumberton plank-road, there stood a small frame house, of the simplest construction. It was built of pine lumber, and contained but one room, to which one window gave light and one door admission. Its weather-beaten sides revealed a virgin innocence of paint. Against one end of the house, and occupying half its width, there stood a huge brick chimney: the crumbling mortar had left large cracks between the bricks; the bricks themselves had begun to scale off in large flakes, leaving the chimney sprinkled with unsightly blotches. These evidences of decay were but partially concealed by a creeping vine, which extended its slender branches hither and thither in an ambitious but futile attempt to cover the whole chimney. The wooden shutter, which had once protected the unglazed window, had fallen from its hinges, and lay rotting in the rank grass and jimson-weeds beneath. This building, I learned when I bought the place, had been used as a school-house for several years prior to the breaking out of the war, since which time it had remained unoccupied, save when some stray cow or vagrant hog had sought shelter within its walls from the chill rains and nipping winds of winter.

One day my wife requested me to build her a new kitchen. The house erected by us, when we first came to live upon the vineyard, contained a very conveniently arranged kitchen; but for some occult reason my wife wanted a kitchen in the back yard, apart from the dwelling-house, after the usual Southern fashion. Of course I had to build it.

To save expense, I decided to tear down the old school-house, and use the lumber, which was in a good state of preservation, in the construction of the new kitchen. Before demolishing the old house, however, I made an estimate of the amount of material contained in it, and found that I would have to buy several hundred feet of new lumber in order to build the new kitchen according to my wife's plan.

One morning old Julius McAdoo, our colored coachman, harnessed the gray mare to the rockaway, and drove my wife and me over to the saw-mill from which I meant to order the new lumber. We drove down the long lane which led from our house to the plank-road; following the plank-road for about a mile, we turned into a road running through the forest and across the swamp to the saw-mill beyond. Our carriage jolted over the half-rotted corduroy road which traversed the swamp, and then climbed the long hill leading to the saw-mill. When we reached the mill, the foreman had gone over to a neighboring farm-house, probably to smoke or gossip, and we were compelled to await his return before we could transact our business. We remained seated in the carriage, a few rods from the mill, and watched the leisurely movements of the mill-hands. We had not waited long before a huge pine log was placed in position, the machinery of the mill was set in motion, and the circular saw began to eat its way through the log, with a loud whirr which resounded throughout the vicinity of the mill. The sound rose and fell in a sort of rhythmic cadence, which, heard from where we sat, was not unpleasing, and not loud enough to prevent conversation. When the saw started on its second journey through the log, Julius observed, in a lugubrious tone, and with a perceptible shudder: —

"Ugh! but dat des do cuddle my blood!"

"What 's the matter, Uncle Julius?" inquired my wife, who is of a very sympathetic turn of mind. "Does the noise affect your nerves?"

"No, Miss Annie," replied the old man, with emotion, "I ain' narvous; but dat saw, a-cuttin' en grindin' thoo dat stick er timber, en moanin', en groanin', en sweekin', kyars my 'memb'ance back ter ole times, en 'min's me er po' Sandy." The pathetic intonation with which he lengthened out the "po' Sandy" touched a responsive chord in our own hearts.

"And who was poor Sandy?" asked my wife, who takes a deep interest in the stories of plantation life which she hears from the lips of the older colored people. Some of these stories are quaintly humorous; others wildly extravagant, revealing the Oriental cast of the negro's imagination; while others, poured freely into the sympathetic ear of a Northern-bred woman, disclose many a tragic incident of the darker side of slavery.

"Sandy," said Julius, in reply to my wife's question, "was a nigger w'at useter b'long ter ole Mars Marrabo McSwayne. Mars Marrabo's place wuz on de yuther side'n de swamp, right nex' ter yo' place. Sandy wuz a monst'us good nigger, en could do so many things erbout a plantation, en alluz 'ten' ter his wuk so well, dat w'en Mars Marrabo's chilluns growed up en married off, dey all un 'em wanted dey daddy fer ter gin 'em Sandy fer a weddin' present. But Mars Marrabo knowed de res' would n' be satisfied ef he gin Sandy ter a'er one un 'em; so w'en dey wuz all done married, he fix it by 'lowin' one er his chilluns ter take Sandy fer a mont' er so, en den ernudder for a mont' er so, en so on dat erway tel dey had all had 'im de same lenk er time; en den dey would all take him roun' ag'in, 'cep'n oncet in a w'ile w'en Mars Marrabo would len' 'im ter some er his yuther kinfolks 'roun' de country, w'en dey wuz short er han's; tel bimeby it go so Sandy did n' hardly knowed whar he wuz gwine ter stay fum one week's een ter de yuther.

"One time w'en Sandy wuz lent out ez yushal, a spekilater come erlong wid a lot er niggers, en Mars Marrabo swap' Sandy's wife off fer a noo 'oman. W'en Sandy come back, Mars Marrabo gin 'im a dollar, en 'lowed he wuz monst'us sorry fer ter break up de fambly, but de spekilater had gin 'im big boot, en times wuz hard en money skase, en so he wuz bleedst ter make de trade. Sandy tuk on some 'bout losin' his wife, but he soon seed dey want no use cryin' ober spilt merlasses; en bein' ez he lacked de looks er de noo 'ooman, he tuk up wid her atter she b'n on de plantation a mont' er so.

"Sandy en his noo wife got on mighty well tergedder, en de niggers all 'mence' ter talk about how lovin' dey wuz. W'en Tenie wuz tuk sick oncet, Sandy useter set up all night wid 'er, en den go ter wuk in de mawnin' des lack he had his reg'lar sleep; en Tenie would 'a done anythin' in de worl' for her Sandy.

"Sandy en Tenie had n' b'en libbin' tergedder fer mo' d'n two mont's befo' Mars Marrabo's old uncle, w'at libbed down in Robeson County, sent up ter fine out ef Mars Marrabo could n' len' 'im er hire 'im a good han' fer a mont' er so. Sandy's marster wuz one er dese yer easy-gwine folks w'at wanter please eve'ybody, en he says yas, he could len' 'im Sandy. En Mars Marrabo tole Sandy fer ter git ready ter go down ter Robeson nex' day, fer ter stay a mont' er so.

"Hit wuz monst'us hard on Sandy fer ter take 'im 'way fum Tenie. Hit wuz so fur down ter Robeson dat he did n' hab no chance er comin' back ter see her tel de time wuz up; he would n' a' mine comin' ten er fifteen mile at night ter see Tenie, but Mars Marrabo's uncle's plantation wuz mo' d'n forty mile off. Sandy wuz mighty sad en cas' down atter w'at Mars Marrabo tole 'im, en he says ter Tenie, sezee: —

"'I 'm gittin monstus ti'ed er dish yer gwine roun' so much. Here I is lent ter Mars Jeems dis mont', en I got ter do so-en-so; en ter Mars Archie de nex' mont', en I got ter do so-en-so; den I got ter go ter Miss Jinnie's: en hit's Sandy dis en Sandy dat, en Sandy yer en Sandy dere, tel it 'pears ter me I ain' got no home, ner no marster, ner no mistiss, ner no nuffin'. I can't eben keep a wife: my yuther ole 'oman wuz sole away widout my gittin' a chance fer ter tell her good-by; en now I got ter go off en leab you, Tenie, en I dunno whe'r I 'm eber gwine ter see yer ag'in er no. I wisht I wuz a tree, er a stump, er a rock, er sump'n w'at could stay on de plantation fer a w'ile.'

"Atter Sandy got thoo talkin', Tenie did n' say naer word, but des sot dere by de fier, studyin' en studyin'. Bimeby she up'n says: —

"'Sandy, is I eber tole you I wuz a cunjuh-'ooman?'

"Co'se Sandy had n' nebber dremp' er nuffin lack dat, en he made a great miration w'en he hear w'at Tenie say. Bimeby Tenie went on: —

"'I ain' goophered nobody, ner done no cunjuh-wuk fer fifteen year er mo; en w'en I got religion I made up my mine I would n' wuk no mo' goopher. But dey is some things I doan b'lieve it 's no sin fer ter do; en ef you doan wanter be sent roun' fum pillar ter pos', en ef you doan wanter go down ter Robeson, I kin fix things so yer won't haf ter. Ef you 'll des say de word, I kin turn yer ter w'ateber yer wanter be, en yer kin stay right whar yer wanter, ez long ez yer mineter.'

"Sandy say he doan keer; he 's willin' fer ter do anythin' fer ter stay close ter Tenie. Den Tenie ax 'im ef he doan wanter be turnt inter a rabbit.

"Sandy say, 'No, de dogs mout git atter me.'

"'Shill I turn yer ter a wolf?' sez Tenie.

"'No, eve'ybody 's skeered er a wolf, en I doan want nobody ter be skeered er me.'

"'Shill I turn yer ter a mawkin'-bird?'

"'No, a hawk mout ketch me. I wanter be turnt inter sump'n w'at 'll stay in one place.'

"'I kin turn yer ter a tree,' sez Tenie. 'You won't hab no mouf ner years, but I kin turn yer back oncet in a w'ile, so yer kin git sump'n ter eat, en hear w'at 's gwine on.'

"Well, Sandy say dat 'll do. En so Tenie tuk 'im down by de aidge er de swamp, not fur fum de quarters, en turnt 'im inter a big pine-tree, en sot 'im out mongs' some yuther trees. En de nex' mawnin', ez some er de fiel' han's wuz gwine long dere, dey seed a tree w'at dey did n' 'member er habbin' seed befo; it wuz monst'us quare, en dey wuz bleedst ter 'low dat dey had n' 'membered right, er e'se one er de saplin's had be'n growin' monst'us fas'.

"W'en Mars Marrabo 'skiver' dat Sandy wuz gone, he 'lowed Sandy had runned away. He got de dogs out, but de las' place dey could track Sandy ter wuz de foot er dat pine-tree. En dere de dogs stood en barked, en bayed, en pawed at de tree, en tried ter climb up on it; en w'en dey wuz tuk roun' thoo de swamp ter look fer de scent, dey broke loose en made fer dat tree ag'in. It wuz de beatenis' thing de w'ite folks eber hearn of, en Mars Marrabo 'lowed dat Sandy must a' clim' up on de tree en jump' off on a mule er sump'n, en rid fur 'nuff fer ter spile de scent. Mars Marrabo wanted ter 'cuse some er de yuther niggers er heppin Sandy off, but dey all 'nied it ter de las'; en eve'ybody knowed Tenie sot too much by Sandy fer ter he'p 'im run away whar she could n' nebber see 'im no mo'.

"W'en Sandy had be'n gone long 'nuff fer folks ter think he done got clean away, Tenie useter go down ter de woods at night en turn 'im back, en den dey'd slip up ter de cabin en set by de

fire en talk. But dey ha' ter be monst'us keerful, er e'se somebody would a seed 'em, en dat would a spile de whole thing; so Tenie alluz turnt Sandy back in de mawnin' early, befo' anybody wuz a-stirrin'.

"But Sandy did n' git erlong widout his trials en tribberlations. One day a woodpecker come erlong en 'mence' ter peck at de tree; en de nex' time Sandy wuz turnt back he had a little roun' hole in his arm, des lack a sharp stick be'n stuck in it. Atter dat Tenie sot a sparrer-hawk fer ter watch de tree; en w'en de woodpecker come erlong nex' mawnin' fer ter finish his nes', he got gobble' up mos' fo' he stuck his bill in de bark.

"Nudder time, Mars Marrabo sent a nigger out in de woods fer ter chop tuppentime boxes. De man chop a box in dish yer tree, en hack' de bark up two er th'ee feet, fer ter let de tuppentime run. De nex' time Sandy wuz turnt back he had a big skyar on his lef' leg, des lack it be'n skunt; en it tuk Tenie nigh 'bout all night fer ter fix a mixtry ter kyo it up. Atter dat, Tenie sot a hawnet fer ter watch de tree; en w'en de nigger come back ag'in fer ter cut ernudder box on de yuther side'n de tree, de hawnet stung 'im so hard dat de ax slip en cut his foot nigh 'bout off.

"W'en Tenie see so many things happenin' ter de tree, she 'cluded she 'd ha' ter turn Sandy ter sump'n e'se; en atter studyin' de matter ober, en talkin' wid Sandy one ebenin', she made up her mine fer ter fix up a goopher mixtry w'at would turn herse'f en Sandy ter foxes, er sump'n, so dey could run away en go some'rs whar dey could be free en lib lack w'ite folks.

"But dey ain' no tellin' w'at 's gwine ter happen in dis worl'. Tenie had got de night sot fer her en Sandy ter run away, w'en dat ve'y day one er Mars Marrabo's sons rid up ter de big house in his buggy, en say his wife wuz monst'us sick, en he want his mammy ter len' 'im a 'ooman fer ter nuss his wife. Tenie's mistiss say sen' Tenie; she wuz a good nuss. Young mars wuz in a tarrible hurry fer ter git back home. Tenie wuz washin' at de big house dat day, en her mistiss say she should go right 'long wid her young marster. Tenie tried ter make some 'scuse fer ter git away en hide tel night, w'en she would have eve'ything fix' up fer her en Sandy; she say she wanter go ter her cabin fer ter git her bonnet. Her mistiss say it doan matter 'bout de bonnet; her head-hankcher wuz good 'nuff. Den Tenie say she wanter git her bes' frock; her mistiss say no, she doan need no mo' frock, en w'en dat one got dirty she could git a clean one whar she wuz gwine. So Tenie had ter git in de buggy en go 'long wid young Mars Dunkin ter his plantation, w'ich wuz mo' d'n twenty mile away; en dey want no chance er her seein' Sandy no mo' tel she come back home. De po' gal felt monst'us bad erbout de way things wuz gwine on, en she knowed Sandy mus' be a wond'rin' why she did n' come en turn 'im back no mo'.

"W'iles Tenie wuz away nussin' young Mars Dunkin's wife, Mars Marrabo tuk a notion fer ter buil' 'im a noo kitchen; en bein' ez he had lots er timber on his place, he begun ter look 'roun' fer a tree ter hab de lumber sawed out'n. En I dunno how it come to be so, but he happen fer ter hit on de ve'y tree w'at Sandy wuz turnt inter. Tenie wuz gone, en dey wa'n't nobody ner nuffin' fer ter watch de tree.

"De two men w'at cut de tree down say dey nebber had sech a time wid a tree befo': dey axes would glansh off, en did n' 'pear ter make no prōgress thoo de wood; en of all de creakin', en shakin', en wobblin' you eber see, dat tree done it w'en it commence' ter fall. It wuz de beatenis' thing!

"W'en dey got de tree all trim' up, dey chain it up ter a timber waggin, en start fer de saw-mill. But dey had a hard time gittin' de log dere: fus' dey

got stuck in de mud w'en dey wuz gwine crosst de swamp, en it wuz two er th'ee hours befo' dey could git out. W'en dey start' on ag'in, de chain kep' a-comin' loose, en dey had ter keep a-stoppin' en a-stoppin' fer ter hitch de log up ag'in. W'en dey commence' ter climb de hill ter de saw-mill, de log broke loose, en roll down de hill en in mongs' de trees, en hit tuk nigh 'bout half a day mo' ter git it haul' up ter de saw-mill.

"De nex' mawnin' atter de day de tree wuz haul' ter de saw-mill, Tenie come home. W'en she got back ter her cabin, de fus' thing she done wuz ter run down ter de woods en see how Sandy wuz gittin' on. W'en she seed de stump standin' dere, wid de sap runnin' out'n it, en de limbs layin' scattered roun', she nigh 'bout went out'n her mine. She run ter her cabin, en got her goopher mixtry, en den foller de track er de timber waggin ter de saw-mill. She knowed Sandy could n' lib mo' d'n a minute er so ef she turn' him back, fer he wuz all chop' up so he 'd a be'n bleedst ter die. But she wanted ter turn 'im back long ernuff fer ter 'splain ter 'im dat she had n' went off a-purpose, en lef' 'im ter be chop' down en sawed up. She did n' want Sandy ter die wid no hard feelin's to'ds her.

"De han's at de saw-mill had des got de big log on de kerridge, en wuz startin' up de saw, w'en dey seed a 'oman runnin up de hill, all out er bref, cryin' en gwine on des lack she wuz plumb 'stracted. It wuz Tenie; she come right inter de mill, en th'owed herse'f on de log, right in front er de saw, a-hollerin' en cryin' ter her Sandy ter fergib her, en not ter think hard er her, fer it wa'n't no fault er hern. Den Tenie 'membered de tree did n' hab no years, en she wuz gittin' ready fer ter wuk her goopher mixtry so ez ter turn Sandy back, w'en de mill-hands kotch holt er her en tied her arms wid a rope, en fasten' her to one er de posts in de saw-mill; en den dey started de saw up ag'in, en cut de log up inter bo'ds en scantlin's right befo' her eyes. But it wuz mighty hard wuk; fer of all de sweekin', en moanin', en groanin', dat log done it w'iles de saw wuz a-cuttin' thoo it. De saw wuz one er dese yer ole-timey, up-en-down saws, en hit tuk longer dem days ter saw a log 'en it do now. Dey greased de saw, but dat did n' stop de fuss; hit kep' right on, tel finely dey got de log all sawed up.

"W'en de oberseah w'at run de saw-mill come fum brekfas', de han's up en tell him 'bout de crazy 'ooman — ez dey s'posed she wuz — w'at had come runnin' in de saw-mill, a-hollerin' en gwine on, en tried ter th'ow herse'f befo' de saw. En de oberseah sent two er th'ee er de han's fer ter take Tenie back ter her marster's plantation.

"Tenie 'peared ter be out'n her mine fer a long time, en her marster ha' ter lock her up in de smoke-'ouse tel she got ober her spells. Mars Marrabo wuz monst'us mad, en hit would a made yo' flesh crawl fer ter hear him cuss, caze he say de spekilater w'at he got Tenie fum had fooled 'im by wukkin' a crazy 'oman off on him. Wiles Tenie wuz lock up in de smoke-'ouse, Mars Marrabo tuk 'n' haul de lumber fum de saw-mill, en put up his noo kitchen.

"W'en Tenie got quiet' down, so she could be 'lowed ter go 'roun' de plantation, she up'n tole her marster all erbout Sandy en de pine-tree; en w'en Mars Marrabo hearn it, he 'lowed she wuz de wuss 'stracted nigger he eber hearn of. He did n' know w'at ter do wid Tenie: fus' he thought he 'd put her in de po'-house; but finely, seein' ez she did n' do no harm ter nobody ner nuffin', but des went roun' moanin', en groanin', en shakin' her head, he 'cluded ter let her stay on de plantation en nuss de little nigger chilluns w'en dey mammies wuz ter wuk in de cotton-fiel'.

"De noo kitchen Mars Marrabo buil' wuz n' much use, fer it had n' be'n put

up long befo' de niggers 'mence' ter notice quare things erbout it. Dey could hear sump'n moanin' en groanin' 'bout de kitchen in de night-time, en w'en de win' would blow dey could hear sump'n a-hollerin' en sweekin' lack hit wuz in great pain en sufferin'. En hit got so atter a w'ile dat hit wuz all Mars Marrabo's wife could do ter git a 'ooman ter stay in de kitchen in de daytime long ernuff ter do de cookin'; en dey wa'n't naer nigger on de plantation w'at would n' rudder take forty dan ter go 'bout dat kitchen atter dark, — dat is, 'cep'n Tenie; she did n' pear ter mine de ha'nts. She useter slip 'roun' at night, en set on de kitchen steps, en lean up agin de do'-jamb, en run on ter herse'f wid some kine er foolishness w'at nobody could n' make out; fer Mars Marrabo had th'eaten' ter sen' her off'n de plantation ef she say anything ter any er de yuther niggers 'bout de pine-tree. But somehow er nudder de niggers foun' out all 'bout it, en dey all knowed de kitchen wuz ha'nted by Sandy's sperrit. En bimeby hit got so Mars Marrabo's wife herse'f wuz skeered ter go out in de yard atter dark.

"W'en it come ter dat, Mars Marrabo tuk 'n' to' de kitchen down, en use' de lumber fer ter buil' dat ole school-'ouse w'at youer talkin' 'bout pullin' down. De school-'ouse wuz n' use' 'cep'n' in de daytime, en on dark nights folks gwine 'long de road would hear quare soun's en see quare things. Po' ole Tenie useter go down dere at night, en wander 'roun' de school-'ouse; en de niggers all 'lowed she went fer ter talk wid Sandy's sperrit. En one winter mawnin', w'en one er de boys went ter school early fer ter start de fire, w'at should he fine but po' ole Tenie, layin' on de flo', stiff, en cole, en dead. Dere did n' 'pear' ter be nuffin' pertickler de matter wid her, — she had des grieve' herse'f ter def fer her Sandy. Mars Marrabo did n' shed no tears. He thought Tenie wuz crazy, en dey wa'n't no tellin' w'at she mout do nex'; en dey ain' much room in dis worl' fer crazy w'ite folks, let 'lone a crazy nigger.

"Hit wa'n't long atter dat befo' Mars Marrabo sole a piece er his track er lan' ter Mars Dugal' McAdoo, — *my* ole marster, — en dat 's how de ole schoolhouse happen to be on yo' place. W'en de wah broke out, de school stop', en de ole school-'ouse be'n stannin' empty ever sence, — dat is, 'cep'n' fer de ha'nts. En folks sez dat de ole school-'ouse, er any yuther house w'at got any er dat lumber in it w'at wuz sawed out'n de tree w'at Sandy wuz turnt inter, is gwine ter be ha'nted tel de las' piece er plank is rotted en crumble' inter dus'."

Annie had listened to this gruesome narrative with strained attention.

"What a system it was," she exclaimed, when Julius had finished, "under which such things were possible!"

"What things?" I asked, in amazement. "Are you seriously considering the possibility of a man's being turned into a tree?"

"Oh, no," she replied quickly, "not that;" and then she added absently, and with a dim look in her fine eyes, "Poor Tenie!"

We ordered the lumber, and returned home. That night, after we had gone to bed, and my wife had to all appearances been sound asleep for half an hour, she startled me out of an incipient doze by exclaiming suddenly, —

"John, I don't believe I want my new kitchen built out of the lumber in that old school-house."

"You would n't for a moment allow yourself," I replied, with some asperity, "to be influenced by that absurdly impossible yarn which Julius was spinning to-day?"

"I know the story is absurd," she replied dreamily, "and I am not so silly as to believe it. But I don't think I should ever be able to take any pleasure in that kitchen if it were built out of that lumber. Besides, I think the

kitchen would look better and last longer if the lumber were all new."

Of course she had her way. I bought the new lumber, though not without grumbling. A week or two later I was called away from home on business. On my return, after an absence of several days, my wife remarked to me, —

"John, there has been a split in the Sandy Run Colored Baptist Church, on the temperance question. About half the members have come out from the main body, and set up for themselves. Uncle Julius is one of the seceders, and he came to me yesterday and asked if they might not hold their meetings in the old school-house for the present."

"I hope you did n't let the old rascal have it," I returned, with some warmth. I had just received a bill for the new lumber I had bought.

"Well," she replied, "I could not refuse him the use of the house for so good a purpose."

"And I 'll venture to say," I continued, "that you subscribed something toward the support of the new church?"

She did not attempt to deny it.

"What are they going to do about the ghost?" I asked, somewhat curious to know how Julius would get around this obstacle.

"Oh," replied Annie, "Uncle Julius says that ghosts never disturb religious worship, but that if Sandy's spirit *should* happen to stray into meeting by mistake, no doubt the preaching would do it good."

Charles W. Chesnutt.

THE AMERICAN PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.

In none of his schemes and foundations did Dr. Franklin more signally display the breadth and catholicity of his mind than in his plan for the establishment, in the New World, of an association for the general diffusion of useful knowledge, to which the Old World should be tributary, and in time recipient. With this end in view, he, in 1743, issued a proposal for the organization and government of an American Philosophical Society, whose object was to bring into correspondence with a central association in Philadelphia all scientists, philosophers, and inventors, on this continent and in Europe. Bold as was this scheme in its breadth and reach, in its smaller details it was marked by the practical characteristics of the projector. The Hamiltons and Franklins might "dream dreams and see visions" to the end of the chapter; but they would frame no governments, or found no learned institutions to outlast the centuries, were not their ideality well balanced by the strong common sense that Guizot calls "the genius of humanity." It was this union of the ideal and the practical that caused Franklin to be so appreciated by the French. Mirabeau named him "the sage of two worlds," with a larger grasp of thought than that of our own day, when he is still claimed, like the debatable baby brought to King Solomon, by two cities, — by Boston, in which he first saw the light, and by Philadelphia, in which he disseminated it so liberally.

Although there is a vast amount of documentary evidence to prove that the American Philosophical Society was the direct outcome of Franklin's proposal of 1743, and that before the breaking out of the war with Great Britain it was an active and useful organization, having a large native and foreign membership, two of Dr. Franklin's biographers have done but scant justice to his work in

this direction. Professor McMaster, in his recent interesting and ingenious life of Franklin, as a man of letters, dismisses his proposal to establish such a society as a failure ; [1] while Mr. Parton, after mentioning the fact of Franklin having founded the Philosophical Society, in accordance with his proposal of 1743, adds : "The society was formed, and continued in existence for some years. Nevertheless, its success was neither great nor permanent, for at that day the circle of men capable of taking much interest in science was too limited for the proper support of such an organization." [2]

As both of these historians mention the Philosophical Society later, and Mr. Parton at some length in his Life of Jefferson, it is probable that they did not consider that this early society was identical with that which in 1767 took a fresh start, elected a number of influential members, and made for itself an enviable reputation in Europe and America, in the latter years of the century. Sparks and Bigelow, however, take what is, according to the historian of the society, Dr. Robert M. Patterson, a true view of the case, tracing it back, a continuous organization, to the proposal of Dr. Franklin issued in 1743. Indeed, they carry it back even further than this period, deriving it primarily from the old Junto of 1727. After describing the workings of the Junto, or Leathern Apron Society, formed from among Franklin's "ingenious acquaintance," a sort of debating club of clever young men, Jared Sparks says : "Forty years after its establishment, it became the basis of the American Philosophical Society, of which Franklin was the first president, and the published Transactions of which have contributed to the advancement of science and the diffusion of valuable knowledge in the United States." [3] As most of Franklin's projects were discussed in the congenial circle that composed the Junto, this statement does not conflict with that of Dr. Patterson.

Dr. Franklin, in his proposal, gave a list of the subjects that were to claim the attention of these New World philosophers. It included "investigations in botany ; in medicine ; in mineralogy and mining ; in chemistry ; in mechanics ; in arts, trades, and manufactures ; in geography and topography ; in agriculture ; and lest something should have been left out of this rather comprehensive list of subjects, it was added that the association should give its attention to all philosophical experiments that let light into the nature of things, tend to increase the power of man over matter and multiply the conveniences or pleasures of life." The duties of the secretary of the society were laid down, and were especially arduous, including much foreign correspondence, beside the correcting, abstracting, and methodizing of such papers as required it. This office Dr. Franklin took upon himself, saying, with a touch of modesty that seems a trifle strained, that he "would be secretary until they should be provided with one more capable." He, however, tells us in the Autobiography that he one day added humility to his list of virtues at the suggestion of a Quaker friend, and this form of expression may have been one of his self-imposed exercises.

The Philosophical Society, once established, was destined to exert an important influence on American science, life, and letters. Among its members were literary men, statesmen, and artists, as well as scientists and inventors. Before its meetings were read learned

[1] Benjamin Franklin as a Man of Letters, by John Bach McMaster, page 137.

[2] Life of Benjamin Franklin, by James Parton, vol. i. p. 263.

[3] Works of Franklin, by Jared Sparks, vol. ii. p. 9.

papers on government, history, education, philanthropy, politics, religion, worship, above all, on common sense: these in addition to the numerous scientific papers, read and communicated, while among its eulogiums and *oraisons funèbres*, pronounced upon deceased members, are to be found compositions worthy of Bossuet.

As early as 1769, the society had members in the different colonies, in the Barbadoes, in Antigua, in Heidelberg and Stockholm; while in Edinburgh the distinguished Dr. William Cullen was a member, in London Dr. John Fothergill, and in Paris the learned Count de Buffon. At home it numbered such men as Francis Hopkinson, statesman and writer of prose and poetry; Lynford Lardner, who settled here in 1740, and, being addicted to gayety as well as to science and literature, was one of the founders of the Philadelphia Dancing Assembly and of the Literary Company; the Honorable John Penn, sometime governor of the province, the "little Johnne" who was dearer to the good founder's heart than to Pennsylvania; John Dickinson, who was writing his Farmer's Letters, destined to make him known on both sides of the sea; and John Bartram, botanist to his majesty, who planted his celebrated botanical garden near Gray's Ferry, and built with his own hands the humble stone house, whose gable end bears his devout confession of faith: —

"'Tis God Alone, Almighty Lord,
The Holy One, by me Adored.
John Bartram, 1770."

A pioneer in this field, he is recognized as the greatest of American botanists, and, contrary to the rule generally proved by great men's sons, had the satisfaction of seeing his studies successfully prosecuted by his son, William Bartram, who also contributed original papers to the society.

Writing in 1744 to the Honorable Cadwallader Colden, lieutenant-governor of New York, a distinguished scientist and original worker in certain lines, Dr. Franklin says, "Happening to be in this City about some particular Affairs, I have the Pleasure of receiving yours of the 28th past, here. And can now acquaint you, that a Society, as far as relates to Philadelphia, is actually formed, and has had several Meetings to mutual Satisfaction; — assoon [*sic*] as I get home, I shall send you a short Acct. of what has been done and proposed at these meetings." Here follows a list of members from Philadelphia, New York, and New Jersey, to which the writer adds: "Mr Nicholls tells me of several other Gentlemen of this City [New York] that incline to encourage the Thing. — There are a Number of others in Virginia, Maryland, Carolina, and the New England States who we expect to join us assoon [*sic*] as they are acquainted that the Society has begun to form itself. I am, Sir, with much respect

Your most humᵉ sevᵗ
B. Franklin."[1]

The Honorable Cadwallader Colden was one of the original members of the American Philosophical Society, and took an active interest in its establishment and advance. He and Dr. Franklin were intimate friends, and in the habit of communicating to each other their scientific discoveries. It was Dr. Colden who introduced into the study of botany in America the system of Linnæus.

Among very early members of this society was Mr. Thomas Hopkinson, whom Dr. Franklin called his "ingenious friend," and to whom he acknowledges his indebtedness for demonstrating "the power of points to *throw off* the electrical fire." Another "ingenious friend," to whom he makes no profound acknowledgment, was the Rev. Ebenezer

[1] Proceedings of the American Philosophical Society, pages 1, 2.

Kinnersley, a professor in the College of Philadelphia, to whom it is now generally conceded that Franklin owed much of his success in important electrical discoveries. Mr. Parton says, that, in 1748, "Mr. Kinnersley contrived the amusing experiment of the magical picture. A figure of his majesty King George II. ('God preserve him,' says the loyal Franklin, in parenthesis, when telling the story) was so arranged that any one who attempted to take his crown from his head received a tremendous shock." By this clever contrivance Mr. Kinnersley proves himself to have been a prophet as well as a scientist, for notwithstanding the violent shock received by the friends of royalty in the colonies, a few years later, it was conclusively demonstrated that the crown could be taken off.

In drawing up rules for the government of the Philosophical Society, Dr. Franklin advises that correspondence be maintained not only between the central organization and its members in the different colonies, but with the Royal Society of London and the Dublin Society. Thus persons, residing in remote districts of the United States, would be placed in direct communication with the latest discoveries of Old World scientists in all their lines of work. What such correspondence meant to men of intelligence, living far from the centres of education and enlightenment, in those days of few books and fewer magazines and journals, it is impossible for us to imagine. Some years later, when the French botanist, André Michaux, was appointed by his government to examine the trees of this continent, with a view to their introduction into France, he carried letters from the Philosophical Society to one of its members, living in Lexington, Kentucky. "During my stay at Lexington," Michaux writes, "I frequently saw Dr. Samuel Brown, from Virginia, a physician of the College of Edinburgh, and a member of the Philosophical Society. . . . Receiving regularly the scientific journals from London, he is always in the channel of new discoveries, and turns them to the advantage of his fellow-citizens. It is to him that they are indebted for the introduction of the cow-pox. He had at that time inoculated upward of five hundred persons in Kentucky, when they were making their first attempts in New York and Philadelphia." Agreeable as it must have been to Michaux to find flowers of science blooming in these western wilds, we can imagine the even greater delight that such a man as Dr. Brown must have experienced in meeting and conversing with this foreigner, fresh from Old World haunts of learning, with his interesting budget of news, political as well as scientific. Those were the exciting days of the Consulate in France, when Lord Nelson was gaining victories for England in the Northern seas; and we can picture to ourselves these two learned gentlemen, seated before a great fire of logs, with a steaming bowl of punch, made from the famous Kentucky apple-jack, beside them, turning away from the paths of science to discuss Napoleon's victories, the coalition against England, and the assassination of the Emperor Paul in Russia, which was followed by a treaty between his successor and the English sovereign.

American science must have been in a condition of encouraging activity between 1750 and 1767, for, in those years, there were no less than three societies in Philadelphia whose aims and pursuits were in the main identical, — the promotion of useful knowledge and the drawing together of its votaries. These societies were, a second Junto, of which the indefatigable Dr. Franklin was a member, the American Philosophical Society, and the American Society. This division in the ranks of science probably arose from the feeling existing between the adherents of the Penn family and those averse to them; these parties be-

ing as violently opposed to each other as were, later, Federalist and Democratic-Republican; or, still later, the Free Soil and the new Republican party. Happily for the historian, who is sadly confused by Juntos and Juntolings, and by American Societies which were philosophical, and Philosophical Societies which were also American, these different bodies showed a disposition to unite, and in 1769 were incorporated into one society, under the title of American Philosophical Society, held at Philadelphia, for Promoting Useful Knowledge. This title proving a trifle "unhandy for every-day use," to borrow the phraseology of a patriotic farmer's wife, who bestowed upon one of her offspring the entire heading of the Republican ticket in 1860, "Abraham Lincoln Hannibal Hamlin," it has gradually been abbreviated into the American Philosophical Society, there being now no other.

Of this united society Dr. Franklin was elected president, the first of an honorable line of presidents, whose portraits adorn the walls of the old rooms on Fifth Street, where the philosophers met a hundred years ago. The society obtained a grant of land from the State of Pennsylvania in 1785, and in 1787 its hall was completed, the one still used, in whose sunshiny rooms are now gathered the relics, the treasures, the memories, and the dust of a century. Here is the old chair on whose broad arm Jefferson wrote the Declaration, and here are autograph letters and autographs of such value as to fill the soul of the collector with "envy, hatred, and malice, and all uncharitableness." On one side of the hall is the well-known portrait of Dr. Franklin, in his blue coat, large wig, and spectacles, while near by is his marble effigy by Houdon, whose statue of Washington bears the proud inscription, "Fait par Houdon, citoyen Français."

Over the society Dr. Franklin presided for a term of many years, from 1769 until his death in 1790. Brissot de Warville, coming to Philadelphia in 1788, exclaims, with devoutness hardly to be expected from a Frenchman: "Thanks be to God, he still exists! This great man, for so many years the preceptor of the Americans, who so gloriously contributed to their independence; death had threatened his days, but our fears are dissipated, and his health is restored." Two years later the same chronicler records, "Franklin has enjoyed this year the blessing of death, for which he waited so long a time."

As president of the Philosophical Society, he was succeeded, in 1791, by Dr. Rittenhouse, the greatest American astronomer, of whom Jefferson said, "We have supposed Rittenhouse second to no astronomer living; in genius he must be first, because he is self-taught." It was he who contributed to the society the first purely scientific paper in its series of Transactions, a calculation on the transit of Venus. He also described a wonderful orrery, which represented the revolution of the heavenly bodies more completely than it had ever been done before, and which he had himself constructed at the age of twenty-three. In June, 1769, he made observations on the transit of Venus. "The whole horizon was without a cloud," says Rittenhouse, in his report of this event; and so greatly excited was the young astronomer, that, in the instant of one of the contacts of the planet with the sun, he actually fainted with emotion. Rittenhouse's interesting report on this phenomenon, which had never been seen but twice before by any inhabitant of the earth, was received with satisfaction by learned and scientific men everywhere.

Prominent among the portraits of early officers is an interesting picture of Thomas Jefferson, who was third president of the Philosophical Society, as well as of the United States. This painting, which well portrays the intellectual

and spirited face of the original, was executed at Monticello by Mr. Sully, who was invited there for this purpose. Jefferson, who would have been a great scientist had he not been called upon by his country to use his powers as a statesman, naturally took a warm interest in the Philosophical Society, and was a member long before he was made its president, in 1797. While abroad he disputed the arguments of the learned Count de Buffon on the degeneracy of American animals, and finally made his position secure by sending the astonished Frenchman the bones, skin, and horns of an enormous New Hampshire moose. Equally convincing, and more agreeable, was this than the manner in which Dr. Franklin answered a similar argument on the degeneracy of American men, by making all the Americans, at table, and all the Frenchmen, stand up. As those of his compatriots present happened to be fine specimens, physically, towering above the little Gauls, the good doctor had the argument all his own way.

It seemed, indeed, as if these two great men, who so harmoniously combined the ideal and the practical, were born to prove to the world that genius of the highest order, in science, letters, and statecraft, is not incompatible with the same sort of ability that is essential to the success of a Western farmer or a skilled mechanic. Hence, if Dr. Franklin employed his leisure hours in inventing an improved stove, or explaining to the Philosophical Society why certain chimneys smoked; Mr. Jefferson used his in designing a plough, for which he received a gold medal from France, and in calculating the number of bushels of wheat to the acre, at Monticello. One day, he is interesting himself in the importation of seed-rice from Italy, from the Levant, and from Egypt; while, on another, he is helping the Philosophical Society to frame instructions for the guidance of André Michaux in his Western explorations. It was life that interested them both, — life in the smaller details that affect home comfort, as well as in the broader issues that bear upon the happiness of states and nations. In Mr. Jefferson's minute directions regarding the education of his daughters, and in his grasp of the details of farming, we recognize the same sort of practical common sense that so eminently distinguished Dr. Franklin, of whom his latest biographer says, in his own forcible and epigrammatic style: "Whatever he has said on domestic economy, or thrift, is sound and striking. No other writer has left so many just and original observations on success in life. No other writer has pointed out so clearly the way to obtain the greatest amount of comfort out of life. What Solomon did for the spiritual man, that did Franklin for the earthly man. The book of Proverbs is a collection of receipts for laying up treasure in heaven. 'Poor Richard' is a collection of receipts for laying up treasure on earth." [1]

In addition to its regular meetings for business and for scientific purposes, the Philosophical Society had its gala days, its annual dinners, and its especial receptions and entertainments given to distinguished strangers. Hither, in 1794, came the Rev. Joseph Priestley, of Birmingham, counted in France too devout for a scientist, and in England too broad for the clergy. As the discoverer of oxygen, the friend of Franklin, whose experiments in electricity he had described, and a devotee to the cause of liberty, Dr. Priestley was warmly welcomed by the Philosophical Society, which gave a dinner to him at the time of his second visit to America.

Many anecdotes of these old dinners have been handed down, showing that when the good philosophers put science aside, they could be as lively *raconteurs* and *bon vivants* as the world has ever

[1] Benjamin Franklin as a Man of Letters, by John Bach McMaster, p. 277.

seen. On such festive occasions, the witty old Abbé Correa de Serra, Judge Peters, Mr. Du Ponceau, Dr. Caspar Wistar, Mr. John Vaughan, and, later, Robert Walsh, LL. D., and the Honorable William Short of Virginia, both most delightful talkers, George Ord, William Strickland the architect, and the ever-ready wits Dr. Nathaniel Chapman and Nicholas Biddle, gathered around the board.

Of Judge Peters' witty sayings we find numerous records. As he grew older, his sharp nose and chin approached each other closely. A friend observed to him, one day, that his nose and chin would soon be at loggerheads. "Very likely," he replied, "for hard words often pass between them." Once, while he was speaker of the House of Assembly, one of the members, in crossing the room, tripped on the carpet and fell flat. The House burst into laughter, while the judge, with the utmost gravity, cried, "Order, order, gentlemen! Do you not see that a member is on the floor?" Unceremonious, communicative, friendly, Judge Peters was the life of every circle that he entered; correcting Mayor Wharton at a dinner when he called to the waiter, "John, more wine," saying that it was a *demi*john that he needed, while he himself "drank like a fish," as he expressed it, from his goblet of water, requiring no artificial aid to brighten wits that were always keen and scintillating.

Mr. George Ord, who was a delightful raconteur as well as a learned naturalist, took great pleasure in relating a story of his friend Dr. Abercrombie, a fellow-member of the society. Dr. James Abercrombie, sometime rector of Christ and St. Peter's churches, was a divine of the old school, who despised not the good things of this lower world while engaged in preparation for those of the higher. Once, while on a pastoral visit to the small town of Shrewsbury, New Jersey, where an Episcopal church had been established, Dr. Abercrombie was regaled with some very fine old Madeira wine, which he drank with evident appreciation, and probably some surprise at finding anything so choice in that region of country. The next day, according to Mr. Ord's story, the good parson chose for his text that most appropriate verse from the Acts of the Apostles, in which St. Paul says, "And the barbarous people showed us no little kindness."

Another clerical member of the learned fraternity was William White, one of our early American bishops, who was an ardent patriot and a genial companion, as well as the most devout of Churchmen. A warm friend of Benjamin West, the artist, Bishop White was fond of telling how he helped West to secure his bride, Miss Betty Shewell. Mr. West was in England, and so busy painting for the court and royal family that he could not come over to America to marry his *fiancée;* but, as his father was about to sail for England, he wrote to Miss Shewell, begging her to join his father, and make the voyage with him. Miss Shewell's brother, who was averse to the match, chiefly because West was an impecunious genius, put a stop to the proceedings by confining the fair bride-elect in an upper room. Bishop White, then a very young man, Dr. Franklin, and Mr. Francis Hopkinson determined to help on the "course of true love" by facilitating Miss Shewell's escape to the ship, which was waiting for her at Chester. This they did by means of a romantic rope-ladder, and a carriage around the corner. Miss Shewell with her maid reached the ship in good time, and a few weeks after was married to Benjamin West, in the English chapel of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields. In telling this story, the kindly bishop was wont to add, gleefully, "Ben was a good fellow, and deserved a good wife, and I would do the same thing over again to-day," — a sentiment, we may

be sure, that was greeted with applause by the gravest of the philosophers, they being no exception to the rule that "all the world loves a lover." An active member of the society, and for years one of its counselors, Bishop White was present on all important occasions, grave or gay. Having known General Washington and the other great men of the Revolution, and met and conversed with Samuel Johnson while in England, his was one of the few familiar faces that greeted the Marquis de Lafayette when he revisited America in 1824.

Another face to be seen for many successive years at the meetings of the society, and at its annual dinners, was that of Peter S. Du Ponceau, the French lawyer and philologist, who lived here for so many years. He has left behind him pictures of some of his learned associates, that prove to us that these gentlemen, whose faces look down upon us gravely from century-old portraits, were, on occasions, as full of quips and quirks and fun and frolic as the most jovial collegian of our day. Of his frequent journeys to Washington, to attend the sessions of the Supreme Court of the United States, in company with Mr. Ingersoll, Mr. William Rawle, Mr. Lewis, and Mr. Edward Tilghman, he says: "As soon as we were out of the city, and felt the flush of air, we were like schoolboys in the playground on a holiday; and we began to kill time by all the means that our imagination could suggest. Flashes of wit shot their coruscations on all sides; puns of the genuine Philadelphia stamp were handed about; old college stories were revived; macaroni Latin was spoken with great purity; songs were sung, — even classical songs, among which I recollect the famous Bacchanalian of the Archdeacon of Oxford, *Mihi est propositum in tabernâ mori;* in short, we might have been taken for anything else but the grave counselors of the celebrated bar of Philadelphia." Mr. Du Ponceau, it is, who is accredited with the well-known story of the lawyer whose client came in and deposed that "his brother had died and made a will." A gentleman who read law with the facetious Frenchman relates that it was only when a fee was placed in Mr. Du Ponceau's hand that he translated the phrase into, "Ah! you mean that your brother made a will and died." We can imagine the laugh with which the philosophers would greet this most practical of jokes.

Quite as celebrated as the dinners of the society were Mr. John Vaughan's breakfasts, which held the same prominence in the social life of the time as Dr. Wistar's evening parties; or the afternoon vespers of Mr. Henry C. Carey, where, during the late war and after its close, soldiers, politicians, statesmen, and civilians met together and discussed the great issues and events that shook the nation from 1860 to 1865. So at Mr. Vaughan's breakfasts were discussed the agitating questions of the last decade of the century, Federalists and Democratic-Republicans, as they were beginning to be called, meeting together around his hospitable board. Mr. Vaughan himself was a Federalist, although not a violent partisan. Riding, one day, with Mr. Jefferson, his horse became unmanageable, disturbing somewhat Mr. Vaughan's serenity, who, drawing his reins hard, muttered under his breath, "This horse — this horse is as bad as a Democrat!" "Oh, no," replied the high priest and leader of the party; "if he were a Democrat, he would have thrown *you* long ago." Mr. Vaughan, for many years librarian and treasurer of the society, had his rooms in the building on Fifth Street, and here many strangers of distinction were entertained. One of these breakfasts is still remembered by Dr. William H. Furness, then a young man, recently come from New England to take charge of the First Unitarian Church of Philadelphia. The breakfast lasted from nine until one. Whether the

guests breakfasted on roast peacocks and nightingales' tongues, or on plain beefsteak and chops, Dr. Furness does not remember; but he will never forget the circle gathered around that table. There were John Quincy Adams, Colonel Drayton of South Carolina, Mr. Du Ponceau, and Dr. Channing, who exercised such an influence on the religious thought of New England, and of whom the orthodox clergy were wont to say that his theology was "Calvinism with the bones taken out." A goodly company of leading minds, "joined later," says Dr. Furness, by Albert Gallatin and the Rev. William Ware, pastor of the First Unitarian Church in New York.[1] Among other visitors of note entertained by Mr. Vaughan were Sir Charles Lyell, and George Robins Gliddon, the Egyptologist, who were both in this country about 1841.

Mr. John Vaughan, whose most distinguishing trait was his love for his fellow-men, whom, it was said, he took more delight in serving than most men take in making and hoarding dollars, belonged to a family distinguished in statesmanship, letters, and affairs. The Vaughan brothers were of English birth, sons of Samuel Vaughan, a London merchant trading with America. The most prominent of this large family was Benjamin Vaughan, M. D., LL. D., sometime secretary to Lord Shelburne, and acting as confidential messenger in the peace negotiations between Great Britain and America in 1783. Deeply tinctured with the revolutionary spirit of the time, a liberal to the extent of admiring the system of the Directory in France, and writing in favor of it, Benjamin Vaughan finally found it expedient to quit the Old World for the more congenial political atmosphere of the New. He settled in Hallowell, Maine, as did his brother Charles, where descendants of the name and lineage still reside. The death of Dr. Benjamin Vaughan, of Hallowell, was announced to the society in 1836, and Mr. Merrick, his kinsman, was appointed to prepare a notice of him. Another brother, Samuel, settled in Jamaica; William, the successful banker of the family, remained in London; while John, one of the younger brothers, came to Philadelphia, where he established himself as a wine merchant, and a prominent member of the First Unitarian Church. Generous to a fault, "Johnny Vaughan," as his intimates were wont to call him, seems to have objected to parting with one single earthly possession,—his umbrella. A lady who knew Mr. Vaughan when he was a very old gentleman remembers one of flaming red, whose color should have ensured its staying qualities. A story is also told of his having printed on the outside of another one in large characters, "This umbrella was stolen from John Vaughan." One day a friend of Mr. Vaughan's started off with this umbrella, and, quite unconscious of its equivocal inscription, hoisted it in broad day. Mr. Vaughan's Portuguese office boy, who could speak or read no English, but who knew the umbrella, and what the printing stood for, chanced to meet the gentleman who carried it, and with speechless but entire devotion to his master's interests followed it, and "froze on to it," as the narrator expresses it, with such persistency that the holder was fain to relinquish it, and escape from the jeers of the bystanders.

Mr. John Vaughan numbered President Washington among his friends. We find only one record of his presence at the meetings of the society, of which he was a member, and this was when Dr. William Smith pronounced his eulogium upon Dr. Franklin, upon which occasion the President, and other high officials, were in attendance.

It was over such a circle of learned men and *beaux-esprits* that Mr. Jeffer-

[1] Since writing the above, the story of this breakfast has been more fully narrated by the Rev. Dr. Furness in a recent magazine article.

son was called to preside, when he came to Philadelphia, in 1797, to act as Vice-President of the United States in an uncongenial Federal administration. It is not strange that, with his scholarly and scientific tastes, he found in the rooms of the Philosophical Society a grateful retreat from political wrangling and the cares of state. Party feeling ran so high, at this period, that "social intercourse between members of the two parties ceased," says Mr. Parton, "and old friends crossed the street to avoid saluting one another. Jefferson declined invitations to the usual gatherings of 'society,' and spent his leisure hours in the circle that met in the rooms of the Philosophical Society." Not that its membership was Republican, many of its prominent members being Federalists; notably, Dr. Benjamin Rush, Chief Justice Tilghman, Judge Peters, Jared Ingersoll, who was Federalist candidate for the vice-presidency of the United States in 1812, Dr. Robert Patterson, and Mr. Du Ponceau. This was a place, however, in which science, art, and literature usurped the place of politics, and party differences were forgotten in the discussion of some subject that touched the general weal, as when Dr. Caspar Wistar discovered a new bone; or Robert Patterson presented a paper on improved ship-pumps, or Jonathan Williams one on a new mode of refining sugar; or when John Fitch exhibited "the model, with a drawing and description of a machine for working a boat against the stream by means of a steam-engine;" or, later, when Mr. Charles Goodyear was induced, by Franklin Peale, to demonstrate to the society that vulcanized rubber could be made from the juice of the *cahuchu* tree.

John Adams, the Federalist President, was a member of the Philosophical Society, and speaks of it with warm admiration. Comparing Massachusetts and Pennsylvania, he says, in one of his letters to his wife: "Particular gentlemen here [in Philadelphia], who have improved upon their education by travel, shine; but in general old Massachusetts outshines her younger sisters. Still, in several particulars they have more wit than we. They have societies, the Philosophical Society particularly, which excites a scientific emulation, and propagates their fame. If ever I get through this scene of politics and war, I will spend the remainder of my days in endeavoring to instruct my countrymen in the art of making the most of their abilities and virtues, an art which they have hitherto too much neglected. A philosophical society shall be established at Boston, if I have wit and address enough to accomplish it, some time or other. Pray, set Brother Cranch's philosophical head plodding upon this project. Many of his lucubrations would have been published and preserved for the benefit of mankind, and for his honor, if such a club had existed."

Mr. Madison, who was far more congenial to Mr. Jefferson, politically, than the sturdy New Englander, had been for years a member of the society; but he was out of office now, and living quietly at his rural home in Orange County, Virginia. It was during his residence here, in 1794, that the sprightly widow, who afterwards became his wife, writes of her first meeting with "the great little Madison." She tells us, in her charming letters, that Aaron Burr brought him to see her. On this occasion she wore "a mulberry-colored satin, with a silk tulle kerchief over her neck, and on her head an exquisitely dainty little cap, from which an occasional uncropped curl would escape."

These were still days of picturesque dressing, with both men and women. "Jeffersonian simplicity" had not yet come in, in full force. Watson, the annalist, describes Mr. Jefferson, a few years earlier, in "a long-waisted white cloth coat, scarlet breeches and vest, a cocked hat, shoes and buckles, and white

silk hose," — an elegant figure, the life and centre of the group of men gathered together in the society's rooms on Fifth Street. The great Rittenhouse had, in 1797, set forth on a wider range among the stars; but Dr. Benjamin Rush is there, — physician, scientist, philanthropist, and statesman, a host in himself. His kindly face and the recollections of his contemporaries tell us that he was a pleasant companion, with all his learning, which cannot always be said of the learned ones of the earth. And here is Mr. Jefferson's secretary, William Short, of Virginia, whose Southern blood and years of residence abroad conspired to render him the most delightful of conversationalists; and the Rev. William Smith, first provost of the University of Pennsylvania, a man of science as well as a divine; and Dr. Barton, nephew of Dr. Rittenhouse, an original worker, who contributed largely to the scientific literature of the day, and gave to Americans their first elementary treatise on botany. Here is Dr. Caspar Wistar, the learned physician and genial companion, who not only enriched the society by his own work and teachings, but by his correspondence with Humboldt, and Soemmering in Germany, Camper in Holland, Sylvester in Geneva, Pole and Hope in Great Britain, and many more of their ilk, kept its members *en rapport* with scientific work abroad. Dr. Wistar succeeded Dr. Rush as president of the Pennsylvania Abolition Society, which early uttered its protest against slavery. Nor was Dr. Wistar solely interested in the cause of the negro; that of the American Indian, which we are wont to regard as one of the latest fads in the philanthropic world, also engaged his attention.

Dr. Wistar was elected president of the Philosophical Society on the resignation of Mr. Jefferson, in 1815; it was during his term of office that he introduced to its circle the Baron von Humboldt, whom he invited to that smaller circle of learned men, at his own house, which comprised the Wistar Club. A gala day it must have been at the Philosophical Society when it opened its doors to this greatest naturalist of his time, perhaps of any time. The Baron von Humboldt was returning from an extended tour in South America, Mexico, and the West Indies. His young friends, Montufar and Bonpland, were with him, — the same Bonpland who later gave the Empress Josephine flower seeds from the West Indies to plant at Malmaison, who became her intendant there, and who stood by her bedside when she was dying.

Another attractive figure in this group of learned men is William Tilghman, chief justice of Pennsylvania, the sound lawyer, ripe scholar, and true gentleman, as his biographer calls him. Perhaps the highest praise we can award to him now is to record that, although Southern born and owning slaves, he expressed, with regard to slavery, a "fervent wish to see the evils of this institution mitigated, and if possible extinguished," freeing his own slaves by a plan of gradual emancipation. Mr. Tilghman was connected through his mother, Anne Francis, with the supposed author of the Letters of Junius; and, curiously enough, the strongest evidence yet found that the letters were written by Sir Philip Francis has come through correspondence with his American relatives. Interesting as is all that relates to this literary puzzle of more than a century, the incident that led to the recent discoveries is like a *conte de fées*, turning upon some anonymous verses sent to a lady at Bath, in which she is told that

> "In the School of the Graces, by Venus attended,
> Belinda improves every hour."

The fair "Belinda," Miss Giles in everyday life, is quite sure that the clever verses came from Sir Philip Francis,

who danced with her through a whole evening at Bath. In fact she recognized the handwriting of some of Woodfall's fac-similes of the letters of Junius. She has an anonymous note that accompanied the verses, which is, she thinks, very like the Junius handwriting. The investigation becomes exciting; the experts, Messrs. Chabot and Netherclift, study the note and verses profoundly, and finally come to the conclusion that Junius might have written the note, but not the verses. The Hon. Edward Twisleton is deeply interested in the search, and is loath to give up this promising leading, when lo! there comes, from over the sea, a letter, nearly a hundred years old, in which Richard Tilghman, in Philadelphia, writes to his cousin, Sir Philip Francis: "You are very tenacious of your epigram. I observe you contend for it, as if your reputation as a Poet depended on it. I did not condemn the Composition, I only said that it was not an Original, and I say so still; but yet I am ready to allow that you can *weave* Originals, because in the School of the Graces by Venus attended, Belinda improves every Hour."

Was not this a coincidence? The Franciscans were delighted, especially as the experts were ready to affirm that the handwriting of the verses was that of Richard Tilghman, and that it was evident that he had copied the verses for Sir Philip. As if to make all complete, it was found that Richard Tilghman was at Bath, with his kinsman, at the time the verses were sent. Nothing, that has not been absolutely proven, has ever come closer to proof, and so it remains the Tantalus cup of the *littérateur*, although there are many who find the evidence quite conclusive that Francis and Junius were one and the same. This Richard Tilghman was a brother of Chief Justice William, and it was another William Tilghman, of the same family, who sent over to England the old letters that made the hearts of the Hon. Edward Twisleton and the other Franciscans to leap for joy.

Charles Willson Peale, the artist, known as the elder Peale, was curator of the Philosophical Society for many years, and one of its most active members. He did good work in many lines, being a man of scientific tastes and large public spirit. The society owes him a debt of gratitude for handing down to this generation portraits of its most illustrious officers and members. Mr. Peale rented a number of rooms, in the old house on Fifth Street, having his museum in the building, and bringing up there his family of artist children, Raphael, and Rembrandt, and Titian, and Vandyck, and Rubens, — names still known in American art, that of Rembrandt being the most distinguished. In 1796, Mr. Peale presented to the assembled philosophers a son four months and four days old, born in the building, requesting them to name him. The society, upon this, unanimously agreed that the child should be called Franklin, after their chief founder and first president. "Franklin Peale," says his biographer, "did not disgrace his sponsors. He grew up thoughtful and philosophical." His genius was in the mechanical line. He was one of the founders of the Franklin Institute, and for many years discharged with great ability the office of chief coiner at the United States Mint.

One of Mr. Peale's friends, who became an active and valued member of the society, was the learned Abbé de Serra, Portuguese Minister to the United States, who scandalized Mrs. Peale, a Quakeress, whose neatness was phenomenal, by appearing at her door so dusty and shabby (he was not a handsome man at his best) that the good lady waved him away from her spotless threshold, saying, "No, my good man, I have no time to attend to you now;" little thinking that the "good man" was the expected guest, in whose honor she had

put on her best satin gown, and prepared a savory repast, whose crowning triumph was a dish of asparagus from Mr. Peale's garden, then a greater rarity than now. The Abbé had been on a geological tramp with Mr. Peale, and when that gentleman rallied his wife on treating his friend and guest like a beggar, the excellent lady justified herself by saying that, after all, he could not be much of a gentleman, as he "helped himself to the asparagus with his fingers;" eating it, of course, after the French fashion.

Another *habitué* of Mr. Peale's house, and a frequent attendant at the meetings of the society, was Charles Lucien Bonaparte, Prince de Canino. He was the nephew and son-in-law of Joseph Bonaparte, ex-king of Spain, and while in America resided in a house on the estate of his uncle, near Bordentown, New Jersey. This young prince pursued his studies in ornithology in the United States, making important contributions to the works of Wilson. A man of wide scientific knowledge, and a member of nearly all the learned societies of Europe, the Prince de Canino gave a decided impulse to the study of natural history in Italy, which was his home, and while in Philadelphia was an active and interested member of the Philosophical Society, contributing original papers and making valuable donations of books to its library.

A few women of distinguished ability have been, and are now, members of the Philosophical Society: among these Mary Somerville, the English astronomer; Professor Maria Mitchell, of Vassar; and Mrs. Agassiz, wife of the late Professor Louis Agassiz. The earliest woman member was the Russian Princess Daschkaw, lady-in-waiting to the Empress Catherine II. A great traveler, for those days, the princess profited by all that she saw and heard in the countries which she visited. A student and an observer, the friend of Diderot in France, and associating in Edinburgh with such men as Dr. Blair, Adam Smith, and Ferguson, she returned to Russia to become director of the Academy of Arts and Sciences, and later to establish another academy for the improvement and cultivation of the Russian language. Of the manner in which the news of her election to the Philosophical Society reached her, the princess says: —

"I was at my country house, and was not a little surprised on hearing that a messenger from the council of state wished to see me. The case and letter were introduced, the former of which contained a large packet from Dr. Franklin, and the letter a very complimentary communication on the part of the Duke of Sudermania." These dispatches," says the princess, "were sent without any examination," and it was necessary to explain their nature at once to the despotic Catherine. "Accordingly I drove to town," adds the princess, "or rather straight to court; and on entering the Empress's dressing-room I told the *valet de chambre* in waiting that if her majesty was not then engaged I should be happy in having permission to speak to her, and to show her some papers which I had that morning received. The Empress desired I might be shown into her bed-chamber, where I found her writing at a little table. Having delivered into her hands the letter of the Duke of Sudermania, 'These others, madam,' said I, 'are from Dr. Franklin and from the secretary of the Philosophical Society of Philadelphia, of which I have been admitted a most unworthy member.'" The Empress made no comment on this matter; but after reading the letter of the duke, desired the princess not to answer it, to let the matter drop. She had no objection, it appears, to a correspondence between the princess and the octogenarian Franklin, on the other side of the sea; but with the Duke of Sudermania it was quite a different affair. The

duke was a brother of the king of Sweden, there was a coolness between the courts of Russia and Sweden, and, to complicate matters, his grace had admired the princess at Aix and Spa, who, with all her vast experience of life and long years of widowhood, was only a little over forty, and speaks herself of her *beaux yeux*.

From the time of the election of the Princess Daschkaw, in 1789, the society has always had a Russian membership, generally from among the members of the St. Petersburg Academy. In 1864, it was presented with a superb copy of the Codex Sinaiticus, published in St. Petersburg in 1862, from the parchment rolls found by Tischendorf in the monastery of St. Catharine on Mount Sinai.

A day never to be forgotten by the members of the Philosophical Society — and there are some persons living whose memory runs back to that period — was that upon which the Marquis de Lafayette was welcomed to its hall, on his return to America in 1824. No words can more fitly describe the emotions of the hour, certainly none can bring back more perfectly the aroma of that olden-time adulation, than the address of welcome pronounced, on this occasion, by Mr. Charles J. Ingersoll: "America does not forget the romantic forthcoming of the most generous, consistent, and heroic of the knights of the Old World to the rescue of the New. She has always dwelt delighted on the constancy of the nobleman who could renounce titles and wealth for more historical and philanthropic honors; the commander renouncing power, who never shed a drop of blood for conquest or vainglory. She has often trembled, but never blushed for her oriental champion, when tried by the alternate caresses and rage of the most terrific mobs and imposing monarchs. She knows that his hospitable mansion was the shrine at which her citizens in France consecrated their faith in independence. Invited to revisit the scenes of his first eminence, the very idolatry of welcome abounds with redeeming characteristics of self-government. . . . They raise him before the world as its image, and bear him through illuminated cities and widely cultivated regions, all redolent with festivity and every device of hospitality and entertainment, where, when their independence was declared, there was little else than wilderness and war."

Could tongue or pen say more?

An old Philadelphia lady, who, in her youth, had the honor of walking to church with Lafayette, vividly recalls her keen disappointment when she first saw him, — short and stout, not by any means the typical hero of her romantic dreams. His son, George Washington Lafayette, was with him, and at a dinner given him, when called upon to respond to a toast, arose, and, struggling with his emotion, and his feeble command of English, placed his hand upon his heart, and said, "I am zo happy to be ze son of my fadder!" — words which so touched the sympathetic chord in the hearts of all present that they felt that the entire vocabulary of the language could have furnished him with no more fitting phrase.

Anne H. Wharton.

YONE SANTO: A CHILD OF JAPAN.

XIX.

DIVERGENT PATHS.

MILTON stumbled forth, across the threshold and into the street, in a dazed and bewildered manner, and before the next evening he had transferred himself and his belongings to Yokohama, as I took sure measures to discover. This, then, was the end of the sorrowful drama, so far as that heartless miscreant was concerned. But for Yone, who could tell what the end might be? The day following the scene at my office was Saturday, when she usually came to me, if on no other errand than to ask instruction as to the treatment of some new invalid whom she had added to her private list of patients; but as she did not appear, I started on Sunday morning to walk to her residence, fearing she might have been prostrated by the excitement she had undergone, or by her endeavors to stifle and overcome it.

Near the Philipson school I overtook a small group of missionaries, including the ladies at the head of that establishment; Miss Gibson, the neophyte mentioned in the earlier pages of this narrative; and a few others, of both sexes. I was about to pass them with a silent salutation, but the leader of the party called me back.

"Doctor," she said, "I believe Miss Jackman looked in upon you the day before yesterday."

"She did, madam," I replied.

"I understand that she left you before she could explain the particular object of her visit. Do you know what it was?"

"It is not always possible to know what Miss Jackman's particular object may be. Her general object seems to be to make herself disagreeable."

"She knows her duty," testified the earnest spinster, "and she fulfills it, no matter what suffering it may cost her."

"Or anybody else," I supplemented, ironically.

"Or anybody else," she assented, with matter-of-fact composure.

The younger sister now pressed forward.

"Pray tell me, Dr. Charwell," she began, "was not Mr. Milton also at your house?"

"I was about to make the inquiry," said the elder, in a tone of mild reproof. "But first I would ask the doctor if his *protégée*, Mrs. Santo, was in Tsukiji yesterday."

"I do not know, madam; I have not seen her since Friday."

"Oh, Friday," she repeated, significantly; "dear me, yes. I am aware that you saw her on Friday. Many persons saw her; too many, I might say."

"I am convinced of that, madam," I responded.

"Oh, quite too many," exclaimed Miss Kezia, obtuse to my fling of sarcasm, and intent upon her own point only, — "altogether too many; there can be no doubt of that, poor creature."

"As to 'poor creature,' I am not so sure," said the sour senior. "But — well, yes; on the whole, as we are in Japan, we will say 'poor creature.'"

"Good-morning, ladies," said I, endeavoring to move forward, out of range of their pestilent tongues. But they were walking in the same direction, and I could not escape them.

"Excuse me, doctor; one moment, I beg of you. I trust you will ease my mind on a serious matter. You cannot possibly know all that has happened, but I assure you we have learned sufficient to justify us in excluding that

young woman from our habitation, hereafter."

"Indeed; and from whom have you learned it, madam, may I ask?"

"From the best authority, sir, — from her own self."

"Her own self," iterated the younger sister; "she confessed everything."

"Confessed!" I ejaculated. "That's an extraordinary word to use in connection with a stainless woman. Do you pretend to say that she confessed in the sense of having a fault to reveal?"

They both hesitated.

"Pray answer; did she not come to acquaint you with a heavy misfortune that had befallen her, and to ask your sympathy and assistance?"

"Really, doctor, you put it in so singular a way."

"Was not that the way she put it?"

"I dare say she did; she was always a designing girl, — they all are," said the elder sister, who never lacked resources for a retort. "But what I more particularly wanted to say was, that I hope the severity we have found it necessary to exercise with her will not have the effect of depriving us of the service you have always so generously tendered."

"Oh, I will do what I can for the little ones," I answered; "but you have deprived yourselves of a healer who can do more for your sick than a dozen men like me."

"Ah, doctor, you do exaggerate so."

"Not I. Yone has kept life in many a drooping body which I could never have revived. She alone knew the secret of counteracting your" —

"Our what, doctor, if you will be so kind?"

"Well, your carelessness, your neglect, your ignorant treatment, your improper food, if you must be told. You can't build up sickly infants on imperfect nourishment and bad temper. Yone kept their little heads above water, in spite of all, God bless her. In rejecting her you do more mischief to them than to the girl you persecute."

The exemplary lady was speechless with ire; not wholly to the dissatisfaction of Miss Kezia, whose opportunities for eloquence were few, and who promptly availed herself of the occasion.

"As to that, we do not know," she said; "that is in the hands of a higher power. Better, perhaps, that their sinful bodies should perish than that their immortal souls be corrupted by evil communication. We only know our duty. The inward monitor indorses our resolution not to receive her."

Murmurs of approbation affirmed the general confidence in so responsible a backer as the Philipsons' inward monitor.

"Not to receive her," I repeated. "That seems to recall a familiar phrase. 'Whosoever shall receive this child' — How does it run? I am a bad hand at quotation. You know all about it, Miss Philipson. It belongs to ancient literature."

Though still palpitating with indignation at my arraignment of her domestic system, she was not insensible to the flattery of being appealed to as a historical authority.

"To ancient literature," she echoed, — "to ancient literature. Let me consider. Classic, I presume."

An ominous whisper rustled through the procession. Heads were bent together, and a subdued warning buzzed along the line, until it reached the ear of Miss Sophia.

"Gracious Heaven!" she cried, as I suppose she might have cried if a scorpion had stung her. "This is too horrible! Much I could expect, and much I would endure; but that blasphemy should be thrown into my face, straight into my open face, on this sacred day, almost under the shadow of that sacred steeple at the next corner, — rank blasphemy, and in the public streets, — it is too much!" She sought relief, as was

her frequent habit when unduly excited, in a maze of metaphorical confusion. "The line is drawn, Dr. Charwell. A gulf rises between us. Here I cross over to the Rubicon. We will turn now, sister, and friends. Miss Gibson, I think you will do well to come with us."

"You know I cannot, madam," replied that young lady, gravely.

"Oh, good-day, then; *good*-day!" exclaimed the others of the party, as they moved toward the little church which constituted their stronghold.

"This is odd," I remarked, on finding that Miss Gibson and I were left standing alone. "May I ask if you are not taking their course?"

"There 's a double meaning in that question, I imagine," she said, smiling faintly; "but at any rate, I am not taking their course now."

"If you are walking toward the river," said I, "I hope you will let me accompany you a little way."

"Certainly," she answered; "and indeed I think I shall ask you for some information, if you please."

I was so perplexed by the circumstance of her separation from her customary associates, and on a Sunday morning, too, that I failed to respond at once; but, presently recollecting myself, I said abruptly: —

"Yes, yes, by all means. Pray excuse me; I was taken a little aback by your sudden secession from our friends yonder. It 's no affair of mine, Miss Gibson; I am well aware of that, and I won't offend you by referring to it again."

"There is no offense, Dr. Charwell; I may find it expedient to refer to it myself, rather openly. But I am more especially anxious to learn if Yone Santo's visit to the Philipsons occurred as you just now stated it."

"How do you mean?"

"Did she really go there in trouble, to ask for consolation and sympathy?"

"That is precisely the case. Will you tell me why you wish to know?"

"Certainly I will. I have no idea of concealing that, or many other things. Those ladies have been telling everybody that she came in a wild, despairing state, to make a confession of depravity which she could no longer keep on her guilty soul; and that she then ran away to rejoin her — her lover, I believe they said."

"Meaning Mr. Milton, no doubt."

"Yes, Mr. Milton, my fellow-townsman. But you are not to think I accepted the story as unvarnished truth. I am sorry to say I know the Philipsons better than I did."

"If I were not afraid of making a breach between you and the heads of your mission, I would tell you exactly what occurred; for it all came authentically to my knowledge."

"There is no longer any question of making a breach," she began, sadly; but changing suddenly, she added, "No harm can come from my learning the real truth, provided there is nothing that ought to be left untold, — as to which Miss Philipson expressed many doubts."

"You shall judge," said I; and as we walked to the river, crossed the bridge, and proceeded toward Santo's house, I laid before her the incidents of the past few days, reverting also to a few details of Yone's earlier life, illustrative of her candor and simple uprightness. More than once, the warm-hearted American girl's handkerchief was lifted to her eyes, and I began to hope that my lonely sufferer would at last win a friend better suited to her wants than a grim, rugged, and stormy-tempered bachelor, more than thrice her age.

XX.

A FRIEND IN NEED.

"Perhaps you are going to her now?" suggested Miss Gibson, when I had ended.

"I am; she did not come to our part of the town yesterday, and I am anxious about her."

"You have reason to be, doctor. Will you let me go with you?"

"Gladly — joyfully," I replied; but, thinking of Santo's rough ways and Yone's uncongenial surroundings, I considered it necessary to enlighten her on those points. This involved further allusions to Yone's undeserved misfortunes, to which Miss Gibson listened with amazement and indignation.

"The unhappy child!" she exclaimed; "her life seems to have been one continuous sorrow. But surely the case is most unusual."

"Do not think so," I said; "it is only too common. The mass of the Japanese women are condemned to similar mental trials, if not to equal bodily hardship. It is true that those who are utterly untaught escape the worst misery. They accept their degradation without inquiry or complaint, as the natural accompaniment of their lot."

"But I have heard nothing of these things before," she said, with startled eagerness.

"You have not been here long," I answered; "and as for the elders of your body, I conclude that they are dumb and blind because they have no wish to be otherwise."

"This is dreadful, Dr. Charwell; if you are correct, the more we try to educate them, the more they must suffer."

"For a time, unfortunately, yes; it may be for a long time. But that proves nothing against continuing to educate them as thoroughly and rapidly as possible. It is a tangled question, Miss Gibson, which we cannot unravel in a hasty conversation. You shall know, however, that my judgment is totally against the system of missionary culture ordinarily attempted with Japanese girls. It is more likely to lead to their ruin than their redemption. But I am teaching you rank rebellion. What would those best of ladies say, if they knew where I am leading your thoughts?"

"They would have nothing to say," she replied, sadly; "when I left them at that corner, I left them forever."

"Indeed; was it so serious a matter?"

"The matter itself was not serious. You would probably smile at it. But it was one in a series of difficulties which, sooner or later, would have worn me out. They were determined that numbers of Japanese laborers and mechanics — mostly of a low class, but none the worse, I dare say, for that — should join, each Sunday, in the musical part of our church service. Now I truly hope these converts are well-meaning people, and as full of good purpose as they say; but their adoption of Christianity does not make musicians of them. They do not know, and in most cases never can know, one tone from another. To me, who have very strong feelings about religious music, it is an awful mockery that they should be allowed to turn the service into such utter ridicule as they do, merely to gratify some strange vanity of their own, or to indulge a wild fancy for making a senseless noise. It is profanation to think that the Deity can listen with approval to such barbarous uproar."

I fancied that the young lady might not have taken the matter so much to heart if she had not herself been a musician of no mean ability, and thoroughly qualified to direct, without interference, the performances of the choir. But her objections were sensible enough, as might be attested by any listener to the vocal burlesques which she condemned.

"You are quite right," I said. "Martin Luther protested against devoting good music to the devil. He would have flung his inkstand at anybody who said bad music was fit for the Almighty."

"Doctor, it may not be a very solemn subject, but I hope you will not laugh at it, for all that."

"By no means, my good young lady; you will never find me laughing at anything genuinely religious. I understand your feelings, and respect them; and I also understand the proceedings of the church managers, who in this instance desire to call attention to the increased number of Japanese in their congregations, — attendants whose sincerity, they will claim, is proved by their energetic participation in the singing."

"Energetic, indeed. But still it seems curious that these rough-grained Japanese should endure the tedium of a whole service — that is" (she corrected herself, with haste and blushes), "it must be tedium to *them* — solely for the sake of gratifying themselves in their extraordinary way for a few moments, now and then."

"It is not agreeable to break up your innocent illusions," I replied; "but you must remember there are many rival carpenters, shoemakers, grooms, applicants for domestic labor, and the like, in this neighborhood; and the missionary corps is large. Now, one way, at least, to secure patronage" —

"Say no more," she interrupted; "pray say no more. Can you discover *nothing* good to speak of the missionaries and those whom they strive to convert?"

I was silent.

"Tell me," she persisted, "have you not one friendly word to say of them? You would not, surely, venture to pronounce against them all."

"Miss Gibson," I said, with as much earnestness as I could command, strongly desiring to efface the slightest suspicion that I was capable of sharing a certain vulgar tendency among numerous foreigners to revile and discredit missionary enterprises, "I will tell you more on this head than I have latterly thought it desirable to tell any other person. During many of the years I have lived in Japan, I sought, with an earnestness I could hardly make you realize, for missionaries whom I could hold in honor, whose characters I could unqualifiedly respect, whose methods of dealing with the Japanese seemed to me worthy of approval. It was for a long period that I pursued this investigation, with unswerving persistence. My objects were not always such as you would sympathize with, — at least not now; but I think they were disinterested and humane. I could have experienced no gratification equal to that of meeting a few good men, and especially a few good women, of your calling, in whom the loftier spirit of devotion, unselfishness, and willing sacrifice might be found. It seemed incredible that of all who came in this cause, none should be conscious of the broad and comprehensive duties that lay before them. But the inexorable fact was always staring me in the face."

"Do you mean that no single one of them equaled your hopes and wishes?"

"Not one, Miss Gibson, not one. If I sometimes thought I had encountered a simple, upright, well-meaning soul, I soon learned that it was steeped in ignorance more befitting the rudest peasant than a pretended teacher of religion. It is astounding to think of the numbers of illiterate men and women who are sent to the East charged with functions demanding the highest learning and wisdom. I could not ask coöperation from persons of this stamp, or seek to coöperate with them. Then there were many who came plainly in pursuit of gain, and with no other view. They were not of the stock I wanted. Once or twice, indeed, I have believed myself approaching a point of contact with individuals who seemed fashioned in a nobler mould; but they shrunk before such tests as I felt bound to apply, and their falling masks revealed the selfishness, or cowardice, or conceit which pervaded and dominated them. Hard disappointments, many of them, for me. It may be that I demanded greater

virtues and capabilities than mankind is commonly endowed with. I certainly looked for qualities which I knew I could not, myself, even approximately supply. But I must acknowledge to you that some years have passed since I hopelessly abandoned my efforts to make friends with any missionaries, excepting those that come to do medical work, whose studies have in most cases enlarged their understanding and endowed them with broader human sympathies. Those who appear here as clergymen only have long ceased to attract my observation. It may therefore be true that a different and worthier class has taken the place of those among whose ranks I searched in vain. I can only say that, in my time of exploration, I never caught a glimpse of success. The good material with which I might have wished to ally myself was completely nullified by the superstition, ignorance, prejudice, vanity, and presumptuous arrogance that stood in the way. You are a later observer than I. You can say whether the same obstacles still bar the way to substantial missionary progress."

In her turn, Miss Gibson was silent.

"Let us hope, then," I added, "that a change has taken place. But it is too late, in any case, for me to begin my labors over again. They must be resumed by other hands, if at all."

We were now drawing near Santo's work-shop and dwelling.

"Reflect, now," said I; "if you once go in, you break with the Philipsons for good and all. They will never forgive you."

"I will go," she answered.

"I should be sorry to persuade you to any action which might injure your prospects, and this may be serious."

"Have no fear," she rejoined; "I risk nothing. I am not irrevocably bound to them, like most of the others. I am only a volunteer, — quite free to leave and return home, if I find the work distasteful."

"Ah, then you are safe. And so, you will soon be going home. Poor Yone!"

"Thank you for saying that, doctor; but I am not sure about going home, just yet."

"My child," said I, unconsciously adopting the paternal style of address, and not exactly understanding why she began to laugh, "this is not the place for you. The real work that remains to be done in Japan is to emancipate the women and give them their rights, or a satisfactory share of them. All other tasks that women can take part in are now fairly provided for. Indeed, the Japanese have no claim to look for any more outside help, until they do justice to their own wives and sisters."

"Why cannot a woman like myself aid in bringing that about?"

"No, no; not for the present. The reform will hardly begin in my days. The most I hope is to see the foundations laid. Your youth can be given to other things, — perhaps to similar undertakings at home. When you reach a sturdy old age like mine, you may come again, and take on with the enterprise as it stands then."

"Doctor," she said saucily, as we entered the gate, "I do believe you want to do it all with your own hands, and get the whole of the glory yourself."

We were received by Santo, who had seen us drawing near, and was ready with gruff greeting at his threshold.

"You have come for Yone," he said, as soon as the ordinary salutations had been exchanged. "I will lead you to her. It is a new place, Doctor-san; you cannot find the way. The house is turned upside down. I do not like it at all."

He guided us through a passage with which I was unacquainted, and drew aside the door of a little chamber, at one end of which Yone lay upon a bed of cushions. Excusing herself for not rising, she begged us to occupy a couple of

cane chairs, to which she pointed with an air of peculiar satisfaction, at the same time inviting our attention, by a significant glance, to the unusual adornments by which she was surrounded. A table, covered with English books, was within her reach; a tiny desk stood in a corner; pictures hung upon the walls in what looked like profusion for a Japanese interior, and a mirror, ingeniously set in a silken frame, reflected a variety of dainty objects seldom gathered together in an Oriental dwelling.

"What part of the world are we in?" I exclaimed, perceiving that a recognition of all this grandeur was expected.

"My husband allows it," she remarked, sedately; "I have not thanked him enough. Indeed, he gives me no opportunity. Will it please you to enter, *dana-san?*" she added, addressing him directly.

He stood at the entrance, a statue of stolidity, his countenance exhibiting various shades of doubt, distrust, and defiance. For a dull man, he certainly possessed a marvelous faculty of twisting his features into combinations of disagreeable expression. Before responding to Yone's invitation, he cast his eyes about the room, surveying the details with what I conceived to be an air of scornful superiority.

"Where shall I put myself?" he demanded. "Do I look like a man who has learned to dance among eggs? If I go in, I shall break something. It is like a foreign furniture shop. I suppose there was never such foolishness since the gods were on the earth."

"If you object" — I began, nettled at his manner.

"He does not object," Yone interposed, hastily. "If he objected, it would not be so. Why, doctor, is not that easy to see?"

As I was not ready with an answer, she looked inquiringly at her other visitor, between whom and herself some signal of intelligent appreciation was probably exchanged. It was too subtle for my capacity, but I observed that the girls smiled confidentially, without a shadow of annoyance at Santo's roughness. When I turned, in some bewilderment, to speak with him again, he had disappeared, and his heavy footsteps presently resounded, as he hobbled away, along the dark corridors.

"Joy go with you!" I cried; at which the young folks smiled more contentedly than before.

"You take things very amiably," I grumbled.

"There is nothing to complain of, Dr. Charwell," said Miss Gibson, — "nothing at all."

Since they saw no cause of offense, it was not for me to incite sedition. Giving heed to the serious purpose of my call, I speedily discovered that Yone had fallen into a sad state of depression and feebleness. She had not left her couch upon the matting since her return home, two days before, and this unusual suspension of her active pursuits proved the severity of the shock she had undergone. But the coming of Miss Gibson was a better remedy than I could have provided for her. These two young persons were in closer acquaintanceship with one another than I had imagined, their meetings at the school having been frequent and their association almost intimate. For a little while I watched, with unspeakable gratification, Yone's reviving glow under the cheering influence, and then, leaving them together, I went into the boat-yard, where Santo was superintending his laborers with severity of language and gesture. It was his pleasure to assume a bearing of extreme and indiscriminate bad humor.

"This is a fine piece of work," he shouted, as I approached him. "Where is the young American man, and what am I to do with that?" He pointed to the unfinished boat.

"Well, Santo, the American young man has gone to visit his mother in

China, like a dutiful son; and the boat is to be finished with all the taste and skill and experienced judgment which distinguish the products of Santo Yorikichi's renowned manufactory."

"Yes, that is very ticklesome to the ear; but who is to pay for it, I should like to know?"

"He is to pay for it, Santo of the strong and dexterous right hand; he is to pay for it, through me, your humble servant, in good paper money, which will be very ticklesome to the fingers."

"But he kept ordering alterations, which will make the bill very high. Do you know that?"

"I know it very well. Everything will be paid."

"He is a strange man, that young American man. I do not understand him."

"As you say, Santo Yorikichi, he is strange, and probably it is not worth while trying to understand him. Therefore, the less we say about him, the better for us all. But everything will be paid, and if he does not return to take the boat, I shall know what to do with it. So I hope you are satisfied."

"No, I am not at all satisfied," he retorted. "There is my wife. She has been sick for a week, and the house is going to destruction."

"Pardon me, she has been sick only two days; which I know particularly well, because I am her doctor. As to the house, it is, as usual, the neatest and cleanliest house in the empire of the Rising Sun."

"Why should she be sick, even for two days? It is the most ridiculous thing."

"Of course, of course, Santo; sickness is always a ridiculous thing. You were sick yourself, you know, desperately sick, not very long ago, and nothing could be more ridiculous than you were then."

The cross-grained fellow gave no other response than one of his comprehensive grunts, charged, in his estimation, with as much meaning as a nod of the approved Lord Burleigh pattern. On this occasion it appeared to signify that while it might be perfectly legitimate and defensible that men should sometimes fail and droop in health, no justification could be pleaded for similar eccentricity on the part of women.

"Well, she *is* sick, Santo; and she must have rest and change of some sort. Don't interrupt me; I say she must. Now I know a party that is going to Hakone and thereabout, and Yone can go with them. She talks English excellently."

"And what good is that to me?" said this pillar of contumacy.

"Why, she will be paid, no doubt; you know she always is."

"I know she is not paid much, and I know she always wants half the money for children's reading-books, or medicine for strangers."

"This time," I urged, "she shall have double payment; and I guarantee that she shall not ask for more than one third of the money, for the frivolous and unwarrantable purposes which you mention."

"I do not understand," he persisted, "why you all make so much disturbance about my wife. Look at the American miss, — what is it to her? I might be on my back several tens of weeks, and nobody would be anxious for me, or cross the Sumida to inquire."

"You are entirely wrong, Santo, my friend; it is undoubtedly out of respect to you that so many persons are interested in your wife. And you should consider that you might, indeed, fall ill again. What would happen to you, in that case? Yone is in no condition to take care of you, as she did before. On your own account, you had better let her go and get well."

"There is reason in that. I do not altogether like it, but I will let her go. I should get no good of her, any way,

lying idle there," he grunted, in what might be the tone of a deeply injured and reluctantly resigned bear.

XXI.

AMONG THE WOODS AND MOUNTAINS.

The party of which I had spoken, in a sudden inspiration, was intended to consist of no others than Miss Gibson, Yone, and myself. I found less difficulty in putting it into practical shape than I had expected, since Miss Gibson was not sorry to have a reason for abruptly leaving her associates without apparent ill-will, and Yone needed no persuasions to cause her to cling with tender affection to the first friend of her sex, and proximately near her age, whom she had ever known.

In the lovely groves and valleys which lie at the base of the Hakone hills, my poor child passed the first hours of peaceful and unbroken enjoyment she had ever known. Miss Gibson, too, was delighted with her new companion, and set herself to playing a semi-maternal part with immense enthusiasm. For a beginning, she insisted that Yone should lay aside the garments of her people, as being cumbersome and ill suited to intricate sylvan explorations, and invested her with a loose robe of her own; protesting that the transformation was in the highest degree improving. Convenient it certainly was, but harmoniously becoming it did not appear to me, until the progressive American wrought a more complete change by abolishing the elaborate capillary structure which surmounted her friend's head. Intending at first to replace this by a foreign coiffure, she was restrained by the sight of Yone's descending rush of dark hair, which fell quite to her knees, and enveloped her like a mantle. Then the decree went forth that, during the country sojourn at least, the wavy mass should flow loose and unconfined, without subjection to any of the fetters of an artificial civilization.

"Now, Yone," said Miss Gibson, "at last you *are* a pretty girl."

Yone accepted the eulogy with demure complacency. She had received similar assurances, on various occasions, from the same source, so that the value of the qualification implied by the words "at last" was not distinctly apparent. She was always pleased that those whom she liked should think her pretty. As a rule, she was not much interested in the question of her personal appearance. The women of Japan, for various reasons, give less heed to such matters than their sex in Western communities. The trivial consideration she had bestowed upon the subject probably led her to the conclusion that she was not, in strict truth, especially comely. It is next to certain that she had never been told so by any of her own race; and, indeed, the style which belonged to her was not at all in accordance with the Japanese traditional type of beauty. Even her hair, which just now called forth Miss Gibson's encomium, was slightly curly, — a defect which any Japanese girl who wishes to think well of herself will employ all sorts of expedients to remove. And it was not densely black, as it should have been by the native standard, but in certain lights exhibited the reddish under-tinge which so often puzzles foreign observers. As to her features and the outlines of her face, she conceived that it was necessary only to compare them with the ideals of feminine loveliness depicted by skilled Japanese artists, to discover that her endowments were not of a kind to merit approbation. On the other hand, she knew that her friends from afar must find some quality of fairness in her, as otherwise they would not put themselves to the trouble of saying so; and she was frankly gratified that anything about her was attractive to them. If we really liked it,

she would be delighted to wear Marian's dress, and let her hair swing free, until we should return to regions where conventional propriety exercised its critical sway.

It was with no superficial purpose that Miss Gibson desired to effect these changes of external appearance. She wished to make use of every expedient by which the afflicted girl's thoughts might be turned from the channels in which they had recently run, and to divert her, by various devices, from the contemplation of her past identity. The energies of the zealous American were presently devoted to awakening new interests in Yone's mind, and persuading her to look upon pure recreation and amusement as entitled to occasional consideration. In course of time she succeeded in developing a sense of humor in her companion, who, I presume, had never in her life before emitted a hearty laugh, and who, being incited thereto by her instructress, first fell into reflective astonishment at finding herself capable of such demonstrative mirth, and subsequently yielded unreservedly to the merry contagion, her voice ringing lightly through the woods, like the soft-toned bell-bird of the Japanese wilds.

But she could not be led to forego entirely the pursuits for which nature seemed to have designed her. Wherever we wandered, she found means of making herself acquainted with objects upon which to lavish thoughtful and kindly attention. Many of her busiest hours were passed in the village schools, and there was scarcely an afternoon when she was not called upon to administer solace to invalid pilgrims, who were quite as eager to secure a listener to the recital of their woes as to submit themselves to the healing influences of the baths. As we made the round of the watering-places, it was not long before Yone came to be regarded as the informal adviser and consoler of each little sojourning community; and I was sometimes under the necessity of organizing excursive expeditions, solely to get her beyond the range of the popular sanitary resorts, and to free her from importunities which she was wholly incapable of resisting.

The days went blithely by, and we saw with delight that as our patient gathered bodily vigor and animation, her spirits rose to an even placidity which encouraged us in bright hopes for the future. I think that she was more clearly aware of our solicitude than we then supposed, and that some part of the vivacity which gratified us may have been assumed; but that was all to her advantage, in a way, since the consciousness of affording pleasure was sure to act upon her as a direct restorative. She enlivened our intervals of rest and leisure, often making them exuberantly merry by describing her personal adventures among the rustic populace and her interviews with health-seeking tourists, whose selfish garrulity did not by any means impose upon her good sense, though she was always tolerant of even their imaginary tribulations. Sometimes she had matter of graver interest with which to entertain us, for the region in which we traveled was rich in historical associations, and enabled her to recall many a tale of mediæval gallantry and daring. With all her gentleness, she was not insensible to the warlike glory which was once the revelry of her race, and the flash of her eye, the thrill of her voice, as she repeated the ancient legends of heroism and devotion, told us that in the depths of her quiet little spirit there were still some sparks of the fire that had burned in the souls of her ancestors.

While in the vein of martial reminiscence, she narrated, one evening, as we sat in the garden of an old inn at Dogashima, the story which for nearly three hundred years had been the pride of her family, and in which the valorous traditions of her forefathers had culmi-

nated. Through many centuries the house of Yamada had held conspicuous rank, its foundation and rise being authentically recorded in the remote ages preceding Nara. It was from an offshoot of this ancient stock that our Yone was directly descended. Her own pedigree dated from the memorable battle of Sekigahara, in 1600, when the privilege of creating a new line was conferred upon a cadet of the name, in reward for an act of precocious bravery. The Yamada of that day, a captain of prowess, on setting out at nightfall for the field upon which the fortunes of the illustrious chieftain Iyeyasu were to be finally established, left his youngest son at a village hard by, in charge of the few retainers who could be spared from the coming engagement. The lad had pleaded for permission to follow and observe the conflict, if he might not join in it; but his tender years — he was but thirteen — forbade the expectation that he could possibly be of service, and made it probable that his presence would be an incumbrance. His entreaties were disregarded, but as a solace to his disappointment he was authorized to proceed cautiously, on the following day, starting after the noon meal, to a point at which he might hope to meet his sire, returning victorious.

In the early hours of the eventful morning, the neighborhood was excited by divergent rumors from the scene of strife, but as the sun ascended reports of unvaried disaster began to spread dismay among the adherents of the Tokugawa champion. When these grew more darkly ominous, the child's anxiety became uncontrollable. With all his youthful energy he urged the little body of attendants to anticipate the time of departure, and to advance with him at once to the fighting-ground. Their inclination was as keen as his own, but the word of the master was their law, and they dared not to stir. Still the portentous tidings continued to expand, until, in desperation, the boy flung out reproaches and taunts, accusing his loyal servitors of selfish indifference, and inflaming them with vehement appeals to the loftier sense of honor, beside which the merit of tame obedience was a dull and spiritless virtue. He pictured their lord in an extremity of peril from which a single bold stroke might rescue him, and warned them that if calamity should result from their inaction the shame would rest upon them and their memory forever. At last his passionate prayers prevailed. Mounting their horses in haste, they rode forth with shouts of fierce acclamation; and long before the tide of combat had finally turned, the chivalrous stripling had led them to the heart of the fray, where, with a silent obeisance, he placed his small reserve at his father's disposal.

The relief came at a critical moment, when the strength of half a dozen fresh men-at-arms was eagerly welcomed. An hour later, the enemies of Iyeyasu were flying in disorder to their strongholds, and numbers of his officers were directing the division of the spoils, and distributing rewards among their deserving followers. In the centre of a sombre group stood Yamada, his countenance wearing an expression of sorrowful dejection, in place of the proud exultation that had lighted it in the moment of triumph. Before him knelt his son and the four survivors of the party who had come to aid him in his greatest need. To them he owed perhaps his life, and assuredly the augmented glory which the issue of that day would bring to his house. But the rule of domestic discipline was not less rigorous, in that stern age, than the military law which governed public actions. Both had been violated when the paternal injunction was set at naught. The fame of the youthful hero and his gallant band would descend to the latest generations, but their bodies must be sacrificed to the immutable decree. They had known,

even while starting upon their errand of devotion, that, whatever service they might render their master, they were riding to their own doom. Death thus encountered, and inflicted by their own hands, had no terror for them. It was inevitable, and they asked only for authority to immolate themselves upon the field of valor, that their renown might be mingled everlastingly with that of the mighty victory. Already the swords were bared, when a messenger dashed into the circle, bringing orders from the supreme commander to arrest the proceedings. Seated on his camp-chair, at a little distance, and exchanging pleasantries with the nobles, as was his habit after each successful contest, the conqueror of all Japan had caught the story as it flew from mouth to mouth, and, with the impulsive generosity that nobly distinguished his character, resolved to interpose his fiat against the exaction of a penalty which, though demanded by conventional usage, he had the undoubted power to remit. At his command the harsh ordinance was suspended, and it was proclaimed that the four *samurai* should be held guiltless of the sin of insubordination; while the daring boy was further distinguished, after the manner of the times, by the award of a separate crest, and by elevation to independent knighthood. From this incident sprang the secondary branch of the family, whose sole remaining representative was now our gentle friend.

"Look at her!" cried Miss Gibson, as Yone stood erect in the moonlight, her whole bearing animated in an unusual degree by the emotions which her recital had kindled. "Look at her! She wants only a suit of armor to be the living image of the young cavalier, I do believe."

"You must not say that," Yone objected, in a tone from which all the vibrant resonance was suddenly banished, and smiling in deprecation. "I am only a woman."

"Only a woman, indeed! And what am I, madam, if you please?"

"You, Marian? Oh, it is different. You are an American. If I were like you" —

"Listen to her, doctor," laughed the cheerful Bostonian; "it sounds vastly like ambition, that little 'if.' The world is moving swiftly in this part of Asia."

"Ambition," repeated Yone, softly, — "may such a word be spoken by a Japanese girl?"

"Why not, my dear, — why not by you as well as by me?"

"Can you ask that? If I felt in my heart the wish to rise a little from the earth, how could I ever do it? You do not know, but I think the doctor has sometimes guessed — for he sees everything that is in me — that I have had my foolish dreams, my pictures of a real life, perhaps a useful life. Yes, I have thought what it must be to feel truly free, to have the right to be fearless, to look for a path of noble action and try to walk in it. You will not chide me, Marian; I know it is only my wandering, vain fancy. You would not tell it to anybody."

Understanding her character and her present needs better than her new companion, I took to myself the privilege of intruding.

"Who can say?" I suggested, in a matter-of-fact strain. "Your chance might come, some day. If you wait patiently, we may find a way for you to do something of the kind you wish."

"Why, doctor, I shall be provoked at you!" exclaimed Miss Gibson, impetuously. "What is she doing now, from morning till night, wherever she goes?"

"Playing, surely," said Yone, opening her big eyes. "I think of nothing but to enjoy myself, all the day long."

"Playing, you dear child!" responded Miss Gibson. "Oh, Yone, I would be more than content if my whole existence were made up of such play as yours."

"Yone is all right," I interjected; "she has her fashion of amusing herself, and she is satisfied, I presume. She will have to be satisfied while we are here, for there shall be no hard work if I can prevent it."

But now our patient chose to be afflicted with compunctions.

"No, Marian, it is not fair," she protested. "How can you speak so of yourself? Think of where you are, and what you are here for. You have come thousands of miles from your American home to labor for the good of strangers, who can offer you nothing in return, and who hardly know how to thank you. It is beautiful to do that. No woman of my country can have such happiness."

She reflected a moment, during which we said nothing.

"I am sure it must be a happiness," she continued. "Why should so many come, if it is not their best pleasure to bring wisdom and learning from distant lands, and plant them among our people? And to give all so graciously, — what is there more noble in the world?"

I did not care to oppose her, and it was not easy to acquiesce in these ardent eulogies, so I bethought me of Santo's inarticulate vocabulary, and, borrowing his method, evaded responsibility by grunting, — a form of expression not at all satisfactory to Miss Gibson, who turned upon me with vivacity.

"If it gratifies her to believe so," she remonstrated, "why should we seek to harden her? For my part, I am thankful that she is willing to shut her eyes to unpleasant things."

"As you like," I replied, not in the most lenient humor. "Let us make a Juggernaut of the entire foreign system, and prostrate ourselves before it. How many would you wish to see crushed?"

Miss Gibson perceived that further discussion would vex me, and was considerately disposed to abandon the topic; but Yone's mind had long been overcharged, and, with a fervor which betrayed itself in the unsteadiness of her utterance, she presently broke the silence, addressing her words more directly to me.

"It grieves me," she said, "that any troubles of mine should cause my best friends to differ, even in the smallest trifle. I would far rather have them all forgotten. Nothing would make me speak of them but the fear that they are too harshly remembered by you who care so much for me. It is not right or respectful to set my judgment against that of one who has been my teacher and protector since childhood, and I should not dare to do it in any case; but as he is always indulgent, he will let me ask if it may not be that his generous affection — which is the most precious of all his gifts — makes him more pitiful to me than he is just to others. These are bold things to say; I am not used to be so forward. Do I displease you, doctor?"

"No, child, no," I answered; "but this is holiday time. I wish you would bear that in mind."

"If I do not displease you," she resumed, "I hope I may tell you how I feel. It seems that you mean never to forgive those persons who have been ruthless to me; that your anger will not die, but burns stronger every day. And I am the cause. If it were another who had been unkindly treated, you would not be so unrelenting."

"Come, Yone," I expostulated; "if we must talk about them, let us keep within reason. There is no justice in straining charity so far as to cover the misdeeds of the Philipsons. That is my conviction, at any rate. You 'll not expect me to overlook what they have done."

"That is not to be expected, truly," she admitted. "Have I not said that I should enter their house no more? It is a great support, it gives me courage and strength, that you do not overlook

what they have done to me; and if I ever ceased to be grateful I should not be fit to live. But I am only one. Though they did indeed harm me, they have helped others. Many I know whom they have sheltered, and fed, and taught; lifting them from ignorance and wretchedness; nursing them when they were sick; saving them from suffering, sometimes from disgrace. Shall I make myself blind to what has been done for them? I look often with great wonder at those ladies, and all like them, who come across the oceans to offer comfort and knowledge and happiness to our poor and humble. You have no need to wonder, you and Marian, for you also are here for the same purpose. It is not marvelous in your sight, but it fills me with amazement and reverence. They may make mistakes; oh, yes, who is there that can be always sure of doing right? I am not likely to forget what has happened to me, but you would be the first to reprove me if I denied the charities and the blessings that they have lavished upon the children of my people. And yet you will acknowledge none of them now, because I have been hurt. It is as if I were to blame."

"I could answer you in many ways," I rejoined; "but you are an obstinate infant, and I might never convince you. Certainly I shall not permit you to convince me. Cruelty is too ugly a thing for me to countenance or commend."

"Doctor, are you quite fair to me?" she pleaded. "That is so much more than I have ever said or thought. To commend cruelty! I do not know what it means. But for many actions that cannot be commended it is possible to find excuses, — to explain them in ways which make us judge them less severely. I do not wish to oppose you. It is not becoming that I should doubt anything you tell me, but you must let me believe that those who seem to show too little feeling for others are often moved by their ideas of duty, and not by a desire to cause injury or pain."

"Oh, if you reason on that line, you can trace most of the crimes of history to false doctrines of duty."

"I have heard so; and does not that take from them their worst sinfulness? If duty governs, perhaps there is no crime. The wickedness should be in the intention."

"We know pretty well what wickedness is, Yone, and we can recognize suffering when we feel it or see it. I shall not tolerate the notion of a duty that goes against my honest convictions."

"If all people could be of one mind, it would be plain and simple," she proceeded. "The laws are so unlike in different cases. Yet if we may not trust the sense of duty that is strong within us, what is to be our guide? There was Miura Kitasaburo. I did not tell you about him, the story was growing so long. He was the leader of the little guard that remained with my ancestor, and who left the place where he was ordered to remain. Will you listen to what befell him?"

We cried out against the suppression of any part of the romantic legend, and Yone then went on to relate the sequel: —

"Miura was a hardy soldier, and had followed the flag of Iyeyasu through many wars. He was famed for his loyalty, and it was the habit of his companions to measure their constancy by his example. His friends boasted that he had never suffered a rebuke, and that, of all the retainers of Yamada, he was known as one whose faith had been as spotless as his sword and as unswerving as the thrust of his lance. Until he rode, that morning, to Sekigahara, his face had never turned from the line of strict obedience, and for the first time his courage fell as he advanced to meet his chief, who received him with words of flaming anger, casting reproofs at him for bringing the last son of the house

into deadly peril, from which it might happen that the proud family name would be blotted from the roll of living samurai. 'To you, Kitasaburo,' he cried, 'I gave the keeping of my hopes for future ages; and you have betrayed me!' Then Miura knew that his honor could be redeemed only by a solemn and terrible expiation. He fought with strength and skill, and all men saw that his arm was mighty in hastening the hour of victory. With a heart free from care, and eager to repair the fault that had been charged upon him, he made ready to offer his life in atonement, knowing that he would thus regain the favor of his lord, and win back his place in the world's esteem. When the command of great Iyeyasu came, relieving him and his comrades from the penalty, forbidding them to shed their blood, and declaring them free from guilt, he alone displayed no satisfaction. He stood apart, like one bearing a weight too heavy for mortal endurance. Throughout the afternoon he moved as if in a dark dream, — joyless, oppressed with gloom. At the moment of his expected doom his face had shone with cheerfulness and content, and it was only when the fatal decree was set aside that his spirit drooped and languished. For an hour, perhaps more, he disappeared into seclusion; then as the day was about to end, he came to the front of his captain's tent, and kneeling, with his eyes turned to the setting sun, he bowed his head, and swiftly passed from this earth, to join the brotherhood of stainless warriors whose renown could be dimmed by no breath of reproach, and whose glory would last unsullied so long as uprightness and fidelity should claim the homage of mankind. It was an act of rare nobleness, judged by the unflinching precepts of those days. Iyeyasu himself came to gaze upon the body, and the tradition says that tears were on his cheeks as he stood speechless beside it, for his soul was touched at the proof of such true manliness, — as it was then regarded. A scroll was found fastened to the dead man's sword, upon which, in accordance with the practice on these grave occasions, he had written his last words, in poetic measure. The lines have not the form of Western verse, but this is their meaning: —

> The steel corroded by poisonous vapors is cleansed with the blood of repentance.
> Let the rust of a moment be forgotten in the lustre of a thousand ages.

Thus, in giving up his existence, the sturdy soldier left to his descendants a legacy which they have never ceased to cherish as their most glorious possession. The name of Yamada, which is my title to respect in my own province, had no surer foundation of merit than that of the more lowly born clansmen who served our house through all the years of peace, until the great earthquake of change came, a little after my birth-time, and the old ties of fellowship and vassalage were destroyed. While the feudal beliefs lingered, it was a custom in our part of Owari to connect my family with the remembrances of daring bravery which belonged to the past; and Miura's was associated with the sentiment of staunch and steadfast duty."

"Thank you for the tale, Yone," I said, when she had finished. "These recollections of old Japan give us plenty of matter for meditation. Are we to apply the moral to suit ourselves?"

"It is only that the influence of duty is too powerful for any of us to resist. In the sight of foreigners the conduct of Miura would seem extravagant and strained, and even among my countrymen the spirit which prompted it is said to be fading away. Nevertheless, it was the highest chivalry three centuries ago, and it will be long before the principle is wholly forgotten. The message which the faithful samurai left did much to mould the character of those who succeeded him. The sword, which they have sacredly guarded, has been their

symbol of integrity and devotion. I have myself known them to put it to fearful uses, in preservation of the family honor. No one has questioned the motives of their acts, and no suspicion of an unworthy purpose has fallen upon them, yet I have heard them condemned for carrying their convictions of what is right and needful to tragical extremities. I am an ignorant child; I have moved in narrow circles; my experience has no value. I can only think, and think again. I, too, must hearken to the bidding of my conscience, and submit to its instructions. Then, tell me, am I to say that others whom I meet in my little world are less honest, or true, or sincere than I? Would you be content with me if this were my belief? Dear doctor, you are learned and wise, and I look to you for the laws that rule my life; but it will be an affliction if you gainsay me in this, for I do not feel that I can here be wrong."

Her voice fell as she uttered these last words, and, for many minutes after, no sound but the gathering murmurs of the autumn night followed her pleading, tremulous tones. I did not attempt to answer her; I could not. The faint rustle of the forest trees, the ripple of hurrying streams, the hum of the busy insects, the plaintive breathing of the winds, all the intense and thrilling whispers of the wilderness, seemed, in my softened imagination, to echo and prolong the tender human appeal with touching and persuasive eloquence. Miss Gibson, who had taken but little part in the conversation, rose without speaking, and folded her companion's slender figure in her arms. It was with a strange mingling of emotions that I at length roused myself to give the reply which was awaited.

"Let it pass, Yone. If I think you are wrong I shall not try to change you. Your own way is the best — for you; and for me it does not matter. Follow your way, my dear, while you can. All I wish is that you shall be happy. You know that we depend upon that a great deal, Miss Gibson and I. You must not lead yourself into excitement and worry, — that disturbs me. You are discomposed because you fear I am tempted to be revengeful with the Philipsons. Well, I promise that I will do nothing in revenge, either on your account or mine. That ought to satisfy you; and, in return, you will drive away all your anxious thoughts as quickly and completely as you can."

She came and knelt by my side.

"I was afraid, dear doctor, that I had made you offended with me, and now you are more kind than ever before. I think no other woman in the world has had such friends as I have, in you and Marian."

"When I first met Dr. Charwell," said Miss Gibson, in little broken fragments of phrases, striving with very imperfect success to be firm and coherent, "when he told me of you, Yone, what you were, what I should find in you, what I should learn from you, I did not dream how speedily and surely his prophecy would be fulfilled. He has been my best friend, too, in this land, for he has given me you, to love me better than I deserve, and to be loved with all my humble heart, my own true darling."

E. H. House.

CICERO IN THE SENATE.

"FOLLOW Nature, and take not the opinion of the multitude for the guide of your life."

Such, according to Plutarch, was the response delivered to Marcus Tullius Cicero, when, after his delightful year of travel and study in Greece, he inquired of the Delphic oracle whether he might better devote the portion of life that lay before him — he was then twenty-nine — to literature or to politics. The answer was worded with all the customary ingenuity of the oracle, and though it might have been, and in fact was, thought rather to favor a line of studious retirement, the inquirer was by no means deterred by it from returning forthwith to Rome, and plunging into that exciting career of the law-courts and the Forum, where he had already made a name, and in which, for a full generation to come, he was to play so prominent a part. Yet all through that life of keen action, up to its tragical end, there were intervals, as the world has reason gratefully to remember, when the philosopher reasserted himself. There were forced arrests and solemn pauses in the progress of his fate, when the man of affairs had leisure for reflection, — when the baffled patriot was fain to turn his eyes away from the flux of transitory things, and fix them upon steadfast realities; and in some one of these, especially toward the last, the fancy may well have occurred to him that there had been a mystical meaning in the deliverance of the antiquated god which he was far from suspecting at the time, and that, all unwilling and unwitting, he had actually in some sort obeyed the oracular injunction.

So, at least, it seems to the student of Cicero's mundane story, nineteen hundred and thirty years after its close. He lived much in the eye of the multitude, indeed, and was tickled by its applause, — no man more so; but he instinctively disdained the many-headed monster, and over and over again, in the course of his public life, he openly and valiantly defied it. While of all the men of antiquity, and notwithstanding his frank and irritable personal vanity, he seems to us the least calculating and *poseur*, he remains the most entirely natural. We know him a great deal better than we know the men of our own day, who wear conventional masks, and use polite fictions in our presence. We know him better, perhaps, than a man can ever be known before his death. Our sense of intimacy is chiefly due, of course, to the preservation of so many of his private letters; but it is also true that the charm and value of the letters themselves depend on their inimitable *naïveté*. Thousands instead of hundreds of them might have come down to us, without affording that complete and brilliant mirror which we now possess of all the beauties and the blemishes of the writer's inner man. It is only a person of a certain rare moral and mental *style*, of an almost impossibly nice balance between wit and simplicity, candor and *finesse*, who can thus luminously reveal himself, even to his closest friends. Thackeray could; and we who have just closed, with a reluctant sigh, a meagre installment of the correspondence of our fascinating contemporary may get pleasure of a strikingly similar order from dipping yet once again into the letters of the famous Roman orator and statesman to Titus Pomponius Atticus, and others of his intimate friends.

These letters as we possess them — the larger and by far the most interesting portion of them were discovered by Petrarch at Verona in 1345 —

begin with the year 68 B. C., 686 of the city of Rome, and the fortieth of the writer's age. A full decade had elapsed since he consulted the oracle at Delphi. In the interval he had been married to Terentia, a lady of family and fortune, and he was now in the perfect prime of his manhood; while the period was an incomparably interesting and critical one in the history of the Roman state. Marius had been dead eighteen years and Sulla ten, but the popular and aristocratic factions roughly represented by their names were still struggling for the mastery of Rome, and the hour of subjugation and final dishonor for the old free commonwealth was near at hand. Cnæus Pompeius, born in the same year as Cicero, had fought with great honor in the civil wars, had conquered Spain, entered Rome twice in triumph, and received the title of Great. Julius Cæsar, who was six years younger, and of whom, at seventeen, the great Sulla had significantly said that "there were many Mariuses in that boy," was just coming into prominence as a democratic leader. Marcus Junius Brutus (*καὶ σύ τέκνον*!) was in his eighteenth year, and Cato of Utica, whom he made his political model, and whose daughter Portia he married, was in his twenty-eighth. Vergil was a two-year-old infant at Mantua, while Horace was first to see the light at Venusia, in the Apennines, three years later, and Octavius Augustus, at Velletri, five years later, in the year of Cicero's own consulship. So much for the coincidences in time of the orator's life with those of his contemporaries, whom all the world knows well.

Born in the middle rank of life, but of parents personally refined, Cicero's childhood had been passed in a rural home of singular beauty, and the clever, delicate boy had been thoroughly educated by the very best Latin and Greek masters of the day. At the period when the letters begin, he was not merely the head of the Roman bar, — only Hortensius having the slightest pretension to rival him as a pleader, — but he had held in succession all the great political offices for which his age had thus qualified him. He was quæstor at Lilybæum, in Sicily, at thirty-two, and managed the finances of that beautiful and much-plundered province with a degree of wisdom and fairness which thoroughly endeared him to its inhabitants. He had enjoyed his sojourn upon the island, also, for the opportunity it gave him of cultivating his own antiquarian tastes. The splendid monuments of Grecian art whose ruins overawe us yet were already old in Cicero's day; and that bygone day seems to draw wonderfully near our own, when we read of the enthusiastic Roman searching amid the vines and brambles of an abandoned cemetery, until he brings to light, and triumphantly identifies by the device carven upon it, the tomb of the philosopher Archimedes.

Cicero returned from Sicily, as he good-humoredly admits, exceedingly well pleased with himself and his doings there; and he tells with delightful relish, albeit at his own expense, the story of his intense mortification and disgust, when, on landing at the then fashionable watering-place of Puteoli (Pozzuoli), he was languidly questioned by an exquisite, whom he met lounging on the beach, about the latest news *from Rome*. Two years later, after his election to the ædileship of the next year (an office which conferred the superintendence of the public buildings of Rome, and the regulation of certain great games and shows), Cicero revisited Sicily, to collect evidence against Verres, whom he had himself impeached for his frightful maladministration as governor of the island. He was accompanied upon this professional trip by his beloved cousin Lucius, who had studied with him at Athens, and whose early death Cicero feelingly deplores in the first passage of the first letter which we possess from his hand: —

"Just as much pleasure as one man can derive from the sweet disposition of another I had from him. And I know that you [Atticus] will also grieve, both for my sorrow and because you too have lost a friend and connection, graced by every charm of person and manner, and one who loved you, not merely on my showing, but of his own free motion."

The Atticus to whom this was written, and to whom were addressed about half of the eight hundred odd letters of Cicero which have come down to us, was a rich Roman gentleman, long resident in Greece, where, beside a town-house at Athens, he had immense estates in Epirus. He lived abroad, as we should say, simply because he liked to do so. He was a neutral in Roman politics, a great connoisseur and patron of the fine arts, an Epicurean by philosophical profession, an uncommonly shrewd man of business as well, and "intimate with all the best Romans (of all shades of opinion) from Sulla to Augustus." Perhaps it is this very catholicity which causes one slightly to distrust him. Is it possible for so canny a person to have been altogether sincere? The contrast is great, at all events, between the wary, circumspect, and impartial ways of Atticus and the vehement and outspoken though continually shifting prepossessions, the sanguine temper, and heedless faith in every good fellow he met of Cicero himself. Pomponia, the sister of Atticus, a distinctly unpleasant woman, had married Quintus, the younger brother of Marcus Cicero, and the correspondents had therefore always those interests in common which depend upon close family connection. Domestic affairs hold a prominent place in the first dozen letters, which were all written before the year when Cicero was consul. Quintus and Pomponia have quarreled, and our Cicero is much disturbed. Then they have gone up to the old family place at Arpinum, in the Volscian Mountains, and appear to be getting on better. Perhaps it was the death, at this time, of the elder Cicero, the father of Marcus and Quintus, which for the moment had drawn them together. He was an amiable and *maladif* gentleman, who lived always in the country, devoting himself to his books, and the embellishment of the ancestral home, and the care of his precarious health. He had no ambition, seemingly, but for his sons, to both of whom he had given fine educations, and every facility for making a figure in the great world. "Tulliola deliciolæ nostræ," — "My little darling of a Tullia's" name occurs in almost every one of these early letters; and the deepest joy, and, alas! the sharpest sorrow, of the father's life were latent, had he but known it, in these words. "Tulliola wants that present you promised her, and is dunning me as your bondsman. It will be safer for me to repudiate than to pay on your behalf." And again: "Little Tullia is going to have the law of you!"

Cicero acquires the villa at Tusculum at about this time; and who that remembers that incomparable site, the fresh airs and beautiful vegetation of the Alban mountain side, the great view Romeward and seaward, can wonder at his raptures over the place? "I am so delighted with it that I am delighted with myself the moment I arrive there." Now he can begin his letters with a flourish equal to his friend's own: "Being in my Tusculanum, I can say, as you say, 'Being in Ceramicus.'" He sends to Atticus lavish commissions for statues, bas-reliefs, and all manner of *objets d'art* to adorn the villa: "If you are able to lay your hands on any sort of gymnasiac[1] ornaments suit-

[1] Cicero was for carrying out all manner of Greek fashions in his new country-house. A *gymnasium* signified a place for philosophical discussion: a hall with marble seats, frequently with a fountain in the centre, and surrounded by an open colonnade, or walk planted with trees.

able for the place you wot of, pray do not fail to secure them." "Agreeably to your instructions, I have provided Lucius Cincius with 200,400 sestertii" (about $8000) "to pay for the Megaric Marbles." "I am delighted with what you write me of the Hermathena.[1] It is exactly the sort of ornament for my academy: Hermes being the common emblem of all schools, and Athena of this particular one." "The statues which you sent before I have not yet seen. They are at my Formian villa" (at Caieta, the modern Mola di Gaeta), "where I am soon going. I shall have them all taken to Tusculum. If there are too many for my purposes, I will adorn Caieta with the overplus." "Consider, as you promised, how I am to manage my library." "Keep fast hold of your precious books, and do not despair of my being able, one day, to make them mine. If I could, I should be richer than Crassus himself, and should envy no man his houses and lands."

In the same year, the third of the correspondence, we hear that the little Tullia, then eleven at most, has been betrothed to Calpurnius Piso, the first and by far the worthiest of her three husbands. Also, the grandmother of Atticus has died, and Cicero remarks, with more than a suspicion of irony, that he must leave to Saufeius, a philosopher of the Epicureans, who held that death was no evil, the task of consoling his friend. "She died," he proceeds, in the same vein of *méchanceté*, "of her grief at the separation from yourself, and her fear lest the Latin festivities should not come up to time, and the proper sacrifices be performed upon the Alban mount." Cicero's respect for the fussy old lady was evidently slight, and he was at no pains to affect any such sentiment. Decorum was never his foible.

Cicero now held the last in the ascending grade of civil offices which it was necessary to fill before aspiring to a seat in the Senate. He was a *novus homo*, an epithet which undoubtedly conveyed something of the same odium that attaches to the word *parvenu;* although in the parlance of republican Rome it meant simply that he was the first of his family to hold any of those public offices which qualified for a seat in the Senate. For this reason he had been advised, the first time he was a candidate, to change the name of Cicero, on account of its bucolic association with the cultivation of vetches, and had repelled the suggestion with scorn. "I will make my name," he boasted, "as illustrious as the oldest in Rome:" and it must be owned that he kept his promise handsomely. In this year, therefore, 66 B. C., Cicero was prætor of the city. He presided as chief magistrate at all criminal trials, and now, for the first time, he might not merely occupy a chair of state[2] on public occasions, — which his office of ædile had also enabled him to do, — but he might walk the streets of Rome preceded by two lictors bearing the *fasces*, or bundles of elm-tree rods, with an axe bound in and projecting from them, which had been among the insignia of high office ever since the hoary days of the kings.

In the middle of the next summer, 65 B. C., Cicero's forty-third year, we find him beginning systematically to canvass for the supreme dignity of the state, and as usual he pours out everything to Atticus: "I intend to begin *shaking hands* in the Campus Martius on the 17th of July, about the time that these letters get off. It seems certain that I shall have Galba, Antonius, and Quintus Cornificius for competitors. You may laugh or groan at these names as you will, but here is something to make you smite your brow in anguish:

[1] A tall marble pedestal, surmounted by a bronze bust with two faces, — one of Hermes and one of Athena.

[2] *Sella curulis*, an uncomfortable-looking marble stool, without arms or back, having two pairs of interlaced bronze legs.

there is talk even of Cæsonius!" Nobody knows what Cæsonius had done, but a more familiar name follows, an ominous one indeed for our candidate: "Catiline will undoubtedly stand, provided the judges decide that the sun does not shine at noonday!"

Lucius Sergius Catilina, the future conspirator ("Quousque tandem, Catilina, abutere patientia nostra?"), was at that time accused by Publius Clodius Pulcher — another name of sinister import for Cicero — of misappropriating public funds. He could not be a candidate for the consulate until acquitted of this charge, and we can see what Cicero thought of the evidence against him. Yet in the very next letter he says that he has been asked to defend Catiline, and that he is doubting whether he will do it or no! "We have the right judges" (jury), he naively says. He did not, as a matter of fact, undertake the case, but it is like him to have made no secret of his hesitation; and without doubt, he did, in the course of his life, defend others almost equally bad. Will any great modern lawyer cast a stone at him?

Political ambition is now his ruling motive, but his warm heart has abundant room for softer and more humane interests. He announces with playful formality that in this year, L. Julius Cæsar and C. Marcus Figulus being consuls, he has been blessed with a boy, and that Terentia is doing well. Also the Hermathena has come, and he is charmed with it. "I have it so well placed that it lights up the whole gymnasium like a sun."

The year 690 (64 B. C.) saw Cicero triumphant in his canvass, having been declared consul-elect for the year to come by an overwhelming popular majority. The other successful candidate was Caius Antonius, the second of the competitors named in Cicero's list, a personally insignificant and rather unprincipled man, uncle of the notorious Mark Antony. These two were inducted into office on the 1st of January, 691. Antonius proved a nonentity in his high position: the glory of the year was all Cicero's. Before its close, he had received the honorary title of Father of his Country for the extraordinary courage and ability he displayed in discovering and effectually crushing the widespread conspiracy of Catiline. The stately old aristocrat Catulus had saluted him in the Senate as the saviour of the state, and at the close of that proudest of all his days he had gone to his home across the Forum accompanied by throngs of huzzaing citizens, and amid an improvised illumination; torches blazing on all the house-fronts, and even the Roman women and girls crowding the roofs and craning their necks to get a glimpse of the consular hero.

There are no letters extant of this culminating time. Atticus, who had come from Greece to further his friend's election, remained in Rome during his year of office, and we may seize the opportunity afforded by this break in the correspondence to gather from other sources a somewhat more precise idea of the state of parties in Rome, the general condition and aspect of the city, and the political and social position of Cicero himself.

During the season of anarchy and violence but lately closed, — the period of the Marian and Sullan wars, — the republic had in truth received her deathblow; but no good patriot — and there were still many in Rome — had more than dimly foreboded, in moments of unusual depression, that it might be so. The crisis of misrule was supposed to be over, the state recovering from the shock she had sustained, and in a fair way to regain her ancient robust health. The *optimate*, or aristocratic, party in particular, the good conservatives whose stronghold was in the Senate, and with whom Cicero was thoroughly and by profound conviction identified, believed

that the unwritten constitution of Rome was a something eternal and indestructible; and that the salvation of society depended entirely on a restoration of those old constitutional forms, of late so frequently and grossly violated. They saw clearly enough the dangers that threatened the civic order from the encroachments of an irresponsible mob, as manipulated by desperate aristocrats and unscrupulous demagogues; and they were just now seeking to strengthen their position by a firmer alliance with the middle or equestrian class, which of late, through the enormous increase of wealth due to its peculiar financial opportunities,[1] had risen to a new importance. This coalition between the upper and middle orders was a principal feature of Cicero's own darling programme, his panacea for all the ills of the failing commonwealth. He, as well as the great Pompey, — the first man in Rome at that moment, as Cicero was undoubtedly the second, — had sprung from the equestrian class; and though so closely allied by education, association, and sympathy with the optimates, they owed much of their power over the masses, no doubt, to the fact that they were not of patrician birth. Cicero, in particular, had won the popular heart at the very outset of his forensic career by his fearless defense of some of the victims of Sulla's tyranny; and he still held the idle multitude enthralled, whenever he spoke from the rostra, by the incomparable magic of his tongue. Pompey had made great the Roman name abroad in a manner that ministered to the pride of the meanest citizen, and had refrained, seemingly of his own moderation and in the pure interest of law and order, from usurping that dictatorial power which the command of so many victorious legions laid ready to his hand. To afford a further illustration of the disintegration of parties and the subversion of time-honored precedents then rapidly going on, we may observe, in passing, that both Cæsar, who was presently to make Pompey the tool of his own ambition, and Clodius, who was to repudiate his birthright for the sake of more effectually crushing Cicero, to say nothing of the infamous Catiline and most of his crew, were all patricians *pur sang*, and of the oldest lineage in Rome.

As for the theatre on which these men played their famous parts, — the visible Rome of the last days of the republic, — we fancy that we know something of its general aspect. It was still the "city of brick" that Augustus found, and had by no means assumed that air of regal magnificence, never equaled before or since, that far-shining splendor of sculptured façade and gleaming column, doomed to dazzle the eyes and turn the brain of the invading Barbarian. The streets were not yet widened and straightened by the strong hand of imperial improvement. Many even of those which diverged from the Forum were narrow and tortuous; betraying by their devious and inconvenient course the haste and heedlessness of effect with which Rome had been rebuilt, after its destruction by the Gauls three hundred years before. The houses of the poor were wretched: tall, toppling, roofed with wood, the prey of frequent fires. But the Forum and the Capitol were already nobly adorned. There were long lines of imposing colonnades and statues, in the Greek style, in every circus, theatre, and square. That most excellent of the optimates, Catulus, had received some years before, and was executing with enthusiasm, the commission — his enemies called it the "job" — of enlarging and beautifying the supreme temple of the Capitoline Jove. He was now in process of overlaying its roof with plates of gold; but opinions were divided about the effect of this innovation, and it was thought in very bad taste, as the elder Pliny tells us, by some of the older folk. The slopes of the

[1] The knights were the farmers of the public revenue.

Palatine were occupied by sumptuous private dwellings, with porticoes and perrons of richly tinted foreign marbles, one of the finest on the side toward the Forum being that which Cicero himself bought, at about this time, of the future triumvir, M. Crassus. On the other side of the city, in the quarter which embraced the Pincian, or "hill of gardens," Lucullus and Sallustius were building on a yet more lavish scale; and here, there, and everywhere, within the circuit of the walls, there were large open spaces reserved for lawns and groves. On one of the estates on the Palatine, the property of an elder Crassus, there were six magnificent lotus-trees, of so extraordinary an age and size that they were held to represent half the value of the place. The Rome of that day must certainly have had a touch of homelier pleasantness about it than the more gorgeous Rome evoked by the great transformation machinery of the Emperors. Outside the city lay a smiling campagna, well wooded still in many parts, and bright with the crops of continuous and highly cultivated farms down to the very border of the sea. The sweeping curves of the Tiber and the Anio did not lack the green shadows cast by abundant leafage; the mountains on the southern horizon were fair as we see them to-day, — and fairer they could not be; the great highways, now flanked by miles of half-obliterated ruin, were teeming with multifarious life; the arches of the great Marcian aqueduct already marched away to the hills in unbroken procession, stepping with all the vigor of youth.

So the memorable year of Cicero's consulship came to an end. Catiline, the arch-conspirator, had fled to the camp of the insurgents at Fiesole, to fall in arms only a few weeks later, near the modern town of Pistoia, while his principal accomplices had been strangled in prison, in the early days of December, by Cicero's own orders. There was a doubt whether the act were legal; whether the senatorial decree — "Videant consules ne quid detrimenti respublica capiat," which was equivalent to the proclamation of martial law — did really confer upon the twin chief magistrates power of life and death over seditious citizens; and Cicero shows plainly enough, by the heat with which, on various occasions, he argues the question, that he had his own misgivings. Still, there are times when a brave ruler must be prepared to go beyond the law. The act had been loudly and gratefully applauded, not by the professed party of order merely, but by the people *en masse*, and it had unquestionably staved off a revolution, and for the time being saved the state. Cicero was now a senator of the highest, or consular, rank, and was negotiating for the fine mansion upon the Palatine, to which allusion has already been made, as a residence suitable to his dignity. Of the two provinces to the governorship of one of which he had a right, as ex-consul, he had surrendered the richer, Macedonia, to his colleague, Antonius; and subsequently, the latter, that of Cisalpine Gaul, or Northern Italy, to Quintus Metellus Celer, with command of the troops that were sent out against Catiline. He was at the summit of his fortune, and a popular idol still, but sundry small specks were appearing in the heaven of his prosperity, and the letters of the ensuing year, 692 (62 B. C.), will show how rapidly these developed.

The first is to Cnæus Pompeius in Asia, and begins with a ceremonious congratulation on his final victory over King Mithridates, and the occupation of Judæa. There follows a passage worded with the same scrupulous politeness, but showing plainly enough that the writer was wincing under a sense of unappreciated merit: —

"I was gratified by the letter which you sent me" (in addition to his public dispatch), "although it contained no very

clear indication of your disposition toward myself. There is nothing from which I, personally, derive greater satisfaction than the consciousness of having been of use to my friends; and if, in any case, there seems to have been no fair return for my devotion, I am quite willing that the balance of benefits conferred should remain upon my side. If my own earnest zeal in your behalf has failed to attach you to me, I still feel confident that we shall be drawn and bound together by the interests of the republic."

Then, suddenly casting off the buckram which at all times irked him so, "Let me speak plainly, however," he goes on, "about the lack which I feel in your letter, as it is my nature to do, and as our friendship warrants. I did certainly think you owed it, both to me and the republic, to make some acknowledgment of my late services."

Of all men's applause for his great consular achievement, Cicero had most desired that of Pompey the Great, the first general in the world, and the recognized head of his own political party. Pompey afar off, reducing Spanish bandits to order and exacting tribute from Eastern satraps, was the hero of Cicero's imagination; the man who was to restore the tarnished glories of the commonwealth; the man with whom, of all others, he most desired to act in concert and appear in close alliance before the world. But the moment the two came into close contact, there was that in the cold and neutral character of Pompey which repelled the sensitive spirit of the ex-consul, and made havoc with all his illusions. Great he might be, but he was never generous. If he did not exaggerate his own importance, he had a dull dislike of distinction in others. Cicero more than half suspected him at times, even then, of coquetting with the democratic leaders; and we shall presently find him, in one of his *épanchements* to Atticus, giving pungent expression to his private sentiments of disappointment and distrust.

When Cicero was merely a little nettled, he was apt, as many of us are, to be unnecessarily stately. In the case of a deeper affront, as the next two letters will show, his self-command was admirable; his manner at once became simpler and far more truly dignified. He gets a haughty and offensive note from that Metellus Celer who was commanding in the north, saying that he, Metellus, understands that Cicero has been saying sharp things in the Senate about himself and his brother, Metellus Nepos; and he thinks the position of *their* family (the Metelli were grandees of the first order) and what they have done for him (Cicero) should have prevented anything of the kind. Is he, the general of a province, *commanding an army in the field*, to be thus criticised by an upstart? "You have not acted rationally," the angry man goes on to say, "nor" (another fling at Cicero's extraction) "with the courtesy of the old *régime*, and it will not be wonderful if you come to repent it."

Seldom has a man been more consummately put in the wrong, upon every point, than was the blustering nobleman by Cicero's urbane reply. The truth was that Metellus Nepos, the general's brother, had offered Cicero a gross public affront, of which, however, the effect had been in a great measure foiled by the ready wit of the latter, who proceeds blandly to explain the circumstances. It was customary for a consul, on quitting office at the end of his year, not merely to take a formal oath to the effect that he had conscientiously discharged the duties incumbent on him, but also to address the people from the rostra, giving a sort of review of his policy. When Cicero, who had doubtless meant, and was expected, to make this a brilliant occasion, was about to speak, Metellus Nepos, newly elected a tribune, interposed to prevent his ad-

dress, on the ground that *he had put Roman citizens to death without a trial.* The adroit Cicero responded by merely giving a new wording to the oath itself. He swore that he had saved the republic from destruction, and sat down amid thunders of applause; but it is hardly to be supposed that he failed thereafter, as occasion offered, to employ against his new adversary the terribly keen weapon with which nature had provided him.

"It will thus appear," he writes to Metellus Celer, winding up his calm and perspicuous narrative, "that I have by no means taken the offensive against your brother, but merely repelled his attack; that I have not been, as you say, fickle toward yourself, but, on the contrary, so faithful that I have persisted in my friendship, even when deprived of your own good offices. And at this very moment, my answer to your all but threatening letter is, that I can not only excuse your indignation, but even approve it, for I know from my own experience the might of brotherly love. All I ask is, that you should judge with equal fairness my very natural anger at being so bitterly, cruelly, and causelessly assailed by one of your family. I hope you will conclude not only that I owe you no apology, but that I might even have invoked for my defense, in such a case, your aid and that of the army you mention." (Can we not see the slight curl of the writer's expressive lip, as he neatly rounds this paragraph?) "I have always desired your good-will. I have striven hard to make you understand how friendly was my feeling toward yourself. I am in the same mind still, and shall remain so as long as you will permit me. I would sooner cease hating your brother for the love of you than that my dislike of him should impair our good understanding."

The correspondence with Atticus is now resumed with zest, the next letter to the *alter ego* bearing the date of January 1, 693, — the day when the new consuls, Calpurnius Piso and Valerius Messala, assumed office. The writer, not unnaturally, has had some little difficulty about raising the money — equivalent to some $150,000 — to pay for the new house on the Palatine. "As for your uncle Cæcilius," he dryly observes, "his own relatives cannot get any out of him at less than twelve per cent. I shall have to go to the Jews." But it is evident that he apprehends no very serious difficulty upon this head. What vexes him far more is a slanderous rumor, which he implores Atticus to ferret out and contradict, that he, Cicero, is going shares with his late colleague, Antonius, in the profits of the latter's abominable extortions in Macedonia. "Pompey," he writes, "makes rather a parade of friendship for me just now, and his divorce of Mucia" (who was a sister of the Metelli) "is generally approved." There were whispers about the relations between this lady and the gallant Cæsar, but since Pompey's next wife (he had five in all) was Cæsar's daughter Julia, and Cæsar himself, when he presently divorced Pompeia, with the famous flourish about being "above suspicion," made haste to espouse Calpurnia, the daughter of one of the new consuls, we may be permitted to suspect that political intrigue went for quite as much as wounded honor in these facile arrangements. Then, idly, casually, — as purblind mortals are forever touching on the subjects fraught with their fate, only to marvel, as they look back, at their own unconscious temerity, — Cicero proceeds to the highly seasoned latest bit of Roman scandal: "I dare say you may have heard that Publius Clodius, the son of Appius, was caught in women's clothes in Cæsar's house, while a solemn sacrifice was going on. A maid-servant protected and let him out. It is a miserable, disgraceful affair, and I know you will be very sorry for it."

If there were one among the gilded youth of that ominous day more disrep-

utable than all the rest, it was this same Publius Clodius Pulcher, whose effeminate beauty belied the real force and tenacity of his character, and who had vindicated his long descent from the ravager of Virginia by so living as to cover his ancient name with a new infamy. His sister Clodia, as bad as he, was also a celebrated beauty, the Lesbia of Catullus' dulcet lay; the wife, and almost certainly the murderess two years later, of that Metellus Celer whom we know. The sacrifice in question was the time-honored and mysterious rite of the Bona Dea, or Good Goddess, who gave fruitfulness in marriage, from which all male creatures were scrupulously excluded, and even the busts and statues of men covered during the ceremony. It was performed annually in the house of the Pontifex Maximus, and as Cæsar now held that august office, it devolved upon his wife and mother to conduct the function. Whatever of genuine reverence and sincere attachment to the tenets of the old religion yet survived in Rome appears to have clustered about this carefully guarded service; and while it seems unnecessary to attribute, as some were inclined to do, the impudent intrusion of Clodius to a special design upon Cæsar's wife, or to any motive save a general one of prurient curiosity, yet Cæsar made haste, as we have seen, to put the unfortunate lady away; and his noble mother, Aurelia, is said to have connived at the escape of Clodius, in the vain hope, doubtless, of staying the inevitable scandal.

Cicero himself, in the next letter, after describing the proceedings against Clodius, appears half inclined to wish that the deplorable affair had been allowed to die a natural death. But when the College of Augurs, in its capacity of ecclesiastical court, had taken it up and pronounced the deed a sacrilege, the Senate must needs follow suit, although Piso, the consul, on whom it was incumbent to bring in the bill against Clodius, was pretty well known to be privately on the side of the offender. "I, myself," Cicero observes, in his debonair fashion, "was a perfect Lycurgus in the beginning, but I get cooler every day. It is Cato who keeps urging the thing on. What is the use? The better sort are apathetic; the baser defend the culprit. I am afraid great mischief will come out of it all to the republic. . . . As to that friend of yours, — you know whom I mean" (it was Pompey), — "of whom you once said that he never begins to praise until he dares no longer blame, he makes a great show of being on my side. He eulogizes me in public, yet shows plainly enough that in his heart he dislikes me. There is no chivalry in the man, no candor, no political magnanimity; nothing open, brave, and generous. But more of this another time; for, in the first place, I have really no sufficient proof of what I say; and then, I dare not trust a letter containing such important matter to a bearer of whom I know nothing, — a *terræ filius*, a fellow dropped out of the sky. . . . Of course I liked the passages in my oration which you praise, but I did not venture to say so before. Now that you have approved them they seem to me more Attic than ever. . . . Had I anything else to tell you? Let me see. Oh, yes! Messala, the consul, has bought Autronius' house for 3,400,000 sesterces" (about $136,000). "What is that to me, do you say? Why, at least it shows that I made a good bargain for mine."

It certainly seems to have been a species of fatality which forced Cicero to come to the front in this unsavory business, and to concentrate upon himself all the animosity which the prosecution of Clodius aroused among a certain worthless and yet powerful clique. But there was no help for it. Cato, the incorruptible and impracticable, would absolutely have an example made. Whatever was decent in Rome rallied to that side, while Clodius organized on his own

behalf the dregs of the Catilinarian conspirators, together with all the young debauchees of his especial set, who objected to having their amusements interfered with, and who were, unhappily, in a position, many of them, to bribe enormously. The affair became a political one, dividing the optimate and democratic parties, and absorbing the attention of Rome for the entire winter; while the coming man, Cæsar, under the cover of this unwholesome excitement, was working industriously for his own ends. All the moves and counter-moves, just so far as his restless eye discerned them, are set forth by Cicero to Atticus in a sort of Essence of Parliament, with abundant persiflage, yet with a dramatic power which brings the whole scene before the reader's eye. Gradually he himself warms up to the business from which he had shrunk, and puts forth his whole power as a speaker. "You know," he writes playfully to his friend, "of what thunders I am capable. I need say the less about them, since I think you must have heard me there in Greece."

As for General Pompeius, now returned from his Oriental wars, and living outside the walls, in the direction of Monte Mario, while he made elaborate preparations for the third and most gorgeous of his triumphal entries into Rome, no power could get out of him a clear expression of opinion on one side or the other. The Senate, as a precaution against bribery at the trial, had voted that the jury in Clodius' case were to be selected by the prætors, not chosen by lot, as was customary; and Pompey was asked to speak before a huge public assembly in the Campus Martius on the constitutionality of the measure. "He delivered," writes Cicero, "a long-winded harangue, altogether in a lordly manner, to the effect that he held, and always had held, the authority of the Senate to be paramount in all things; and when subsequently appealed to in the Senate itself" (after his triumph) "to define his position with regard to the sacrilege and the bill which had been introduced, he replied by extolling, in a general way, all the senatorial decrees, remarking, as he sat down beside me, that he believed he had now said all that was necessary, even about my act."

Surely there is a strangely familiar ring, to one who follows the English politics of to-day, about this majestically ambiguous oratory!

When, after the Ides of March, the trial at last came on, all seemed at first to be going well. The court professed, indeed, to apprehend violence, and required of the Senate a military guard; and Cicero says briefly of the jury as finally constituted, that a worse lot never assembled around the table of a gaming-hell. Still, at the outset, the legal forms were observed. Cicero himself, as principal witness, upset the *alibi* of Clodius, who proposed to prove that he had been at Interamna on the night of the sacrilege; and Hortensius, the great lawyer, often the forensic opponent but always the political colleague of Cicero, declared that a "sword of lead" would be sharp enough to cut the throat of the accused. Nevertheless, when the decisive day came, the vote stood thirty-one for acquittal, against twenty-five. Nobody had any doubt as to the means by which this iniquitous verdict had been secured. "Was it because you were afraid of being robbed of your pay that you wanted a guard?" scornfully inquired of one of the jury the fine old optimate Catulus.

Cicero is disgusted and disheartened, yet for his life he cannot help chuckling over the keenness of his own wit in the numerous verbal duels which came off in the Senate, that spring, between himself and Clodius, after the shameful reinstatement of the latter. His repartees were sufficiently stinging, no doubt, but some of his favorite jokes miss fire for us, and there are some into the full

meaning of which we do not care to inquire. "My pretty boy" (*pulchellus;* Pulcher was the family name of Clodius) "gets up and twits me with frequenting the orgies at Baiæ. A lie; but what is that to him? 'You make as much of it,' I replied, 'as if I had intruded on a secret rite.' 'So you have bought a palace!' he sneers. 'At least I have not bought a jury!' 'Jury indeed! Why, they would n't believe you on your oath!' 'Oh, I beg your pardon! Twenty-five of them did believe me, but there were thirty-one who would not believe you until they had their money down!'" A new law concerning bribery was proposed, one clause of which provided that he who had merely promised money was exempt from penalty, but if he could be proved to have paid he should incur a heavy fine. "I made the remark," Cicero says, "that Clodius had obeyed this law by anticipation, it having been his regular practice to promise and not pay." And so on: "Quid multa?" as Cicero says. There is, however, no mystery henceforth about the deadly spite of Clodius Pulcher against this brilliant debater and facetious correspondent.

A letter of December 7, 693, the last of this year, breathes a very different spirit. It is full of the most earnest and touching protestations of Cicero's regard for Atticus, and his reliance on the unalterable friendship of the latter. There had been a slight misunderstanding, it appears, between Atticus and Quintus Cicero. Quintus, who was following his brother, step by step, through the regular succession of public offices, had gone as proprætor to Asia Minor, and had invited Atticus to accompany him as legate. Marcus had very much hoped that Atticus would go, for he dreaded, and evidently with good reason, the effect upon the Asiatics of his brother's hot temper and imperious fashions, and he could have relied on the placid Athenian to tone him down. But Atticus had declined the honor, and Quintus took umbrage at his refusal; wherefore Marcus uses his utmost powers of persuasion to make up the difference between them.

"If you will only consider," he says to his friend, "that irritable creatures like my brother are often really the best and most placable of men; that quickness and what I call sensitiveness of disposition are usually the signs of a good heart; above all, that we are bound to bear patiently one another's little defects, humors, and even offenses, you will, I hope, feel less disturbed. Try to look at it in this way. It concerns me so deeply, who am fonder of you than of all other men, that my people should both love and be loved by you. . . . I do not think there was ever any disagreement between you and me, except as regards the careers we chose; my ambition impelling me to contend for public honors, while a different but no less praiseworthy theory of life led you into dignified retirement. . . . I know, oh, I know and thoroughly appreciate, how, in all the vicissitudes of my career, you have shared my joys and sorrows. . . . Now that you are away, I have not only no one to advise me, which you can do better than all others, but I have no one to talk with freely, as it is my delight to do with you. . . . The state of the republic is miserably precarious and infirm. I fancy you must have heard that there has been an almost complete break between the Senate and the knights. Cato is, after all, our true hero. . . . I intend to keep on the very best terms with Pompey. I know what you will say, but I shall be on my guard." Then follow a few words about the consular candidates, among them almost the first direct mention of Cæsar which occurs in the correspondence; and then, "Do you laugh? Believe me, these are no laughing matters."

The winter of 694 (60 B. C.) was again a troubled and exciting one. "The old year," Cicero writes in January,

"saw the fall of two props of the state toward whose maintenance my own solitary efforts had always been directed. The Senate has both flung away its own prerogative and broken its compact with the equestrian order." Cato was as unmanageable as ever; honest and loyal, but without a particle of tact or discretion. Pompey continued inscrutable. "We have not so much as the ghost of a statesman. Our friend who might have been one — for Pompey and I are friends, understand — sits and looks at his embroidered toga, and says nothing."

Pompey was undoubtedly in a somewhat awkward position. In the plenitude of his grandeur, he had promised a distribution of the public lands among the soldiers whom he had disbanded at Brundusium on his return from the East. An agrarian law, known as that of Flavius, had been introduced for the purpose of securing these grants, and Cicero himself had spoken in its favor; but there was violent opposition to it in the Senate, and the bill was defeated. Then there was one section of the conservative, or optimate, party, represented by Lucullus and Hortensius, whom Cicero sarcastically describes as entirely absorbed in their fish-preserves. "If they can only get the bearded mullet to come and feed out of their hands, the republic may go!" As for the new consuls, "Metellus" (Metellus Celer) "has distinction, and is friendly enough to me; but Afranius, — oh, heavens! One must be a philosopher indeed to tolerate him! . . . What I want more than all things else is that man — yourself — to whom I can confide my every anxiety; to whom I can talk without fiction, circumlocution, or reserve. My best beloved brother is far away, and Metellus, — Metellus is not a man at all, but an empty waste of sea and shore and sky, as one may say."

There was good reason, indeed, better than Cicero himself knew, for his growing sense of isolation. Dimly through the chaos of events and the strife of contending interests, he already apprehended the beginnings of two sinister movements: one directed mainly against himself; the other of broader import, aiming at the subversion of the last lingering liberties of the moribund state. The first was the revengeful design of Clodius to get himself made a tribune of the people (for which purpose he must be adopted into a plebeian family), and so secure a vantage-ground from which he might more easily compass the exile, possibly the death, of Cicero. The other comprised the preliminaries of that famous coalition known in history as the first triumvirate; an arrangement whereby Cæsar, whom Cicero feared but little as yet, only because he knew him so little, was planning to make use both of the prestige of Pompey and of the colossal wealth of Crassus for the furtherance of his own far-seeing designs. Yet even now Cicero is not so deep in the toils of his political fate as to be unmindful of his literary fame. "I have sent you," he writes to Atticus, March 15, 694, "my own commentary on my consulate in Greek. If there be anything in it which appears to a man of your *Attic* taste" (the old joke) "unclassical or un-Hellenic, I shall not say, as I believe Lucullus said to you at Panhormus of his history, that he had introduced certain barbarisms and solecisms for the very sake of showing that it was the work of a Roman. No, indeed! If you detect any slips of that kind, be sure they are there without my knowledge or will. When I have finished the Latin translation, I will send you that too."

Returning to Rome from a visit to his Pompeian villa, on the 12th of May, Cicero finds letters from Greece, in which Atticus appears very seriously to have counseled him not to trust Pompey too far; but our mercurial friend is just now in the mood to take the warning

lightly. "I assure you," he says, "that I have bated nothing of my dignity. I have not ventured into another's camp without a guard; . . . and if the course I have pursued has perhaps conduced to the tranquillity of my own life, by Heaven! it concerns the republic much more than it does myself that the attacks of scoundrels upon me should be repelled." Then he digresses to pleasanter themes. He has had a magnificent gift of books from one Papirius Pætus, who had inherited the same; and the books are at Athens, having been consigned, probably, to the care of Atticus, who is conjured to look after their safety, and to enjoin it upon his "friends, clients, guests, freedmen, and slaves that not a leaf be suffered to perish. . . . More and more every day," he says, "I find relaxation from my forensic labors in studies of this kind."

Civic interests are paramount with him once more, however, in the beginning of June. The summer appears to have been as active and interesting a time, politically, in old Rome as it is in modern London. Even those who went away "for a change" in the spring, as Cicero did in the ensuing year, made a point of returning for the great popular elections at midsummer, when the tribunes were chosen. There has been more sparring in the Senate, and Cicero has been provoked into making an allusion to Clodia (the wife, be it remembered, of Metellus) which will not bear translation. "Not a very consular speech, you will say, and I own it. But *ego illam odi*, — I do detest that woman! She at least is unfit to be a consul's wife. . . . The excitement over the agrarian law seems to have cooled down. You keep touching me up about my familiarity with Pompey. Now pray do not think that I adhere to him in self-defense. The case is simply this: a difference between us would involve a terrible discord in the body politic. . . . He declares openly," Cicero goes on, always unfortunately susceptible to flattery, "that while he has fought well for the country, I have saved it. How far this may prove of use to me I do not know. It certainly is of use to the republic. . . . What," cries the sanguine soul, "if I were to make a better man even of Cæsar, who has the wind in all his sails just now! Would that, think you, harm the state?"

The most important letter of the remainder of this year is a very long one addressed to Quintus Cicero in his province. Quintus had been governor in Asia since 692, and his term of office had recently been extended by a year; but Marcus had been made anxious by rumors of the unnecessary severity of his brother's rule, and his letter of remonstrance and advice is extended until it takes the form of a complete and very noble manual of provincial administration, too elaborate to be analyzed here.

The year 695 (59 B. C.), the forty-ninth of Cicero's age, opens with Julius Cæsar and Calpurnius Bibulus consuls, and with a virtual acknowledgment of the informal alliance between Cæsar, Pompey, and Crassus. But Cicero himself was, for the moment, out of the turmoil. Whether his health, never strong, was such that he absolutely required repose, or whether his friends, who understood better than he did himself, perhaps, the peril in which he stood, had contrived to get him away, we find him in February at the Tusculanum, writing to Atticus in Rome. He has taken up the project, apparently at Atticus' own suggestion, of composing a work on geography, and seems to have sent to his friend for authorities on the subject. "I am exceedingly obliged," he writes, "for the work of Serapion, of which, between ourselves, I scarcely understand the thousandth part. I have given orders that you are to be paid for it *in cash*. It is not to be set down under the head of your gifts." A rumor has reached the absentee that Clodius is going as ambassa-

dor to King Tigranes. Cicero is quite willing. He intends to give himself unreservedly to the Muses. "I shall do my best to satisfy you about the geography, though I can promise nothing. It is a great undertaking, but since you bid me attack it, I will try to have something to show you for this excursion of mine. Tell me, meanwhile, of the aspect of political affairs, and in particular who are to be the next consuls. Not that I am very curious. I have resolved to think nothing whatever about the republic. . . . I have gone over all Terentia's woodland. Except for the Dodonean oath, I do not see why we should envy you Epirus. By the first of next month, I expect to be either at my Formian or my Pompeian villa. If I am not at the Formian, come to me in Pompeii. It will be a delight to me, and not at all out of your way."

Tusculum, Pompeii, Terentia's woodland! O country of all enchantment! O shades of ilex, and beech, and pine, with the first breath of the slow Southern spring astir among them, the first anemones kindling on the ground! Surely there, if anywhere, the vexed statesman might have "reposed from Rome"! But no, the news of the great world and the cares of it pursue him from one resting-place to another, down even to his exquisite retreat at Antium (Porto d'Anzio) on the coast below: Antium, with its fair prospect of the Mediterranean littoral from Ostia to the promontory of Circe; Antium, where, he tells us in one place, he likes nothing better, when fishing is out of season, than to sit still and count the waves.

A rumor comes that the triumvirs are going to offer Cicero an embassy to King Ptolemy Auletes; by way, probably, of politely removing him from the scene. "Now," he writes, "I have long wished to see Alexandria and the rest of Egypt, and I should not object to getting away from the men who are tired of me, and remaining till they had begun to feel my loss. But just at this moment, and at the bidding of these individuals, — I think not. In the words of Hector to Andromache, 'I revere the men of Troy, and the long-robed Trojan dames.' What would the optimates say of me? — if, indeed, there are any optimates left! Surely that I had been bribed to surrender my principles. 'First of all I must bear the reproach of Polydamus,' — I mean our Cato, who, after all, is a man of a hundred thousand. What would be the verdict of history six hundred years hence? For I regard that far more than I do the tittle-tattle of my contemporaries. By the way, now that Nepos[1] is off to his province, who will have the vacant place in the College of Augurs? This is the only bait with which I could be tempted. You see how highly I rate myself! But why do I keep harping on these things, when I have resolved to abjure them all that I may give myself wholly to philosophy! I protest I have! I wish I had done so from the beginning. . . . Tell me, however," he adds a few lines later, with his own delightful inconsistency, "what is doing about Clodius."

He might well ask. Events were moving fast at Rome, while Cicero strolled along the beach at Antium, reveling in its provincial calm ("How can there be a place so near Rome where they never even heard of Vatinius?"), or marked Terentia's trees for the woodman. The farce of Clodius's plebeian adoption had been accomplished and formally proclaimed. The law providing for such cases had been violated in every particular. Fonteius, the adopted father, was a dozen years younger than Clodius; he was married to a woman of his own station, and likely to have a large family.

[1] Metellus Nepos, the brother of Metellus Celer, the late consul, who had just died, under the suspicious circumstances before mentioned. The seat in the augural college would naturally have remained in the family.

Still, the deed had been done with the tacit consent of Cæsar and under the open patronage of Pompey, who had taken the auspices upon the occasion. In vain, as these facts become known to Cicero, does he try to explain them away, and to prove to the satisfaction both of Atticus and himself that Clodius and his works are alike held in contempt by the usurpers. The usurpation itself, as Cicero very well knows, is a thing of the most sombre import, and the thought of it weighs upon his spirit even more than his personal danger. He grows feverishly impatient for the letters of his friend. "Last evening, as usual, I was on the lookout for your missive, when up comes a messenger with the tidings that your slaves are here. 'Any letters?' I shout, the moment they appear. . . . 'No letters.' 'What's that you say? Nothing from Pomponius?' Then they begin to look scared and to stammer, and finally confess that they did have letters, but have lost them on the road! What would you have? I promise you, I was angry! It was so long since a day had passed without either a useful hint or a pleasant word from you!" However, Cicero goes on to say, he has just had a visitor at Antium, who has put him in somewhat better heart about public affairs. It is Curio, a young nobleman who had once been attached to Clodius's faction, and whom Cicero had then mentioned contemptuously enough as "a slip of a girl." Now, however, the youth seems to have waked up to a sense of his political responsibilities, and to be exerting himself actively in the conservative cause. "He is in great wrath with our haughty kings" (the triumvirs), "and he tells me that the other young men of his class are equally incensed, and will not endure it. If there is indeed hope in the rising generation, all may be well." Then there is a word concerning the family plans. There are to be games at Antium the first week in May, which Tullia wants to see. If they stay for these, they will go directly afterward to Tusculum, thence to the old place at Arpinum, and so on to Rome by the first of June. Atticus is once more pressingly entreated with messages from the ladies to join them *somewhere*, at Antium if possible.

A few days later, the cloud of apprehension has again settled heavily upon the spirit of the writer. The revolution, he says, is accomplished. "Gayly, and with less grating than might have been anticipated, the wheel of the republic has turned quite over, — with bewildering rapidity, too, thanks to the obstinacy of Cato and the bad faith of those other men." Once more young Curio runs out from Rome, meets Cicero at the Three Taverns, and tries to persuade him that the triumvirs are becoming very unpopular. The lad had plainly fallen under the spell of the great man's personal fascination; who liked him too, and was always popular with the young, thanks to a something eternally supple and juvenile in himself. But there was a packet from Atticus lying unopened while the young politician discoursed, "and so," says Cicero, "I embraced him and sent him off, and hastened to your letter, from which I learned much more about what is doing than from his talk. So much for *viva voce* information!"

A day or two later: "Appii Forum, ten A. M. Please to applaud my firmness. I am not going to witness the games at Antium, after all. It would be a blunder in one who wishes to avoid all suspicion of fast living suddenly to appear in the character of a man traveling for pleasure, and rather foolish pleasure, too."

So he digressed to Formiæ, which lay in the next large curve of the lovely coast, about half-way between the Circean promontory and Cape Misenum. Tullia had lost her treat, but the letters of this time of suspense are full of the

gayest and fondest allusions to every member of his family: "Terentia desires her very best love." "Terentia is charmed with your letters." Also the small Cicero, aged six, that "honey-sweet child," that "excellent little conservative," sends brief messages in Greek, which he was no doubt beginning to learn. He may even have scrawled his greetings on the paper or the wax, in bulky and uncertain characters.

At Formiæ, Cicero felt himself out of the world at first, but had presently only too much company; being simply overwhelmed by the attentions of his provincial neighbors, one or two of whom he sketches irresistibly. "I fancy from what you say that it is rather quiet in Rome just now, but here in the backwoods, — by Heaven! it is not at all quiet. The backwoods would not tolerate the tyranny you live under. Just you come to Lastrygonia" (the ancient name of Formiæ), "and you shall hear how men storm; how indignant they are; how they detest our friend the Great, whose cognomen is becoming as unpopular as that of Crassus the Rich. I assure you, I have not met a single man who takes these things as tamely as I do."

"I seem to be living in a basilica rather than a villa, so beset am I by the men of Formiæ. . . . My nearest neighbor is Caius Arrius. Just at this moment, in fact, he is my bosom-friend, and professes to be staying away from Rome for the mere purpose of talking philosophy with me. On the other side, if you please, is Sebosus, the friend of Catulus. Now which way can I turn? I swear I would go straight to Arpinum, if I did not think it would be more convenient for you to come to me at Formiæ. But I'll not wait beyond May 6, in any case, for you see the sort of bores who take up my time. Oh, if anybody wants to buy the Formian property, let him come on! He would have a rare chance at a bargain while these men are about!"

"Give me out-and-out rustics," he says in another letter, "rather than these provincials with their citified airs. I positively will run away to 'the cradle of my race among the ancestral hills'" (quoting a line of poetry).

After all, and in spite of the country fare and plain fashions of which Cicero had warned him, it was at Arpinum that Atticus decided to visit his friend. Atticus had always a special admiration for Arpinum: the spacious and comfortable though unpretending old manor-house on its bowery island, between the rushing streams of the Liris and the Fibrenus, with the Cyclopean walls and gateway of the ancient Volscian citadel towering in air from the opposite bank, exactly as they do to-day. But the times are so exciting that even in the brief interval before the friends meet they must still exchange daily letters.

"I had dined," writes Cicero on the last day of April, "and was just falling asleep, when yours concerning the Campanian lands was brought in. Do you ask how I took it? Well, not so very hard, but it set me thinking sufficiently to banish slumber." This refers to the passage of a law providing for the free distribution among Cæsar's troops of the public lands in Campania, in allotments of ten *jugere* (about six and a half acres) each. Even so, as Cicero observes, it would only support about five thousand of them, and what was to become of the rest? Pompey, as we know, had proposed an agrarian law for the benefit of his disbanded army, only a year before, but the measure had been defeated. He was no longer the man of the hour. "Well, my mighty Pasha," cries the lively correspondent, unable to resist a jeer at Pompey, and using one of the many Oriental nicknames which he was fond of bestowing on the hero of the East, "what will you say now?"

Not later than the next day, Cicero recurs to the subject in a much graver tone, having evidently received from

Atticus overnight a letter with fuller details. "I think as you do, that the Emir is plotting mischief, and that we have everything to fear;" and he adds a Greek phrase, which means, in substance, he is getting up a *coup d'état.* "What else can be the meaning of this sudden tightening of the bonds of relationship" (by Pompey's marriage with Julia), "of the Campanian land affair, and the enormous outlay of money? If this were all, it would be bad enough, but in the nature of things it cannot be all. These arrangements are not in themselves desirable. They" (the triumvirs) "would never have gone so far, were they not paving the way for something yet more iniquitous. O ye gods! where will it end? Well, as you say, at Arpinum we will, not weep over things, for that would belie our philosophy, but discuss them calmly. It is not now, as formerly, my hopefulness that sustains me, but my nonchalance. Moreover, that little strain of self-conceit which is in me (it is well to know one's faults) is gratified. It used to annoy me to think that the services of the Grand Pasha to his country might seem greater to posterity than mine: but I am relieved of all anxiety on that score."

That the friends did really meet among the hills we may infer from the short break in the correspondence which now ensues. To the spot where his life began, from that on which it was to end, Cicero proceeded once more, traveling leisurely and with state, no doubt, as rich and important folks are wont to do; anxious and foreboding of the future, but, after all, with a more buoyant spirit than he would ever carry over those pleasant ways again.

When the letters are resumed, in June, Atticus is far on his way to Epirus, and Cicero, with his family, is back in the grand mansion on the Palatine. The triumvirate is all-powerful. Bibulus, the colleague of Cæsar in the consulate, is a mere cipher. He has shut himself up in his house, and refuses to sanction the consular enactments; but to what end? The wits only laugh at him for sulking, and say that the consuls are Julius and Cæsar. Clodius has thrown off all concealment; has roughs enough in his pay to organize a riot at any time, if the ends of justice cannot be otherwise defeated; and swaggers openly about the blow he will deal Cicero as soon as he has won his election to the tribunate in July. Young Curio, indeed, that enthusiastic neophyte, remains loyal, and fights his hero's battle stoutly; and Cicero tells Atticus that, in spite of the general intimidation, he finds men talking more freely at the clubs and in society than before he went away. "Indignation is carrying it over fear, simply because every one is growing desperate; . . . but I will say no more about the republic. The subject is too painful." Cicero then alludes to the overtures which Cæsar had made to himself. The future dictator had always liked our friend personally, admiring his genius with a magnanimous cordiality peculiar to the man, and fit to cover a multitude of his sins; and he would have given much to attach the eloquent senator to his own cause. We have it on Cicero's own authority that the triumvirate might have been a quatuorvirate, had he so willed. Even now, Cæsar was ready to give him a chance — nay, two chances — of escaping from Rome until the gathering storm should have blown over. Cicero was given to understand that he might either go, at the end of the year, as Cæsar's own legate to Cisalpine Gaul, or have what was called a "free embassy," — a legal fiction, by virtue of which a senator might travel in the provinces, on his own business, at the public expense. "I have actually this permit by me," he writes, "but no one knows anything of it, and I do not intend to use it. I would rather fight than fly." A little later, "I am not much perturbed by the

threats of Clodius, and the struggle which is impending. I think I shall be able either to meet it with dignity, or to evade it with ease. 'Oh, *dignity!*' methinks I hear you say. 'Dignity is as much out of date as acorns were after the discovery of corn. Pray, look out for your safety!' Ah, me! Why are you not here? . . . The worst of all, to me, is that my old friend Pompey has covered himself with shame;" and Cicero illustrates by a striking anecdote. "The theatre or the circus is the place for really getting at public sentiment. Now, in the gladiatorial shows, both the master and his supporters [1] have been riddled with hisses. In the Apollinarian games the tragedian Diphilus attacked Pompey sharply. The phrase, 'Nostra miseria tu es, Magnus,' — Thou, O great one, art the cause of our woes, — was encored again and again; and at 'The time is coming when thou wilt bitterly lament thine own exploits,' and other such phrases, there were rounds of applause all over the theatre. Really, you would have said that the passage beginning, 'If neither law nor custom restrains thee,' had been written for the occasion, and by a personal foe of Pompey. These words were pronounced amid a perfect frenzy of shouts; and just as the tumult was subsiding, in walks Cæsar, and after him young Curio. The latter was hailed Saviour of the Republic, just as Pompey used to be. Cæsar was very angry. They say that he sent off letters post-haste to Pompey in Capua."

Before the end of July, the mobile spirits are flat again. Clodius has won his election. The outlook seems very bad. "Why should I expatiate on public affairs? All is lost, and things are worse than when you went away by just so much as this: that then the oppression under which the state was laboring appeared, at least, to be agreeable to the lower orders, and, if hateful, still not actually perilous to the better sort; but now the condition of things has all at once become so odious to all parties that I shudder to think what sort of an explosion may be preparing."

The sight of Pompey's increasing subserviency to Cæsar, together with his feeble and shuffling attitude before the people, filled Cicero with mortification, and sickened him by its contrast with the past. "Call it weakness, if you will; but I could have wept when I was listening to his speech of July 22d on the edicts of Bibulus. He who used to bear himself so magnificently in that place, the darling of the populace, admired by all, now deprecating, depressed, as ill-content with himself, evidently, as others were with him! It was a sight which none but Crassus can have cared to see. So fallen from the stars was he" ("O Lucifer, son of the morning!") "that it seemed to me as if he must have tumbled rather than walked into the triumvirate; and I experienced the same sort of anguish at the defacement of the image which I had once painted in such glowing colors, and adorned with all the resources of my art, as Apelles must have felt at seeing his Venus defiled with mud, or Protogenes his Ialysus. No one would pretend, since the part he took in Clodius's adoption, that I owe any allegiance to Pompey; yet such was once my devotion to him that no amount of injury can wholly exhaust it. Meanwhile, Pompey says, and repeats, that Clodius will do me no personal harm. It would be dangerous to believe him, and I must prepare myself for resistance."

"If you had but stayed in Rome!

[1] The critics cannot decide whether the *master*, in this case, means Cæsar or Pompey. The *supporters* were, of course, the other two triumvirs. It seems to us as if it must have been Cæsar, because we now know him to have been so much the greatest man of the three, but it is by no means certain that a contemporary would have thought so.

You would have done so had we guessed how things would go. . . . I try to keep out of politics. I immerse myself in professional business, and work diligently at my cases; a course which I believe to be not only profitable to my clients, but generally approved. My house is famous and much frequented; the memories of my consulship are kept alive; a great deal of zeal is displayed in my behalf. I am so heartened at times that I think I would not, if I could, avoid the coming crisis. What I need now is your advice, your love, your loyalty. Wherefore, fly to me! Everything will be easier if I have you. My friend Varro[1] can do a great deal for me, with you to support him. And there are many things to be got out of Clodius; many things desirable to be known which you could not fail to know; many — But how absurd to particularize! I need you for every reason. All depends, however, on your coming before he enters upon his office."

The next letter but one ends mournfully enough: "An immense amount of good-will is shown me, but I am tired of life. All things are so full of all sorts of misery! A little while ago, I seriously apprehended a massacre. The speech of stout old Q. Considius has dispelled that fear, but a fresh danger has arisen, one that threatens me daily. What would you have? I am the most unhappy of men, and Catulus the most fortunate, to have died so opportunely with a reputation all untarnished. . . . I should breathe more freely if I could see you."

Atticus must have yielded to his friend's passionate entreaties, and returned to Rome; for, with the exception of one short note, there are no more letters to him during the remnant of this troubled year. Late in October or early in November, Cicero wrote to his brother Quintus, still in Asia, a long epistle, full of affection, as were the letters of both brothers always, but containing fresh remonstrances on the excessive severity of his government, and the overweening influence which Quintus had allowed a certain slave named Statius to establish over him. There is a single paragraph at the close about Marcus's own affairs. He tries to write hopefully, evidently for his brother's sake. "It does not look as though my cause would lack friends. The way in which men come forward with their offers and protestations is quite wonderful. . . . Our old conservative phalanx is staunch and devoted. Pompey and even Cæsar make profuse promises, but I do not trust them to the extent of omitting any precaution."

In this, as the event speedily proved, he was altogether wise. Clodius was inducted into his new office in December, 696, and before the end of the winter, after several preliminary measures, designed to ingratiate himself with the lower orders, and so strengthen his position, he brought in a bill providing that whoever had put Roman citizens to death without a trial should be *prohibited from fire and water;* that is to say, outlawed.

Cicero was not named, but all the world knew that he was attacked. It was open to him even yet to remain and defy his adversary, hiring bravos to fight it out in the streets with the organized bands of Clodius. This is what Cæsar would have done in his place, — what Cicero afterwards professed to wish that he himself had had the nerve to do, or else to take the — to a Roman — always honorable alternative of suicide. But the move could hardly have succeeded. Though Cicero's friends were active

[1] M. Terentius Varro; related, probably, to Cicero's wife, — "the most learned of the Romans," author of about five hundred books and treatises. He was ten years older than Cicero, and lived to mingle with the literary set that gathered about Augustus. He died in his ninetieth year, B. C. 28.

and socially powerful, though deputations poured in from the Italian towns to remonstrate against the attainder of so great a patriot, the coalition against him was too strong. Cato, whose wrath it would have been impossible to silence, had been adroitly got out of Rome, on the pretext of an embassy to Cyprus. Cæsar, when he left for his province at the expiration of his consulate, had virtually abandoned Cicero to his fate, and Pompey, when Cicero went out to him, in his Alban villa, and made a last appeal on the ground of their long alliance, replied coldly and meanly that he could do nothing without the sanction of Cæsar. Plutarch says that Pompey stepped out by a back door of the villa, when he saw Cicero coming, and would not see him at all.

Cicero had already put on the mourning dress, in which those accused of high crimes and misdemeanors were wont to appeal to their fellow-citizens. He now yielded to the entreaties of Atticus, Hortensius, and his family, and decided on leaving Rome. Before he went, moved by some sad and obscure impulse of national piety, he took a small antique image of Minerva, an heirloom in his family, and set it up in the temple of Jupiter on the Capitol, as though he would have placed the city of his love, before he left it, under the protection of the Goddess of Wisdom.

No sooner was his flight known than he was publicly accused by name, and forbidden, on pain of death, to remain within four hundred miles of the city. That very night the great house on the Palatine was plundered and burned, and the villas at Tusculum and Formiæ shared the same fate upon the morn. The wife and children, so tenderly cherished and so profusely pampered, were left behind, not merely in pecuniary straits, but in personal danger, for a time at least, from the exile's implacable foes. Life was not really over at fifty for the Father of his Country, but a person of a less mercurial and sensitive spirit than his might well have bowed his head in momentary despair, under the conviction that it was so.

Harriet Waters Preston.

THE DESPOT OF BROOMSEDGE COVE.

IX.

It was indeed before the dawn that Teck Jepson set forth on his journey. Upon the ultimate heights of the zenith midnight had poised, and had thence flitted away into those unrealized spaces whither all that has been goes at last. Constellations that he lately knew as familiars of the meridian hung low, in this unaccustomed hour, about the western horizon. Unwonted influences were astir in the brain. A sense of spiritual freshness, of bodily renewal, of aloofness from the world, possessed the hour, — a freedom from the dominant mundane spirit that had swayed the day before. The dark earth lay, as it were, uncreated in the immense voids of the night. The soul seemed nearer its nativity, fresh from the hands of the Creator. In this isolation of identity, this perfect poise, this reverent cognizance of high solemnities, it seemed that one's lips might be opened, that one might prophesy or sing some psalmodic inspiration, so replete with the sense of fine bestowals was the time.

The day was still afar off. The cattle slept as he went out to the pinfold by the light of the stars, but the patient creatures roused themselves, and came

forth with quiescent obedience; a calf bleated, running to overtake its dam, the dominant sound in the stillness, and the sheep huddled together in chilly guise as they went. There was a light presently in the windows of the house, yellow and lucent, but Jepson did not go back when once he had quitted the cabin; the farewell to the children would be rather pain than pleasure; there was even a pang in parting with the old dog, who persisted in following him for a time, driven back at last with harsh words and a purposely ill-aimed stone. Jepson could not see, but he knew how the creature crouched in the darkness, with its reproachful and surprised eyes; then turning, and coweringly running back to the doorstep. The half-grown puppy watched the departure with the intense interest elicited by so unusual a proceeding, then affecting to misconstrue the whole incident, and with an elaborate ignoring of old acquaintance, he barked furiously into the darkness, not desisting when a shrill yelp betokened a reproving kick from Bowles, but continuing his clamors of threatening distrust after he had sought a refuge under the house, where no interference could reach him. Far down the mountain his callow tones could be heard, as Jepson rode at the rear of the little group of cattle and sheep.

The wind was awake, inconceivably fresh, albeit hardly a leaf stirred, so light of foot it was. A fragrance like some fine elixir was distilled from the wayside flower hidden in the gloom. The morning star, so luminously still, so splendid, looked over the mountains as he journeyed with his flocks. A vague illumination was about it; one might see that this sky wore an ineffably poetic tint, did it but care to doff its sombre cloak. How massive the mountains, — how glooming and austere their summit lines, against the dark instarred skies! And suddenly a bird is moved to sing, — a note of supreme gladness, of joyous augury? For what does the night signify but that the morning is on the way? So close was Jepson to the tree whence this herald proclaimed the day that he could hear the rustle of the wings as the creature plumed them, and anon a low twittering as it settled down upon the bough for a little waiting, — a little waiting yet. And lo! the light comes, gray with vapor, and pale, and pensive, only to be won to flushes and to smiles when the great sun, riding hard upon the first glimmer, — for the September dawns are short, — showed its vermilion splendid disk, hung about with amber and violet vapors, in the gap of the mountains, urgent to look upon the world before their utmost heights were scaled. How purple the slopes; how the pearly mists slipped down; and what long, burnished, yellow slanting rays shot athwart the world to touch Chilhowee, — nay, the far-away dim summit of Walden's Ridge, — while the vast stretches of country beneath, in a still amethystine shadow, lay motionless and waited! And here, alack, was his own old identity, full of perplexed thoughts, and troublous forecasting, and vain regrets. Here, too, as if the sun had brought it with the sight of the familiar world, was the sense of vicinage, close, imperative, not to be evaded, with the events of yesterday the one coercive factor of to-day. Mrs. Bowles might have wondered to know the direction he took, — not, in fulfillment of her disparaging prophecy, across the line into North Carolina. Straight down the mountain he was going, — straight into Broomsedge Cove. How fast those coursers of the sun did speed, already there, betimes! Albeit so far away as the miles counted, Jepson could see from the great heights of the slopes the red gold flare in the deep gulf of the purple range, where the lucent fresh light struck upon the long-abandoned spaces usurped by the tawny-tinted growths of Broomsedge Cove. His face wore no longer that

wide-eyed, uplifted, meditative look it had in the earlier plastic poetic hours. It was introspective, pondering; it bore anew the inscrutable script of experience, of emotion. Once or twice only the cattle called for his attention; with a turn of his horse on the flank of the column, and the loud remonstrant barking of his dog harassing the stragglers, they were back once more, and jogging along the accustomed way. At length, however, the foremost of the company came almost to a stand with a suppressed low of surprise, and then, insistently burly, the animals occupied the whole path, leaving a man they had met to stand and wait by the wayside. He held one palm over his eyes, for the sun came directly into his face, and gazed unrecognizing at the equestrian figure at the rear of the column. But Jepson had noted him, and the recognition became mutual as he drew rein beneath the great ledge of the rocks where Baintree stood. As he looked up at the horseman, there was so shocked a disappointment on his face that it seemed wonderful that an emotion could be so definitely expressed without words.

Jepson waited a moment for him to speak. But Baintree, still silent, gazed at him. "Ye 'lowed, up yander ter Bowles's yistiddy," said Jepson, "ez ye be powerful glad I war arrested, — I ain't been yit, — an' ez ye 'd like ter see how I 'd look in a cage like Dan'l."

Baintree made a feint of denial. "Did Mis' Bowles 'low I said sech?" he demanded. "Waal, I jes' tole her the fust thing ez kem ter the tip o' my tongue. She 'peared so sharp set fur the news."

Jepson looked casually down at him, then away at the far blue horizon. "I 'm goin' ter Brumsaidge now, an' ef they wanter arrest me they kin an' welcome; an' though I ain't yit got the Lord so ez he sets ez much store by me ez he done by Dan'l, I ain't no mo' 'feard o' nuthin' 'n him. I be ekal ter answerin' fur all I done, an' I be more 'n willin'."

There was something splendid and imposing in his boldness, and in his stalwart pride in his courage. He turned his unflinching gaze down to meet the intelligent and crafty albeit vacillating eyes of Jake Baintree, in which there was a sort of reluctant envy, despite the rancorous enmity they intimated.

"Ye hev got ter try it fust," he said significantly, remembering the stress of his own ordeals, and that this was but the valor of prognostication. The facts would probably soon alter the outlook. He nodded his head convincingly.

"Sech ez I do," said the valorous saint, "air done afore the Lord! An' I ain't keerin' what men say ahint my back, so long ez they take powerful keerful heed o' thar words afore my face; ef they don't, I know how ter make 'em wish they hed."

Jake Baintree failed, apparently, to comprehend the spirit of this challenge. He looked absently at the red cow cropping the grass in the niches at the base of the cliff that towered above their heads, and then his restless eye followed the silver-tipped wings of a bird, flying in the sunshine, upward, upward, with open beak and a joyous matutinal cry, cleaving the mists with a glancing line of light, and seeming bound for some haven in the splendid placidity of the blue sky, so serene and so high. The dew exhaled incense. Far away a fawn bleated, where doubtless it lay with its dam in the thick coverts of the laurel. The balsam firs, all a-glitter, gave out a sense of strength and infinite freshness, and of all the finer values of respiration; in such air it was a definite joy to be endowed with the sheer capacity to breathe. As his wandering glance came back he caught Jepson's eyes upon him, and he was vaguely embarrassed for the moment. He put one foot on the blade of the spade that he had in his hand, and leaning upon the handle

he looked up, his inscrutable eyes narrowing and full of close and guarded thought.

"What war ye a-layin' off ter say ter me? Jes' that?" he demanded.

"I never laid off ter say nuthin' ter you-uns," said Jepson loftily. "Ye happen ter be in my road. I ain't keerin' ef ye onderstan' or no sech ez I am mindin' ter say an' act. I render an account ter the Lord, an' I walk afore him! I be goin' down ter Brumsaidge ter meet the days ter come. I feel ekal ter 'em, — ter what the Lord mought send."

A sudden anxiety flickered over Baintree's face; for the first time he noted the household gear packed in a tiny wagon that was drawn by an old ox, guided only by his master's voice as he rode alongside, and the number of cattle and sheep. This was evidently a permanent removal.

"Whar be ye a-goin' ter live in the Cove?" he demanded suddenly.

"Whar ye reckon?" retorted Jepson, resenting the supposed curiosity impelling the question. "Ye may be sure in the fear o' the Lord, an' in the light o' his face, ef he will turn it on me."

He lifted his head with a most mundane pride and called aloud to his cattle, his robust, mellow voice echoing along the savage steeps. Then, with the whole pastoral train once more in motion, he rode on down the rugged mountain ways, sitting his horse with a proud erectness, — the lingering influence of his arrogations in the conversation, — his broad hat pushed back from his brow, his spirited face full of resolution and confidence again, and with that imaginative, meditative look once more in his deep eyes; for, urged by his contempt for the man from whom he had just parted, it cost him no effort to discharge his flexible mind, almost his very memory, of the conversation and of the existence, of his late companion. But he could not keep his thoughts upon congenial themes. Over and again, to be sure, he reverted to the trend of his habitual meditations. It was thus, he reflected, that they of old had journeyed with their flocks under the open sky. He saw Jacob's cattle instead of his own slowly tending down the defiles; now and again he passed a bubbling spring, full of tinkling tremors of sound stealing out into the silence of this richly luxuriant land, and to him it was a "well of springing water in a desert place;" sheep they had of old, and kine, and horses, and he marveled much what a camel might be. Then suddenly, with a deep sigh, he was again striving with the pursuing pack of remorseful, sharp-fanged regrets, falling upon him anew, with a freshened capacity to tear and mangle, recruited in that short respite. With the veiled future before, that no prescient eye might even vaguely discern; with an urgent sense of justification, that nevertheless could not justify his deed to himself; with a self-effacing desire to atone for what he felt was no fault of his, as if the sacrifice could restore all as it was at this hour of yesterday, he reviewed the scene, burnt as it was into his brain, and shrank once more in every sensitive fibre from the barbed reproaches of Marcella's soft voice, and again turned aghast from what might perchance befall Eli Strobe.

And then he vibrated to that other mood, his splendid physique rebounding from the harassments that sought to fix upon his strong nerves. His habit of robustly ignoring aught that did not jump with his humor; his imperious and independent poise; his impassivity to argument and the opinion of others; his arrogant arbitration of all matters according to his own absolute judgment, that recognized no alternative, no higher appeal, save his tyrannical interpretations of the Lord's will, all renewed their tenure. His dominant individuality and the elastic vigor of his mind were reasserted, and he was anew open to the influences of the present. Here and there

his receptive fancy was struck by a great cairn of stones, fragments of rock split from the crags above by the riving frosts of immemorial winters, and he was reminded afresh of the altar that Jacob piled, and of the resting-places — which surely the Lord frequented — of this journeying man of eld.

"Jacob hed powerful strange 'sperience," he broke out. "He did dream s'prisin'. An' the Lord's voice mus' hev sounded in his ears, wakin' an' sleepin', arter he once hearn it. I could n't holp feelin' sorry fur Esau, though."

He mechanically noted how the golden-rod showered its yellow hoard, as his stirrup-irons struck into the thick wayside growth, how the blooming "mountain snow" brushed his mare's fine coat.

"It never did 'pear ter me so scandalous redic'lous ez Esau war hongry arter he kem from huntin'. This air a powerful rough country, an' the air is brief, — I fund the diff'ence out whenst I went down yander ter them valley towns, time Jake Baintree war tried. The Bible 'lowed Esau war a powerful cunning hunter, but never said nuthin' 'bout what sorter dogs he hed, — mought n't hev been trained to trail, an' time he hed pulled 'bout'n the mountings with a pack o' wuthless hounds arter deer or b'ar he war bleeged ter been hongry; But he ought n't ter hev sold his birthright fur a pot o' soup."

He shook his head reprehensively over this ancient transaction. "Esau ought n't ter hev done that," he said, as if it had happened yesterday.

The mare suddenly shied from a pallid, lightning-scathed tree showing abruptly close at hand as the path curved. He paused for a moment, but the interruption did not divert the current of his reflections. "Jacob," he said, "served seven year fur Rachel, an' 'lowed 't war like one day. He b'lieved in Rachel. The Bible 'lows she war plumb beautiful, — but I 'll be bound she warn't nowhar compared ter Marcelly" — He broke off with a bitter sigh; his face clouded; the far-away look in his blue eyes, that was so inconsonant with the force and boldness of his features, was gone with the effect of a sudden metamorphosis, — absolutely unrecognizable. He gathered up the reins that he had suffered to lie loose on the mare's neck, and lifted his voice in a melancholy hymn, and sang aloud as he rode. Now and again the mingled cry of the flocks rose to Jake Baintree's ears, and once as they emerged below the wealth of foliage into a rocky space he saw them again; the animals running at speed down the declivities, the mare cantering after, while the rider sang aloud, the sound vibrating back and forth in swinging vigor of rhythm, and with the multitudinous echoes seeming as if the whole morning were voicing the solemn measure of an anthem.

The man, as he leaned on his spade, his trousers tucked into his boots, his hat pulled low over his uncertain and lowering eyes, had an expression altogether at variance with his humble rustic garb, so crafty, so keen, it was. His face was lined with anxiety for a moment. Once he started impulsively after the horseman, then checked himself abruptly. "He 'll git thar 'fore I kin," he remarked. "It 's down hill all the way, an' they 'll keep that gait, I reckon."

Already the song was faint; already the echoes were fitful. The wind was harping in the pines above his head; he glanced up to see them gently stirring; a great buzzard majestically circled in the blue sky; a mist on the mountain side was caught up in elusive evanescence, as the broad flare of the sun encountered its ethereal pallors, like some belated ghost that in these solitudes had braved the monitory cock-crow.

"He 'll be powerful s'prised when he does get there," he muttered, "an' that 's all!" He spoke aloud, his anxious canvassing resulting in reassurance. He

laughed a little, his thin lips curving. "He 's a mos' survigrous fool;" he shook his head in contemplating the strength of the folly that Jepson harbored. "He ain't goin' ter sense nuthin'. He 'll bound round hyar an' talk 'bout the Lord, when he air so fur from heaven ez the Lord hisself can't hear him. An' ennyhow, he 'll git 'rested so soon that he won't hev much chance ter wonder an' talk. An' I 'll light out ter let the folks in Brumsaidge know ez he be a-travelin' round an' a-purtendin' ter be a-goin' thar, fur mebbe he won't go ter his cabin arter all."

This cabin of Jepson's was well out of sight from the Settlement, and was in fact some miles distant. It lay on the slope of the deep trough in the mighty range which was called Broomsedge Cove, but the characteristic topography of the locality had given way, and the torrent that, long and sinuous, was a feature of the broader spaces wound here in the chasm of a valley so narrow that the stream wore the semblance of a lakelet in the abyss below, so completely did jutting spurs of the mountain conceal its further vagrant course. It was a wild spot on the slope, with its rocky bit of pasture, its "gyarden," its slanting fields. Above the little log cabin the great, wooded, gray, craggy steeps towered immutably; below, the abrupt declivity slanted to the clifty banks of the simulated lake in the gorge. In certain states of the atmosphere, one standing in the weed-grown garden might think to put forth a hand and touch that purple-bronze mountain opposite. And again the neighboring heights sought a sophistry of distance, and were blue and vague, and shimmered elusive through a fluctuating haze. The water in the chasm had too its variant guise: at times it was a burnished yellow with the emblazonment of the sun, or under a dull sky it glittered with a steely lustre, like some keen blade that, finely tempered, can be bent and writhen into an unwonted sinuosity; under a lunar spell it trembled and shoaled with violet tints, and glancing pearly shafts, and anon a silver gleam. On dark nights the stars registered one by one in these lucent currents, sequestered by the forest and the rocks, and held in the deep, deep heart of the mountain.

Jepson felt a sudden poignant pang when first he caught sight of the crystal depths, of the little gray cabin, of the weed-grown wastes above, and of the mountains opposite and those that clustered round. Ah, what does an old home house! Such troops of memories, gay and grave; such palpable fancies arrayed in the guise of those that once it knew; the sound of voices that speak no more, scenes reënacted at will, — morning, noon, and night, these tenants flit in and out of its portals and busy themselves as of yore, despite whomsoever it shelters now, and find no lack of space. Hospitable roof-tree! He could not enter at first; he did not even have the heart to meditate on the policy of its desertion and of his return. He unsaddled his mare, and watched the cattle take their way into the old pasture and to the tumbling shanty of a barn, noting indications of their dumb recognition of the locality. He wondered if they were aware of the change, and how in their dull and half-developed reasoning processes they accounted for it. Old griefs, seared over by time and distance, began to ache again in conscious bereavement. It smote him like a blow in the face to note the weed-grown spaces of the garden, — how bravely the prince's-feathers flaunted, how the tiger-lilies flared! All of the utilitarian growths had succumbed; there might be "volunteer potatoes," perchance, under the fennel, and the broad-leafed mullein, and the long tangled crab-grass, but naught showed of the old-time grace and plenty but the flowers that his mother had planted, still keeping tryst with the seasons as of yore.

"How she did love ennything ez hed a strong color onto it!" he thought wistfully, remembering this primitive half-realized relish of beauty of contour and of tint, and watching a row of tall hollyhocks, all their straight, shaft-like stalks studded with blossoms as they waved back and forth in the wind, by the doorstep, where she used to sit and watch them, while she listened to the deep, musical flow of the stream in the abyss below, or the blare of the wind in the pines, or the heart-felt lay of a bird singing from the orchard bough. "Waal, waal," he sighed as he lay at length amongst the clover, his hat upon the ground and his hands clasped under his head, gazing at the little gray cabin, "she hev got a better house 'n that one now, — a house not made with hands."

For all his imagination he could not see it, and so he sighed again.

It was nearing noonday: the scent of the clover was dry and warm; a bee went droning by; the shadows of a few scrubby fruit trees, by courtesy an orchard, had almost collapsed about the roots, far different from their long, slanting matutinal habit. Autumn was abroad in the land, although its signs were scant. On the great slope behind the house a single sour-wood tree on a bold crag flaunted, a deep, rich crimson color; it contrasted sharply with its own white tassels, and with the gray of the rugged rock, with the green of the pines hard by, with the delicate, indefinable blue of that slow up-wreathing smoke.

Smoke? Whence should it come? He lifted himself upon his elbow and stared, his eyes startled and intent, as if he scarcely believed their testimony. For this vague and vagrant tissue was curling up from the old stick-and-clay chimney of the deserted house.

He did not move. He lay watching this illusion, as it were, this guise of former days, wondering that the little cabin, gray and aged and trembling on the verge of dissolution, should lend itself to this fraud of vision, spuriously advertising itself a habitation, when he knew how gaunt and bare it was within; how dark were the corners, where the spiders wove their time-thickened webs; how dilapidated a rift was in the flooring, where a puncheon had rotted and fallen through. Ah, looking at the graves in the little forlorn burying-plot among the crags, high on the slope in a square inclosure of gray palings, and remembering those who had quitted the cabin and the humble home ways forever, to lie out there in the silence of the mountains, — with the rain, and the mist, and the wind, and the snow to come and to go unheeded, while they waited the sound of the promised trump, which even the dull ear of death shall heed, — one might realize how well it behooved that hearth-stone to be dark, and silent, and solitary; how strange a freak it was that this vaporous attestation of warmth and glow should deceive his senses.

The smoke bent before the wind; it wafted toward him.

He rose suddenly, with a changed face.

"Somebody air in thar," he said, with mustering indignation; "they hev got a fire, an' they air a-burnin' of green wood."

The smell of the smoke from the green wood, with the pungent, aromatic suggestions of its sap, was still stronger as he stood by the door. He hesitated for a moment; then with a muttered "I hev got manners, ef ye ain't," the owner of the house knocked, rousing such a sound in the cavernous stillness that his heart gave a great throb as he heard. Precipitate feet seemed to hastily plod to the door, failing somehow when reaching it, and waiting in silence, while fainter footfalls followed and paused also. It was only when he knocked once more that he realized that this was but the echo of his summons on the frail battens. There seemed no one inside, but as he tried the latch he discovered, to his infinite surprise, that the door was

secured by a padlock and chain, the fastenings within.

"A body would 'low fur sartain ez thar war folks inside," he said in doubt.

His eyes, with a certain freedom characteristic of the proprietary glance, turned with a canvassing attention now to the walls and chimney, and again to the closed batten shutter. The hollyhocks that his mother had planted — how they had grown! — rapped against it with peremptory iteration, as if insistently summoning her forth to see how they throve and rewarded her early care.

"Jes' ez ye say!" he remarked loudly, for the benefit of the supposed occupants. "Ef ye don't let me in, I 'll let myself in."

Still there was no response save the hesitant striking back of the tones of his voice from the walls, seeming intrusive and strident in the utter silence.

He began to feel as if he were dreaming. He looked over his shoulder to see the scattered kine in the clover; his claybank mare standing unsaddled by the old rail fence, her bronze flanks glistening in the sun, her black mane tossing as she thrust her head over the high topmost rail, gazing with full, lustrous eyes down the slope, and snuffing with satisfaction the fresh breeze. He was awake, — very wide awake indeed, one might have thought, to see him take his pistol from the holster of the saddle on the ground and slip it into the long leg of his boot; for his faith in the efficacy of a "shootin'-iron" was hardly less pronounced than his faith in the efficacy of prayer. He walked in gingerly amongst the tall, slim rods of the hollyhocks. "I hev ter be powerful partic'lar 'bout tromplin' these hyar high weeds ez mam sets sech store by," he said, his tongue repeating an old formula, familiar to it of yore, and only his mind distinguishing in the words, after they were spoken, the sarcasm of the present and the past. Even in that urgent moment of action and of caution he sought to reflect that for her flowered the unfading splendors of the gardens of heaven, and he had a sudden close realization of the solace she must have found in that bloomful Paradise. A vague vision of vast multiplied fields of the Chilhowee lily was before his eyes; of these white ethereal glories were the heavenly borders, he knew. He paused as he stood; the white hollyhocks, with their garnet centres, touched his cheek. He laid his hand on the shutter, breast-high from the ground. It too was fastened on the inside. One sudden violent wrench, and it was torn from its hinges. The next instant, with the supple agility of a mountain panther, he sprang through the narrow aperture, and landed on his feet in the middle of the square, low-ceiled room. Empty, — quite empty. He stood amidst the clustering shadows, and gazed about with a dilated, excited eye. A square of yellow sunlight lay on the dusky floor beneath the window, and in the slanting rays the motes were dancing. A new puncheon had replaced the rift in the floor; in the chimney-place were heaps of ashes, and amidst them red coals smouldered. The fire had been providently covered to last, but the task had not been well done, or the draught was stronger than usual, the wind being favorable; for a remnant of the green-wood log had begun to burn afresh, although only a timorous blaze now and then showed itself, flickering out in the steady column of smoke slowly tending up the chimney. There were pipes on the shelf that served as mantel, a rough pallet in the corner, and a few rude utensils on a bench. As he looked about in increasing surprise, he noted a variety of fragments of rock, systematically ranged on the floor beside the walls. A strong spade and a pick-axe with one point broken off stood in the corner. With a mind void of even a speculation, he investigated the shed-room; then ascended to the roof-room, where the window by the chimney was

open to the air. It looked out above the low branches of the orchard, where the sunshine and the shadows still alternated in the old vogue known amongst the leaves since light first dawned upon the world. It showed, too, the great dark mountains hard by, with the deeper shades amongst them that betokened ravine and chasm below the level of his eye; and there was a range afar off, appearing above their massive summits, faintly blue, known by sight only, as it were, for its name was unfamiliar, and its relative position to the other steeps was such that it could be seen only from the window of his old room. A dead tree close at hand, denuded of leaves and bark, tall and blanched to a silver tint, showed its dendritic symmetry in pallid glistening lines against the soft blue of those far slopes, and the sense of distance between the two, the leagues of sunshine, was immeasurable. The sight of the mountain, so long unseen, with the overpowering recollection of the past, had its indescribable effect upon him. His face was wistful, his nerves grew tense, his hand trembled as he leaned upon its palm on the window-sill. Another man, feeling thus, would have wished that he had not come, and would have upbraided himself, perchance, that he had been so ill content, placed as he was of late. Jepson rarely, indeed, questioned the wisdom and the policy of his own decrees. He turned himself about with a long-drawn sigh, quivering, it seemed, through the very flesh of his heart that ached physically, tramped heavily down the stairs, and without a moment's hesitation addressed himself to removing the stranger's effects; piling them all in a heap outside of the boundary fence, where the owner might come and take them or leave them, as he saw fit.

"Ef he hed kem an' axed me, whoever he be, he 'd hev been welcome ter bide ez long ez he wanted ter," he observed, the sentiment of the proprietor strong within him and affronted by this lack of formality. "I hain't been outer reach noways, ez I knows on. An' ef my kin be dead, *I* ain't."

As he proceeded to put his own household effects into that perfunctory and curious disarray which the masculine mind accounts order, he glanced out of the window now and again, thinking to see the evicted tenant returning to find his household gods thus upset, and heaped together, and cast out.

So bent was he upon this that after his expeditious settlement of his household affairs he seated himself on the step of the little porch, and smoked, as he leaned, with his hands behind his head, against the post, and watched the meagre treasure with intent eyes. He did not recognize his resolution in any sense as softening, but when the unknown intruder should come back, and thus learn this pointed lesson of the absolute rights of ownership, he held in contemplation the return of the cast-out gear to the house, and an invitation to abide for a time.

As he sat there the river sang, — sang aloud to the listening, silent mountains, an archaic lay, so full of a sentiment of a vital individuality, an undying spirit, that it must have been voiced by some finer essences than are known to our dull modern density. He could hear the woods declaiming in vibrant periods, although he could translate none of these dryadic tones that came from the trees. The bees droned about his mother's flowers; a butterfly, more splendidly caparisoned than any blossom, dandered about the old neglected garden and took to wing. And as he watched, naught came down the path but the reddening sunlight, loitering along to its home in the west.

X.

It was soon bruited abroad throughout Broomsedge that Jepson had come

back to the Cove to live, and to those who declined to give credence to this new instance of his arrogant boldness — having entertained the opinion that he would skulk indefinitely amongst the hidden nooks of the mountains, continuing a reproach to the denizens of the Settlement for their failure to detain him — further evidence was promptly furnished by his reappearance in his old haunts. No one sought to compensate now for the previous dereliction of the community, and he was proof against the cold shoulder and the look askance, so completely did the influence of his own individuality dwarf the opinion of the disaffected. A new view of the accident began to be entertained, and there were not a few disparaging comments, especially among the adverse political faction, on Eli Strobe's methods in office, and his own responsibility for the disaster which had befallen him. Had Jepson been a philosopher or a student of human nature, he might have found material for interesting analysis in the conduct of his ancient cronies as set forth in sundry confidences that came to his ears of what had been said in his absence, and thought, and threatened, and thus have sown the seeds of permanent misanthropy. He evidently gave the gossip little heed; he flouted its infinitesimal consequence. He was so validly indifferent, so serenely strong in the courage of his convictions, so arrogant in his self-esteem, that he belittled the others without even an intention of reducing their pride. Only once did the barbed shaft fail to glance off futile. "War them Pa'son Donnard's words?" he asked, a lowering frown upon his face, as he stood in the door of the forge and leaned against the frame, while a coterie of the gossips sat half within and half without. His eyes were dark and full of smouldering fire; his broad hat was pushed back from his brow, which had flushed to the roots of his hair. "Did *he* 'low ez how I hed *c'mitted murder?* War them his words?"

"Jube say so," replied Clem Sanders. He was not consciously treacherous to his friend, but he possessed an unguarded tongue, and perhaps it was the hidden workings of justice that he should betray Jube's confidences, as Jube had failed to keep his secret.

Jepson remained silent a moment after the reiteration of the assertion. Then his whole aspect suddenly cleared.

"The Lord 'll jedge 'twixt him an' me. I ain't a-keerin' so long ez the Lord be on my side. I fear no man, an' the word o' none!"

It was doubtless because of his mental breadth and freshness, his physical vigor and the elasticity appertaining to this perfection of strength and health, that his hope was so strong, and his courage so sound, and his nerves so accurately poised. But he believed it was piety, and he was not often gainsaid.

"Oh, shet up," Bassett urged, being a prosaic man of this world, with a discerning eye for the foibles of others, and appreciating in some sort vast rifts between these spiritual arrogations and actual possessions. "Ye talk like ez ef ye an' the Lord war partners!"

"Ef I hed it all ter do over agin, I reckon I would n't ride that race," pursued the moralist speculatively, "knowin' what I know now, an' how it all turned out, kase I never wanted ter hurt nobody, much less Eli Strobe. But ef I knowed no more 'n I done then, I 'd ride it agin. Tell me it 's agin the law fur me an' Jube ter race our critters 'long the road, an' yit it ain't agin the law ter race yer critters on a reg'lar race-track, kase it puts suthin' inter the State's pocket! Thar ain't no jestice in that law, an' I won't abide by it. Naw, folkses, wrong is wrong everywhar, an' money can't make it right. No use payin' the State fur a license ter do wrong."

There were few vaticinations now con-

cerning the result of the disaster; the doctor had come and had shaken his head, the precise significance of which was variously interpreted, the majesty and solemnity of the gesture alone being open to no sort of question. The prophets imitated his caution, and reserved their opinion. Eli mought die, they said, and then agin he mought n't. And thus they were prepared for whatever might betide. The doctor had added to the ostensible purpose of his existence the fact of furnishing a new theme to the idle gossips who sat upon the fences, and hung about the store and the forge; he, and his big spectacles, and his bald head, and his old-fashioned buggy — a new and a wonderful vehicle in the estimation of Broomsedge — were canvassed anew, and those who were fortunate enough to have had some necessity for his services in past times, then considered unfortunate enough, renewed their experiences in the account of the methods of his practice, hoarded bits of his conversation, and the comparison of views as to his professional capacity. By the majority he was held to be "ekal ter raisin' the dead," but Mrs. Strobe did not coincide in that flattering opinion.

"Marcelly," said the sharp little dame, "that thar old bald-headed buzzard, — an' he looks percisely like one in them slick black store-clothes, — he knows jes' ez much 'bout doctorin' ez Watch thar, ef that."

The "frequent visitor's" dog acknowledged the mention of his name by two or three taps with his tail on the floor, as he sat in the uninclosed passage between the two rooms, beside Marcella, who had dropped down on a rickety bench that stood against the wall. The girl turned upward her pale, anxious face, with a dumb despair in her eyes. She had hung on the physician's words, as if there were healing in the very sound. Mrs. Strobe held her tiny figure very erect; there was color in her cheeks, and her eyes flashed. In fact, the professional call had been in some sort distinguished as a collision between two eminent medical authorities.

"I hev been considered ekal to doctorin' Eli an' ye chil'n, an' all my neighbors ez I could lay my hands on," declared Mrs. Strobe, with a manner as attestive as if she were reading a diploma, "an' he tells me I need n't continue the yerb teas ez I hev been brewin'; they air 'useless,' an' whatever air 'useless' air mo' or less 'injurious.' How does he know?" she demanded, with sphinxine triumph; "he dunno *what* I put inter 'em. *Me!* ez hev fetched whole passels o' folks through all sort'n mis'ries an' measles with my yerb-bag! An' he gimme these hyar leetle papers with powders in 'em, — nuthin' in the world but sand, I 'll be bound, — an' this hyar bottle, — 'lotium,' he called it; smells loud enough ter knock a calf down! An' that 's *all* it 's good fur, ter derange yer nose teetotally, till ye can't smell no mo' till kingdom come. An' 'stop them yerb teas, — no good;' an' he don't know *what 's* in 'em! An' let Eli sleep, when the mo' he sleeps the foolisher he talks whenst he wakes up. Shucks! I be goin' ter doctor Eli Strobe myself! I hev tuk him along through a many a tight fix."

The girl sighed with relief and renewing hope, and pushed back the tangled heavy curling hair from her brow.

"Don't ye be oneasy, chile," said the sturdy little dame. "I 'lowed ter Teck Jepson jes' yestiddy, I say, 'Eli Strobe 's my son. But what through his bein' the dad o' Marcelly an' Is'bel, an' the constable o' Brumsaidge, an' the patient o' the doctor, a body mought see they did n't 'low me ter hev *much* sheer in him. But I be his mother, an' ef I hev got *enny* rights I reckon it air ter dose him ter my own taste.' An' Teck say, 'Ef I war sick, Mis' Strobe, I 'd a sight ruther hev you-uns ter look arter me 'n

enny doctor-man I ever see.' Teck spoke right up."

"Teck Jepson!" cried the girl, knitting her straight black eyebrows, "hev he hed the insurance ter kem hyar agin?"

"Ye air a idjit, Marcelly; 'course he kem ter inquire arter Eli. He ain't studyin' 'bout you-uns; but that 's jes' like a gal, — vainglorious till she 'lows the man air a-contrivin' an' thinkin' 'bout'n her all the time. Shucks, chile; wait till ye git ez old ez I be, an' ye 'll find out it air the wimmin ez hev ter do the thinkin' an' contrivin' ter please the men, an' *then* can't keep up with 'em more 'n half the time."

"I don't want ter please 'em," said Marcella, with a curve of her delicate lips, and lifting her head to its habitual airy pose.

"Kase ye feel so mighty sure ye air goin' ter 'thout tryin'," retorted the discerning grandmother. "Let somebody tell ye now ez ye air up an' down ugly, an' ef they could make ye b'lieve it, ye 'd a sight ruther hear ye hed los' yer soul's salvation!"

She began to turn anew the papers in her hand. "'Quit them yerb teas,'" she quoted with a cantankerous accent, as she fumbled with the tiny wrappers, mimicking the physician's ill-judged scorn. She was letting the powders fly out in the wind. "'Gin these powders, one every hour.' He lef' his watch, sir, so ez ter tell the time o' day; an' it air in yander now, a-goin' on like suthin' live, ez ef it hed chitlin's in it. 'Gin him these powders,' — I 'll gin him some yerb tea, an' tell the doctor the powders done him a power o' good, when he kems agin. Ye Watch," she called out to the dog, who when a few flakes of the medicine fell upon the floor sprang up with an expectant hunger and a glistening greedy eye, as if he had not had a morsel of food for a week, "ef ye lap that up, it 'll tangle yer liver an' gizzard up so ye 'll *never* git 'em straight agin." Completing the destruction of the powders, she shook the bottle, looking at it intently. "Mought be some use." The seeming admission was as to the value of the glass vial, by no means the "lotium."

That afternoon she demonstrated her incontestable claim, however, to some knowledge of hygiene by a mandate that Marcella, and not Isabel, should go after the cows; and as the girl reluctantly left the invalid's bedside, Mrs. Strobe followed her out with axioms and boasts, for she had grown exceedingly prideful and exalted anew in her own opinion since she had seen the methods of the regular practitioner. "Ye oughter git some air an' light, Marcelly; ye look like the las' o' pea-time, — an' old! some similar ter Noah's grandmother, ef the good 'oman hed lasted this long. Ef ye keep on lookin' like that, even Clem Sanders won't admire ye; an' I think he air the kind o' boy ez hev got mighty little 'scrimination in gal-folks, — all of 'em pritty ter Clem, I 'll be bound. Ye go out an' git them cows hyar. I don't want Is'bel ter grow no taller till she makes out ter git a little wider. She looks now like she war a-travelin' on stilts, bein' so long-legged. Naw, Is'bel hed better set still, an' try ter fatten. Our folks war always knowed ter be a set o' well-favored wimmin, an' I don't want ye an' Is'bel ter gin the lie ter that report. Ez ter the men o' the fambly, they war ugly enough ter skeer the bars in the woods; but, honey, *they never* knowed it, an' ez they war so powerful pleased with thar own beauty, sech ez they hed, it holped ter keep 'em satisfied, — leastwise ez satisfied ez they war able ter be. Ye go 'long, an' see ef ye can't find yer own looks somewhar out yander in the wind an' 'mongst the rocks. I 'll be bound ye 'll kem up with 'em tangled in the briers."

If it were the radiance of the splendid and perfect day that was Marcella's inalienable possession, the tint of the wild rose for her lips and her infrequent

flush, the lucent shining of deep pure waters reproduced in her eyes, she seemed to have regained all these invaluable gifts when she chanced to cross the little foot-bridge over the torrent that ran through Broomsedge Cove. The cows that she drove were fording the stream, standing flank-deep in the swirling current; the waters were a dark brownish-green tint, of a crystalline clearness, and swift and songful; the dense laurel leaned over the banks; shadowy pines rose high above; here and there a cliff towered, and a great fir stood, with wide-spreading glooms in its branches, at one end of the frail little bridge. Above, one could see but a mere strip of the blue sky; farther up the stream, as the banks curved, the tumultuous rapids caught a sunbeam on their flashing foam, and a barren old crag on the opposite bank wore a tender roseate flush to see the sun set. But here in these shady precincts was neither beam nor pink radiance; the red cardinal flower blooming by the water's edge had but a sombre splendor, the ripples and the wide circles that the movement of the kine sent to the margin were dark lustrous lines, and the fret of foam dashing over the half-submerged brown rocks wore a more absolute and pallid white for the dark green and neutral tints of its vicinage.

The girl had been leaning her crossed arms upon the hand-rail of the bridge, and looking absently down at the turmoils of the current. She could see her own image in the clearer space, her sunbonnet hanging upon the shoulders of her blue dress, her curling brown hair floating free; her fair face, with its brilliant eyes and definite dark brows and grave lips, seemed all the more distinct, somehow, for the red flare of a kerchief knotted about her throat, the ends hanging down almost to her slender waist. The chant of the river filled the air; the wind was sonorously astir in the trees; now and again one of the cows, drinking no longer, but standing still, enjoying the freshness of the dusky place, lowed, and the echoes responded. Thus Marcella did not hear an approach; she saw the reflection as Teck Jepson came along the little bridge where she stood, and the timbers elastically vibrated with each consecutive step. She scarcely credited the testimony of the image in the water. She lifted her head with a sudden startled look, putting back with one hand her heavy hair, and staring frowningly at him. She did not speak; she still leaned one arm upon the hand-rail.

"Howdy," Jepson observed calmly. "How 's Eli?"

If she could have escaped him she would not have deigned him a word, but she could not pass him upon the narrow space of the two hewn logs that served as bridge; below was the deep water, and she would not retreat. "I won't take the back track fur nobody," she said to herself, with her head high.

He had evidently been hunting; his mare, with a newly killed deer laid athwart the saddle, awaited him on the bank; he had thrown the reins over a bough of a cucumber-tree. As Marcella glanced thither, she noted that the cones on the green branches were glowing red, and that the coat of the deer, whose antlers and ghastly cut throat were visible as the creature lay on its side, had already changed from the fulvous tints of summer to the duller gray of autumn; the season was surely waning. Her eyes came back reluctantly to Jepson. He was booted and spurred; he carried his rifle; his hunting-knife was in his broad leather belt; he wore his shot-pouch and powder-horn strapped over the shoulder of his brown jeans coat; his broad wool hat was pushed far back from his face, and once more she noticed how calm and reposeful his expression was. Somehow it added rancor to her anger, for she felt it hard that he should be at ease while she was so racked with care.

"I dunno ez I hev enny call ter tell ye how he be. Ef it hed n't been fur you-uns, he 'd be powerful hearty an' well. Mighty few folks in the Cove ez survigrous ez he 'd be, ef 't warn't fur you-uns."

He looked reproachfully at her. Then with an effort to mollify her, "Ye air mighty hard on me, Marcelly."

She held her head up, relishing her cruelty. "Not half ez hard ez ye desarve," she declared.

He sighed heavily as he looked at her, and she smiled, with satire glancing in her eyes.

"I ain't half ez hard ez ye desarve, or ez I would like ter be," she reiterated. "I dunno how ter be no harder, or I would."

"Marcelly!" he remonstrated. "'T warn't my fault. Ye 'low I would hev done sech a purpose? Even s'pose I war jes' mean, look how it hev turned out fur me. I hed 'lowed, ef it hed n't happened, ez ye an' me mought marry some day. An' now ye can't abide me."

"I never could!" she retorted.

He flushed with a sudden sense of mortification, but his store of patience was very great in this emergency, — he, who could usually command so little. "Ye did n't useter show it so plain," he argued.

"Why," she protested with a cavalier air, "I ain't ondertakin' ter drive off all the men folks ez kem constant round the cabin. I'd spen' the rest o' my days a-wieldin' a hickory. How 'd I know ye warn't komin' ter see *Is'bel*, or — *granny?*"

This mocking fleer wounded him, — so sensitive he was where she was concerned, — and he was reminded afresh of the number of sturdy worshipers at that shrine, and his jealousy sprang up anew. He stood staring silently at her, noting again how beautiful she was, canvassing secretly the claims of the others; but however his hope might belittle their chances, they all were more fortunate than he in having at least the toleration of the fair prize. She resented that long, reflective gaze, and broke forth suddenly.

"Air ye obligated ennywise ter stan' in the middle o' this narrer bredge all evenin'?" she demanded, with a flushing cheek and a flashing eye. "An' why n't ye stay up in the mounting an' kem down no mo', ez I bid ye?"

There was something passing all bounds of endurance in her patent scorn and the intensity of her anger. He realized the extent of her affliction, and his love, albeit quickly grown, was great. But his pride was an indomitable essence, and it showed in his manner as he drew himself tensely erect. "I don't hold myself bound ter mind yer bid," he said slowly. "I hev been in love with ye ever sence I fust set eyes on ye, but I ain't sech ez Samson or some o' the t'others, ez war fairly owned, body an' soul, by some woman or other. I foller my own will, an' it hev led me down ter my own house in Brumsaidge Cove, an' I go up ter the mounting no mo'. I foller my own will, an' it leads me whar the voice o' the Sperit summons."

His eyes dilated and his color flared; his serious, half-frowning gaze was fixed upon her, but he hardly saw her as he made this valiant declaration of independence. There was dignity as well as strength in his pose and his manner, and the temerity of his resolution to be no slave to his love.

His revolt, if so it might be interpreted, against the supreme power which she wielded overwhelmed her in some sort. She had lost her bearings, and this was chaos. She looked at him with a self-forgetfulness, a sort of impersonal interest, for a moment.

"Yes, sir; thar I mean ter live an' die, — in Brumsaidge," he pursued. "An' enny woman ez tells me ter go thar or kem hyar — 'thout it air ter do some favior — mought ez well save her breath.

I be man enough, I reckon, ter know my mind an' do it, — leastwise I 'll try."

Once more he paused. The mare was straining at the reins that hampered her freedom, and he heard the rustling of the bough to which she was hitched. He gave a hasty, mechanical glance over his shoulder to make sure that she and the burden, the killed buck, were where they should be. The stirrups, swinging back and forth, touched the antlers once and again with a sharp sound; a frog was croaking on an oozy green log by the bank; his old deerhound, an animal whose capacity for speed showed in every line of its supple body, had followed him deftly along the bridge and stood beside him, looking up with intelligent eyes, and once or twice furtively licking his boot. As Jepson turned back, he saw Marcella's face without that expression of special reference to himself, of anger and reproach; she was for the moment absolved from her intention of hatred. He noted the lurking sadness, the haunting fear, the wistfulness that is always the sequence and attestation of some predominant emotion. She looked so tender, so young, so grievously wounded.

"Oh, Marcelly," he cried, "I never meant ter harm Eli! I would n't hev hurt him fur nuthin'. I would n't keer what the law would do ter me fur it, ef only ye 'd b'lieve I never done it a purpose. Ef only ye 'd say that, I 'd go ter jail fur the rest o' my life rejoicin'."

The moment he recurred to the suppliant tone her sense of power returned. The implacable, imperative look was again in her face, coming with a rush of color, as if the blood-red glow were the inherent tint of pride.

"Ye air about ez fur from jail ez enny man on this yearth, an' ye air goin' ter stay so, ef ye kin hev yer way. I don't keer what ye meant or did n't mean ter do. I keer fur what ye done! An' ef ye foller yer will an' the voice o' the Sperit, ez ye 'lows leads ye, ye 'll be mighty clar from gittin' punished, whether ye live in Brumsaidge or the mounting. I don't keer whar ye live 'n what ye do now." She had ceased to lean on the hand-rail, and her image had vanished from the glad water; she stood erect and slender before him, the red kerchief carelessly knotted about her throat, her bonnet hanging on her shoulders, her long, half-curling, and thickly waving hair almost hiding it. "I 'd be obleeged ter ye ef ye 'd git out'n my road. I don't wanter drown myself in that water, an' it seems I 'll hev ter ef I try ter pass ye."

He said no more and slowly withdrew, busying himself about his mare's girth. He glanced, wounded and reproachful, at Marcella as she went by, following the cows, but she gave him no word, and was presently lost in the woods.

After she had reached home, she saw him going down the road to the Settlement. "Bold ez brass," she commented, looking at him from the porch. "I wisht he 'd git arrested, somehows."

She marveled as to his mission, but it excited scant attention in the Cove, where his frequent presence since his return from the mountains had become familiar. He took his way toward the store, which combined commercial and postal functions, — a little frame building without a porch, and with only one room. In some seizure of unprecedented energy, the storekeeper had undertaken to whitewash it; his industry had compassed the surface of its front, and then collapsed finally, and thus it had subsequently stood, its dark, weather-stained sides and back in sharp contrast with the white front of the building. His proceedings had been characteristically considered by the mountaineers to be in fault in the first instance, for the effort to furbish up the appearance of the store was esteemed a reprehensible aping of town ways and views. No one animadverted upon his indolence in failing to carry out his design. A mountaineer, whose

name is lost to tradition, one day observed that the white-fronted building, as it sat on the slope of the hill, always looked to him like a white-faced bull; and thereafter the owner went by the name of "White-Face Hobbs." He was upon the doorstep now, — a long, lank fellow, whose lowly posture accented the extreme length of his legs; and as he sat with his knees as high as his chin, the attitude was vaguely suggestive of a grasshopper. He had a cadaverous face, the color of parchment, and he entertained pessimistic views of the intentions, morals, and manners of all the young men in the Cove.

"A pack o' fresky cusses kem in hyar an' play thar jokes off, an' dust one 'nother with flour, an' turn over the sorghum or the sugar, an' folks tell me they war funnin'. I 'll git ter funnin', fust thing they know! I don't think nuthin' in this world air ez funny ez a big hickory stick, an' I kin use it so ez ter make *me* laugh mightily, though some folks mought be too sober-sided, time I war done with it."

On a rickety chair, tilted against the white-faced wall, sat a young man, wearing a suit of exceedingly cheap and shabby store-clothes. He had a broad, freckled face and sandy hair, and a big plated watch-chain which supported no watch. He was a visitor here, White-Face Hobbs being his uncle, and Jepson's intention to address him was so evident, as he came up the slope leading his mare, who looked reluctant and long-necked, still burdened with the deer, that the storekeeper, fearing a commercial opportunity might elude him while the young men talked, struck in, forestalling Jepson's remark.

"Wanter sell yer meat?" he demanded.

"Take it, or leave it; I don't keer," said Jepson. He handed the reins to the storekeeper, who had risen, and he walked toward the young man, and paused before him.

"Neal," he said, looking down and putting one hand into his belt, "I want ye ter arrest me."

The storekeeper dropped the reins, and stood staring speechlessly, while the mare moved off a few steps and began to crop the grass.

Neal Wright, who was the deputy sheriff of the county, and whose acquaintance Jepson had made while a witness for the State in Baintree's trial, dropped the forelegs of his chair to the ground, and asked, dismayed, "What ye done?"

"That thar racin' an' runnin' down Eli Strobe."

"Eli Strobe ain't dead."

"Naw," said Jepson in a melancholy tone, "but I wanter be arrested now."

The deputy meditated for a moment.

"Oh, g'long, Teck," he said, in official perplexity, "I dunno what ter arrest ye fur. 'T warn't nuthin' but a accident."

"Racin' air unlawful," said Jepson, moodily, — "a unlawful act."

"Shucks!" retorted the officer. "Las' week I raced a gray horse o' mine — a good un — with a horse o' Jedge Grimm's, o' the Circuit Court. Both of us happened ter be goin' out o' town same time. He hearn me a-clippin' behind him, an' he whipped up an' spurred, an' I whipped up an' spurred. Don't he know hoss-flesh, though, an' don't he love it! He hed the dead-wood on me, — oughter jes' see that bay git down ter his work! An' when he war a-gittin' away from me, Jedge Grimm jes' turned his big red face round wunst, an' it war all one wink an' grin. Me an' the jedge air out o' jail yit."

"Waal, I gin myself up," persisted Jepson.

"Oh, g'long, Teck." The officer was standing now, and he gave his friend's shoulder an admonitory push. "I don't want ye. I don't wanter kerry ye all the way ter Colb'ry an' cut my visit off. An' I don't b'lieve I could git ye c'mit-

ted ter stan' yer trial noways. The old man" — it was the high sheriff thus antiquated — "air powerful partic'lar 'bout makin' false an' foolish arrests, an' he 's responsible fur me." He shook his head in a manner that intimated his sense of the weight of this. "Folks can't git arrested fur fun. Naw, sir, I don't want ye. I 'll kem arter ye mighty quick ef ennything happens ter Eli. Don't ye be 'fear'd."

"I want ter be arrested now," reiterated Jepson. "His fambly want me arrested."

The deputy looked puzzled. "I don't b'lieve ye, Teck. Ef they did, they 'd make a complaint agin ye, an' git out a warrant."

"They air all wimmin; they dunno how." Then, urgently, "When ye go back ter town, tell the 'old man' ez the crim'nal wanted ter be arrested, and the fambly wanted him ter be jailed, too, an' ye would n't."

"Teck, ye air out'n yer head!" exclaimed Wright.

"Go up ter the house an' ax 'em," said the would-be prisoner.

The deputy, thus summoned from the unofficial ease and pleasure of his visit to the perplexity and caution requisite in handling a case new to his short experience, hesitated for a moment, and then, putting his hands in his pockets, set forth, silent, saturnine, circumspect, a very different person from the smart young idler before the white-faced store. He carried the wonder of it with him all adown the turn-row between the ranks of corn and to the doorstep of the house itself. "A body would 'low ez a smart, strong, rampagious feller like Teck would be jes' the one ter gin the sher'ff a turrible race through them mountings." He nodded toward the wooded heights, with a realizing sense of their value to the ill-doer as an impenetrable covert. Then he lifted his voice in a stentorian "Hello!" for knocking on the door is here little in vogue. The sound summoned little Mrs. Strobe, valiant as a far larger woman might be, and trim, light, and dapper, with a reproachful lifted forefinger, and a gibe upon her lips, although her curiosity as to his mission quivered through every fibre.

"Waal, stranger, ye could n't holler louder ef ye war a peeg an' 't war killin'-time. Ye 'll never go off in a lung complaint. Don't ye know we hev got a sick man in the house?"

Isabel had boldly followed her grandmother, and stood ready to participate in the conversation, should it prove of interest. Marcella came only to the door, but lingered there, leaning against the frame.

"That 's jes' what I kem ter speak ter ye 'bout, ma'am," said the officer. "I 'm the dep'ty sher'ff o' the county."

"Laws-a-massy!" exclaimed the old woman, by way of compliment and obeisance to the dignity of his authority.

"An' it hev been tole ter me ez the fambly want Teck Jepson arrested fur unlawfully ridin' a race, an' ridin' down an' injurin' Eli Strobe whilst doin' this unlawful act."

They were all silent, revolving this succinct statement, and adjusting the circumstances thus set forth to their own consciousness of the facts.

"Now," continued Wright, "ef ye 'll complain agin him, I 'll arrest Jepson an' git him c'mitted, an' land him in jail ter await the event."

"*Me* want ter jail Teck Jepson fur runnin' a horse along a plain road?" cried the old woman. "Ef ye warn't a stranger, sir, I 'd tell ye ez ye air a crazy buzzard."

"Yes 'm," said the deputy, sanely agreeing in her view.

"Eli got hurt by accident, through bein' too sharp-set ter arrest folks fur nuthin', an' Teck war his bes' friend in the 'lection. He could n't pull up his horse. Naw, sir; wait till Eli gits better or wuss."

"That 's yer conclusion, ma'am?" said

the officer, visibly relieved. Then he glanced at Marcella. She stood silent, intent, pondering. The young man's eyes lingered. "Do his darter want Jepson arrested?" he asked, seeking an added respect in using the third person.

Marcella did not answer. That brooding dubitation was on her face, and her eyes were full of untranslated meanings.

"Speak, chile," urged her grandmother, tartly.

The man's inquiring eyes still lingered; she suddenly raised her own. She looked at him for a moment, and slowly shook her head. A deep flush overspread her face, and she turned hastily within.

That night a wind arose; a great, sonorous, declamatory voice it had. Some rude iconoclastic spirit was rife in its midst, and threatened alike roof-tree and hearth-stone. The shutters were closed; the door was barred; but its heavy touch was on the walls, and every timber shook. The sense of it pervaded the deep unconsciousness that had hitherto enwrapped Eli Strobe. The knowledge of the continuity of cause and effect was broken; he did not realize why he was awake, what turmoil affected his perceptions; he only knew again himself for himself, and talked and raged incoherently. Fever was in his blood, and the strength of delirium was in his muscles. The little dame and the two frightened girls were alone to experience these undreamed-of terrors; for since the invalid had been so quiescent, and all had been done that was needful, the helping neighbors had felt their services superfluous, and had betaken themselves home. His mind had gone back to the scene of the disaster. As the thunder rolled he would lift himself in bed, ghastly with his bloody, bandaged head, his wild, unreasoning eye, his strong right hand upheld warningly as he listened. "Hear! hear!" he would cry. "Hear 'em gallopin' thar horses! Down the very throat o' the law!" And when a new peal sounded louder and deeper than before, he would spring up, catching at an imaginary bridle, declaring that he had unhorsed Teck Jepson and had broken his neck. And there was Teck now, in hell! — so surprised to be there, and so taken aback to see the devil, that Eli Strobe, who had sent him thither, could not refrain from laughing. He held his sides while his wild shrieks of frenzied mirth filled the small precincts of the cabin, shriller than the wind, more turbulent than the thunder, as persistent as the rain that came down in torrents upon the roof. The three women clung together in terror, and with trembling lips devised futile expedients to quiet him. But the vaunted "yerb tea" failed; and although at first some vague recognition of Marcella, or Isabel, or his mother would prevail, and after a wild sidelong stare and a doubtful mutter he would consent to lie back upon the pillow and have the quilts drawn close about his shoulders again, he would soon forget them, and would spring up anew; and presently he recognized them no more. Marcella could scarcely unclinch his grip as he declared that this was Teck Jepson, and he should be arrested on the spot. And as a ghastly flash of lightning made a mockery of the gleam of the little tallow dip and the smouldering fire, and filled the room with a quivering blue flame of a blinding intensity, he began to cry out that he was dead, — he was a dead man; that Teck Jepson had killed him, and nobody cared to avenge him. But he would walk, he protested with a terrible fury; as a ghost he would walk this earth. He would make the gallows seem a kind fate to the man who had cheated it, and who had torn him from life that was so fair and full, and had cast him into some outer darkness where there was gnashing of teeth; and he ground his own, with a frightful look on his face. He would meet the man who

had slain him, in lonely places, and reveal hideous spiritual terrors to him, and some day would fall upon him and throttle him; and those who might find him would never know why Teck Jepson had died. He would walk, — he would walk! And he began to gather the sheet about him.

"Oh, Marcelly!" cried the cowering Mrs. Strobe, "I hev done wrong. The yerb tea ain't no good, sure enough, this time, an' mebbe thar war some healin' in the old doctor's powders. He 'lowed they 'd keep Eli quiet. Oh, I wish I hed n't flung 'em away! He said the lotium air ter go on the outside, else I 'd gin Eli a mouthful o' that. Oh, Marcelly, ef the doctor war jes' hyar agin!"

"I 'll go arter him!" cried the girl, springing up with renewed hope.

"Ye sha'n't! Ye sha'n't!" The old woman clutched her arm. "In this storm ez seems ter kem from perdition itself, an' he livin' miles an' miles off! Ye dunno the way. Ye 'll git los'."

"Waal," said Marcella, full of courage again, since there was something to do and to risk, "I 'll rouse up the nighest neighbors, an' git some o' them ter go."

"I dunno whether they will!" cried Mrs. Strobe, wringing her hands. "I could n't blame 'em ef they would n't. Listen at that wind 'mongst the trees; it sounds ez ef the very mountings war groanin' in mis'ry. An' the thunder, an' the lightnin', an' the rain!"

"I 'll try 'em," said Marcella, sturdily.

Her grandmother still clung to her, first remonstrating, then urging and charging her as she prepared to slip through the door. Marcella only stopped to put a red shawl over her head, and then she was out in the blackness of the night and the terrors of the storm. The wind caught the door with so violent a wrench that her grandmother and Isabel had much ado to close it again, and ere they did they called wildly to her to come back; she would be blown away, or a limb of a tree might fall upon her and kill her. There was no response from the darkness without, and as they barred up the door they knew that she was gone, and felt as forlorn as if many had been withdrawn instead of one.

Despite her familiarity with every step of the way, Marcella thought herself inconceivably long in reaching the gate, so buffeted and beaten she was by the wind, so thong-like was the lashing rain, so turbulent was the elemental commotion. A vivid flash of lightning seemed to meet her there, followed so closely by others, less brilliant, that the effect for a few moments was unintermittent, while the simultaneous thunder rolled. The sinister glare revealed the sky with its myriads of lines of rain; the tormented mountains with their groaning, swaying forests; and close at hand the broad cornfield, the stalks tossed and bent and writhen, here and there flinging up their long blades in a gesture that suggested an appreciated agony. And then all was dark again, and her progress down the turn-row was beset with unexpected difficulty, since the stalks, broken and bent across it, furnished continually recurring barriers. She was glad to emerge into the open road at last, and she paused, breathless for a moment. The difficulties of the way had so absorbed her that she was now canvassing for the first time whom she might best rouse. The storm, since she was in its midst, seemed a more valid obstacle than when her grandmother had suggested it. One neighbor she dismissed from consideration as too old to grant so onerous a favor. Another had a wife and child very ill. A third was afflicted with "lung complaint." As she stood doubtful a certain sound caught her ears in a lull in the wind, — the sound of a hammer and a sledge upon an anvil. How strange, she thought, that Clem Sanders should be at the forge at this

hour of the night, — how providential! She had heard none of the rumors subsequent to the parson's vision, and it was out of her mind for the nonce. She only reflected, as she turned her swift steps thither, that Clem Sanders would gladly ride thrice as many miles on an errand for her, indifferent to the fury of any mountain storm. "He be powerful skeered o' gal-folks, an' say 'Yes 'm' an' 'Naw 'm' even ter Is'bel, perliter 'n a pig in a poke, an' he ain't got no conversation 'mongst gals, but he ain't 'feard o' nuthin' else. I 'll be bound he ain't 'feard o' the weather."

Her heart was once more light and warm again; she gathered the wet red shawl closer about her head. What did she care how the rain beat in her face, how the thunder roared! She welcomed the fierce recurrent flare of the lightning; kind it was to show her the rocky ways, that the red clay mire might not cling to her feet and impede her flying steps. The short cut she made took her up the slope of the hill, and she presently found herself nearing the forge on the reverse side from the door. She had hardly heard again the sound of hammer and sledge in the clamors without, but more than once she saw the gleam of the light through the ill-chinked walls, as the fire flared. As she came close she heard the bellows sighing, and the light from the walls hard by flickered out anew. She was close to the little shutter, and she laid her hand upon it. It opened readily under her touch, and she stood looking in.

The interior was flooded with white light, as the bellows fostered the flaring fire. She saw the anvil glitter. A man — Jake Baintree it was — with lifted arm worked at the bellows, while another, whose face was averted, held with the smith's tongs a piece of metal in the hottest of the flames: it was red-hot now; it glowed a lighter tint; it glistened at a white heat, and he turned suddenly and whisked it on the anvil. He lifted his eyes as he moved, and saw before him the square of the open window, the girl's fair, ethereal face framed within it upon the black background of the stormy night, and with the red shawl falling about her head, from the folds of which her curling hair half escaped. He started back, with the hammer in his hand, calling aloud in startled accents, "Look! Look!"

Jake Baintree turned abruptly, and his eyes met hers.

Charles Egbert Craddock.

REFORM IN THE CELEBRATION OF MARRIAGE.

Of all the institutions of society, marriage is the most fundamental, most far-reaching, and most vital. It preceded society; it made society possible; it binds society together. It is the basis of social order and improvement, and the chief support of morality, religion, and law. "We may justly place to the credit of the institution of marriage," says Chancellor Kent, "a great share of the blessings which flow from refinement of manners, the education of children, the sense of justice, and the cultivation of the liberal arts."

Marriage being thus the source and main-stay of society, in its legal inception the State — the legal representative of society — is most deeply concerned, and should be first considered. This is a fundamental principle in public policy, and it has been universally applied. In early Rome, for example, as the common welfare was believed to require the exclusive maintenance of the clans or

families of which the body politic was composed, to all persons outside of these clans the right of legal marriage was denied. So at present, in several of the United States, a marriage between a white person and a negro or mulatto is forbidden on grounds of public policy.

While thus of foremost concern to the State, the celebration of marriage has for the contracting parties an importance equaled in no other event of their lives. It binds them together into a lifelong union, involving their whole material and spiritual welfare. The agreement to marry, which has arisen of their own motion and has been largely under their control, gives place, by the celebration, to a permanent legal status, the rights and duties of which are fixed and regulated in no degree by themselves, but wholly by law. Each acquires rights to the other's property and the right to the other's fidelity and society. Thus arises the home, for them fraught with the most sacred associations, the highest hopes, and the most enduring happiness.

If the contracting parties be minors, there is yet a third class immediately interested in the celebration of marriage. Upon parents and legal guardians the law has imposed the duty of providing the support, regulating the conduct, and guarding the interests of children and wards. Hence arises a correlative right to be informed and consulted concerning a matter so deeply affecting that duty. This right is the more clear since the event may involve not merely the hopes and affections of parents, but also the prosperity of the family estate and the honor of the ancestral name.

That in the constitution of matrimony there are these three classes of rights to which protection is due is now generally conceded; and it is also admitted that such protection must come ultimately from the State as distinguished from the Church, — from municipal law rather than from ecclesiastical regulations. But, having such protection in view, with what immediate aims, by what formalities, and through what agents should the State act, — these are the questions about which there exists much variance in custom and in law between different communities.

It should be borne in mind that in the eye of the law the celebration of marriage is in one aspect the execution of a contract, — the agreement to marry, — and as such is subject to certain legal principles. In the execution of any contract, it is necessary, for the protection of the parties interested, that the fact of their consent be fixed beyond a doubt. How urgent is this necessity in "the most important of all human transactions"! Again, in the execution of a commercial contract, the expedition of business demands that the expression of the parties' consent shall not be clogged by excessive formality. So, in the constitution of matrimony, the primary importance of fixing the status requires that the forms prescribed be as simple as possible with safety to all concerned.

It is certainty and simplicity, then, at which, first of all, the State should aim in dealing with this subject. In the words of Mr. Boyd Kinnear, an eminent English barrister, the law of the marriage celebration should "embrace the maximum of simplicity and the maximum of certainty: of simplicity, because it affects every class, and almost every person, the most humble and illiterate as well as the most exalted or learned, and because it has to be known and acted on in the absence not only of legal advice, but often in the absence of even ordinary common-sense counsel; of certainty, because it affects a contract and social relation the most important that can arise between human beings, — because it affects the foundations of society itself, and influences the fate, it may be the eternal fate, of innumerable individuals."

Such being the aims of the State, what formalities should it prescribe for

their attainment? It is characteristic of the Anglo-Saxon race to conform their institutions to the progress of society more by the modification of existing forms than by the introduction of new ones. Such has been the course pursued in England in the treatment of this subject. Is a similar method expedient in the United States? Our predominant common law, as set forth in the preceding number of The Atlantic, does contain the element of simplicity. For what form of celebrating marriage is simpler than the private agreement of the parties? At the same time, what form is more repugnant to the certainty of the fact of the parties' consent, and hence is more objectionable for the practice of a civilized community? In short, certainty is not to be obtained without publicity, and hence the common law must be repealed. The primary principle of the colonial system must be enacted; that is to say, the interposition of a third person, duly authorized, must be made indispensable to constitute matrimony.

About twenty years ago, a similar course was recommended to Parliament to meet the case of Scotland, where, as in the United States, the mediæval canon law exists. In 1865, a Royal Commission, composed of Baron Chelmsford, Sir William Page Wood, Sir Roundell Palmer, Mr. Travers Twiss, and others, was appointed "to inquire into and report upon the state and operation of the various laws now in force in the different parts of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, with respect to the constitution and proof of the contract of marriage, and the registration and other means of preserving evidence thereof." Their investigation consumed several years, and included the examination of eminent men from all sections of society and from all parts of the kingdom. Their foremost recommendation was that "the interchange or declaration of matrimonial consent necessary to constitute a legal marriage should for the future take place, in all parts of the United Kingdom, in the presence of a duly authorized official celebrant or witness; and that no other mode of constituting marriage should be recognized by law."

But on this point we need not seek in England a model for the amendment of our law. The example of Kentucky is well worthy of general imitation. In 1852, the legislature of that state expressly repealed the common law by enacting that "marriage is prohibited and declared void when not solemnized or contracted in the presence of an authorized person or society." This course is the more to be commended because the formality thus made essential is identical with that at present existing by popular usage and favored by public sentiment.

The fundamental principle being accepted, that in the constitution of marriage the State for the sake of certainty must secure publicity, and to this end must make indispensable the presence of an official celebrant, the question arises, How should this celebrant be selected? Should this function be restricted either to civil officers or to clergymen, or should it be given to both? In The Atlantic for February last it was shown that on the Continent, from the middle of the sixteenth century to the close of the eighteenth, custom and law generally restricted to clergymen the office of celebrating marriage; that during the present century, however, mainly through the influence of the Code Napoléon, this power has been gradually transferred from the Church to the State, and the tendency is to make the constitution of marriage depend solely upon the interposition of the civil officer, leaving subsequent religious rites to the option of the parties. It was also shown that in the British Isles, on the contrary, the legal development being more conservative, the civil solemnization, though equally effective to create the legal bond, did

not meet the popular favor accorded to religious rites. In the succeeding number of this magazine, it appeared that in the American colonies the statutory system anticipated in this respect the recent development in the mother country. Except in New England at the earliest period, the power of clergymen to solemnize marriage was distinctly recognized and maintained by the law; and resort to religious rites, as in England, became the favored usage, and was identified largely with the religious convictions of the people. At the present time, also, probably a large proportion of marriages are solemnized by clergymen. But the common law, as interpreted by the courts, permits the parties, with equal legal effect, to marry themselves; and hence, practically, the presence of the minister is made superfluous, and the influence of religion is correspondingly weakened. Religious associations, by emphasizing the sanctity and gravity of the marriage rite, exercise a wholesome restraint upon the parties and conduce to public security. In themselves they seem not inconsistent with the attainment of certainty in the legal proceeding. The minister should, therefore, be expressly declared an agent of the State in constituting marriage. It is "both the wisdom and duty of the State," said the Royal Commission, above named, "to associate its legislation on this subject with the religious habits and sentiments of the people, and to obtain as far as possible the religious sanctions for the marriage contract. . . . The objects for which civil legislation ought to provide may be equally well attained when the contract is entered into with the forms of religious solemnization as when these forms are absent, provided the contract itself is in both cases properly guarded and authenticated."

There is, however, in the community a considerable sentiment that the religious aspect of marriage is by far the most important, and hence that the State should not merely recognize and authorize, but should make indispensable, the agency of the Church in the constitution of marriage. In one state, Maryland, such agency has thus been required by law since 1777. But is such a statute consistent with the enjoyment of freedom of conscience? It is not generally approved by public policy either in Europe or in the United States. On the contrary, in both the spread of toleration in religion has been accompanied by the adoption of civil forms. On the Continent, only civil forms are recognized by the more important states. But among English-speaking nations, solemnization by the civil officer is made optional. The Royal Commission, indorsing the English rather than the French principle, recommended "that the official celebrant, or witness of marriage, should henceforth, in all parts of the United Kingdom, be either an authorized minister of religion or an authorized civil officer."

In the United States, the privilege of resorting to a civil officer for the constitution of matrimony has existed from the first settlements. In early times, outside of New England, it was permitted partly because of the scarcity of ministers. Now it should be allowed in some localities for the same reason, and everywhere to insure liberty of conscience. However desirable religious rites may be for their influence, it would hardly be expedient to impede in the least the formation of so important a civil relation by indissolubly connecting it with religion. Let the good custom of our forefathers be put upon a sure legal basis; and let the official celebrant (whose presence is to be made necessary) be still a minister or civil officer, duly qualified and authorized according to law.

But it is the qualification and responsibility, rather than the class or rank, of the official celebrant upon which chiefly depend both certainty in the legal pro-

ceeding and protection to the interests involved; and here, unfortunately, is one of the greatest deficiencies of the statutes. To be legally qualified for this office, a minister is very properly required in most states, as formerly in the colonies, to be ordained according to the usage of his denomination; but only in a few states does he need to present to the civil authorities any proof of such ordination, or to fulfill any other civil prerequisite. Of course, in the constitution of marriage, a clergyman acts under the authority and as the agent of the State. Is there any reason why he should not submit, like other civil officers, to close scrutiny and proper obligation? It was the opinion of the Royal Commission upon a similar question in England, that "such ministers of religion as are in the active exercise of official duties in their several churches and denominations, and occupy positions which make them amenable to public responsibility and to the censure and discipline of their own religious communities, . . . *when duly certified and registered*, may safely be trusted with the solemnization of marriage." By the Virginia Act of 1780, "any ordained minister of the gospel" was authorized to solemnize marriage, provided he produced before the county court credentials of his ordination and of his good standing in his denomination, took the oath of allegiance to the Commonwealth, and gave bond with two or more sureties "for the true and lawful performance of his trust." A similar statute exists at present in Kentucky, West Virginia, and Virginia; and the principle, at least, is worthy of general acceptance.

Upon this subject of qualification and responsibility the statutes are fully as lax with the civil officer as with the minister. In colonial New England, on the contrary, the control of the State over the civil celebration was comparatively direct and effective. Generally, marriages were celebrated by the magistrate, — the person possessing functions of wide extent and of great dignity. Later, with the spread of population and the development of society, this duty was naturally assigned to the justice of the peace, who, as the arbiter of neighborhood disputes and the chief local representative of the law, held a position of peculiar responsibility in the town. His exercise of this office was usually restricted to his town or county, and was open to public inspection.

During the present century, however, a great change has gradually come over this office. The increase of litigation, consequent upon the growth of population and of wealth, has necessitated a constant modification of the judicial system. In the larger towns and in the cities, most of the functions and dignity formerly attached to the office of justice of the peace has been transferred to courts of more definite powers and jurisdiction. At the same time, the fact that from the earliest period the power of solemnizing marriage has been associated, in the justice or local magistrate, with his judicial capacity seems to have warranted, in the opinion of legislators, the extension of that power to almost any person bearing the title of judge, however slight his duties and importance. Not to mention other examples, in at least seven states this power is given to any court of record, and in nine to "any judge" whatever. But, not content with this, in several states the legislatures seem to have deemed even the holding of some public offices, though not usually of judicial trust, a qualification for solemnizing marriage. Thus in five states this privilege falls to any mayor, and in New York to any alderman.

Meanwhile, this legal development has in some states brought about a curious though pernicious result. In Massachusetts, for example, the justice of the peace, so called, has been gradually deprived of his colonial dignity and importance, and now possesses barely more

than the shadow of judicial capacity. But the legislature has not yet divested him of the power to administer oaths and to take acknowledgments, — formalities common and often essential in legal and mercantile transactions. For this reason, — as a matter of convenience, — the office is eagerly sought by men practicing law or engaged in business, and they seldom fail to obtain it. The appointments are not limited in number, and are made upon no other qualification or condition than the recommendation of creditable persons.

It happens, however, that besides the relics of colonial dignity above mentioned, there is still another attached to the office of justice of the peace, namely, the power of solemnizing marriage. To be sure, a large proportion of justices of the peace are never called upon to exercise this power; and if they were, it is likely that they would be ignorant of the proper method of procedure. They did not seek, nor do they wish to use, the office for that purpose. Indeed, one might venture the assertion that many of them are not aware that such a power is incidental to their office, and, if informed of it, would be greatly amused at the absurdity. Nevertheless, there remains the surprising and disgraceful fact that there are in the city of Boston alone over two thousand justices of the peace with absolutely no special qualifications and hardly any responsibility, but with full authority to represent society in the constitution of the most important civil relation, in which both the contracting parties and the State are supremely interested.

But the case of Boston is similar to that of the other cities in the Commonwealth, and this law of Massachusetts is found also in other States of the Union. The development just traced goes far to show that the legislature, while amending the judicial system as required by the growth of wealth and of population, either has greatly neglected or has improperly treated the law of the marriage celebration. In reality and in practice, the law of New York (or rather the common law of the United States) is not much worse in this respect than is the law of Massachusetts; for while by the former parties may marry themselves, by the latter they need do no more than resort to an almost irresponsible third person.

Of course public convenience or public economy may require that the civil celebrant shall be chosen from the ranks of the regular judicial or administrative officers; but a man is no more qualified to celebrate marriage solely because he is a judge or other officer than because he is a minister. In both cases, theoretically, the station lends a beneficial influence; but it cannot insure certainty or security in the legal procedure. To this end it is necessary that the celebration of marriage should be recognized as an office of a primary, not secondary or incidental, nature, and hence should be performed only by persons specially qualified and strictly accountable.

But a strict responsibility in the official celebrant, whether minister or civil officer, is hardly possible unless the exercise of his office is confined to reasonable territorial limits. In the case of the minister, the law widely prevalent in the colonies permitted him to solemnize nuptials, as in the Massachusetts Act of 1695, "only in the Town where he is settled in the Work of the Ministry." At present, this law seems to exist nowhere in this country. In ten states marriage may be solemnized by such ministers only as reside within the state, and in two by such only as labor regularly in the state as a minister or missionary. With these exceptions, as far as the law is concerned, a minister resident or settled in Maine may solemnize marriage in Texas, — a degree of confidence reposed by the civil power in no other of its agents. Indeed, it would be difficult to find another instance of

such complete renunciation, or rather neglect, of all control.

The case is nearly as bad with reference to the civil officer. By the Massachusetts Act of 1695, just referred to, the justice of the peace was authorized to solemnize marriage "within his own county only." In Virginia, a century later, the same limits were fixed for civil officers clothed with this authority. Some such restriction seems to have existed generally in the colonies. At present, in France, the mayor — the regular celebrant — may act only within his commune. Likewise in England, the registrar may officiate only within his district. But in this country only fourteen states limit the exercise of this power in the justice of the peace to the county or district of his appointment or election. Each of the two thousand justices of the peace of Boston may solemnize marriage anywhere within the Commonwealth. Similar laxity exists regarding other magistrates and public officers having this power. An alderman of the city of New York may solemnize marriage anywhere within the state.

While thus the presence, at the final ceremony, of an official celebrant, duly qualified and responsible, is required to insure certainty in the legal procedure, this alone is not sufficient properly to protect either the parties themselves, their respective parents, or society. For the latter there is also necessary some preliminary proceeding, including public notice of the intended event, in a manner both simple and effective. "It is the duty of the State," said the Royal Commission, "to discourage and place obstacles in the way of sudden and clandestine marriages, both for the sake of inducing forethought and deliberation generally in the formation of indissoluble relations, upon which the happiness, usefulness, and morality of life depends; and also for the special purposes" of preventing illegal and irregular relations, and "of enabling parents and guardians to protect minors from improvident and unsuitable connections."

On the continent of Europe, until within the present century, the usual means of publishing notice was the proclamation of banns by the minister from the pulpit. But *le mariage civil obligatoire* substituted the publication of notices by the civil officer in the official bulletin; and the latter mode is superseding the former at a rate corresponding to the spread of the French system. In England, until 1836, publication by banns was the only mode. Since that time the parties are permitted to choose between banns and a publication by the registrar in the official bulletin. A similar option has been recently extended to Scotland, and in some cases to Ireland. In the American colonies, the existence from the beginning of the civil celebration necessitated corresponding provision for publication. In New England, intentions of marriage were published at "publick Lecture, or Town meeting," or upon "the meeting-house door." In the Southern colonies, as in England at that time, marriages were not usually solemnized "without license first had . . . or thrice publication of banns;" and the same could in general be said of the Middle colonies also. Since the Revolution the ancient practice of proclaiming banns from the pulpit has decreased, and at present it seems to be recognized in the laws of only four states, — Delaware, Georgia, Maryland, and Ohio. Indeed, both in Europe and in the United States, the law is fast embodying as its settled policy the principle stated by Professor Gneist in 1869, that "publicity is no longer secured by the reading in the pulpit of promises of marriage. The State alone, with the concurrence of the press, can secure it."

In the United States, the method in general use by which the State aims at this publicity is to require parties intending to be married either to obtain a license

or to record their intention through a civil officer. This proceeding, to be efficacious and simple, should be conducted solely in the place or places of legal residence of the contracting parties, and by officers authorized also to act at the solemnization. Such is the rule in countries where the matter has received most consideration. But in the United States, regarding both place and officer, much diversity and complexity exist. Outside of New England, the officer is generally the clerk or judge of some county court, — in seven states, of the county in which the solemnization is to take place, and in twelve states, of the county in which the woman resides. But in New England he is the clerk of the city or town, generally where the parties dwell, or (if they do not dwell within the state) where the marriage is to be solemnized. However this may be, the formalities to be observed subsequent to the filing of the application, and prior to the issuing of the license, have been enacted by the various legislatures with so little precision and system that they are quite inadequate to effect their object, — the careful public examination of the parties' legal qualification for marriage.

In France and in England, however, the provisions regarding these formalities are both definite and systematic. They are worthy of careful consideration in the amendment of our law. The application or notice must contain a full legal description of the parties and of their parents ; and between its filing and the issuing of the certificate a certain time must elapse, during which the notice must be posted in a public place. Thus ample opportunity is given, in the initiatory steps of the proceeding, for public objections to its conclusion. If such objections are made, they must be heard by a competent court before the regular course is resumed. But in most of the United States, not only does the notice contain an insufficient description of the parties, but also the officer is allowed to issue his certificate directly upon the filing of the notice, thus excluding any public objection at the very time when it can be fully and fairly considered. Hence any person having a legal objection to the contemplated marriage must either, as in Maine, anticipate the filing of the notice, or, as in Rhode Island, interrupt the final ceremony. In no other states, save Louisiana, — which is, fortunately, influenced by the French law, — does there appear to be any statutory provision upon this important particular.

The legislation upon the subject of parental consent is equally insufficient. To be sure, there are but few states in which, when the parties are minors, the issuing of the certificate or license is not made dependent upon the personal or written application or consent of parent, relative, master, or guardian. But there is insufficient provision against a misrepresentation of age or a forgery of written consent. In several states, it is at the option of the officer to require of the applicants for a certificate an affidavit or other legal evidence of age; but in only a few is such requirement made obligatory. In but few states must the written consent be attested or otherwise verified. Quite in contrast is the French rule, that before the final ceremony each party must present to the officer either a certificate of birth or an attested declaration of those who remember the birth, and also an affidavit of the consent of the proper persons.

The inefficiency and inadequacy of the statutes regarding these particulars is the more conspicuous because of an unnecessary and impolitic distribution by the State of its delegated powers. The certificate or license issued by one officer authorizes a solemnization which is generally performed by an officer of a different class. It is, in general, the policy of our law to require the parties to publish their intentions, and to establish

their legal qualifications for matrimony, solely through the medium of a civil officer; and when a religious solemnization is preferred, evidently such officer cannot complete the celebration. But when a civil solemnization is chosen, both public convenience and public policy demand that this final ceremony be performed by an official of the same class as the one by whom the certificate is issued. The present separation of functions not only militates with the primary requisites of simplicity and certainty, but also is inconsistent with economy and responsibility in administration. All formalities that precede either a religious or a civil solemnization, and the civil solemnization itself, should be supervised or conducted by one class of officials. For this purpose, each county in the state should be divided into districts, and over each district there should be placed an officer of the civil power. His duties should be carefully defined, and for the proper and faithful performance thereof he should be made subject to severe statutory penalties. Of course this plan requires that all other civil officers now authorized to issue license or to solemnize marriage — justices of the peace and others — shall be wholly deprived of these powers.

Moreover, to such regular officer would belong also the duty of registration of all facts and proceedings incidental to the celebration. To him the minister, immediately after solemnizing a marriage, should make return thereof in a certain form to be inscribed upon the civil registry, together with the prior facts concerning publication; and a certified copy of this record should be made *prima facie* evidence of the fact and time of the constitution of the status. This officer should also be required regularly to transmit to the Secretary of State or to a central bureau a copy of the whole, or of a suitable portion, of the record. Thus there would be a convenient place of resort for public information concerning any marriage celebrated in the state.

At present, if any particulars of the celebration could be selected about which the statutory system (if such it may be called) is especially deficient, one would be that of registration; and yet there are few parts of the proceeding that more involve the welfare of the parties and of society. Of what avail would it be, if the State by its interposition should secure a proper constitution of marriage, if it should not also guarantee the best possible evidence by which such status could thereafter be established? In the ownership of an acre of land, a man is fully protected by law, because his purchase of it is evidenced by a written instrument of a prescribed form, recorded according to definite rules by a responsible civil officer. But in the lifelong, all-important relation of marriage, property, happiness, honor itself, are often left, by the inefficiency of the law, to depend solely upon oral or circumstantial evidence.

Nevertheless, a record, though full and authentic, would hardly be sufficient, — especially to identify the parties, — unless it be attested by witnesses present with the official celebrant at the solemnization. In former times, witnesses were required to be present more for the purpose of securing publicity and regularity in the ceremony, — objects for which they are desirable at present also. By the Decrees of Trent two witnesses are required; by the Code Napoléon, four; and by English statutes, two. In the United States the last number is prescribed in ten states; but in many states, apparently, there is no provision whatever on the subject.

Notwithstanding all this inadequacy and complexity, our law of the marriage celebration would still afford considerable protection, were it not for the prevalent laxity in its execution. In every community there is some officer charged with the prosecution of any offense against

public morality or order, and a penalty is imposed for such offense proportional to its heinousness. But as a rule, if only a marriage be celebrated by an authorized person, a failure to conform to the other statutory provisions is not usually regarded by the public as a serious offense; and even where it is so regarded, there is too little responsibility for its prosecution; and if it were prosecuted, the penalty imposed would be too small to check the recurrence of the offense.

The first step toward a proper execution of the law would seem to be to fix responsibility for prosecution of such offenses and to enact proper penalties for them. But, ultimately, the enforcement of this law, like that of any other, must depend on an enlightened and vigorous public sentiment. For a long time there has been upon this whole subject a strange ignorance and apathy in the community; and this spirit has been reflected in the acts of the legislature. The statute-books do, indeed, contain many and various provisions concerning the celebration of marriage. But as a rule, they have not arisen from an appreciation of the subject, nor have they been based upon an investigation of the facts. Hence they are without concert or system; and whatever excellence they may individually contain is largely lost in the general conflict and confusion of the law, and in the separation of powers and lack of responsibility in its administration. Such a condition of the law can hardly be paralleled in our jurisprudence, and that upon the very subject where it may be most mischievous. It certainly does not exist among other leading nations.

Abroad, the civil celebration as a whole — publication, solemnization, and registration — is usually under the supervision or control of a single official, appointed by and held responsible to the general government. His powers and the method of their exercise are clearly defined either by express enactment or by instructions from his superiors. In France, this officer is the mayor, "whose functions consist in representing the commune in all acts which concern it: in managing its finances, in guarding its interests, and in providing for the local police." He has also powers belonging to the general administration, and is the local agent of the general government. He therefore possesses great dignity and extensive powers. His duties in the celebration of marriage are set forth in the Code with definiteness and particularity, and for any infringement thereof he may be fined by the court at the suit of the public prosecutor, and at the same time may be sued for damages by any party aggrieved. In England, the official celebrants are the superintendent registrars of the unions, parishes, or districts into which the country is divided. They are appointed under the supervision, and hold their offices at the pleasure, of the registrar-general at London; and they perform their duties under strict rules issued by the registrar-general with the concurrence of one of her Majesty's principal secretaries of state.

Although, owing to a difference of social, legal, and political condition, this centralized administration, as well as other foreign principles and forms before recited, may not be wholly accepted in the United States, they all, nevertheless, serve to reveal the deficiencies of our law, and to afford suggestion for its improvement. A complete presentation of such deficiencies has not been attempted in these pages. That belongs not to the essayist, but to the statistician, and doubtless will be contained in the forthcoming report to Congress upon this subject by the National Bureau of Labor Statistics. But of the remedies recommended above, the following is given as a partial summary. For the celebration — the publication, registration, and civil solemnization — of marriage, each

county in the state shall be divided into proper districts; and over each district there shall be a civil officer, solely responsible for the conduct of the office. Every person intending to be married shall file in such office for the district of his or her legal residence an application for a license. The application shall state the name and official residence of the authorized civil officer or minister, within the state, desired by the parties to act at the solemnization, and shall set forth a full legal description of the parties and of their respective parents or guardians; and it shall be published by the officer in due form for a certain time. Meanwhile, each party shall file in such office a certificate of birth, and, if he or she be a minor, an affidavit of the consent of the proper person. If legal objections to the intended marriage are filed, a hearing upon notice shall at once be given to them by the district officer. At the expiration of the time fixed for publication, if objections have not been filed, or have been withdrawn, or have been disallowed, the district officer shall issue a license for the solemnization of marriage between the persons, and by the civil officer or clergyman, named in the application. If the marriage be not solemnized in accordance with the license within a certain time, the license shall be *ipso facto* void. Every solemnization shall take place in the presence of at least two witnesses besides the official celebrant, and a record thereof in regular form, made at the same time, shall be signed by the parties, the celebrant, and the witnesses. If the person solemnizing the marriage be other than the one or ones who issued the licenses, the former shall at once transmit to the latter a certified copy of this record, to be annexed to the prior records of publication.

To secure the execution of such a law, severe penalties should be imposed for its violation by any of the persons concerned; and it should be a part of the official duty of each representative of the state participating in the celebration to make complaint to the district attorney or other public prosecutor of any such violation occurring within his own knowledge. Above all, let it be enacted in unequivocal terms that no marriage shall be valid unless it shall have been solemnized by a third person, or a society acting, or believed by either of the parties to be acting, as the authorized representative of the state.

This plan, as well as the other recommendations in this article, are presented mainly as an embodiment of desirable principles. The ultimate forms which those principles should take in legislation must be devised by the legislator in the course of a detailed consideration of the subject. The law in its present condition is a disgrace to a civilized community; nay, more, it is a constant menace to society. Its radical and systematic amendment should at once be undertaken by the legislature; and in this work, the country that is teaching Europe how to realize a government of the people may learn somewhat from Europe how to preserve the integrity of the family.

Frank Gaylord Cook.

THE EMPEROR WILLIAM.

THE death of this venerable prince, the first Emperor of the new Germany, removes one of the most stately, most impressive, and in some respects most agreeable figures of the present generation. With the possible exception of Lincoln, no man since Napoleon has been prominently associated as a ruler of men with events of such magnitude, with revolutions of such transcendent importance, with transactions which have so completely overthrown the traditions and relations of the past, and given name to a new era in history. On the hasty student the full significance of these events is perhaps sometimes lost. They are still recent; they were bewildering in their rapidity; they lack perspective. Wars were fought, and battles were won. The Austrians were crushed at Sadowa. The French were crushed at Sedan. The victor took the spoils, and among these was the crown of Germany, now for the first time placed on the brow of a conquering Hohenzollern, the lucky leader in a movement which a slight change of fortune, at any one of several points in an audacious game, might have ruined. Such is perhaps the popular view of a series of events to which only a deeper acquaintance with the earlier facts of history, with the antecedents of the great German problem, can give their true proportions and meaning. But the person of William himself and the part which he played appeal to the most sluggish imagination. At an age greater by several years than that at which by law American generals are placed on the retired list as unfit for active command, the late King of Prussia led his hosts into Bohemia; and four years afterwards, still vigorous and undaunted, he conducted campaigns in the country of another enemy, and received the crown of reunited Germany in the palace of the Bourbons. These wars, but more especially the last, made the name, the person, and the services of William familiar to every household in the civilized world. Even those who were ignorant of the merits of the great struggles could not fail to be impressed by the spectacle of the aged king, defying fatigue, defying exposure, defying even his own years, in the accomplishment of what he conceived to be his duty; and then, after the campaigns were over, returning, not to enjoy a well-earned repose, but only to a different kind of labor, performed with the same patient and scrupulous exactitude. He was felt to be a large man, — large in his sense of duty, large in his aims and ends, large in the associates with whom he surrounded himself, large in the physical proportions, which are natural and not unworthy objects of admiration. It is not too much to say that, among the contemporary princes of Christendom, he was the one who filled the greatest place in the estimation of mankind.

In all the outward, and in many of the inward, qualities which seem to belong to wearers of the purple, William was an ideal monarch. Carlyle says that Frederic the Great was every inch a king. By that he means that Frederic had a royal will, and the power to carry it into effect; and in that sense he is correct. But the outward dignity and decorum of the royal office the greatest of Prussian kings often and even purposely neglected: he was slovenly in dress, undignified in manner, careless in the choice of companions; a rationalist on the throne, he despised its pomp, and forms, and ceremonials. But William, while equally jealous of the power of his office, never lost sight of its proprieties. Even if royalty is measured by inches, he stood above his great

predecessor. His stalwart, massive form, his stately carriage, his portly demeanor, suggested the heroes of the Niebelungenlied. He could be affable, courteous, condescending, but never undignified, never coarse, flippant, or familiar. He never forgot that much was due to the elevation of his office, and he suffered nobody else to forget it in his presence. In matters of state and ceremony he always sacrificed his personal tastes, which were extremely simple and plain, to the necessity of avoiding any vulgarization of his rank and station, of checking any tendency to believe that the king was a mere clerk of Parliament or the ministers, of enforcing the principle that the chief personage in the state was bound to set an example of decorum and dignity. Undoubtedly, this conscientiousness often descended to the trivial and the puerile. It was the foolish boast of his majesty that he alone knew the uniform of every grade, in every branch of the military service; that he alone knew how to place every decoration that any German officer was entitled to wear. These were foibles, of course, but they were foibles which, though revealing a rather petty side of the Emperor's nature, were, nevertheless, characteristic of his minute sense of duty, and of his desire to neglect nothing which seemed necessary to the lesson of thoroughness and discipline. In a larger sense, his appearance on public occasions — at banquets, parades, reviews, at the reception of foreign sovereigns and as the guest of friendly courts — was always noble, stately, and imposing; such as became his name, rank, and character; such as relieved the office of king from the contempt of the cynical or the familiarity of the vulgar. This is no small part of government. Mere pomp without power is indeed ludicrous, especially when it is used to conceal weakness, as it often is, or to furnish a vain substitute for force; and Germany has illustrations of this kind, as well as of the other. The Spanish etiquette of Dresden is notorious. The smaller and poorer the prince in Germany, the greater his love of display, the keener his solicitude about forms, the more sumptuous and elaborate the ceremonies of his court; and this has increased, relatively at least, since imperial unity has stripped these princes of some of their real power and dignity. But if it be true that the Emperor William, having the substance of power, could afford to dispense with some of its tinselry, and was personally of simple tastes, it is still true only in a sense which it is important to remember. Burke says of Henry IV. of France, that though he made some concessions in detail to his subjects, he was careful not to let them encroach on the general stock of the prerogative. It was so in regard to the late Emperor. He was careful not to relax anything from the essential dignity of his rank, and punctiliously exacted the most solemn state and ceremony on all occasions where their omission would have been noticed. The grandeur of royalty was as clear to him as its usefulness. In this respect, in the massive, stately, splendid form which he gave to that institution, he has no rival since Louis XIV. Thus, as a mere figure or type, he filled a large place in the horizon, and every one is sensible of the vacancy that is left.

It is not for these things, however, that William will live in history, but for the prominent part which he had in a momentous historical drama. The very length of that drama, if Jena and Sedan be taken as the first and the last acts, is impressive, and the late Emperor may be called an actor through the whole of it. In this respect he stands alone. Opinions may differ about the proper assignment of credit to the king on the one hand, and to Bismarck and Moltke on the other, for the final achievement; but neither the great statesman nor the great soldier had, like their master, walked the stage during

the whole course of the play. Bismarck was unborn when Jena was fought and lost. Moltke was not a Prussian by birth, and is a Prussian to-day only by acquired allegiance, as Prince Eugene was an Austrian, or Marshal Saxe a Frenchman. But William was a youth of nine when the old Prussian system went down under the blows of Napoleon; and though too young to understand the folly which brought on the catastrophe, or its crushing significance, he followed his parents into their cruel exile, learned to feel the afflictions of his country, and entered the army before the hand of the tyrant was lifted.

It is easy to see, therefore, why the war of 1870 had for him an import deeper than any felt by his two chief lieutenants. For Moltke it was scarcely more than a game of chess, — played, indeed, with great bodies of mortal men as pieces, yet played by him, at least, with little feeling beyond the desire to win. Even with Bismarck it was only the means to an end. The end was German unity, and the defeat of France being necessary to that, he felt a profound interest in the victory; but the retributive side of it appealed to him only as a student of history, who had not personally felt the iron hand of the first Napoleon. It was, however, this side or aspect of the great contest which public opinion made most prominent in the view of the Emperor, and some of his own expressions support such a theory. If his object had been unity alone, it is by no means certain that he would have felt that unity dependent on a previous victory over the French. There were able men, strong men, men trained to habits of political thought, who believed that the South German states could be taken into the larger confederation by a mere treaty in time of peace, and kept in without the cementing principle of a common victory over France; and there was much in the king's tone or temper of mind to incline him to such a solution of the problem. Everybody now sees that Bismarck was right. The victories in France and the overthrow of Napoleon gave Prussia two great elements of strength in the negotiations for imperial unity, and reduced the terms on which otherwise the southern states might have been disposed to insist. The one was the fierce enthusiasm and the thoroughly national spirit aroused by the victories themselves. The other was the prostration of the power which would have aided them to drive a hard bargain with Prussia. But to a man like King William these considerations might have seemed, as they seemed to deeper thinkers than himself, not a little strained, and hardly worth the experiment of a bloody and doubtful war; while the motive from personal, dynastic, and national revenge was concrete, simple, easy to understand, and easy to obey. For though a humane man, the Emperor was not a forgiving man, but cherished resentments with great tenacity. This was the case even with personal injuries, or what he conceived to be such. It is a part of the secret history of Berlin politics that no career was open, with his consent, to any man who in the conflict period from 1862 to 1866 had made himself personally obnoxious to the palace; and common rumor specified certain eminent politicians, whom Bismarck himself had long since forgiven, who afterwards joined the government ranks, but who were prevented from taking seats in the cabinet by the absolute veto of the Emperor. If he were thus severe toward personal enemies, it was natural that he should take even greater pleasure in punishing the enemies of his house and country. In France he saw the enemy of both. He saw the government of France in the hands of a ruler whose only hereditary title to distinction was that he bore the name of the oppressor of Prussia, the oppressor who had driven his father into exile, had insulted his mother, and hurried her into an early

grave ; and even a prince with a shorter memory than William's, or a weaker historical sense, or a more forgiving spirit, would have longed for the hour of retribution, and have grasped it eagerly when it came. In this vivid sense, then, of wrongs to be redressed and injuries to be avenged is to be found one secret of the king's personal interest in the war with France.

The Austrian war of 1866 had a somewhat different color or complexion. It was mainly political, in its origin and in its ends; and the force of historic vengeance, the impulse of national animosities, hardly entered into it. A long course of political rivalry had indeed preceded it, so that it was the outcome of organic causes. It was as inevitable as the struggle between Athens and Sparta for the hegemony in Greece. But though the ultimate product of historical causes, the war when it came was one of the most deliberate, most artificial, and in its moral aspects most causeless that have ever been undertaken. The means for the war were obtained by the government of Prussia through a long and systematic defiance of the national constitution. It involved a breach of the federal compact. Regarded throughout the confederation as a wanton scheme of aggression, it was bitterly opposed by the people of Prussia, alike by those who feared defeat and those who feared victory : defeat, because that would mean the loss of Prussian independence under the imperial supremacy of the Hapsburgs ; victory, because that would mean the loss of Prussian liberty under the dynastic absolutism of the Hohenzollerns. Either result seemed menacing to the cause of constitutional freedom in the several states, and to the cause of German unity and liberal institutions. The people did not look upon Austria as a national enemy; for the arrogance of her tone, the haughty insolence of her diplomacy, and her jealous intolerance of Prussian equality were rather fitted to exasperate statesmen than to anger, embitter, and arouse the mass of a nation. The alternative, so far as it presented any voluntary choice to the King of Prussia, was thus a trying one. He might live at peace with his own people and with other princes, endure the insults of Austrian policy, tolerate the anarchy of Germany, and expose Prussia to deeper and deeper degradation ; or he might face the issue of power bravely, trample on the laws in order to get ready for war, and, choosing his own time for battle, take the chances of failure and success. Only a man of great determination could choose the latter course, and since Frederic the Great no such man had sat on the throne of Prussia. It was to the credit of the new king that he made his choice with gravity, indeed, but without fear and without hesitation.

This concession may appear inconsistent with what has just been said of the artificial and aggressive character of the war of 1866. But these terms describe only its immediate, outward, and superficial appearance, all that many foreign observers have even yet been able to see, and not the deeper substance which made it seem a virtual necessity to the king. For such, in fact, it was. In that character, as an act performed under the law of political necessity, the attack upon Austria found its justification among the leading Prussian statesmen, was afterwards ratified by the Prussian people, and will be approved by future historians. Even the Austrians themselves have learned to view the matter in this light.

Yet to rest here would leave a way open for misapprehension. There are two kinds of political necessity. One is absolute, the other relative ; one is immediate and peremptory, the other is ultimate and contingent; one commands, the other exhorts ; one is obeyed perhaps most abjectly by the timid, the other is obeyed most promptly by the bold

and strong. Burke has a description of the former. "It is the first and supreme necessity only," he says; "a necessity that is not chosen but chooses; a necessity paramount to deliberation, that admits no discussion and demands no evidence, which alone can justify a resort to anarchy," — or, he might have added, a resort to many other extreme and violent measures in political life. Webster expressed the very sentiment, if indeed he did not have this same passage in his mind, when, in the case of the Caroline, he wrote of a necessity "instant, overwhelming, having no choice of means and no moment of deliberation." Such a necessity arises in case of any sudden invasion, a formidable outbreak, or any immediate and unexpected peril, which compels instant and justifies arbitrary measures. Of course no crisis of this kind confronted William I. when he came to the throne. If such a crisis had existed, the policy which he adopted would have found an easier justification; but the ease of the justification would have been purchased at the price of his reputation for political insight and political courage, — in a word, for statesmanship in the larger sense. The foolish man knows when a murderer has his hands on his throat. The timid will fight when no quarter is offered, and it is impossible to run away.

It follows that the political necessity which William obeyed was of the other kind. It was a necessity which did not overrule judgment, but invited and even needed it; which did not appeal to the desperation of cowardice, but to the calm reason of courage; which imposed, not released, responsibility; which did not choose, but was chosen. The difference may be illustrated by many examples from history. There was a political necessity imposed on the United States to put down the rebellion, and there was a political necessity recognized by them to expel the French from Mexico; but it is evident that the two duties were not the same in urgency and peremptoriness. The responsibility of Russia in opposing invasion by Napoleon was different from the responsibility of securing internal and external security by attacking Turkey in 1877. The same distinction may be extended for the benefit of William. Prussia was in no immediate danger, and her existence would not have been threatened if the old system had continued. It would have been possible to accept the existing state of things; to endure the weakness of Germany, the arrogance of Austria, the relative inferiority of Prussia; and in a material sense the near future would have been full of ease, indolence, and comfort. But the moral or political degradation would have been always present. Even physical danger, though remote, was not improbable nor invisible; and the question was whether that danger should be awaited with a blind trust in fortune, or anticipated by a bold, audacious, and therefore hazardous policy. It was inevitable that the rivalry between Austria and Prussia in the German confederation must end in the supremacy of one or the other. The supremacy of Austria would mean the reduction of Prussia to the rank of a power of the second class, and this could be averted only by a successful war. Thus we return to the dilemma already described. Austria would not yield without fighting, — so much was certain. Prussia could escape fighting only by renouncing all claims to leadership or even equality; and if she decided to fight, there remained the further question whether she would fight at a time chosen by Austria, and only as a desperate struggle for existence, or would choose her own time, and prepare for the struggle in her own way. This was the problem of political necessity as it presented itself to William. He saw the alternative. He felt the responsibility which rested upon him, and he was equal to it. The necessity which

he obeyed was chosen, but he obeyed it, and took all the consequences. The result was equally creditable to his foresight and his courage.

It is not alone, however, from the censures of those who condemn the entire policy of Prussia in the first ten years of his reign that William has suffered. Even the friends of that policy have perhaps done injustice to the king by exalting the relative merits of his great minister. In cases of this kind it is difficult to decide. The language of courtiers often gives to princes the credit for measures to which they have only assented; while, on the other hand, the panegyrists of statesmen have not infrequently overlooked, or underrated, the part taken by those who stood above the statesmen, and anticipated rather than sanctioned their plans. Between Bismarck and William no dispute over the division of merit could indeed arise. Bismarck was always careful to give the king full credit for all that had been done, and the king, with his theories of divine right and the omniscience of royalty, could only acquiesce in such a method. Nothing, indeed, is more characteristic of the two men, of their relations, and of their theories of government than the attitude which each assumed toward the triumphs of the past. But there was glory enough for both. It is trite to say that without the aid of Bismarck's unrivaled sagacity, coolness, and resolution the great plan would probably never have been carried through; whether it would never have been formed without Bismarck, whether in fact it was not formed in the head of William years before he saw him, is a different question. It is related that when William, then Prince of Prussia, met the future chancellor he exclaimed that he had at last found a man to do *his* work. To know such a man when he found him was wisdom. To have the work planned, and only awaiting the opportunity, at that early date, when he was only heir presumptive to the throne, shows that the brain of the prince had been busy, and that he could form his own ideas.

The period from the fall of Napoleon to the middle of the century was indeed a great school for the formation of political character. Its beginning saw the restoration of the old dynasty in France and the universal triumph of reaction; it ended with new outbursts of popular impatience, seeking, often wildly, rashly, and blindly, to throw off the shackles of tyranny. The interval was Metternich. Rarely could it be more correct and more suggestive to give the name of a great man to the age in which he figured than to call this period after the subtle, courtly, and splendid high priest of reaction, who for a whole generation made the princes of Germany slavishly repeat after him the articles of his political creed, and enforce the same beliefs upon all who obtained or desired their favor. This was the era of repression. The French Revolution had planted its seeds in Germany; those seeds had sprouted; and all through this period the tiny blades and shoots of liberalism were pushing their way to the surface, modestly and unobtrusively searching for air and light in which to grow, but only to be cut down and trodden back in the earth from which they came. No matter in what form the popular aspirations presented themselves, it was Metternich's maxim that they must be summarily crushed before they attained any dangerous vigor. No freedom of speech, or of the press, or of public meeting; no parliaments worth the name; no free thought in the universities or in the pulpits, — such was the command of Metternich, and the servile little governments of Germany obeyed. The Carlsbad decrees, the Congress of Laybach, the suppression of gymnastic societies, the imprisonment of Jahn, and a long series of repressive acts and edicts, of police persecutions and military confisca-

tions, make up the history of the period, over which, as if it were not already dark enough, the stern and gloomy Nicholas of Russia cast the shadow of his example and authority. This was not, however, the end. The German people are patient and docile beyond almost any other in the world, but even the worm will sometimes turn when trodden on. In 1848 and 1849, again inspired by French example, the Germans, with arms in their hands, demanded their enfranchisement; and all over the Fatherland princes and princelets trembled in the corners of their palaces, while angry mobs howled and stormed beneath their windows. While Metternich was rubbing his eyes with amazement at this ill-bred insubordination, he himself was swept away by the tempest, and left office, never more to return. The very air itself was full of revolution. The movements were ill organized, however, and, wanting concert, were early put down by the well-trained regular troops. But the old era was never fully restored. One prince after another issued a constitution; parliaments were summoned; and the people were admitted to a small share in the management of their own affairs. And then this new system, born of fear and viewed with distrust, was put into operation.

It is important to recall this history, because William of Prussia lived through it, made part of it, and was educated by it. When it was finished, it left men divided as before into two groups, but with a completed experience to justify their respective places. One class said that the revolutionary uprisings were the natural outcome of Metternich's policy, and that the lesson of events pointed to a further and franker development of the constitutional system, with larger concessions to the rights of the people and greater modifications of the royal prerogative. But the other set drew from the events precisely the opposite conclusion. They borrowed a phrase from Strafford, and insisted that the one defect of the old policy was its inadequate enforcement; that thoroughness and determination would have awed discontent; that the rebellious outbreaks should have been put down with merciless severity; and that altar and throne should be fortified with irresistible bayonets. To this class it was well understood that the Prince of Prussia belonged. He probably had little sympathy with the Metternichean system of decrees, proclamations, and congresses, for he abhorred phrases, and was a man of deeds. He had more faith in soldiers than in diplomatists. But he believed in the old Frederician rules of government, with the principle of divine right added; and he found little respect for these in the manner in which his brother, the king, had met the crisis of 1848. Undoubtedly, the conduct of Frederic William IV. was open to censure, and to censure from every side. It satisfied neither those who were for sterner measures, nor those who were for larger concessions. It was timid, weak, fitful, and vacillating; it lowered the prestige of the crown without meeting the wishes of the people; it made radicals more radical, and reactionists more reactionary; and, as not the least of its evils, it confirmed the heir presumptive to the throne in his extreme theories of the prerogative. For William the most satisfactory moment in the protracted Berlin crisis was, doubtless, when old Marshal Wrangel led his corps of soldiers into the city, and turned the national assembly out-of-doors at the point of the bayonet.

A mind originally autocratic was thus intensified by the stern, narrow life of a Prussian soldier, by the democratic volcano rumbling for so many years beneath the crust of German society, by the unctuous beatitude of the Holy Alliance, by the angry outbreaks of 1848, and by the spectacle of his royal brother's piti-

able weakness. As he waited for the day when he should ascend the throne, he seemed the finest living representative of the old theories of absolute government. A strong man himself, he liked strength in all who held places of command; and kings, as holders of the most exalted places of command, ought especially to be worthy of their office. But he would not have admitted that fitness itself was a title to royalty, whether the fit man seized the throne as a usurper, or was called to it by a people. Such a view might suit a pagan, or a rationalist, or a Cæsar, but not the descendant of so many generations of Hohenzollerns. The power to rule might come from men, but the authority could only come from above. Among all modern princes, he probably held in the purest form, more literally and absolutely, and with the simplest sincerity, the doctrine of the divine right of kings. This in the nineteenth century, and in a man with so many strong qualities of mind, — the influence of priests and confessors, of a mystical nature, or of a morbid religious spirit being out of the question, — is a bewildering paradox. If the matter were taken seriously, doubtless much edifying speculation might be produced. But this would only lead, though from the opposite direction, into the Emperor's own error, and pass by unperceived a principal explanation of the paradox. Negatively, at least, his quaint and solemn adherence to a grotesque superstition was largely due to his deficient sense of humor. This appears in many ways. It runs through his whole conduct of life, and often gives a tinge of the comical to the most excellent virtues and dispositions; but it is specially conspicuous in the intense gravity with which he applied himself to affairs, or the frequent disproportion between the gravity and the subject. Not even Mr. Gladstone is so averse to trifling, or so unconscious of the humor of excessive earnestness. He used to go out to his hunting-seats, and shoot hares, pheasants, and other game by the hundreds as the beaters drove them by, and then have the record of his execution carefully made out, without the slightest apparent suspicion that it was all rather childish and silly. No sense of the humorous side of his military devotion ever seems to have crossed his mind. The profession of arms is of course a useful one, and, like all others, should be pursued faithfully and earnestly. Great armies may be necessary to the safety of a state. But with William the army was an end in itself; and he was accustomed to parade his fine regiments before visiting sovereigns with as much solemn pride as if he were a Michael Angelo showing The Last Judgment in the Sistine Chapel, or some benefactor of the race explaining a new device for alleviating human misery; as if it were a noble achievement, independently of other objects, to construct big, showy marching machines out of masses of men torn as it were from the ranks of honest industry to make a German holiday. Other princes held reviews, it is true, but hardly without sometimes reflecting that there was one side of it all just a little incongruous and absurd. Everybody remembers the pious bulletins which the Emperor used to send home to the Empress during the French war, — the fervor with which he used to thank God after each new day of slaughter. The French saw the humor at once, in spite of its cruel meaning for them, and parodied the bulletins. One of these parodies, in verse, and supposed to be addressed by the Emperor to Augusta, may be translated roughly by this couplet: —

> "Ten thousand Frenchmen more laid low:
> Praise God, from whom all blessings flow!"

Bismarck would have laughed heartily over this. But it may be doubted if William, had it been shown to him, would have seen the point of the fun, or felt the edge of the satire; indeed, a

man who could appreciate the parody would hardly have sent the original dispatches.

These illustrations will perhaps suffice to explain one feature or one defect of the Emperor's mind which made it possible for him to accept the doctrine of divine right. The folly of an error is fatal to its success with persons who have a sense of the ridiculous. But William grew up with a belief in divine right, and without the sense of humor which in maturer years might have shown him the absurdity of the doctrine; so that, for all the world knows, he died in the firm conviction that Providence ordained the Hohenzollerns to rule, and all other Prussians to obey. This theory of the origin of royal authority naturally suggested a sympathetic theory of its extent. What God granted only God could limit; and as it could not be discovered that any limitations had been made by divine power, it followed that it must be illimitable. This is of course the old Stuart theory of the prerogative. It is strange enough to find the preposterous metaphysics of the most pedantic of English kings gravely adopted more than two centuries afterwards by a busy, active, practical man of affairs, but there is plenty of evidence in William's own words that this is not an exaggerated statement of his views. And these views had, unfortunately, a direct bearing on the actual course of Prussian politics. In Prussia there had been since the year 1850 a written constitution. That constitution limited the powers of the crown, if only by definition; and in a legal sense the royal authority was derived from, or at least founded on, the irrevocable instrument which described it. In this sense the charter was in plain conflict with the doctrine of divine right, and presented a serious difficulty to William on his accession. It is to his credit for courage and honesty that he met it boldly, without sophistry or evasion. It was possible for him to explain that while he did not admit any right on the part of the nation to limit the prerogative, he recognized the right of his brother while king freely to introduce limitations, and his own duty, as his brother's heir, to accept with the inheritance its burdens and conditions. It is possible to find in his public utterances some traces of such a mental compromise. But these are not conclusive, and the evidence of his conduct is strongly in favor of the theory that he looked on the charter as little more than a set of practical rules, which ought to be observed in normal circumstances, and might be disregarded in serious crises. From this first proposition it was an easy step to the further one, that a serious crisis was present whenever the constitution interfered with a scheme which he considered essential to the state. This too might have been drawn from the creed of the Stuarts, and William applied it with a rather fine logical discrimination. There was, for example, a marked difference between his policy during the period of his regency and his policy after his accession as king. While he acted as substitute for and in the name of his incapacitated brother, he was faithful to both the letter and the spirit of the constitution, introduced a liberal ministry, and rejoiced the hearts of the people. He reasoned, apparently, that as Frederic William IV. had voluntarily invited the nation to share the power of government, it was his own duty, while representing his brother, to give the most complete expression to generosity. But when he became king his conduct changed. At his coronation he announced the principle of divine right in terms which warned the people of impending dangers. Then followed Bismarck, and four years of open, deliberate violation of the charter. The charter stood in the king's way, and he brushed it aside. If during the later years of his life he lived at peace with his parliaments,

and kept within the constitution, it is a sufficient explanation to say that his parliaments no longer opposed his plans; and that as he had been supported and encouraged by Bismarck during the conflict period, so now, after the victory was won, he accepted the advice of the same great minister, who knew better than himself the temper of the age, and the point at which illegality became unwise even in Prussia. But his principles he refused to abandon. He sternly insisted, on every occasion, that the ministers of the crown were the choice of the crown, and could not be turned out of office by adverse votes of the Diet. He refused to go to the hall of the deputies, either in person or by proxy, to open the annual sessions. The Diet must come to him to hear the programme of his government; and in the great hall of the old castle the speech from the throne was always read.

In regard to the measures of recent years, it is, of course, impossible to say how much was the Emperor's and how much the chancellor's. His majesty certainly relaxed none of his belief, as he grew old, that he was truly the *fons et origo* of everything good in Prussian or German policy; and the more he became incapacitated by years and infirmity for directing affairs, the more careful his ministers and attendants were to magnify his part. In the course of twenty-five years many disagreements must have arisen between Bismarck and himself. How many there were, and how they were all composed, cannot even be conjectured; but two lines of policy which the chancellor succeeded in adopting are known to have caused grave misgivings to the Emperor. In foreign politics, the gradual alienation from Russia was not at all agreeable to William's views. He was strongly attached, by training and inclination, to the Russian alliance, which he regarded as the chief support of Prussia's interests in European diplomacy; and the example of Austria's magnificent ingratitude was one which he felt it peculiarly important not to follow. Ties of blood connecting him with the Romanofs, and a certain sentiment not wanting to his nature, strengthened this conviction. But Bismarck knew Russia better than he, and knew how far Germany could afford to link her policy with that of the Tsars on the Neva. The rupture began, too, at the Congress of Berlin, while William lay prostrate from Nobiling's shots. When he recovered, the new path had been taken, and for better or worse it had to be followed. The chancellor's war upon the Church of Rome, and indirectly upon ecclesiastical pretensions of every kind, aroused even stronger apprehensions. The party of the throne in Prussia was also the party of the altar. The Emperor had a deeply religious nature, which often found expression, indeed, as in the war bulletins, in rather too complacent assumptions of divine favor, but still was warm and genuine; and his reluctance to interfere with the clerical prerogatives was artfully encouraged by many within and without the Church, to whom he lent a sympathetic ear. But notwithstanding his doubts, he behaved with great loyalty when once the policy of repression was adopted. The public knew that the Falk laws were not after his heart, that the palace had much sympathy with the clergy, and this was all. No official discord appeared.

The department in which William made his own individuality most strongly felt was of course that of military affairs. Here he rendered undoubted service. His character and tastes evidently inclined him to this line of work; and his practical experience, aided by prolonged and ardent study, gave him an almost unrivaled knowledge of the details and principles of army organization. He had, indeed, an admirable lieutenant in the minister of war, Count von Roon, a man whose share in the great events of the time is now perhaps not sufficiently

appreciated. But Roon certainly owed more to William than did either Bismarck or Moltke. In fact, the Emperor himself would have made an excellent war minister, if he had been a subject instead of a sovereign, and it is as an organizer rather than as a commander that his name deserves a great place in the annals of the Prussian army. Among his predecessors, he recalls not Frederic the Great, but Frederic William I. If Bismarck worked up the diplomacy of Prussia, and Moltke planned its campaigns, the king himself, aided faithfully by Roon, re-formed the army, and made it the tremendous machine which it is.

This is an undoubted title to fame. To have been, besides, the discoverer of Bismarck and Moltke; to have led the armies of Prussia in two great and successful wars; to have overthrown an empire in France and founded one in Germany; to have set all his subjects an example of courage, conscientiousness, and industry, as those qualities are rarely exemplified in kings; to have reigned for a whole generation after the age at which most men retire from active life, over the mightiest military empire that the world has ever seen; and perhaps most remarkable of all, to have been escorted tenderly and mournfully to his grave by a nation which once regarded him as the very incarnation of evil, — to be, and achieve, and experience all of this is the assurance of a permanent place among the great men of earth. "I have no time to be tired," he said, even on his dying couch, and the words should be engraved on his monument as the interpretation of his life. This life of indefatigable and unconquerable industry, an industry often misdirected, often unnecessary, often unfortunate, yet always conscientious and sincere, is one which the present generation and the generations to come will study with great and ever-increasing admiration.

Herbert Tuttle.

A DISCORD IN FEATHERS.

One whole year I entertained and cherished a tramp. It is hard to believe that a bird can deserve that unpleasant name, yet, after twelve months' study, I am obliged to confess that a certain orchard oriole was fully entitled to it, and there did not appear in his character a redeeming quality. I wished to study the habits of this oriole, and put a pair into a big cage, hoping they would live happily, as did other couples in the room at the same time. The pretty little yellow and olive dame was amiable enough, — she could live in peace with any bird in the room; but her comrade rebelled against the decrees of man. He was an autocrat; he intended to have his house to himself, and, more, he purposed to appropriate any other residence he chose to select, whoever might claim it. Hostilities began the moment the door was shut upon them: he drove her away from the food-cup, he fought her over the bathing-dish, he answered her sweet call with a harsh "chack" or an insulting "huff," he twitched her feathers if she came near him, and gave her a peck if she seemed to be having too easy a time. Withal, such was his villainous temper that he desired a victim to abuse, and never let her get out of his sight for two minutes, lest she should enjoy something he could deprive her of. She was of a happy temperament; she contented herself with what was given her. If she could not have pear, she cheerfully ate bread and milk, while if my lord could not have pear he would starve. She

had large dark eyes, and wore soft, delicate colors, with legs and feet the tint of light blue kid; but her liege lord was in the immature plumage of the second year, with black mask covering his small eyes. Hardly were the two orioles let out into the room when they began to investigate the wonders about them: one flew to the fringe of a window-shade, and hung head down while trying with sharp beak to pry open the cords; the other devoted itself to unraveling the mysteries of books and boxes, very soon learning to open both with the same prying instrument; this one pushed up the plaits of a shirt in the basket, while that one labored to enlarge button-holes. The slats of the blinds were appropriated as ladders to run up and down, and every few moments one disappeared in some hole, never hesitating to creep through the smallest opening. Madam went up out of sight among the springs of a stuffed chair, while her mate set himself the task of pulling out, with perfect success, the stitches of embroidery on a toilet cushion. Having exhausted this amusement, he looked about for new worlds to conquer, and soon found sundry holes in the wall-paper, where I suppose nails had been driven, though they were so hidden by the confused pattern that I could not see them. Before the walls he hovered slowly, and the discovery of an opening was the signal for work. One claw inserted under the broken edge of the paper was perch enough, and the first intimation of the mischief was the falling of bits of plaster and fluttering fragments of paper. Of thus amusing himself he could never be cured, and many unsightly places remain to tell the tale. While the head of the family disfigured the wall, his little spouse found occupation in working at a paper covering the cage of a gentle bird who specially disliked intrusive neighbors. First she pulled out the pin that held it in place, took it under a toe, and tried to wrench the head off; failing in this, she passed it through her beak back and forth as she did a worm, evidently to reduce it to a softer condition. Finding the pin intractable, she dropped it, and turned her attention to the paper; tearing off bits, peeping under it, and constantly worrying the peace-loving owner, until a roof of enameled cloth, securely fastened by sewing, was provided for him.

The only one in the room whom the unlovely bird found it impossible to annoy was the oriole he saw in the looking-glass, and he never gave up trying to reduce even him to a proper state of meekness. Whenever he caught sight of his reflection he was furious: he strode across the lower support, bowing and posturing; then flew up against the glass, touching it with breast and claws, and beating his wings against it. Failing, of course, to seize the enemy, he peered eagerly behind the mirror, then returned with fresh rage to the charge in front. After a while I placed the glass at such an angle that he could not see himself from below. Instantly he alighted on a basket that hung conveniently near, ran to the end where he could stretch around and see his face, then to the other end from which he could look behind, uttering at the same time a loud cry. This also he kept up till I removed the basket. A day or two later, the discovery of a hand-glass standing on a table gave opportunity for a repetition of the performance. He attitudinized, drooped his wings, beat against it, hopped quite over it, touched the glass many times with his beak, and at last circled round and round, going into a rage whenever he reached the front, and springing suddenly around, as if to seize the elusive enemy behind. It was a strange exhibition of passion, very droll if it had not been painful to see. After that the glasses were covered.

Repose of manner was unknown to the orchard oriole; he could never wait a moment for anything. If he wanted to

bathe, he plumped into the dish, whether it were empty or not; thus he often surprised a more dignified bird by bouncing in beside him and splashing as though no one else were in sight. In fact, the bath was a constant subject of dispute; he was very fond of it, and the sound of dashing water was always irresistibly tempting to him. If he were shut into his cage with no other amusement, he indulged in gymnastics on the roof, running about, head down, on the wires, as readily as a fly on the ceiling, and often hanging by one claw, swinging back and forth, as if to enjoy the upside-down view of the world. If he stood still two minutes on a perch he was usually asleep; and both of these birds indulged in daytime naps, in which they buried their heads in their feathers, exactly as they did at night.

The lord and master of this household was extremely fastidious in his fare. Mocking-bird food he despised, bread and milk he left to his cage mate, apples were too hard to please him; nothing appealed to his taste except the tenderest of Bartlett pears, and of these he condescended to eat one a day. After a while, in his trampish fashion of prowling about in other birds' houses, he discovered that mocking-bird food was not so bad; and although he scorned it at home, he soon spent half his time in going from cage to cage, pulling over the food-supply, and selecting dainty bits for his own delectation. Naturally, he had many encounters with insulted proprietors, and some narrow escapes from a pecking; but he accepted these little episodes in the spirit of the tramp, regularly poached upon his neighbors, and nothing would keep him out of others' cages, or convince him that his own dish was as well supplied as any. The truth is, he seemed to be devoured by a fear that some one was better provisioned than he; and this feeling went so far that in the cage of a seed-eater he ate seeds, though since he did not take off the shells he was obliged to throw them up in a ball somewhat later. Like many other birds, the orioles were fond of huckleberries, which they ate daintily, driving their sharp beaks into a berry, and holding it under one toe while they neatly extracted the pulp, thrusting far out their long white tongues in the operation.

Meal-worms — the choice morsels of the bird-room — came near driving the oriole wild. It was natural for him to take one under his toe, and pull off small bits till all was eaten, but his greed made this way very distasteful. How could he be satisfied with a slow manner, while thrushes and bluebirds took one at a gulp, and were ready for more? He could not; he put himself in training, and in a few days could bolt a worm as quickly as anybody. Now it became the object of his life to secure them all for himself. He was so quick in movement that he had no difficulty in swooping down upon every one that was put out, before more leisurely birds had stirred a feather. When he was absolutely incapable of swallowing another, he continued to seize them, kill them by a bite, and drop them on the floor. Nobody cared for dead worms, and thus the selfish fellow managed, as long as he was allowed, to deprive every bird in the room of his share. The remedy was simple: his door was closed till the other birds had eaten, and he pranced back and forth before it, actually squealing with rage, while they disposed of the dainties in their own natural way.

The dearest delight of this bird, however, was one which no other in the room shared, — catching flies. Observing that he tried to get one on the outside of the window-frame, I thought I would indulge him; so the next morning, before the cages were opened, I raised the windows. As I anticipated, two or three flies came in. The oriole saw them in an instant, and was frantic to get out. When his door was un-

closed he at once gave chase, and never rested till every fly was caught and eaten. He hunted them up and down the windows with great eagerness, but never followed them back into the room, though of course, as they could not keep away from the light themselves, they all fell victims sooner or later. After that several flies were allowed to come in every morning, and no sportsman, of whatever size, was ever keener after his prey, whether fish, fox, or tiger from the jungle.

The little dame liked flies, too, and if one came near her did not hesitate to appropriate it, although it brought her mate upon her "like a wolf on the fold." The two had once a funny time with a very large fly which fell into the hands — or beak — of madam. The victim did not submit with meekness; in fact, he protested in a loud voice. This at once attracted the attention of the master, who flung himself furiously at his usually amiable spouse, to snatch it from her. She did not give it up, but flew away, he following closely, and the fly buzzing madly all the while. Round and round the room they went for some time, till he was tired and gave up, when she alighted and tried to dispose of her prize, which was, after all, rather embarrassing to her. The insect was large, and she seemed afraid to put it under one toe, as usual, lest she should be attacked and have to fly suddenly, and so lose it. When she did make the attempt at last, her movements or his strength caused a slip somewhere, and away he went, buzzing louder than ever in triumph. This sound again roused the hunter's instinct, and both orioles flew wildly after that noisy creature, which took one turn around the room, then alighted on the top of the lower sash of a window, and passed quickly down the hole made for the window-cord; where, by the way, I can tell careful housekeepers, who vainly try to bar out these gentry with wire gauze, many a fly comes in as well as goes out. The orioles in chase of this slippery fellow, seeing him outside, came bang against the glass, and then dropped to a perch, looking rather foolish.

Very soon after these birds were at home in the room, the female began to sing a low and sweet song, of considerable variety. The male confined his utterances to scolding and "huffing," and he tried to silence her with a peck, or by making ostentatious preparations for a nap, in which curious way many birds show contempt. But she did not often sing at home. She preferred a perch the other side of the room, where she sat down, her breast feathers covering her toes, threw her head up and turned it from side to side (perhaps looking for the enemy always ready to pounce upon her), as she poured out the pleasing melody. Not a note of song came out of his throat till weeks afterwards, when her presence no longer disturbed him, and spring came to stir even his hard heart.

Matters culminated, in this ill-assorted union, with a tragedy. He began a bully and a scold, and so far from being mollified by her gentleness, his bad temper increased by indulgence, until he absolutely prevented her from eating, bathing, or entering the cage when he was about. At this point providence — in the shape of the mistress — interfered, bought a new cage as big as the old one, and, in the summary way in which we of the human family dispose of the lives and happiness of those we call the lower animals, declared a divorce. This was agreeable to the female, at least. She entered her solitary cage with joy, and ate to her satisfaction, but not so well pleased was the tyrant; he wanted an object on which to vent his ill-humor, and it grieved his selfish soul to see her happy, out of his reach, with table spread as bountifully as his own. He usurped the new cage; she retired contentedly to the old. Still he

was not suited, for the old one was nearer the window; so he tried to occupy both, and drive her away altogether. So outrageous did he become that finally he had to be shut into one cage before she could enter the other. It was curious, on these occasions, to see the care with which she examined the door of his cage, to be sure that he really could not get out, and the satisfied air with which she finally went home; even then she ate at the point of the bayonet, as it were, he raging from side to side of his cage, as near to her as he could get, and scolding furiously. This could not go on forever, and the most watchful care was not able always to protect her, without making prisoner of one. It was the middle of winter, and she could not be set free, but if I had suspected how far his tyranny would go, I should have removed one of them to another room. To my deep sorrow, I found her dead one morning, and her body so thin I was sure she had been worried to death.

Naturally, I did not love the brutal bird who had teased another out of her life, but I certainly looked for an improvement in his temper now that he had no one to vex his sight. I looked in vain. He was more savage, more of a tramp and poacher, more of a scold, than ever. He even went so far as to huff at the sparrows outside the window. He never entered into the feelings of his neighbors in any way; when every other bird in the room was excited, alarmed, or disturbed, he alone remained perfectly unconcerned, exactly as if he did not see them.

During the latter part of this winter, I was interested to see a curious provision of nature for an emergency. The oriole had a serious affection of one hind toe, which swelled, turned white, and was evidently so painful to use that he alighted on the other foot, holding this one up. After a few days I noticed him using his foot again; there was a hind toe all well, and the disabled one above the new one, quite out of harm's way. It looked as if it were going to fall off, and I did not know but the universal Mother had provided a new toe; but on close examination I found that one of the three front toes had turned back to take the place of the useless member. Thus relieved, it became well, the front toe returned to its proper place, and the bird was all right again.

Now spring came on, and the oriole began to sing, strange, half-choking sounds at first, interspersed with his harshest notes, as if he were forced to sing by the season, but was resolved that no one should enjoy it as music, and so spoiled it by these interpolations. I found afterwards, however, on studying his wild relatives, that this is their customary way of singing. Now, too, queer little spots began to appear in his plumage, dots of bright reddish-chestnut, first on one side of the breast, then about the tail coverts, till after a month he looked like patchwork of the "crazy" sort. All this time his song was gaining in strength and volume, till by the first of May he could outsing any bird in the room.

To outdo in some way was his delight, and he regularly discomfited the singers, and silenced the gentle ripple of thrush music in the house by his loud carol. Later, the weather became settled, the well and perfect birds were given their liberty, and he had the bird-room to himself, the only utterly unlovely bird I ever knew.

Olive Thorne Miller.

MR. RUSKIN'S EARLY YEARS.

An interesting article might be written upon the influence of the novel upon modern autobiography. The novel has, indeed, affected literature in many ways, and been felt in both history and poetry; but the taste which it has bred in the incidents and characters of ordinary life has given a great extension to the scope of a man's account of his own career. It would hardly have occurred to our elder authors to delineate their parents in the way that Carlyle drew his father and mother, or to introduce into their reminiscences finished portraits of any persons who had not won some distinction. Gibbon's autobiography is a capital instance of a life told without the setting which has now become usual; it has no such background. In the papers which Ruskin has written about his early years, and which are collected in these volumes,[1] there is no like reserve. He includes in them his family and all his relatives, the home acquaintances and business partners, the clerks of the firm and the servants of the house, his companions and valets; the work, in other words, is conceived in the new spirit of autobiography, and though he is the hero, there are a host of minor characters and a crowd of trivial incidents which in other days would not have been thought worthy of record. It appeals often, like the novel, to our interest in general life as much as to our curiosity about Ruskin in his distinct personality.

In these pages, too, Ruskin is an ungrown youth; his account hardly touches on his active career, and nowhere reaches his maturity. The formative years of life are, in a sense, very important, but they are at best only the preface; what the man at last became and accomplished is the real matter that is worth knowing, unless one is specially concerned with education; the question how he was developed is subsidiary. And for this reason we must acknowledge some disappointment in the narrative, which is much taken up with childish and futile things, and does not, to our thinking, show the sources of Ruskin's genius, but the conditions under which he grew; and these were such as to account more for his defects than his excellences. A great part of what is told is indeed entirely irrelevant, and would have been as interesting in any other man's life. One or two leading topics, however, may be chosen, which have most bearing on his qualities, and either illustrate his temperament, or seem to have been determining factors in his character; and the principal of these is his religious training. Ruskin himself lays great stress on the fact that his mother made him early acquainted with the Bible; she read it with him for years, and went through it in course several times, besides obliging him to commit chapters of it, and the Scotch versions of the psalms in addition. He was, as one would say, piously trained; the exercise was strenuous while it lasted, and it ended only with his fourteenth year. He thinks it formed and confirmed a taste for the noble element in style, and that it was also morally of great effect. He was an only child, and a solitary one; this, no doubt, had an influence in lending solemnity to his religious associations, and his beliefs were not early disturbed. When he went to Oxford, the steady Bible-reading had ended, and in its place, he says, "was substituted my own private reading of a chapter morning and evening, and of course saying the

[1] *Præterita.* Outlines of Scenes and Thoughts perhaps worthy of Memory in my Past Life. By John Ruskin, LL. D. 2 vols. New York: John Wiley & Sons. 1886, 1887.

Lord's Prayer after it, and asking for everything that was nice for myself and my family; after which I waked or slept, without much thought of anything but my earthly affairs, whether by night or day. It had never entered into my head to doubt a word of the Bible, though I saw well enough already that its words were to be understood otherwise than I had been taught; but the more I believed it, the less it did me any good. It was all very well for Abraham to do what angels bid him, — so would I, if any angels bid me; but none had ever appeared to me that I knew of, not even Adèle, who could n't be an angel because she was a Roman Catholic. . . . On the whole, it seemed to me all that was required of *me* was to say my prayers, go to church, learn my lessons, obey my parents, and enjoy my dinner." His religious training had accomplished no more than to put him in possession of the Protestant tradition. It was some years after, when he was twenty-six, that he was first "put to any serious trial of prayer." He had been ill, and was now going home from Italy. "Between the Campo Santo and Santa Maria Novella I had been brought into some knowledge of the relations that might truly exist between God and his creatures; and thinking what my father and mother would feel if I did not get home to them through those poplar avenues, I fell gradually into the temper, and more or less tacit offering of very real prayer, which lasted patiently through two long days and what I knew of the nights on the road home. On the third day, as I was about coming in sight of Paris, what people who are in the habit of praying know as the consciousness of answer came to me, and a certainty that the illness, which had all this while increased, if anything, would be taken away." Two days after, he found himself "in the inn at Beauvais, entirely well, with a thrill of conscious happiness altogether new." This is the solitary instance of personal religious feeling in the volume, and if we understand Ruskin's comment upon the incident, it was one never repeated. To what extent his religious training fortified his moral fervor, besides enabling him to enter into the mediæval feeling in sacred art, is another matter; but the tone of the passages cited show that he holds mentally an attitude of superiority toward common Christian belief and devotions.

A second main characteristic of his education was his separation from healthy association with those of his own age, the care with which he was kept from youthful exercises, and, in general, the making a home-boy of him. He was not at all indulged; most playthings were denied him; he was taught to be proper, his faults were followed by the usual penalties, and he seems to have been reduced to an extremely angelic docility, so that he sat for years in a quiet manner in his own niche in the drawing-room, listening every evening to his father reading romance and poetry to his mother, and no more thinking of doing anything disagreeable than a star of falling from heaven. But, more than this, the parents had plans for him as a child of promise, for which the sherry trade would not offer sufficient scope. Their conviction of his genius was formed early and grew with portentous rapidity, and his father's ideal for his future was "that I should enter college into the best society; take all the prizes every year, and a double first to finish with; marry Lady Clara Vere de Vere; write poetry as good as Byron's, only pious; preach sermons as good as Bossuet's, only Protestant; be made at forty Bishop of Winchester, and at fifty Primate of England." The ideal was not so defined as this until he was ready for Oxford, but the vision of the future bishop seems to have loomed up while the child was of very tender years, and it was reluctantly let go after the Mod-

ern Painters time. There is one reminiscence of the disappointment here, on occasion of a conversation between his father and an artist, who were lamenting "what an amiable clergyman was lost in me. 'Yes,' said my father, with tears in his eyes (true and tender tears as ever father shed), 'he would have been a bishop.'" Between this idea that the child was to be a great man and the foolish isolation of him from natural playmates, a remarkable conceit was developed, which Ruskin is only too frank in acknowledging; he heaps terms of ridicule upon his childish self, and the reader is not disposed to say him nay, but rather to find it a great misfortune of his life that his vanity was coddled in a safe seclusion from the disillusions of a public school. But it is curious, side by side with these comic anathemas on his boyish "High-Mightiness," to come upon the mature judgments he has formed of himself, and does not hesitate to proclaim; he never learned the lesson of modesty, nor did perception of his childish faults enlighten him in respect to weaknesses of his manhood. We find him, for example, quoting Mazzini as having said of him, "in conversation authentically reported a year or two before his death, that I had 'the most analytic mind in Europe;' an opinion in which," he adds, "so far as I am acquainted with Europe, I am myself entirely disposed to concur." Elsewhere he deplores the loss in him of "a fine landscape or figure-outline engraver," but this loss he mourns less than "the incalculable one to geology;" for, he says, if, in Wales, his father and mother "had given me but a shaggy scrap of a Welsh pony, and left me in charge of a good Welsh guide and of his wife, if I needed any coddling, they would have made a man of me then and there, and afterwards the comfort of their own hearts, and probably the first geologist of my time in Europe." It was lucky that they did not try to make him an ichthyologist, at any rate. When he got the Poissons Fossiles, he saw that "Agassiz was a mere blockhead to have paid for all that good drawing of the nasty, ugly things, and that it did n't matter a stale herring to any mortal whether they had any names or not, . . . and that the book ought to have been called after the lithographer, *his* fishes, only with their scales counted and called bad names by subservient Monsieur Agassiz." This is a mere explosion of bad temper, but it helps us to guess what sort of "a first geologist of Europe" he would have been, and to reckon how he would have fared pitted against Lyell. It may be doubted, too, whether he would have kept very long to the management of that wished-for Welsh pony: the parents did try to have him taught riding, both by a groom and at a riding-school, but he had too much facility in slipping off, and was evidently entirely disinclined to learn.

The isolation of his childhood no doubt threw him back upon himself and induced his precocity. Mr. Stevenson has lately remarked upon one virtue of the Scotch Sabbath, in that it made a boy who could not employ himself in his usual play think out of mere idleness, and the time being a solemn one his thoughts were touched by it. Mr. Ruskin's every-day life was such a Scotch Sabbath. It was empty of most young interests, affections, and amusements. Listening to his father's readings from Scott, and Cervantes, and Byron, the boy naturally took to literature in imitative verse and prose, just as he wrote abstracts of sermons that he had heard preached; and he also took to drawing in a similarly obvious way. Whatever literary or artistic talent was possible in him was bound to come out under such circumstances, and power of expression would grow with practice; and so those first signs of promise put forth which confirmed his parents' ambition for him as a piously Byronic bishop. This was

the compensation for what he lost, but what he lost was never to be recovered, for all that; and the worst of his loss, besides practical faculty and habits of manliness, was the exercise of his affections. He has cared throughout his life, he says, — and this is certainly true of his earlier career, — for inanimate things, mountains and clouds chiefly; and one reason of this is, that he, to use his own words, "had nothing to love" in his childhood and youth, and indeed did not love anything; for his affection for his parents was not of the intimate kind, and he looked on them as a part of the beneficent universe, like the sun and the moon. This is his own account of the matter; and he regrets the circumstance, curiously enough, not because of such results as we have indicated, but because, when he fell in love with that Adèle who "could n't be an angel because she was a Roman Catholic," he did not know how to manage himself. His confession of this first fit of amorousness is one of the oddest things in the volumes, and indeed all his references to the various maidens who attracted his roving fancy, or his parents' more prudent eyes, are astonishing. Adèle was a bright Spanish girl, the daughter of his father's partner in sherry, and knew a great deal more than her adorer, who fell in love with her while she was visiting the Ruskins, and found the course of his malady rapid and severe. He wooed her by displaying his powers in Protestant argument and romantic narrative, and by his bad French; but she was only amused, and the lover, who was still young in his teens, was disconsolate in the old fashion. It was some years before he recovered from the disease; and reminiscences of the time seem to be disagreeable enough, for he rivals his contempt for his childish conceit by his ridicule of himself as a lovesick youth. There is nothing in the story, however, that excites the reader's pity; in this, as well as the other cases, one has a pleased sense of listening to much youthful confession in which there is not the least seriousness. The feeling was real enough, but it was "fancy," as we say, and not passion, with all the unreality of sentimentalism in the traditional spring. Oxford apparently cured him, — change of scene and something to think about.

But Ruskin is only a small part of the story; and one is not sorry that this is the case, for he was not an interesting child, and his boyhood was without the qualities that make boyhood attractive. The scenes in which he lived, however, and the people with whom he dwelt are drawn by the hand of the grown man, and have more of himself in them than has the manikin he then was. The banks of the Tay and the humble relatives at Croydon help his narrative very much, not to mention the view of the Alps from Schaffhausen, where he thinks his destiny was determined for him at fourteen, or the days in the Campo Santo, or the revelation of the infernal in life that the volcanic Neapolitan country was to him, in his own belief, at first sight. The journeys with his parents exhibit their character very pleasantly, and they were excellent persons; their devotion to their son was entire, and he was at times a trying young man. The first acquaintance with Turner, and the gradually increasing interest of the family, not only in his work, but in artists generally, furnish agreeable passages; the fortunes of the servants and other connections of the family, and the sketches of the acquaintance of the household who used occasionally to visit them, are interesting in the way of episode, though the manner is somewhat Carlylean, too grim, too indifferent, too consciously superior. Oxford yields one good chapter, and, as was to be anticipated in the case of a youth such as we have intimated Ruskin was, it is not without humor. He entered as a gentleman commoner, that being the safest

mode of entrance for one with his weak scholarship, and one attractive to him and his parents because he would wear a velvet cap and silk sleeves, incredible as it seems to us that this should have been, as we are assured it was, a "telling consideration," even to the largest importer of sherry and his scriptural wife and heir. His aristocratic mates took his measure and received him very well; and his mother coming down to live in the city, to be near in case he should be ill, he spent his evenings with her, and apparently did not annoy any one with his frequent presence elsewhere. He was fortunate enough, too, to be taken up by Henry Acland, his senior by a year and a half, whose rooms "became to me," he says, "the only place where I was happy. He quietly showed me the manner of life of English youth of good sense, good family, and enlarged education; we both of us already lived in elements far external to the college quadrangle." And he later on completes the picture of Acland's manliness, in whom he saw "a noble young English life in its purity, sagacity, honor, reckless daring, and happy piety," by contrasting him with himself in his own less hardy fibre, and showing at the same time the point of sympathy: "In all this playful and proud heroism of his youth, Henry Acland delighted me as a leopard or a falcon would, without in the least affecting my own character by his example. I had been too often adjured and commanded to take care of myself ever to think of following him over slippery weirs, or accompanying him in pilot-boats through white-topped shoal water; but both in art and science he would pull me on, being years ahead of me, yet glad of my sympathy, for, till I came, he was literally alone in the university in caring for either." Such glimpses of open, honest life on entirely natural and wise terms are not frequent in these pages, but some there are, and they help the interest amazingly. There is a considerable proportion, too, of Turnerian rhetoric about the Alps and Italy, of which the novelty has passed away and only the diffuseness remains; and there is something of interest in the history of Ruskin's artistic taste through Prout, rejecting Raphael by the way, to the Campo Santo and the Santa Maria Novella, but this record is already written in his earlier books.

The object of the papers is to tell what sort of a youth Ruskin was, and we have tried to give our impression of that. It is not an agreeable one, but it is to be said that he has shown himself no favor in the narrative, and judgment may be modified by what others may have to tell of him.

CHARLES BROCKDEN BROWN.

THE novels of Charles Brockden Brown possess only an historical interest. He was the first to write American fiction, and his works had the good fortune to please in London before the time of Jane Austen and Sir Walter Scott; he came, too, in the period after Mrs. Radcliffe and Monk Lewis, and had his genius been stronger he might have had the distinction of being remembered as the representative of the change of the novel from the wildly romantic into a more natural type. He stands just at that point of development, but he had not force or character enough to rise to a position in literature which should command attention beyond his own generation. He was born in Philadelphia. With an origi-

nal taste for letters, a vigorous imagination, and a wide curiosity for knowledge of all kinds, a literary profession was inevitable. He tried his hand at law, but abandoned the study after a brief experience of it, and gave his mind to the moral and political speculation then rife, to the manners and customs of nations, to history, and to the individuals whom he created in imagination, and sent on their travels. He wrote several novels, and left fragments of others, which have been collected in the edition [1] before us, and are well known to students. His political pamphlets, and the European and American Annals which he wrote for the American Register from 1806 to 1809, are of solid worth, but are not included in his works. He died in 1810, at the age of thirty-nine.

This short biography is all the preface needed by one who reads his writings, and it might easily be dispensed with. It is not his life, which was not remarkable, but his position, that throws the light upon his novels which is necessary for their being understood. He was in his time a reforming novelist. For one thing, he thought it was the part of an American to use those "sources of amusement to the fancy and instruction to the heart that are peculiar to ourselves," and which he declares "are equally numerous and inexhaustible." He announced his purpose "to profit by some of these sources," and in Edgar Huntly he tried to "exhibit a series of adventures growing out of the condition of our country, and connected with one of the most common and wonderful diseases or affections of the human frame." Here we have the two characteristics which are aimed at now by every tyro, truth in local color and in the facts of science. That he understood himself to be an innovator may be easily gathered from his frank assertion of his "one merit, — that of calling forth the passion and engaging the sympathy of the reader by means hitherto unemployed by preceding authors. Puerile superstition and exploded manners, Gothic castles and chimæras, are the materials usually employed for this end." Not to continue the quotation too long, since Brown was not an adept at condensed invective, he for his part was going to deal with facts. He was, in a word, a realist. But who would have guessed it, if he had not published the notice in his preface? To what "facts" did he have recourse to exterminate and supplant those "Gothic castles and chimæras" with which Mrs. Radcliffe and Monk Lewis, in the van of good Sir Walter, had occupied the grounds of romance? To what field of the conflict, to what stage of the comedy, would he direct attention, that his readers might no more be cheated and fooled with entertainment afforded by "puerile superstition and exploded manners"? Why, ventriloquism, and sleep-walking, and the wild red Indian! There is something humorous in this issue of the first realistic reformer, for one cannot doubt that he took himself seriously; and then, there is a familiar tone, as of something heard yesterday, in that "puerile superstition" and "chimæras." To a later generation, Brown's heroes and heroines are very far from any humanity that rides in our street-cars; they seem little more credible than the Nun and the Gallant they were to do away with; his tales are wildly improbable, more impossible than ghosts by as much as one lays aside incredulity in reading of "Gothic castles." The realist of to-day must peruse these novels with much mirth, if he judges them by the style of to-day in men, and things, and fiction. If this should go on, and the world revolves, why may not Silas Lapham come, in the changeful process of human life, to be no better than a "knight-in-armor"?

It is hardly possible to give a true

[1] *Charles Brockden Brown's Novels.* 6 vols. Philadelphia: David McKay. 1887. Edition limited to 500 copies.

impression of the general character of Brown's six novels to one who has not read one or two of them, at least. They are without unity of design; there are several stories which interweave with one another in the same tale, but they are not correlated among themselves; the main narrative is not so much broken by episodes, but rather is itself a succession of slightly connected events and different family histories; the method, generally speaking, is like that of the novel of adventure, in which it is not the dramatic plot, but the exciting stages of a much-checkered career, that holds the attention. The better ones of the series, Wieland, Arthur Mervyn, and Edgar Huntly, have some special feature, it is true. In one the mystery of the story is in ventriloquism, in another somnambulism; and the idea of supplanting supernatural by physical and quasi-scientific mystery was an original and useful one, fruitful still in our own days. In others the scenes of the yellow-fever epidemic in New York and Philadelphia, of which Brown had himself been a witness, afford the realistic element, and these are much the best done of anything from his pen; but here, too, it is to be observed that he discarded the supernatural only to hold fast to the exceptional. In the sphere of character and action he was still under the shadow of the old castle; the spectacular has given place to the sensational, but in the bosoms of Constantia and Jane, of Wieland and Ormond and Sarsefield, reigns the very breath of romantic passion, and adventure is the genius of their careers. As for the language in which they address one another, it was never heard off the stage of melodrama: they enter and strike attitudes and have their say; one would as soon think of interrupting a set piece of fireworks as their speeches. The style, too, is, beyond concealment, tedious. The truth is, these novels are as much gone by as the Algerian pirates, with whom they were contemporary; even Mrs. Radcliffe and Monk Lewis have kept better pace with the modern reader than has Brown.

Yet, historically, he is curiously interesting. His pages reflect both a state of mind and a mood of imagination in which he shared only as a member of a larger world of men, some of whom were destined to a better fortune. It is not only the literary reformer who is found in the gallery of forgotten things; the portrait of the social innovator is as commonly to be met with there; and in Brown we find the stamp and impress of one of the most noted in his day and most obscure in ours, — the philosopher William Godwin. Brown was familiar with his writings, as not long ago young men were with John Stuart Mill's. One reads between the lines in these tales the theory and maxims and speculation to which Godwin gave currency. In Jane Talbot, the hero of the story is the typical young man with dangerous ideas, — or he has that reputation in the ears of the world, and particularly of the mother of the young lady he would marry. We quote a passage, partly as a sketch of the abandoned youth of the first days of the century, and partly for an ulterior purpose: —

"A most fascinating book fell at length into his hands, which changed in a moment the whole course of his ideas. What he had before regarded with reluctance and terror, this book taught him to admire and love. The writer has the art of the grand deceiver, — the fatal art of carrying the worst poison under the name and appearance of wholesome food; of disguising all that is impious, or blasphemous, or licentious, under the guise and sanctions of virtue. Colden had lived before this without examination or inquiry. His heart, his inclination, was perhaps on the side of religion and true virtue; but this book carried all his inclination, his zeal, and his enthusiasm over to the adversary; and so strangely had he been perverted that he

held himself bound, he conceived it to be his duty, to vindicate in private and public, to preach with vehemence, his new faith. The rage for making converts seized him."

In this strain the mother writes to her daughter of Godwin's Political Justice. The vigor of his influence must have been considerable in the community, his name must have been a standing target in society, when he was invoked by a novelist to create the character of such a man as Colden, even by rumor; and the fact that Colden is a blameless person, quite in the style of the virtuous and rather colorless philanthropist, which was then one of the ideals set up for youth, ought perhaps to indicate that Brown himself, who had speculated on the forbidden topic of the marriage relation, was not unscathed by the malign influence, though his character remained unharmed. As reminiscences, in imaginative literature, of the philosophizing temper of the year 1800, all such passages are worth remark.

There is, too, in the novels a pervading conception of man as a creature of dark passions, which, had Brown written a score of years later, would have been called Byronic. The fact is that Byron did not so much invent Byronism as clothe this type of passion with a power and lift it to a height that made it his own creation in literature; and it happened fortunately for his fame that he in his own person embodied it for the imagination of his contemporaries. But premonitions of Byronism, and even incomplete prototypes of it, are to be found before his day; and in Brown's novels there are several passages that are, as we say, "very like." Take this characterization: —

"A youth of eighteen, a volunteer in a Russian army encamped in Bessarabia, made prey of a Tartar girl, found in the field of a recent battle. Conducting her to his quarters, he met a friend, who, on some pretense, claimed the victim. From angry words they betook themselves to swords. A combat ensued, in which the first claimant ran his antagonist through the body. He then bore his prize unmolested away, and, having exercised brutality of one kind upon the helpless victim, stabbed her to the heart, as an offering to the *manes* of Sarsefield, the friend whom he had slain. Next morning, willing more signally to expiate his guilt, he rushed alone upon a troop of Turkish foragers, and brought away five heads, suspended by their gory locks to his horse's mane. These he threw upon the grave of Sarsefield, and conceived himself fully to have expiated yesterday's offense. In reward for his prowess, the general gave him a commission in the Cossack troops. This youth was Ormond."

Crude, brutal, coarsely laid on, it is; but Ormond — and we may say that his later career was all of a piece with this trifling anecdote of his teens — is essentially an earlier Lara. Nor is this instance alone and singular. The entire atmosphere of Ormond, which is a novel of violent passion and detestable wickedness, is pre-Byronic; and Brown's imagination, or his note-book from historical reading, was inexhaustibly fertile of the sort of incident instanced by the quotation above. The despised masters and mistresses of "puerile superstition" did not sup on horrors in more courses.

It is not with Byron, however, but with Shelley, that Brown's name is lastingly associated. Shelley, whose own early romances in the German style remain to bear witness to his first taste in fiction, has left it in writing that Brown's novels had a profound effect upon his mind. It is no wonder that they absorbed him, when first met with; he was just at the right age and had just the right opinions and emotions to live in sympathizing imagination the lives of some of Brown's heroes, for at some points they touched his own career nearly. That passage which draws Col-

den's character, already quoted, might have been actually written of Shelley by some of his family detractors; he might have sat for the portrait of Colden as the latter is represented by his friends, also. More than once, in the other novels, one comes on sentiments, personal situations, and ideals of conduct through which one feels at once, if he is on the watch, the pulse of Shelley beating as he read. For example, it is one of Brown's distinctions that his pages are devoted, whenever they touch on female character, to the advocacy of the right of woman to equal education, and to a position of equal dignity intellectually, with man. Brown appears to have been familiar with Mary Wollstonecraft's writings on the subject, and to have adopted her views so far, at least, as the mental training of woman is concerned. The reiteration of this doctrine, both openly in the author's discourse, and indirectly in the conversation of the characters, was enough of itself to win Shelley's adherence. On the imaginative side, Brown touched him also in the marrow; for Shelley's temperament, being extravagantly romantic in his nonage, was the local habitation in which Ormonds and Sarsefields and their tribe thrive. Ventriloquism and somnambulism, in their turn, were the kind of science Shelley studied; he perhaps pursued chemistry as much with the hope of raising a ghost as from any other motive; science to him was only another form of that marvel which he first found in the supernatural. Therefore, as a social philosopher, a romancer, and a dealer with curious quasi-scientific phenomena, Brown had a threefold interest to his youthful admirer; but Shelley's assertion of the relative power of Brown's influence over him is unfounded. He made a deep impression upon him, but it was not a fruitful one, such as were those made by the great writers. In the poet's works, perhaps the name Constantia, in the lyric To Constantia Singing, was taken from the novel of Ormond; but further than that nothing is traceable.

These, it seems to us, are the principal points of Brown's historical interest. As a precursor of Cooper, or Hawthorne, or Poe, a position that has been claimed for him, we cannot regard him at all; the analogy between their works and his is of the slightest. He was a romancer of the old kind, although he made efforts in the direction of realism; he has no art; he is awkward, long-winded, and melodramatic, interested almost wholly in adventure, and save for the accident of coming first and being a Philadelphian would be without note.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

A Player's Exit.

THERE is a remarkable passage in Fanny Kemble's delightful Journal of her first visit to America, in which she writes gravely of the short-lived fame of actors. The poet, the painter, the musician, she says, enchant us through their works; a great actor "is himself his work." "There is scarcely to be conceived a popularity for the moment more intoxicating than that of a great actor in his day. So much of it becomes mixed up with the individual. The poems, the sculptures, of the old Grecian time witness to these latter ages the enduring life of truth and beauty; the poets of Rome, surviving the trophies of her thousand victories, are yet familiar in our mouths as household words. Dante, Milton, and Shakespeare are yet shedding divinest influences."

All this, written by the eloquent young actress doubtless in the reaction from one of her own triumphs, contrasts sadly with the climax a page beyond, where she recalls the pageants that, night after night, "riveted the gaze of thousands, and drew forth their acclamations. Gone like rosy sunset clouds, fair painted vapors, lovely to the sight, but vanishing as dreams. Where are the labors of Garrick, of Macklin, of Cooke, of Kemble, of Mrs. Siddons?" she says. "Chronicled in the dim memories of some few of their surviving spectators, who speak of them with an enthusiasm which we, who never saw them, fancy the offspring of that feeling which makes the old look back to the time of their youth as the only days when the sun knew how to shine."

I lingered just now over these passages, touching enough when one remembers that they were written by a beautiful young creature in the very morning brightness of her fame; most touching as an evidence of human desire for an immortality that can be comprehended by this world's vision, and also of that gifted nature which, consecrating all its powers to a certain art, sees that the best success is but temporary, and soon to exist only in vague tradition and by the help of its sister art of letters. We do know Garrick yet, and Mrs. Siddons; to many Fanny Kemble is often playing still in the theatre of memory; but what a long procession of painstaking, delightful men and women the world has forgotten, — those whose fame was only of their own time, or for an occasional student of stagecraft or lover of old books, a student who is lucky enough to bring them again to life in his eager and sympathetic imagination.

I have been wishing that somebody would write about one actress who left us not long ago, regretted by everybody who was familiar with the stage of the Boston Museum. Those of us who never could keep our hands still when Mrs. Vincent's kindly face and short, comfortable figure appeared at the wing in familiar guise of big London cap and Lady Blessington brocade; those of us who had seen her in her little parlor, and listened with delight as she called her lawless old green parrot an impudent baggage in fine stage tones; who knew her self-denial, her generosity, her capital acting, which, good as it was, must after all come last as we try to praise her, — we cannot bear to think that our Mrs. Vincent may be forgotten. There are certain parts in the old English comedies, in the charming Irish plays of Boucicault, where it will always go hard with us to applaud any one else, with the vision of her delicious impersonations in our minds. Perhaps, after all, I must bring with an apology this copy of verses from a seldom-visited portfolio, where they were left unthought of until Fanny Kemble's Journal called them back to me. Mrs. Vincent died in summer, when many of her friends were out of town, and one, at least, ignorantly thought that there might be few within reach who could pay a last tribute of respect to the dear old woman. But going into the hot town from the seashore, and imagining, though much before the hour, that St. Paul's Church would be a cool and empty place in which to wait for the beginning of the funeral services, it was found crowded with people already; a sorrowing crowd indeed, not curious and idly come together for the hour, but reverent and regretful. It was only after watching the great number of actors, the tiredness and patient alertness of even the least expressive faces; after gratefully remembering how much we owe to those who give their lives for other people's pleasure, who play strange parts until they feel astray in every-day life, that I understood the blessing of such a life as Mrs. Vincent's in the tempted and half-appreciated shifting and bedazzled world of the theatre.

AT MRS. VINCENT'S FUNERAL.

BORNE by church wardens down the aisle,
A sombre burden now she goes,
Who made the saddest of us smile,
And tired hearts forget their woes.

Here, see your audience sad for once,
You who in all your player years
Have made us laugh so many times;
We only greet you now with tears.

For some of us are thriftless folk,
Who thin with giving made your purse;
And some of us, God knows how weak!
But for your Christian words were worse.

Ah, none knew better of the flight
Of hopes and joys that cannot stay,
That faces wreathed in smiles by night
Are often sad and pale by day!

Now, for your well-learned playcraft take
Of honest praise your rightful share;
Sincere upon the mimic stage,
Unsullied in the footlight's glare!

Good soul, we bless you as we part;
What silent plaudits can we send
By cords that reach from heart to heart
To you who ever played the friend!

What is Pessimism?

— We have heard of commentators darkening with many words the subject they set out to illumine. I trust that no such misfortune is to result from the labors of the Browning societies in this country and in England, but a reference to the poet in a recent article in The Atlantic shows so singular a misconception about him that I am led to think the author of the above-mentioned paper may have missed the poet's plain meaning through too little attention to the verse itself, and too much to the superabundance of comment upon it. To class the keen-sighted, but large-minded and genial-hearted Browning among the pessimists seems a mistake hard to account for to one who has found in his hopeful philosophy a greater encouragement than almost any other single writer, teacher, or preacher of to-day has to give. I confess to being skeptical as to the genuineness of much that calls itself pessimism, or, rather, as to the existence of many thorough-going pessimists. I question the propriety of classing Pascal among pessimists called "religious," for to my mind the ideas of religion and pessimism are incompatible, — even religion as Pascal understood it. It were truer to say of him that, in the struggle of his intellect between faith and undermining doubt, his mind at times lost hold on religion, and then, for him, the universe was darkened, and chaos came again.

If to "recognize that in this world sorrow outbalances joy" be pessimism, then I take it that the majority of persons past their youth, who have minds to think with and hearts to feel with, are pessimists. But such recognition of the fact of life does not settle the question whether it is worth living. Browning says, in the person of the pagan poet Cleon, "Life 's inadequate to joy, as the soul sees it," — that is, in unalloyed fullness of perfection; yet the pagan could imagine a state of being above the present in which the "joy-hunger" should be satisfied, if Zeus the All-Wise were the All-Loving too.

It seems to me that the true pessimist, like the true skeptic, is nothing if not thorough-going, and that to be one requires a greater hardness of head and coldness of heart than belong, thank Heaven! to many. A genuine pessimist should go out and drown himself, as the practical outcome of his belief; if he does not, it is because, in spite of theory, he contrives to find life tolerable,— and if for him, why may it not be for his fellows? The formula of pessimism is, or ought to be, that this is the worst of all possible worlds, and therefore let us each and all get out of it. But men sometimes manage to hold a creed without realizing its consequences in their imagination. The Calvinists did so with regard to their cruel doctrine. In proportion as it was vividly real to them, individual lives were burdened with heavy sadness; yet there was a loophole for hope to shine through upon the

soul of the conscientious Calvinist, for he might be assured of his own election to salvation, and for those of his fellow-creatures who were not visibly in a state of grace there were always the "uncovenanted" mercies of the Lord to trust to.

Schopenhauer, the "great apostle of pessimism," so far as he was sincere and consistent, was so in virtue of his coldness of heart, the "luminous selfishness which guided him through life." He was never guilty of really associating with anybody, we are told. But granting the existence of a few convinced and more or less consequent contemners of the world and mankind, I think it remains true that pessimism is mostly a theory in the air, as unsubstantial and harmless as many other theories that men have manufactured in all ages of the world. To return to the point whence I started, — that Browning, of all men, should be called a pessimist seems wonderful, most wonderful, and yet again wonderful. To recognize the force of circumstance and the fatality of chance in the life of man, the irretrievableness of his mistakes, his capacity for suffering, the possibility of his deepest joys transforming themselves into his most poignant griefs, the frustration of hope and the heartsickness of unfulfilled desire, "infinite passion and the pain of finite hearts that yearn," — to see and feel all this does not make a man a pessimist. To put into a word the diametrically opposite view I take of Browning, it seems to me that, a few great names apart, no poet with so wide and deep a knowledge of human nature and life has so uniformly maintained a tone of steadfast and lofty hope. His world is not made up of saints and heroes, but of struggling, sinning, sorrowing men and women; yet in his creed they have always the power to erect themselves above themselves. Many of them find victory even in defeat, joy in the midst of pain, and honor, faith, and love worth, even in this life, more than easy-going comfort and the satisfaction of selfish passion. The confidence of Browning's tone contrasts with the uncertain utterance of most of his brother poets since Wordsworth. Even the latter spoke, as it were, from the lonely height of abstract contemplation, while Browning's voice comes up from amidst the throng of active human life. He says of it, —

"This world, — it means intensely, and means good;
To find its meaning is my meat and drink."

And the facts of existence which move the shallower thinker to lamentation and doubt, namely, the mutability of all things and the disappointment of hope, stir and stimulate Browning; so that he cries, of this "old woe of the world, tune to whose rise and fall we live and die," —

"Rise with it, then! Rejoice that man is hurled
From change to change unceasingly,
His soul's wings never furled."

One of the main articles of the poet's creed is the divine nature and power of love, a present possession, which has also the capacity of infinite development.

"Knowledge means
Ever-renewed assurance by defeat
That somehow victory is still to reach;
But love is victory, the prize itself."

The infinite nature of human spirit, Browning tells us again and again, is the source of man's earthly sorrows and joys, his aspiration and progress, present imperfection and ultimate perfectibility.

"Shall I doubt that Thy power can fill
The heart that Thy power can expand?"

he cries, and with the faith of an old Hebrew prophesies by the mouth of the musician, Abt Vogler, —

"There shall never be one lost good; what was shall live as before;
The evil is naught, is null, is silence implying sound,
. . . . . .

All we have willed, or hoped, or dreamed, of good shall exist;
Not its likeness, but itself; no beauty, nor good, nor power,
Whose voice has gone forth, but each survives for the melodist
When eternity confirms the conception of an hour."

And over the corpse of a wretch whose life has been apparent failure, the poet muses thus: —

"My own hope is a sun will pierce
The thickest cloud earth ever stretched;
That after Last returns the First,
Though a wide compass round be fetched;
That what began best can't end worst,
Nor what God blest once prove accurst."

He reasons from the love in the heart of man to the infinite Love, and upon that he bases his large and firm-fixed hope: —

"Do I find love so full in my nature, God's ultimate gift,
That I doubt His own love can compete with it? — here the parts shift?"

The whole stuff of Browning's thought is indicated by these citations. The pessimist, the man who despairs, looks around over the wide field of the world, but his view is limited by its horizon; he sees no forces at work in it but those called natural, and does not know that it is being ploughed and tilled by the great Husbandman for the future harvest; his eye observes all the obvious misery of human existence, and pierces low enough to discover the roots of bitterness beneath the smooth surface of much that seems to be happiness, but he has not inquired deeply enough into the nature of man himself rightly to apprehend or solve the problem of his destiny.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

Travel. Under the Southern Cross, or Travels in Australia, Tasmania, New Zealand, Samoa, and other Pacific Islands, by Maturin M. Ballou. (Ticknor.) Mr. Ballou has a fresher subject than in his previous books, and he seems a little less dull, in consequence, but it is hard to take up the book anywhere and feel drawn on by the form of presentation. — California of the South; its physical geography, climate, resources, routes of travel, and health-resorts; being a complete guide-book to Southern California. By Walter Lindley and J. P. Widney. (Appleton.) The earlier portion of this book, devoted to climatology and physical aspects, is systematic, clear, and valuable; the second part, taking up localities and describing them and their prospects, is uneven, not very well digested, and approaches too nearly the mode of the real-estate agent. — Monarchs I Have Met, by W. Beatty-Kingston. (Harpers.) Mr. Kingston says at the outset that his acquaintance with monarchs was chiefly on his own seeking, and he also admits that he chose the title of his book in order to catch readers. He is, in short, a special correspondent, who uses his occupation as a passport. The narrative takes him over a good part of Europe and Asia, and gives him a place as spectator at a good many pageants and shows. He uses his opportunities with cleverness, but one must be tolerably enamored with royalty to take so much fuss and feathers with enjoyment. — The United States of Yesterday and of To-Morrow, by William Barrows. (Roberts.) This book is rather the product of travel and reflection than the direct record of observation. Dr. Barrows is an enthusiast upon the future of the United States, but he fortifies his large statements by an array of facts and figures. He makes a wise use also of history, and his book brings into convenient form a great variety of material for thought upon national growth.

Fiction. Before the Dawn, a story of Paris and the Jacquerie, by George Dulac. (Putnams.) An historical romance, the scene being laid in France in the latter half of the fourteenth century. The author has taken pains, and has read Scott. — Queen Money, by the author of The Story of Margaret Kent. (Ticknor.) — German Fantasies by French Firesides, Tales by Richard Leander; translated from the German by Pauline C. Lane. (Putnams.) The significance of the title lies in the fact that a surgeon of the German army wrote these fancies when quartered near Paris in the

Franco-Prussian war of 1870. They are pleasing little sketches, with the German sentiment held back from the jumping-off place. — Mahaly Sawyer, or "Putting Yourself in her Place" by S. E. D. (Cupples & Hurd.) A curious piece of work. The writer, who is unskilled in telling a story, but with a faculty for making her people stick out in their conversation and situations, attempts to illustrate the golden rule in its application to domestic service by telling a love story. There is much ingenuity expended upon it, and odds and ends of shrewd observation. The result is not very important, but one can scarcely help being interested in the book out of all proportion to its importance. — The Man Behind, by T. S. Denison. (T. S. Denison, Chicago.) A sensational novel, with a rude kind of force in the telling, but the author uses tragic situations without very clear perception of their value. The story is pretty near the earth, but not near enough to give it exceptional interest on that account. — The Nun's Curse, by Mrs. J. H. Riddell. (Appleton.) Mrs. Riddell has recovered her strength in this book, and has written a novel worth reading. — For the Right, by Karl Emil Franzos; translated by Julie Sutter. (Harpers.) The work of a strong novelist, and perhaps more emphatically a moralist. The strangeness of the scenery and characters in the story — for the scene is laid in Poland, and Polish Jews play an important part, — may deter some readers, but will be found serviceable in detaching the mind from accidents, and concentrating it on the essentials of the tale. — Roy's Repentance, by Adeline Sergeant. (Holt.) A volume of the Leisure Hour Series. A weak story bolstered up with conventional scenes. The writer has a moderate degree of ability, but is at an idle business. — How Deacon Tubman and Parson Whitney kept New Year's, and other stories, by W. H. H. Murray. (Caledonia County Publishing Co., St. Johnsbury, Vermont.) Four stories, the first of which is a far-off echo of Dickens, and all are artificial and lack the touch of nature. — The Angel of the Village, by L. M. Ohorn; translated by Mrs. Matthews. (Cupples & Hurd.) A story of factory and village life in Germany, with a dash of sentimentalism. The story is stiff and conventional, and the melodramatic close fails to galvanize it into semblance of liveliness. — Narka the Nihilist, by Kathleen O'Meara. (Harpers.) A novel which seems to depend for its subject on the current popularity of Russian themes. It has an unpleasant kind of power about it. — The New Antigone, a romance. (Macmillan.) The work of a man of ability, who takes to fiction because that form of literature seems to be the most convenient vehicle for ideas, not because he has a story to tell. He is a student of society and social problems, not a novelist. — The Deemster, a Romance of the Isle of Man, by Hall Caine. (Appleton.) Mr. Caine shows a strong grip of large and fundamental passions and motives of human conduct, but has he yet learned to make his strong scenes strong also in their compact expression? To dilate on passion and moving scenes is to weaken their force. — An Unlaid Ghost, a study in metempsychosis. (Appleton.) A somewhat ingenious conceit of repeating in modern life the story of Poppæa and Nero. The ancient tale is first told, and then its modern parallel. The stories are rather melodramatic in their telling. — Black Ice, by Albion W. Tourgee. (Fords, Howard & Hulbert.) — Maximina, by Don Armando Palacio Valdé's; translated from the Spanish by Nathan Haskell Dole. (Crowell.) By means of this novel one may get a glimpse of contemporaneous political and social Spain. — The Story of Colette. (Appleton.) A translation of La Neuvaine de Colette, which appeared in the Revue des Deux Mondes. It is told in the form of diary and letters, but the author has not been scrupulous about preserving the spirit of this form. — David Poindexter's Disappearance, and other Tales, by Julian Hawthorne. (Appleton.) — Recent numbers of Ticknor's Paper Series are A Tallahassee Girl, by Maurice Thompson, and A Moonlight Boy, by E. W. Howe. — Only a Coral Girl, by Gertrude Forde. (Harpers.) A handsome young Englishman falls in love with a fisher-girl of Capri, marries her, takes her to London, runs a gambling rig himself, and finally repents in dust and ashes after the untimely death of his wife. Conventionality in fiction changes in minor particulars, but remains essentially the same. The unhappy end is a conventional unhappy end. — A Magnificent Plebeian, by Julia Magruder. (Harpers.) Magnificent, and so of course he conquered the patrician, in spite of his vulgar surroundings. — Esther the Gentile, by Mrs. Mary W. Hudson. (Geo. W. Crane & Co., Topeka, Kansas.) A tale of life among the Mormons, written apparently at first hand. The writer has not learned how to tell a story swiftly, nor how to leave out the unessential. — The Vagrant, and other Tales, by Vladimir Korolénko; translated from the Russian by Mrs. Aline Delano. (Crowell.) This collection of tales strikes one as less Russian in thought and sentiment than many of the novels from the Russian. The scenes and incidents are Russian, and the writer has had a Siberian experience; he deals very directly with materials drawn from his own life, and he writes like a thoughtful, courageous man who has no special fads of his own. — A Russian Proprietor, and other Stories, by Count Lyof N. Tolstoï;

translated from the Russian by Nathan Haskell Dole. (Crowell.) Of varying interest, but always marked by those grotesque touches of nature which give one the feeling that he is looking at life through beveled glass. — The Last Von Reckenburg, by Louise von François; translated by J. M. Percival. (Cupples & Hurd.) A piece of German fiction.

Science. The New Astronomy, by Samuel Pierpont Langley. (Ticknor.) A lovely book with lovely illustrations, written in an interesting style, and aimed distinctly at the lay, and not the professional, astronomical student and reader. Any one who has been familiar with general astronomical treatises will be struck by the freshness and novelty of one which goes so much more to the photometer, the spectroscope, and the photographic lens than to the telescope. When has a science in its comparative infancy, like the new astronomy, had so lucid, so animated, and so untechnical a presentation to the general public? The compliment is almost as great to readers as to author. — The fifty-ninth volume of the International Scientific Series (Appleton) is on Animal Magnetism, by Alfred Binet and Charles Féré. The authors leave the earlier history of this science to historical students, and begin at once with Mesmer, bringing the survey to the present day. They then proceed to discuss hypnotism in its various phases, and illustrate the subject with a variety of interesting experiments, concluding with a thoughtful consideration of the responsibility attaching to investigations in hypnotism. — The True and the False Theory of Evolution, by Rev. Chauncey Giles. (W. H. Alden, Philadelphia.) An examination of evolution in the light of the doctrines of Swedenborg. — The Advance of Science in the Last Half-Century, by T. H. Huxley. (Appleton.) This is a reprint from a larger book on the Reign of Queen Victoria, in which it formed a chapter. It is a rapid survey of generals, illustrated by particulars now and then. — The Asteroids, or Minor Planets between Mars and Jupiter, by Daniel Kirkwood. (Lippincott.) A brief statement of the historical facts and discussion of them. — Volume LXI. of the International Scientific Series (Appleton) is the Geological History of Plants, by Sir J. William Dawson. Its object is to give in a connected form a summary of the development of the vegetable kingdom in geological time. From the nature of the subject, the book appeals both to geologists and to botanists. — Modern Ships of War, by Sir Edward J. Reed and Edward Simpson, with supplementary chapters and notes by J. D. Jerrold Kelley. (Harpers.) This book consists of articles originally contributed to Harper's Monthly. It is well illustrated, and the treatment by experts makes it not only of general service, but of special value to those scientific students who wish to make a general survey of the subject.

Books for Young People. Blue Jackets of 1812, a History of the Naval Battles of the Second War with Great Britain, to which is prefixed an account of the French War of 1798, by Willis J. Abbot. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) We suppose, from the general appearance of this book, that the author expects his audience amongst boys; and he ought to find a first-rate audience, for he has told an interesting story, in an interesting manner, without recourse to the rather cheap frills with which juvenile literature is apt to be decorated. Mr. Abbot writes brightly, and occasionally allows himself the use of imaginary dialogue; but for the most part his work is narrative drawn from good sources. — Boys and Other Boys, by Lucy A. Scott. (Woman's Temperance Publication Association, Chicago.) A small book of plain talk, by one who writes from strong religious motives, but does not neglect to use the arguments and illustrations which will be likely to arrest attention. It is easier, we suspect, for such a writer to feel a personal interest in her audience than for her audience to return the feeling. — Burnham Breaker, by Homer Greene. (Crowell.) A story of the Pennsylvania mines, a field already worked by this writer. The book is written with praiseworthy simplicity of language and directness of narrative. The plot is that of a book for mature readers, adapted to the uses of the young. — The Story of Keedon Bluffs, by Charles Egbert Craddock. (Houghton.) Miss Murfree, when she has a young audience in view, does not feel obliged to change her style; she simply selects those scenes and movements likely to interest the young, and reduces the amount of her landscape drawing. In this she shows her good sense and her trust in art. — Sara Crewe, or What Happened at Miss Minchin's, by Frances Hodgson Burnett. (Scribners.) The story of an odd child, who was left at a fashionable school in London by her papa while he stayed behind in India. At first rich, she was petted and left to do as she pleased. Then of course, or there would have been no story, the papa lost his money and Sara became a drudge at Miss Minchin's; and then of course again, the Indian gentleman who was the villain at first that robbed her papa turns up at the nick of time, makes things straight, and reinstates Sara in riches and happiness. The story in its outlines is rather conventional, but Mrs. Burnett is too good a story-teller not to invest it with animation and a sharp sort of spirit.

THE

ATLANTIC MONTHLY:

A Magazine of Literature, Science, Art, and Politics.

Vol. LXI. — JUNE, 1888. — No. CCCLXVIII.

MISER FARREL'S BEQUEST.

I.

It is barely possible that some citizens of the republic who are now voting — as well as their fairer contemporaries at present restrained from that manly exercise — may not have read the numbers of the Atlantic Monthly that were issued before they were born. Only persons of this defective education can be ignorant of Miser Farrel's bequest to one of our New England centres of the higher education. For in the good old times, when Plaucus was consul and Fields was editor, the writer who now guides the stylograph — then driving the less tractable pen of the period — was at pains to give the particulars of that posthumous donation which is to-day the source of a revenue so comfortable to the College. And now, standing in fear of that accusation of plagiarism preferred against the appropriators of unacknowledged material, he thinks it well to begin with a handsome confession of obligation to the ancient author some of whose researches he may find it convenient to adopt.

The well-known Mather Safe, which for three quarters of a century has been a conspicuous object in the Library of the College, was the bequest of one Isaac D. Farrel, more popularly known by the sobriquet which still clings to whatever may be left of him. As a collateral descendant of the author of the Magnalia, he had inherited the huge oaken cabinet that was once the property of that voluminous divine; and this it was that he bequeathed to the College in lieu of those titles to solid gold and silver with which its civilities to the wealthy bachelor ought to have been rewarded. Having caused the door of the Safe to be secured by two massive locks, the testator enjoined that their respective keys should be forever held by the President and Treasurer of the institution, to the end that neither should have access to its contents except in the presence of his brother officer. He further required that this bulky receptacle should be opened for the deposit of such packages as their owners desired to keep from the world for at least fifty years. It is needless to say that no sane corporation would have endured this posthumous fussiness, had it not been for certain mysterious papers which Farrel had caused to be let into the wood in one corner of the structure. These occult documents — which must remain untouched for one hundred years — were supposed to indicate the locality of buried treasure, or to point out some means whereby immense wealth would finally accrue to the College. Now, as it turned out that this eccentric benefactor, however penurious in most respects, had saved nothing in lawyers, there was really no way of disregarding his wishes except by relinquishing all claims under the will. So it came to pass that the Mather Safe was opened to the public under the conditions which its donor had prescribed.

The number of persons who appeared to claim the privilege of the Miser's singular bequest excited the amazement of the academic authorities who had it in charge. Carefully enveloped parcels, containing manuscript or other important matter, were constantly confided to the Mather Safe; these were usually addressed to the specified descendant of some living person, or to the future occupant of some professor's chair or metropolitan pulpit. There were wild rumors of secrets borne by this messenger between the generations. It was said that journals and letters had been deposited which would change the current gossip of history, and explode bubble reputations that had glittered before the world. There were hints of deadly sins committed by those high in Church and State, which the perpetrators lacked courage to confess to their contemporaries, but which, in the bitterness of remorse, they had recorded in the Mather Safe; thus taking a ghastly satisfaction in the thought that they should not always appear as whited sepulchres before men.

It is to be regretted that the advantages of the Safe were occasionally abused by those unbalanced persons who unhappily are to be found in all centres of culture and propriety. A poor crank of this description once insisted upon depositing certain strands of a rope which an outraged public sentiment had placed upon the neck of a foolish prater called Harrison; at least, if this was not his name, it was certainly something very like it. Now the talk of this fellow was highly offensive not only to the College officers of his day, but to their numerous friends among gentlemen of property and standing. In view of this fact, it was a violation of the decencies, no less than of the probabilities, of life when the follower of this fanatic decreed that his hempen trophy should be given to the president of an historical society (whom he absurdly supposed might be some person then living) on the day when a colossal statue of this pestilent Harrison should be placed on the most fashionable thoroughfare of the city. Yet in spite of a few such melancholy perversions of the Farrel gift, it was considered — a quarter of a century ago, when the writer made his last report of it — an interesting and, on the whole, a useful bequest. Of its present condition and estimation, there is no need of citing the many accessible sources of information; the fact that the Mather Safe was connected with an occurrence about to be related must justify this brief notice of its former history.

It has been recently hinted in these pages that the publication of the Life and Letters of the Reverend Charles Greyson will give the future pew-holders of St. Philemon's considerable information, of which those at present listening to this stimulating rector are profoundly ignorant. The uncalculating openness of his correspondence with the chaplain of the British Embassy in a noted European capital will reveal the shady recesses of an epoch that had more in it than the glare and clamor now chiefly perceptible. It is certain that the singular connection which existed between the clergyman and Dr. Ernest Hargrave, Peckster Professor of Osteology, will be more intelligible to our successors than it can be made to the majority of existing readers. While it is easy to understand that a man may inherit a brain which he lacks the energy to put to full service, it is hard to see how this power can be supplied from the vehement vitality of another person. The experiments of Dr. Liebeault, proving the possibility of ameliorating character through hypnotic suggestion, may dimly enlighten certain passages in the following extract from one of Mr. Greyson's letters. We shall, nevertheless, do well to pass lightly over difficulties, confident that they will be satisfactorily removed by some theory of ganglionic

friction familiar to the future annotator of this correspondence.

"Of course it was a good idea to send you the photographs; how could I have done better when a sudden rush of work kept me from entering the epistolary confessional at the usual time? Never fear that I cannot spare them; they come to me in great numbers. The maidenly zeal for ecclesiastical personages, which used to work itself off in slippers, suspenders, and penwipers, now keeps me supplied with specimens of amateur photography. This is a great gain; they may be packed in a small compass, and are not attacked by moths. Some of the objects represented seem to have puzzled you. I did not write their names on the backs, because it would have subjected the parcel to letter-postage. I will now supply the information for which you ask.

"'The iron-bound clothes-press, wide enough to accommodate a summer Sunday-school,' is your irreverent designation of our famous Mather Safe. Extensive additions to the original cabinet have been contrived by the present authorities of the College, who have discovered that Miser Farrel made a more valuable bequest than their predecessors imagined. They perceived that a repository so well advertised, and exciting such general interest, had — figuratively speaking, at least — a good deal of money in it, and that this could be extracted by demanding a heavy payment for all packages consigned to its keeping. This sort of parlor-car arrangement has undoubtedly some disadvantages. Had it not been for the fortune of his wife, Professor Hargrave scarcely would have been able to place in the Safe the important contributions to history and philosophy which he has dispatched to an age that can make use of them. Still it must be admitted that the price of admission has brought old Farrel's strong-box into high fashion. There are always persons who like to show their wealth by buying some privilege from which their less fortunate neighbors are debarred. The anticipated revenue has been fully realized; it comes from that natural selection of the richest whose law some moneyed Darwin should give us with proper explicitness.

"It is much to be regretted that the income from the Safe cannot be accumulated to create that Professorship of Heredity which President Cooley considers the most pressing need of the College, and which Dr. Hargrave places next in importance to the Professorship of the Higher Psychology, not to be hoped for at present. For the function of human brain-matter, according to the view of the latter gentleman, may be compared to that of a bank: it must be so managed as to preserve all valuable ancestral deposits, that they may be loaned upon good security for the needs of the passing generation. 'Although there are many points upon which the President and I do not agree,' he said to me the other day, 'I am sure he is right in thinking that a well-endowed professorship for the objective study of hereditary proclivities might solve many problems connected with education; it would show what sort of marriages are likely to transmit those motor-adjustments of the brain which the College is at such cost to cultivate. When I can establish my ideal Chair of Psychology to train the organist, Dr. Cooley's Chair of Heredity will see that the best instrument is provided for his touch.'

"To return to the photographs. 'The indefinite portrait of a lady' was taken from a painting by Stirmice, and represents an individuality no less definite than that of my friend Clara Hargrave. Yes, I am prepared for your comment: 'The face is handsome and intellectual, to be sure, but there is nothing to justify the ardent admiration you have so often expressed for this woman.' This is easily

explicable. The likeness was painted before her marriage, and shows no trace of the efflorescence of mind and soul which Professor Hargrave has called into being. The soft radiance of eyes that have pierced the supposed barriers of the knowable, the charm of feature moulded by impressions more delicate than those which reach us through the senses, you must cross the ocean to see. And why not do this? Why not come over to our College Centennial, which takes place in about six weeks? You shall preach your most stirring sermon at St. Philemon's, and look down upon better dressed women than can be found in any London church.

"Let us get through with the photographs. 'The anatomical picture,' as you call it, was taken from the bones of the Glyptodon discovered by Professor Hargrave during his recent visit to Brazil. The shaded portions, about one third of the bones represented, were exhumed; the skeleton is completed by plaster casts, modeled by the discoverer, — a wonderful example of scientific inference. It was this specimen which suggested the paper upon Ankylosed Vertebræ which keeps the Professor in the leadership of his department of science. It is acknowledged that his work in the limestones of the São Francisco basin is well abreast of the study of those bone-caverns by Lund, the Danish osteologist. I mention this to show that you were mistaken in supposing that the Professor's article in the Columbian Review — published just before his three months' absence — would have direful consequences. Why, he simply indorsed the position of Alfred R. Wallace that phenomena, explicable only by the existence of spiritual powers, were real and indisputable, and were proved as well as many other facts are proved in our mundane sciences. I can assure you that I was more struck by the reticence than by the freedom with which he wrote. You will find no hint of the mastery of transcendental forces which he has achieved by methods utterly unknown to academic lectureships. No man more fully recognizes the folly of revealing the higher psychic laws to a society absorbed in the cynicism and push of the materialism in which we live. The work which Professor Hargrave believes to be especially assigned to him is to influence his generation by the implantation, through mystical processes, of some part of the knowledge it so deplorably lacks. He will not attempt to reveal the experimental proof by which this knowledge has been reached to an age that wavers in a maze of vacillation and doubt, — an age when those who devote themselves to psychical inquiries are unable to deal with phenomena above the level of thought-transference in its most material aspects. I have said enough to make it clear that the College authorities have no way of getting rid of this man, as it is very probable they would like to do. To put one of inferior scientific reputation in the Peckster Professorship is a responsibility they dare not assume. They must accept the situation. 'Another of his fathom they have not to lead their business.'

"It is pleasant to see the Professor once more in his pew at St. Philemon's, though of course I miss his admirable letters from the South. He agrees with the opinions of Agassiz, expressed more than twenty years ago, that there are elements of high progress in Brazil, and that the inhabitants are unusually susceptible to lofty impulses and emotions. Some of Hargrave's former pupils are now leading men of the empire, and are pushing inquiries into the supersensual world, as well as into that which lies beneath them. He finds them surrounded by climatic and other influences so favorable to success that, were he free from obligations which keep him here, I think he would make his home in that country. Fortunately for us, he is tethered by a sense of obligation to the Col-

lege, and this he is not the man to repudiate.

"Let me see: what were your other questions? Yes, I remember one of them: you asked why Mrs. Hargrave did not accompany her husband. Well, because she dreaded the sea voyage; and if that answer is not sufficient, because the fact of his absence necessitated no real separation even for a day. Indeed, there was probably no hour when some flag-signaling did not pass between them. How do I know this? By the word of a woman who is incapable of deceit. 'But not of delusion,' you remark in a whispered aside. Then I must tell you, sir, that I assert only what I have verified; nay, what in some measure I can give you the means of verifying. Mrs. Hargrave has repeatedly told me that the Professor was writing; and, after detailing the events that were passing about him, has assured me that I should find them recorded in the letter. I inclose you my notes of what she said, taken as the words fell from her lips, and with them I send copies of her husband's letters bearing the same date. Please to read the two accounts of the chaffering with the Indian for the bones of the Dasypus: you will find them identical, even to the absurd incident of supplementing two hundred milreis with four buttons and a tobacco-box.

"Shall I go on to still stranger things? Well, then, this sensitive lady is at times able to throw the focus of consciousness upon the future. No, I am telling no tale of Sindbad or the flying carpet. Quite the contrary. I simply claim, with Cicero and the Greek philosophers, to say nothing of the Christian seers, that the vision of what shall be is not above the powers of the human soul. I say that there are wide and deep sources of knowledge, that occasionally engulf the petty occurrences of life which are too ready to monopolize our consciousness. Goethe, who is held up as the sanest man of the century, tells us that his grandfather had the power of prevision. Schopenhauer, emancipated from all ecclesiastical prejudices, is at pains to relate an instance of the possession of this faculty by his maid-servant, and asserts that our 'dreaming omniscience' is always striving to come to the aid of our waking ignorance. Look through the Memoirs of Baroness d'Oberkirch, and you will find sufficient evidence that the prophecy of Cazotte, detailing so minutely the horrors of the Reign of Terror, was known and commented upon before the occurrence of the events that it revealed. Take down your Abercrombie on the Intellectual Powers, and read of the prevision of the assassination of Chancellor Percival, of your British Exchequer. But I have no time to cite even a tithe of the evidence which goes to show that our branch of the Church has been too hasty in limiting the faculty of beholding the future to Scriptural times. We know that Elisha established a school of prophets near Jericho. What do you suppose he taught in that transcendental seminary? You may say that it was something analogous to the process by which science foretells an eclipse; and I must grant that — given an intelligence adequate to grasp the complexities of the problem — it would be possible to compute what shall be from what is. But I think it more probable that Elisha's curriculum, if we may reverently speculate concerning it, was so arranged as to bring his pupils into temporary relation with that mastering and pervasive Intelligence to which the future is as the present. For there is a second consciousness in man, of which dreams sometimes give us faint suggestions; and this may be so stimulated to coherence and intensity that we may share the Perception that sees 'within the green the mouldered tree, and towers fallen as soon as built.' All this is written to put into your prosaic British pate the fact that your friend is not necessarily a fool or a shadow-hunter because he believes that

under rare conditions the veil which conceals the future is as penetrable now as it was in the time of Daniel. It is certain that Clara Hargrave occasionally touches a state in which events are not arranged in succession as we see them, but appear in vivid coexistence. She penetrates some shy recess of time we have not yet reached, and describes the figures that await our coming. This she has done with an accuracy that no theory of coincidence can be stretched to explain.

"To bound off to matters sociological: I agree with what you say in criticism of the doctrines of Mr. Henry George. 'Monstrous' is indeed the word for his scheme of confiscating the deposits of the poor in the savings-banks, which, by legislative decree, are loaned chiefly upon land-values. As Lincoln said of slavery, if that is not wrong, then nothing is wrong. Yet I share the widespread dissatisfaction with our present type of social structure. Why should this plethora of material prosperity be confined to a handful of not very deserving people? Here in our democratic America, we have our growling crowd of lack-alls and our obsequious company of lackeys, — and I know not which is the sadder sight. I was startled, the other day, when a newspaper, which does not exclude such religious statistics as may be likely to interest its readers, announced that I preached every Sunday to fifty millions. (Please do not mistake this for a pathetic exaggeration of the numerical attendance at St. Philemon's!) Well, I go among these possessors of the earth's fatness to find too many of them deadened by worldliness and the selfish philosophies of the post-Darwinian epoch. At the Friday Club I meet those who are said to be the perfect flower of scholarly and scientific culture, only to be struck with the vacillation and inconsistency of their attitudes to the questions of the time; all agree in the destructiveness of contemporary criticism, and apparently can agree in nothing else.

"And yet, disheartening as the situation is, I shudder when I think how much worse it might be made by ill-considered attempts to mend it. Our social perplexities must be approached with the leisurely deliberation of the thinker; not with the passion of those who are struggling for bread; not with the cynicism and envy of the unsuccessful wealth-worshipers, who bear upon their foreheads George Eliot's fearful inscription, *Sold, but not paid for!* I am troubled in spirit as I stand before a congregation dominated by conceptions radically opposed to those of which I profess to be the exponent, and find myself compelled to read the Scriptures by the golden light which the gorgeous Peckster Window throws upon the lectern. It is not until sermon-time that I fully escape the pressure of my surroundings. Then I meet the calm, intelligent eyes of Ernest Hargrave, and the fifty millions relax their throttling grasp upon my throat. My life is uplifted as I share this man's tender sympathy with the troubles of his age, his perception of the historical processes of human thought, his knowledge gained by rigid experimental inquiries into a supersensuous world. I feel a persistent *ego* in every nerve. I care not if Dr. Fairchild Bense regards me as a puppet, mouthing and gesticulating as the strings of inheritance and circumstance are twitched by some misty Unknowable whom I foolishly personify as master of the show. Bense is a good physician, a capable art-critic, or he would not be director of our metropolitan picture-gallery; but of the meta-organic consciousness, conversant with the secrets of time and space, he is as ignorant as was his supposed arboreal ancestor who struggled up from monkeydom.

"This leads to a confession which I think will interest you. When the Professor was absent in Brazil, I felt his presence in the church as if he were

bodily in the familiar seat. He told me that it would be so; he said that his thoughts would be fixed upon St. Philemon's during our weekly services, and that I should be conscious he was with me.

"Do you want an illustration? Well, he was at Rio, — it was the second Sunday he passed there. On the previous Saturday evening, I had been meditating upon Ezekiel's vision of the dry bones in the Valley of Jehoshaphat. It suggested my morning's text: 'Can these bones live?' I selected this question as representative of modern inquiries which religious men must recognize. Can this luxurious society accommodate itself to the claims of the coming democracy? Can these dry bones take upon themselves new life without breaches of law, *coups d'états*, violent subversions of existing relations? I assumed that the bones, dry as they had become, were the necessary props of the social order, the foundations upon which a better State must somehow be built. As I rose in the pulpit, a cool wind seemed to blow past me. Influence acting from a distance — we have no word to express it like the German *Fernwikung* — took possession of me. Complemental material was drifted into my mind; I saw the capabilities of my subject from the standpoint of science. Those bones which I had assumed to be the basis upon which the social organism was reared were by analogy only a secondary formation, a deposit from the growing tissues, and were not to be mistaken for a framework about which the body politic must be built. Bones were virtually formed by the casting off of waste material; their excessive production resulted from a failure of vigorous vitality. To a practiced sermonizer like yourself, I need go no further. You see how shallow was the thought I had brought into the pulpit compared with the scientific truth upon which I founded my discourse. Can you believe that much of what I said came from my friend in Rio, speaking with the immediate power of my living voice?

"I cannot see why you should have difficulty in believing this; for you tell me that you are following with interest the publications of your Anglican Research Society, and have grappled with the bulky volumes it has put forth under the title of Phantasms of the Living. They claim to prove by direct testimony — which is reiterated to the point of tediousness — that there is no mundane distance at which effects may not be produced by the action of mind upon mind; they show that messages may be flashed between zones, even when their senders are under the disturbing processes of death. And if this is so, how much more easily shall a man under the conditions of bodily and mental soundness make himself felt by those who require his service! It need not be said that a patient student of nature like Professor Hargrave has had no difficulty in mastering the processes by which the constructive force liberated from his mind becomes an impinging impact upon his friend under other skies.

"This reminds me that, if you make us a visit, I may be able to show you something better than the fine dresses which I jestingly mentioned. I would try to induce the Professor to let you see some of the earlier chapters of his great book on the Will. These have been put in type-writing, and constitute the introduction to a work which will scarcely be completed, and certainly not published, during the life of the author. You would admire the ease with which he brushes through the metaphysical brambles which make Will a mere self-deception, and which caught the skirts of so sturdy a traveler as our great Jonathan. The chapter on Conjoint Motives, followed by the Exercises for Will-Practice (designed to assist volition in exciting its proper potency of motor outcome), will give you some idea of the

regions of mentality, hitherto unexplored, which this man has discovered and developed. Did you ever think how the normal force of the Will is neutralized by conflicting motives before it issues from the mind? Beaten hither and thither by these multitudinous impulses, it finally escapes, torn and bedraggled, for a feeble flight. Now Professor Hargrave has formulated a process by which the discordant motives are made to work — if I may so express it — with the same push, and thus to effect a result precisely equivalent to their united energy. No, I am not getting beyond my depth, though I feel the constraint of our English terminology, which is inadequate to represent just what I would say; German might do better, but, unfortunately, I do not write it with any facility. As the treatise is systematic, there is necessarily a fundamental tone which no statements about it can make audible; you should come to it after comparing the achievements resulting from the trained volition of the Professor with the haphazard performances of those who are absurdly said to have a will of their own. A large and free conversation with this man — at least I could promise you this — would impart a sense of what he is and does, and show you that the Centres of Ossification, by which he is known in Europe, is a poor fragment from the sum of his accomplishment.

"Your account of Mr. Peckster's son-in-law, the Duc de Fleuron, is not inspiring. I feared he was the meagre and frivolous personage that you represent him. The match was arranged by Mrs. Peckster, who has been in Paris nearly three years to see what could be done for the daughter. Since the son was killed on the railroad, she has been the presumable heiress to the family millions. It was rumored here that the Duke required a certified copy of Mr. Peckster's will as the consideration-in-chief for his condescension. If this was the case, the consequence to the College of its failure to give Hargrave his well-earned doctorate of laws may be more serious than its authorities apprehended.

"Although Mr. Ephraim Peckster rallied from his inflammatory disorder of two years ago, he is at present very feeble. He is the last representative of his name, and I am sorry to say — for there is much that I like about the man — that there will be no loss to the world when it dwindles to eight letters of mortuary sculpture. A hundred years ago the family flowered in Gideon Peckster, the benefactor of the College, and has since been gradually falling from the aristocracy that was to the plutocracy that has succeeded it. The Peckster Pasture made its proprietors so rich that they were compelled to devote their energies to schemes for becoming richer. I forget whether I have ever mentioned this bit of ancient meadow-land, which has retained its name since the son of the emigrant purchased it for the necessities of his cow. The huckleberry bushes were long ago replaced by stately dwellings, and these, again, by the lofty stores and warehouses which now pay their quarterly tribute to the poor sick gentleman on Brandon Avenue. A study of the influence of this territorial possession upon the character of the family would be a valuable contribution to social science.

"And this reminds me that you are wide of the mark in your surmises about our new novel. The character of Euripides Texter in Counterstrokes is emphatically *not* 'Ephraim Peckster rouged for the footlights'! A similar jingle in the names is the only resemblance. Texter makes his millions by wrecking railroads and buying patents; Peckster's rents admit him to the councils of railroad-builders, and his agents are sent out to buy land wherever stations are to be established. Texter's connection with the Institute of Erudition is a gross car-

icature of Mr. Peckster's relations with the College. The novelist seems to have taken the remark of our second President, Adams, about the sycophancy of learned bodies without the ocean of salt water that should dilute its asperity. The learned pate does not nowadays duck to the golden fool, in the coarse fashion in which Shakespeare put it. There is only a state of exquisitely good manners on both sides. Our millionaire undoubtedly has a dim consciousness of the obligations, as well as of the satisfactions, of his descent from Gideon Peckster; while the College has a proper appreciation of the riches of the great-grandson of its benefactor, and a general sense of the desirableness of effecting a confluence between the streams of wealth and science. In the slang of the period, 'that is all there is to it.'

"As for Texter's purchase of the senatorship, I assure you that there can be nothing resembling it in the biography of Ephraim Peckster. The instinct of accumulation would have prevented such a scandal. Indeed, there is a club story that Mr. Peckster was once visited by a committee of political managers, who complimented him upon the soundness of his principles, and intimated that there was no office within their gift to which he might not aspire. 'Why, as for principles, gentlemen,' said the host, who seemed gratified at the prospect presented, 'I think you may be sure that a man who has twice married mill-property will sustain the party of high tariff from the bottom of his heart.' '*Et jusqu'au fond de la bourse?*' whispered the latest Mrs. Peckster, who found it expedient to cross the room at that critical moment. Whereupon her lord perceived what the committee wanted of him, and pronounced his *Nolo episcopari* with unwavering emphasis. The legend has undoubtedly some sort of foundation, but surely nothing that can support the absurd parallelism your fancy has invented.

"Enough of this. I am provoked that your mistaken notion has led me to mention some traits in Mr. Peckster's character that are as well forgotten. I am often at his house, and assure you there is more in him than the sordid money-craving that has so narrowed his life. He has come to feel the mockery of fate, which denies us any adequate view of the goal we are striving for until it is gained, and discovered to be a vaporous illusion, not having even the substance of paint and tinsel. He told me that he had several times drafted a letter to President Cooley which might inclose a check sufficient to establish the much-desired Professorship of Heredity; yet, when it came to the point, he could not bring himself to subtract from the accumulating millions the number of thousands necessary for the purpose. And then the poor man sighed; feeling, I am sure, how much worthier his life might have been had he heeded the teachings of his never-founded professorship instead of furnishing one more illustration for its use.

"For after speaking very tenderly of a certain 'Juno-like girl,' the daughter of the clergyman of a Berkshire village, he exclaimed, 'Suppose I had come forward in a manly way, and brought it to pass!' And there were sequent suppositions and interrogations, which I think I read correctly, though he did not utter them. Were those two feeble, frivolous Mrs. Pecksters worth taking, even with all the money they brought him? There was poor Henry Peckster, son of the first, and the Duchess of Fleuron, daughter of the second: both of them with more or less of that 'Nero-like physiognomy' which Professor Cope discovers in those spoiled children of luxury whose only study is to expend wealth in sensuous gratification. Suppose an old-fashioned family of children, whose numbers compelled unselfish action; suppose them brought up by the 'Juno-like' woman under conditions that would have given

the latent good in the Peckster blood a chance to assert itself! Ah, well, suppose and suppose; there is no end to it. Heaven grant that you and I may be spared the pain of discerning when it is too late to rectify!

"Do not understand me as implying that Mr. Peckster has not done all that the world expects from a gentleman in his position. His subscriptions to our church charities are quite up to the general standard. In the paper I sent you last June, you will find his name conspicuously among the donors to my seaside home for the diseased and stunted children of the tenement-houses. We have bought an island, you know, where we strive to keep these wretched little beings alive, until — well, I suppose I must write it — until they are of the age to provide a posterity to sustain the State. The irony is in the situation, not in the heart that feels it; not in the hand that must do the nearest right, even though some distant wrong should be the outcome.

"To go to a pleasanter subject, I can assure you that Mr. Peckster appreciates the high ends to which the studies of Professor Hargrave have been directed, no less than he enjoys the distinction that has come to the family Professorship. The order he has lately given to the young Brazilian artist, Affonso Varella, was both generous and sagacious. Thus it happened. You may remember that the Professor's friends have long wished him to sit for the portrait that should adorn the great banqueting-hall of the College, and that any proposition to this effect was so distasteful to him that nothing could be accomplished. Hitherto I have acquiesced in letting the project drop. It was a case where the spiritual *ego* was so far above the organism that such dull record of racial or family traits as might be within the capacity of our living artists would show a feeble shadow of the man. It would be little more than the picture of a tub, with an inscription beneath it signifying that Diogenes was inside. Well, there are artists and artists; and in Varella we have found one to whom the spiritual processes that make life are not masked by the body. Mr. Peckster has commissioned him to work into oil some sketches of Professor Hargrave which, unknown to the original, he has taken in his lecture-room. I am satisfied that this young Southerner has genius; he has seized just the movements which convey character, and will show the bold and elastic spirit of his subject upon a plane far above the level of any passive sitter.

"This completed portrait will be one more sight I can promise you when you come to America. Should pecuniary obstacles bar your visit, let me mention that we are absorbent of lectures to an extent which is quite incredible. I could arrange a course for you that would more than meet expenses."

It may be well to mention that the portion of the letter above given was not selected to illustrate the character of Charles Greyson, but for the light it throws upon events with which he was connected. Is it wrong for a minister to receive with exceeding joy testimony to beliefs he has accepted on the authority of records upon which an incredulous age has fixed an ugly interrogation mark? "I want more," asserted that good Churchman, Samuel Johnson, when the virtuous Boswell opined that Scriptural evidence concerning an immaterial world ought to be sufficient for him. The excellent logician, Archbishop Whately, — perhaps just because he *was* a logician, — also seems to have wanted more; and he did not scruple to look for it in the region of phenomena into which the rector of St. Philemon's had been led. What if Mr. Locke's experience-philosophy, Philistine as it has been thought, should provide new armor for religion, after all!

II.

Hamlet was right in maintaining that there are features connected with the decline of life which should not be pictured with minuteness. That Danish Zola, who brought his detestable realism to bear upon the venerable sage of the story-books, got off all too easily with the epithet "rogue" which the prince applied to him. While making a duty call upon some moneyed patriarch of the Avenue, let us be satisfied with contemplating the social importance that his millions will give him to the last; it will be well to crowd into the limbo below consciousness any rising sense of the plentiful lack of wit, the most weak hams, and other characteristics of the boozy and incapable life which awaits even Dives ere the curtain is rung down.

The above reflection will excuse us from considering too curiously the languid and shadowy remnant of existence which was being meted out to Mr. Ephraim Peckster. Any reader who may insist upon fuller satisfaction has only to ask his family doctor how much will be left of a man who has been bled for peritonitis in the sixty-seventh year of his pilgrimage, — remarking, by the way, that the subject was not distinguished for heroic qualities before the phlebotomy. "Such a person as you describe," the average practitioner will be likely to answer, "has probably outlived himself." If, however, the question is addressed to a physician in the front rank of his profession, — to one like Dr. Fairchild Bense, for example, — you may get a less conventional response: "It is probable that the person you speak of has come into what we have a right to call his true and essential self." And the doctor, if not pressed for time, will go on to tell you how different portions of the ancestral substratum are turned up to the light as the ploughshare of circumstance is driven through our lives, and how the hard pan upon which they all rest is not among the loveliest products of nature.

Indeed, any sensitive person, accustomed to dine at the great house on Brandon Avenue while its proprietor was enjoying the "health and wealth" which the British Prayer-Book peremptorily demands for the sovereign, cannot be advised to visit it under present circumstances. The disposition of the property has been made, and the most assiduous attentions will profit nothing. And surely the spectacle of Mr. Ephraim Peckster, with shaking head and limbs shuffling their slippered feet over his costly carpets, has small attraction for the lovers of the good things of this present world. The evolutive changes are over with him; the degenerative changes have set in. Organic processes of digestion, circulation, and respiration are continuing a feeble attendance upon the retrograde metamorphosis of mind, which, like a spent teetotum, is wobbling discursively to its final rest.

Whatever may be thought of his fate in the next world, the man of millions has certain palpable advantages in taking leave of this. The most eminent doctor calls to comfort his body with medical sedatives, and the soft-speaking clergyman who happens to be in fashion will apply ghostly anodynes to his soul. It were hard indeed if the clerical assurance of admission to the Blessed City, which gives murderers their glowing dismissal, should be withheld from a gentleman of whom all audible voices speak praise. As for any chance of — Well, a minister is not worth much who cannot explain away these dead men's symbolisms. Even if there should turn out to be such a locality, it must be a sort of summer resort, just warm enough to supply the sanitary thermal springs adapted to relieve those maladies which overfeasting will unhappily produce.

But even if the future can be so pleasantly disposed of, the past is still troublesome; at least, it was troublesome to

Mr. Peckster, as he sat in listless expectancy in the magnificent solitude of his drawing-room. The exquisite specimens of art which he had collected gave him no pleasure. He could not remember that table of their values he had once been at pains to learn. Did two Ruysdaels make one Constable, or was it just the other way? He looked inquiringly at the curtains of Chinese silk, in shades of blue and gold, which covered the windows, and then at a structure of little shelves bearing vases of rare china and antique pottery. The medicine bottles and tin boxes of pepsin tablets, that were mingled with these latter curiosities, reminded him that Dr. Bense, who was momentarily expected, knew all about picture prices, and would solve his difficulty.

On the table before Mr. Peckster had been laid two newspapers; both were unopened. The large folio sheet was the Daily Adviser, the matutinal counselor of Mr. Peckster from his youth up; the counselor also of his father and of his grandfather. The proportions of objects change as we proceed on life's journey; even the Adviser was not quite what it had been. Yet among all the vicissitudes of its existence the journal had maintained its identity. If exigencies had compelled it to put off one set of respectable opinions and take up another, it had never changed suits with careless alacrity. It had retired, as it were, to its vestry, re-robed with due decorum, and appeared again as guide and philosopher to the prosperous portion of humanity, and friend to whatever had gotten itself established. The Adviser had always been the recognized organ and laureate of the College. Its leaders upon the claims of the higher education were written in subdued and weighty English: they gave one a sense as of huge beasts chewing the classical cud under the shade of the tree of knowledge; they imparted a confidence that the croaking *isms* — as radicalism, socialism, and the rest of their shabby family — would never puff themselves into precedence of their tranquil solidities. Yet there was the colossal Harrison statue visible from the parlor window! The representatives of culture and property had given the fellow no quarter, yet there he sat firmly upon his granite base, while the fancied immobilities of forty years ago were upon their trial, or perchance already condemned. The latter view of their condition was taken by the Weekly Adventurer, a labor organ of very advanced views. A copy of this waspish journal lay by the side of the Adviser, and, strangely enough, enjoyed the right of entry to the sumptuous house.

"Why does Mr. Peckster take that miserable Adventurer, and worry himself to death over its absurd prophecies of things that can never happen?" inquired a collateral offshoot of the family, who had called on Dr. Bense during office-hours in order to obtain his professional view of the situation.

"It is just as natural," said the doctor in reply, "for a man with a debilitated heart to worry over something unreasonable as it is for a consumptive to comfort himself with the expectation of joyful activities in which he can never take part. Quantitative blood deficiencies establish melancholic conditions; that is all we can say about it. The feeling of anxious distress gathers about any object which presents itself. In Mr. Peckster's case it is Socialism; but it might just as well be the dread of collision with a comet, or of the coming unfashionableness of stove-pipe hats. To your other question, about an application for money, I can give no encouraging answer. Mr. Peckster has always been close, and senile dementia is notoriously characterized by penuriousness. Not that I attribute that condition to him at present; still there are indications of what may be which we cannot

quite overlook. The childish satisfaction he took in the legal opinion given by Ex-Judge Hensleigh, the other day, was certainly ominous. You heard of it? No? Well, the great lawyer had called to recommend the foreclosure of a mortgage, by which a valuable piece of land might be added to the family estate, and in the course of some trifling conversation advanced the opinion that the Courts, being bound to respect the maxim, *Cujus est solum, ejus est usque ad cœlum*, must sustain Mr. Peckster's title to territorial possessions, not only in the sun and moon, but in whatever planetary or stellar bodies might be found to lie between the Pasture and the ever-retreating *cœlum* of modern science."

"If Hensleigh gave that opinion, there can be no doubt that it is sound law," said the visitor, smiling.

"So sound," rejoined the doctor, "that I told Mr. Peckster it could be adequately paid for only by giving his counselor a deed of his entire domain above the altitude of a hundred feet. Well, there was something portentous in the excited manner with which he repudiated my suggestion. 'Doctors know nothing about the value of real property,' he said. 'Hensleigh will send his bill, and I shall pay the usual fifty dollars for his opinion, but not one cent more, sir, I can assure you!' It was easy to catch the idea that was cloudily shaping itself. Why might not a syndicate of landholders exact payment for daylight, which can reach the community only by concession of right of way through their ethereal possessions? That is a floating straw, to be sure, yet it shows the direction in which the stream is running. You might visit him for a week, and not notice anything to indicate that the dissolution of what we call mind had begun. Nevertheless, an occasional incident, like that I have mentioned, testifies to irregular action in one of those little nerve-tracts which, taken together, make up the complex unity of the brain. There is a broken string in the harp, though of course simple tunes may still be played without touching it."

The unconscious subject of these medical opinions, which were being delivered a few blocks off, was absorbed in listening to voices that had uttered their last sentences more than half a century ago. There was Joseph Russell's description of the Terror as he had seen it in Paris. Ephraim was a college boy when the ghastly story was told at his father's dinner-table, yet he could remember every inflection and emphasis of the narrator; the continuous fall of the guillotine, severing the necks of aristocrats, then seemed a horror of yesterday. Certainly it was but yesterday when, open-mouthed, he had received Mr. Russell's recital. Two yesterdays had passed, and the centennial of that dire holocaust was close upon us. Where were the intervening hundred years? Mr. Peckster had assisted his friends on the Avenue in commemorating the various Church and State centennials with which recent decades have been so plentifully besprinkled. Perhaps his health would permit him to occupy his reserved seat upon the platform during the College celebration, now two weeks off. Then would come the centennial of the great Revolution. The Adventurer announced that a committee had been already appointed to attend to its suitable observance. Chairman Lazarus would come from the slums, and set himself down before the rich man's door; not in supplication, as of old, but in menace. A grimy and sordid procession, marshaled by leaders whose hot enthusiasm might make up for their lack of wisdom, would demand an account of the stewardship of the product of their toil. Those Celtic faces, pale, immitigable, as Russell had described them, — were they not represented by a progeny in this new America? Here too they professed

to discover *droits de seigneur* that were usurping mights, and not rights at all. Had they not already abolished that most ancient and comfortable *droit de silence des grenouilles*, which a generation ago had been measurably enforced? The clamor from the unwholesome marshes of democracy was now permitted to disturb slumberers upon the well-drained Avenue, and the remonstrances of the Daily Adviser were powerless to put things back to their old position. As Mr. Peckster contemplated his copy of that venerable journal, there arose a doleful foreboding that the anarchists would some day supply it with an editor, without going through the formality of purchasing the stock. How would the familiar heading look printed in letters of red ink? What hope was left for the awful and lawful respectabilities of Church and College, if this Samson of the decorums were compelled to grind in the mills of the Philistines?

Here Mr. Peckster, remembering that he had not taken his morning glance at the news, adjusted his spectacles and unfolded the paper. Had his late tremors solidified into the letters that met his sight? They were printed in ink of the usual sable, yet no anarchical printer could have arranged his type in an order more startling. Could it be that his glasses were dim? They were removed and carefully wiped, but the capitals which headed the fifth inside column would combine no other reading. There it stood in black and white: ABOLITION OF THE PECKSTER PROFESSORSHIP.

The heading preceded a report of a meeting of the Council of Regents, the governing board of the College, which had been held on the previous evening. It had there been solemnly voted that the money of Gideon Peckster, which had so long supported the Chair of Osteology, should do so no more. There followed a preamble and resolutions, which had complimentary reference to the work done by the present Professor, and declared that his Centres of Ossification was a book highly creditable to American science. After these resolutions had been unanimously passed, the Council adjourned.

This was not all: there was a significant editorial paragraph, given, as it were, in collusion with the report of the meeting. It was probably inspired by the collective Council, and put in writing by some discreet unit of that body. As it seems worth the wear of scissors and cost of paste to any one making an historical scrap-book, there is no harm in preserving it here: —

"The announcement that after the approaching Centennial celebration of the College the most famous of its professorships will cease to exist will be a surprise to many of our readers. It has generally been supposed that the terms of the benefaction made the maintenance of the Chair of Osteology a perpetual obligation. This, however, is by no means the case. At the request of the Council of Regents, Judge Hensleigh, Bulder Professor in the Law Department, and *ex officio* counsel of the College, has made an exhaustive examination of the original deed of gift. This he finds to be so loosely drawn that the donor, whatever may have been his intentions, did not succeed in limiting the College to any one method of advancing his favorite study. To inquire what Gideon Peckster may have wished during his lifetime is no longer pertinent; we have to consider what he would wish to-day, were he conscious of the minute subdivisions in every branch of science which have become necessary for its successful prosecution. This question the Regents have answered in a manner which will commend itself to the intelligence of this community. The funds which have so long sustained the great Professorship will now be devoted to minute tutorships of the ribs, the spine, the fibula, and other fragments of animal anatomy.

It is by diligently searching the microscopic corners of nature that we can successfully add to the multitudinous facts, or factlets, with which Science must now equip itself. The distinguished scholar whose last moments were embittered by the regret that his life had not been devoted to the exclusive contemplation of the dative case, showed a true sense of the contraction of outlook which is imperatively demanded of the modern investigator. While, therefore, we do not claim that the young gentlemen who will hereafter divide Professor Hargrave's department are likely to produce a work of the mental grasp of the Centres of Ossification, we are confident that for the reasons which have been given, as well as for others which it may be inexpedient to mention, the action taken by the Regents at their meeting last evening will be heartily welcomed by the wisest friends of the College."

For a time Mr. Peckster could only gaze at his paper in speechless astonishment. A shudder ran through his frame, as he grasped the fact that the gentle Adviser, whose coos were as those of a sucking dove, had suddenly turned into a bird of prey, swooped down, and caught him in its talons. The tinglings of impotent indignation ran up and down his veins; then these were deadened by the crushing consciousness of defeat, from which there was no rallying. Finally the old man relieved his feelings in a bitter cry: "What does it mean? What does it mean? What is the Daily Adviser doing?"

"Doing!" echoed the Rev. Charles Greyson, as he entered the room. "Why, it is setting springes to catch woodcock, traps into which the devoted friends of Professor Hargrave are politely invited to walk. I tell you that one man — I need not name him — is at the bottom of this miserable business. The stupid fowl of the Council, roosting in their sleepy innocence, can be driven into any snare he sets for them. Those resolutions — bah! As if nobody were bright enough to read what is written between their lines!"

"Perhaps I am not bright enough," said Mr. Peckster sadly. "I am not the man I have been. Please read them for me."

"Let me begin with the preamble, then," assented the rector, with somewhat more heat than is prudentially advisable for a gentleman of his calling. "We will burrow through these pretty phrases, and get at the central fact, — unmask these formal *whereases*, and show what is behind them! Listen while I give them to you in the revised version: Whereas, Dr. Ernest Hargrave has brought scandal upon the College by departing from that exclusive basis of physical research upon which the Peckster Professorship should rest; and whereas, he has presumed to declare that the spiritual nature of man is scientifically proved, notwithstanding the most eminent scientific authorities have decreed otherwise; and whereas, we recognize that there are difficulties in the way of asking Dr. Hargrave to resign a professorship to which his investigations have added new lustre; and whereas, Ephraim Peckster — Perhaps I had better not go on."

"Yes, do go on; I am not afraid of what you were going to say. Besides, I do not seem to be properly myself this morning, so it cannot trouble me."

"Well, then, Whereas, Ephraim Peckster, the last bearer of a name once influential in New England, is in feeble health and not likely to give anything to the College, now therefore, Resolved, that instead of asking Dr. Hargrave to resign the Professorship, we will slip the Professorship from under Dr. Hargrave."

"I see it, I see it," murmured Mr. Peckster; "your way of putting it makes everything clear to me."

"The matter might be made plainer still by adding one more to the world's stock of aphorisms," continued Mr. Grey-

son. "When a man climbs too high upon the tree of knowledge, avoid the scandal of pulling him down by quietly sawing off the branch upon which his feet rest."

"But how if he refuses to drop?" exclaimed an invigorating voice, as the door was suddenly opened. "How if some good angel bends a higher branch within his reach before the familiar foothold falls away?"

The presence of Ernest Hargrave filled the room with the rich outglow of an October morning; it seemed to collect the scattered rays of energy, and focus them into one cheerful point of light and heat. Only a man whose aims are as noble as they are clearly defined can attain the passionless serenity which of necessity is radiated upon those about him.

"Ministers of grace indeed there are," assented the rector; "and they will help us do our work among the world-wide changes which are threatening. I was going on to assure our friend that only some poor sham sphinx need fear burial from the drift of these scientific sands. One who knows the answer to the riddle may charm their arid surface to bear corn and wine for the sustenance of man."

"I accept the encouragement of your words," replied the Professor. "The task appointed me remains; but my presence in this northern latitude is no longer necessary for its prosecution. We have talked together of the forces which threaten that splendid material fabric of civilization of which the College is a conspicuous ornament. No one has a more painful consciousness of their existence than our friend in whose parlor we meet. Change, great change, there must be. Shall it come by revolution or evolution? I answer, By both; yet it is possible to mitigate the one by bending the higher energies to help forward the other. My work for the College is not over. I shall command new means of widening the narrow nest that has cast me out. I shall extend it upon lines which are not those of the Regents, for I have mastered powers of which they know nothing. My effort shall be to broaden its science, till it can again take that spiritual leadership of the community which Gideon Peckster prayed it might always hold. Here is a letter I received this morning from Brazil: read it, both of you, and give me your sympathy in accepting the golden opportunity I am offered."

"Come nearer to me," said Mr. Peckster; "just now there was a heavy weight upon my chest, but you are removing it. Somehow, you brush away my confusions. Let Mr. Greyson read the letter aloud; very slowly, if you please, sir, or I shall not be able to take it in."

The letter was dated at one of the provincial capitals of the Brazilian empire, and signed by certain persons of the highest enlightenment. These gentlemen, some of whom Professor Hargrave had met during his recent visit to the South, had perfected an organization for the noblest educational object; namely, the awakening and perfecting of those mysterious inner senses, for whose existence in a small number of persons there is a daily-increasing mass of affirmative evidence. These students of Nature in her higher aspects had been joined by a few well-equipped scholars from Germany, France, and India. The association had come into possession of an ancient monastery of the Benedictines, and proposed to succeed the worthy ecclesiastics who had there taught such lore as they could master. Of this distinguished body Professor Hargrave was invited to assume the direction. The opportunity was indeed exceptional. The brotherhood would push investigation in all directions; emphatically in *all* directions, above as well as below. There were limestones packed with the bones of animals of high antiquity; this extinct fauna might be reconstructed,

almost revivified, by the genius of the Peckster Professor. It was believed that the subjective activity, which sought insight into the nature of the Absolute and wiser appreciation of the needs of the human race, would be most successful when balanced by studies in the objective world. The members were all married; but their marriages were those rare and exceptional unions which must be recognized as spiritual matings for time and eternity. They held that a combination of the male and female mind is essential for the highest work of which man is capable; it was a neglect of this great truth that too often had filled convents with hysteria, and made monasteries the retreat of pulpy idleness. Briefly, the objects of the brotherhood were these: first, to give the well-born children of the community the all-round education that should fit them for the intellectual and moral leadership of their generation; secondly, by the exercise of occult influence, as subtle as it would be effective, to save society from the effusion of blood which has hitherto accompanied great political and social changes.

"Although the Peckster Professorship is lost, you see that the battle of life may still be won," said Hargrave, when the reading was finished.

"I shudder to think of your acceptance of this exile," said Mr. Greyson. "Surely every man is born into a bondage of local obligations which he may not lightly repudiate."

"But their fulfillment has no necessary connection with locality," replied the Professor. "Distance has no effect upon those actions and reactions which take place between the inner states of men. Your better judgment will tell you that I can do more for the life which centres about the College than if I remained to be disturbed by its dissonancies and hampered by its prejudices. Have you forgotten how easily you were set right in your sermon based upon the phenomena in the Valley of Jehoshaphat? If so much can be done to prevent a harmless misstatement of a fact of science, what may not be accomplished when nobler objects stimulate to supreme mental effort! Society is propelled by agencies that the superficial overlook. The great results are not obtained by those who employ direct methods, and blow the trumpets which lead the march. The work of this Southern society as a generator of social momentum will be felt among you; we can send modifying contributions to the rush of energies now making for revolution. New historical characters, now lingering in the green-room, await the signal to appear upon the stage. They are from the class that feels most acutely the evils of the present, and knows nothing whatever of the history of the past. Hence there will be no comprehension of the inexorable law of social progress among those who are thrown to the front. Now do you think it will be impossible for us to radiate intelligence that shall tend to give direction to their crude thought?"

"I have reason to know that this is not impossible," replied the rector. "But you have not thought of the enervation of a tropical climate; you forget that man makes his noblest efforts in the colder latitudes."

"And you seem to forget where the great religions came from," rejoined Hargrave, with a smile. "The surrender of the coat to him that would take the cloak, the prohibition of thought for the morrow, — were these precepts generated over a stove, with the outside thermometer below zero? Man is by nature a tropical animal, and if he is to find more than temporary and one-sided elucidation for his difficulties, it must come from lands where the sun is nearer the zenith."

"And yet it is there that the errors of Romanism flourish with peculiar exuberance," said the minister doubtfully.

"Are not some of the errors you are thinking of false only from the point of view of the Scotch Presbyterian, or from that of the money-getting Agnostic who has been evolved out of him? You Broad-Church rectors might widen in other directions besides that of rationalism; you might inquire whether some of the errors you have officially repudiated were errors, after all. The Roman Church has rightly recognized the life of being as well as that of doing, and has understood that the former may be active in the more efficient way. Her monastic institutions may sometimes have been centres of laziness and spiritual pride; yet the theory of the cloisters was correct. It posited the infinite value of right thought; it asserted that great law of human sympathy, by which holy aspiration and self-denying study may do more for the world than all the plasters for its sores that your fullest contribution-box can purchase."

"I must provide such alleviations for those wounded in the competitive struggle as our collections will permit," said the rector sadly. "Yet I well know that the most we can do at St. Philemon's is to send out a few poor skirmishers against the forces of evil. You who have received the ten talents may be permitted to sit apart as commander, — not out of danger, however, — and direct the battle."

"Please to compare my work with healing, rather than with fighting," suggested the Professor. "When did a sick man's introspection cure his disease? It is the diagnosis from the outside that finds the remedy."

Mr. Peckster had been moving uneasily, as if desiring to take part in the conversation, although the paths by which it could be entered seemed closed to his present capacities. He felt conscious that any remark he could make would have a quality of second-rateness, when interpolated in the talk that was going forward. Still there was a tradition that a man should be something more than an auditor in his own house.

"I think your society should establish itself in India," he said at last. "Yes, Professor, you should go East. I am told that there are remarkable persons who live upon mountains somewhere in Asia, and that they know enough to teach all the colleges in the land."

"Not East, my dear sir," answered Hargrave, with the kindly humor of one who adapts himself to a child. "Why, the East is where the wise men come from; to find where they go, we must consult the authorities. 'Westward the course of empire takes its way,' declares our great bishop. 'Go West, young man,' responds the practical philosopher. If we are to lift up our eyes unto the hills, according to the Psalmist's admonition, let us look to the Andes. Let us maintain that there are beings living upon their slopes to whose society no adept from the Himalayas would be admitted without a competitive examination, which it is scarcely possible he could survive. Ah, Mr. Peckster, in these days a man must do something more than boast of his country; he must stand up for his hemisphere!"

An impressive step upon the staircase prevented any rejoinder. It marked the gradual ascent of a person of some dignity, and the interest of the invalid's day reached its climax as Dr. Fairchild Bense was ushered into his presence. There comes an end to banter and controversy when the practiced eye of the physician ranges over the possibilities of life and death, and is selecting one of them which he will adopt as a probability. The gentlemen representing science and theology held their peace, and scrutinized the doctor's movements as, tenderly bending over his patient, he applied his ear to different points of the chest. Was he detecting some valvular lesion, or listening to the doleful *bruissement*, as the medical vocabulary desig-

nates a certain vibratory fremitus perceptible in the arterial trunks?

Whatever may have been the result of the examination, nothing could be gathered from the doctor's face as he recovered his erect position. He was familiar with the resources of mind-cure, and indeed had used them with good effect long before the exaggerated claims of that practice were mouthed by ignorant adventurers. No man was more conscious of the dispiriting flatness of things than was Dr. Bense; but he recognized the professional necessity of appearing to stand on a pedestal of health and cheerfulness, and he had drilled himself to do this with remarkable success.

"Well, Mr. Peckster," said this wise practitioner, "everything seems to be going on finely. I can prescribe nothing more suitable than a drive in your carriage, and that I need n't write in Latin. Go in the sunny part of the day, and avoid the pavements as much as possible. As to diet, — I have really no change to suggest. Pigeons to-day, I think your man told me as I came upstairs: yes, they are unobjectionable, if plainly cooked. If you really want the claret, I suppose I must n't object; but I would n't take over half a pint. I see you 've been reading the papers; you had better not do it, — they are too exciting."

"I — I think I shall not want to go to the College Centennial, doctor," said the sick man, slowly forcing out a remark which he felt had better be made.

"A very wise decision," replied the doctor approvingly. "These centennial exercises are apt to be tedious; there 's too much advertising about them. I just met Tom Stapleton, who told me he should n't go. He said that, after what the Regents did last night, it would be like celebrating one's mother's birthday when she was in the penitentiary."

It was the pleasant custom of Dr. Bense, when visiting well-paying patients for whom nothing could be prescribed, to retail for their entertainment any brisk saying that he had picked up on his rounds; or, if visitors happened to be present, he would set in motion a conversation that might lighten the pressure of the silent seclusion which oppresses ailing humanity.

"There are some good pictures here, Mr. Greyson," observed the doctor, after looking about for some topic that was free from any medical savor; "still, I must criticise Mr. Peckster's last acquisition. A fine Scriptural subject, — Balaam's adventure on his journey with the princes of Moab, — but I have seen it better treated in the foreign galleries. Do you know that to me the angel has a bleached, anæmic appearance, and the foreshortening of his left wing is not quite correct? On the other hand, the rage in Balaam's face is perfect, and the invincible obstinacy of the ass is well suggested. Look at the terror in the position of the hind-legs; I have seen just that petrified immobility in cataleptic patients. Yes, the picture might be called a good one, if we could only get rid of the angel; but I don't see how that could be done."

"Nothing is easier," said the rector quietly. "The artist has only to paint out the celestial presence, and then to paint plenty of 'expectant attention' into the eyes of the animal. You must agree that this would be a truer representation of what really occurred."

"Or, better still, let it be painted as a trick-donkey, such as they show at the circus," added Professor Hargrave. "Then our sympathies would be with the prophet, who is plying the cudgel with the zeal of a Seybert commissioner."

Dr. Bense was an honest man. Honest, that is to say, with the smouldering, quiescent variety of the quality which does not consume a surplusage of tissue, or materially injure one's prospects of getting a living. He had met these

gentlemen before in that very house. He had then used certain expressions about the studies of Professor Hargrave which it would be impossible for him to employ again. He perceived that these slurring words had been remembered by his companions, and that they were a barrier to those cordial relations which it was pleasant to maintain with contemporary organisms. The eminent neurologist was now constrained to acknowledge that he had caught a glimpse of an unknown sea, the existence of which he had once stoutly denied, insisting that it was a mere mirage of hysteria and epilepsy. Yes, there it was; though whether the Professor had found any plummet-line to reach its bottom was of course questionable. Yet as the turbid waters could no longer be denied, the attempt at scientific sounding was not the folly he had once supposed it to be. As much as this it would be the generous thing to acknowledge.

"There is a tone in your remarks, gentlemen," said Dr. Bense, "which indicates that you recall my manner of speaking of a certain attempted investigation into things outside this visible scene of earth and sky that was undertaken two years ago in this very house. I then believed that you mistook the common phenomena of hysteria and human mendacity for an impossible manifestation of an extra-mundane force. I then thought — as the most sensible men now think — that Professor Hargrave's transcendental pursuits were all froth and fancy-work. I have had reason to change my opinion."

"Is Saul also among the prophets?" asked the rector.

"Not a bit of it," replied the doctor decidedly. "He particularly wishes to keep out of their company. Like the later Saul, he is busy at his trade of tent-making, — or rather of tent-repairing, as I suppose his physicking might more properly be called. He is simply willing to confess that he no longer considers the prophets as necessarily knaves or fools. His vertebræ — not being ankylosed, like those of the Glyptodon, which formed the subject of the Professor's paper — are willing to assume the proper curve for apology."

"May I ask how far your testimony goes?" inquired Mr. Greyson. "I can scarcely suppose you are prepared to admit anything which contradicts the automatic theory of man."

"Not as at present advised," responded the doctor, after slight hesitation; "and as to my testimony, it goes nowhere, — I shall keep it to myself. But I am willing to make the honorable amends to you two gentlemen by telling you experiences which I should have to admit, were it wise for a man in my position to admit anything, as it certainly is not. Stay: perhaps I can show you another's statement, that with insignificant modifications I can adopt."

Hereupon Dr. Bense produced a large pocket-book, and selected a newspaper cutting from its miscellaneous contents.

"Yes, I thought I had it," he continued. "Now here is something written by a minister, the Rev. Minot J. Savage. I do not know the gentleman. I suppose he is a believer in miracles, like the rest of his cloth, and this of course diminishes the value of his evidence. Yet I must do him the justice to say that the substance of what he says here my personal experience compels me unwillingly to confirm."

"Unwillingly?" repeated Professor Hargrave, in order to give opportunity for correction.

"Most unwillingly," reiterated Dr. Bense, with firmness. "What am I to do with facts which seem to negative positions which modern researches have made impregnable? I am not one of those parlor lecturers who cater for the pious vote with their unscientific muddlement of soul and body. Man's nature is either wholly natural or wholly spiritual; no thinker entitled to the

slightest respect has discovered a compromise. The truth lies with Berkeley or with Büchner, — and it does n't lie with Berkeley."

"I see that Mr. Savage knows why the circulars of your Psychical Society are likely to find repose in the waste-paper basket," remarked the rector, looking up from his reading. "He says it is because the recipients of such experiences prefer not to be pitied as lunatics, or even treated with the blunt brutality which says, 'You may mean all right, but you 're a fool!'"

"Well put," acquiesced Dr. Bense; "and in view of this objection you cannot wonder that I have withdrawn from the Research Society, and propose to keep what I know to myself. The position of a medical man in the great bread-struggle is always critical; it may be lost by the slightest indiscretion. There are those pressing behind me who would like nothing better than to circulate the report that I had gone crazy over 'Spiritualism,' and was consequently unworthy the patronage of my patients on the Avenue."

"You are mistaken in supposing that the conditions upon which a successful doctor holds his place are in any way peculiar," remarked Hargrave. "Everywhere competition is so intense that some microscopic advantage is sufficient to keep the victor in his place, or to assign it to a rival. Since my article in the Columbian Review, men whose names are familiar to you — actuaries, bank presidents, treasurers of corporations, and the like — have opened their minds to me, and related facts which the common sense of the street, as well as the common science of the College, would regard as evidence of mental weakness which must relieve the narrators from all moneyed responsibility."

"It is not the bread-question alone," replied Dr. Bense. "The fact is, I am too old to reëxamine the fundamental principle upon which my studies have been based. I have concerned myself with man as a vertebrate animal. I have dissected him, experimented with him, and arrived at certain conclusions regarding his mechanism. These conclusions are the capital with which I work, the axioms from which I start; it is impossible for me to change them."

"Yet you confess that certain facts have been thrust upon your attention which go to show that your axioms are unverified hypotheses, and that the supposed certainty of your inferences may be delusive."

"You are too hasty," resumed the doctor. "It is true that I have encountered facts for which I have no place in my catalogue. If I believe them, it is with the *Credo-quia-impossibile* swallow of theology. I don't digest them; I only gulp them. I cannot interpret them otherwise than in harmony with my ideas and my temperament; that is, I have no interpretation to offer. They are true; and yet the probabilities against their truth are as a hundred to one."

"Perhaps if you will tell me one of these facts which are crushed into nothing by the weight of the hundred which oppose it, I may be able to supply ninety-nine similar facts which I have verified, and even go on to reverse the probabilities."

"I don't want them reversed," said Dr. Bense decidedly. "My book on the Body demonstrates that there is no possibility of showing an *ego* outside the organism, and that every new observation renders the existence of any such thing more and more unlikely. 'My siege is made,' as the Abbé Vertot said. I want to get rid of facts with which I can do nothing. I will bestow them upon you; but you must promise not to return them."

It is not necessary to give the doctor's narrative in detail. The scene was a parlor on the Avenue, just two streets nearer the country. A casual meeting

of five acquaintances. No instability of cerebral equilibrium; all was health and merriment. Dr. Bense was entertaining the company with the exhibition of a little heart-shaped table, supported upon two wheeled legs and a lead-pencil; it had been captured somewhere by a brother researcher. Placing the instrument upon a sheet of paper, he proceeded to show the facility with which it could be operated. He could push it about and make it write anything; and with considerable effort he certainly did succeed in writing several sprawling words. Then a young-lady teacher in Mr. Greyson's Sunday-school, saying that she had never seen the thing before, and would like to try it, placed the tips of her fingers upon the narrow shelf. The little apparatus now ran about the paper as if it were alive. Muscular direction, of course! After a time the pencil began to write in a clear, round hand. "I am not forming these letters; I do not know what it is writing," said the lady, in a tone of which the truthfulness was apparent. Very likely not; there are certain nervous states in which the muscles act without consciousness. "Dr. Bense may ask a mental question," wrote the pencil. The physician smilingly complied. An answer, unexpected, but singularly pertinent, was promptly written. Extraordinary coincidence! Out came the professional note-book, almost automatically, and the incident was confided to its pages. "Let the doctor write some questions in his book; we have unusual power to-night," wrote the pencil. Again there was compliance; but not until Dr. Bense so arranged a screen that no alien eye could see the motion of his hand. "In what month of the year does Christmas come?" The mind-reading theory came into the doctor's head, and he thought he would test it by making a vivid mental picture of the word *December*. "A trifling question; look in the almanac for your answer!" wrote the pencil. Why, this was no thought-reflection; the banter was like that of a person. The pencil was suddenly agitated, and wrote a name unknown to any one present. It was written that a man bearing this name had certain specified transactions with an ancestor of Dr. Bense who had lived in the last century. After a moment it was added that a record could be found in a certain public building that would prove the truth of the assertion. (The next day, after much searching, the document was discovered, and the truth of the statement established.) The perambulatory power of the pencil was withdrawn for some moments. Then, with a series of jerks, it scrawled a sentence containing vulgarities of expression and gross blunders of grammar for which it seemed impossible that the conscious mind of any one present could be responsible. Puzzling enough. Another name, — this was written with a rolling progression of the pencil, of a character not before observed, — *Gustave Bernville*. No; Dr. Bense had never known such a person. Stay: had he not met a medical student of that name, forty years before, in Paris? "Yes, it must have been at Madame Eugénie D'Uvert's *pension*," thought the doctor, as he wrote a question that might elicit that answer, and fixed Madame D'Uvert's name before his mental vision, as if it were chalked upon a huge blackboard. "I met you at the *crémerie* on the Quai des Augustins, where we breakfasted together for a week." The blackboard business evidently did not work. When, later in the evening, the perplexed researcher consulted a bundle of old letters, he found that "Gustave" was right about the place of their meeting, and that he was wrong.

There is no need of relating other phenomena, even more unassimilable with the previous experience of Dr. Bense, which took place that evening. Cognition so strange, so conclusive of something unrecognized by presidents of col-

leges and superintendents of hospitals, may be rare; may be as rare, if you like, as the fall of a hundred-pound meteor. Nevertheless, — unless the testimony of men of high intelligence is to be rejected, — it occurs. We may not like it, nor see the use of it; but there it is. Chemist Lavoisier, of the French Academy, once told the world that, as it was certain there are no stones in the sky, it must be equally certain that none can fall to the earth. The logic is so perfect that one may well feel provoked with foolish Brown or Smith, who sees a mass of iron descend in his back yard, and dares to find it red-hot in the six feet of earth into which it has burrowed.

Dr. Fairchild Bense was in a maze. Frogs with their brains taken out were sensitive to sensory stimulation. The case of St. Catherine of Siena was simply one of hystero-epilepsy. Brown-Séquard had shown that cell-matter may draw unusual powers from contiguous nerve-cells, — all, of course, being inclosed by the same skull. Jugglers could beat Slade at his own tricks. All these were undeniable propositions, and had done good service in their time; but turn them over as he might, the doctor could not torture them into shedding the faintest glimmer of light upon the facts set down in his note-book.

"There," said the excellent gentleman, giving a sigh of relief as he finished his story of occurrences which have been only hinted at in this narrative, "if all that had not been written down at the time to stare me out of countenance in black and white, I should deny my own experience as confidently as I now assert it. You have had the facts to which, were it worth while to say anything about them, I should be willing to make oath; and yet — and yet — as the Irish bishop said about Gulliver's travels — I don't believe half of them."

Professor Hargrave evinced no surprise at the doctor's paradoxical conclusion, but quietly remarked that he had now a request to make which seemed to him reasonable.

"To admit the world to the confidence I have reposed in you!" exclaimed Dr. Bense. "Impossible! I tell you that I do not admit to myself what clashes with all my antecedent knowledge. To do so would be to paralyze effort upon lines of research which I understand, and to which I owe all that I am. Would the Philadelphia neurologists send their summer patients to a man who had paltered with doctrines of which charlatans should enjoy the monopoly? No, sir, my position is peculiar; you do not know what you ask."

"I think it is you who do not know what I ask, seeing that as yet I have asked nothing," said Hargrave, with a smile. "My proposition is only that you shall do what other men of your delicate social relations have done at my request. I want to prove that the testimony you have just given is not that of a weak, untrained mind, led into inaccuracy through love of the marvelous."

"I think I have not that sort of mind," said Dr. Bense decidedly.

"I think so, too; and I want others, whom neither of us will ever see, to come to the same conclusion. One of the causes of our slow spiritual development has been the fact that successive generations do not succeed to the knowledge acquired by their predecessors. Results do not reach us in a form in which they can be unreservedly accepted. Thus we are compelled to spend useless years in verifying what has been already established before we can push on to new work. At certain periods of the world's history, the spiritual forces, which are always behind matter, are manifested with unusual power. It is so in our own time; it was so in New England two hundred years ago. Many of the manifestations were then, as now, mixed with the grossest fraud. Some

of them were stupid, coarse, and wicked; others seem to have been dignified and valuable. Clergymen, scholars, and magistrates have left us their records of these unusual phenomena. Now, supposing their testimony, instead of coming to us in the loose and traditional form in which it exists, had been taken under rigorous conditions; in that case, can there be any doubt that the beliefs which determine conduct at the present time would be other than they are?"

"It was impossible, at that day, to make a thorough sifting of the evidence," remarked the doctor.

"Impossible then, perhaps, but not now. I believe you know Judge Hensleigh, of our law department?"

"I meet him occasionally at the Friday Club. A very bright man, but what I call a *bigoted* Agnostic. Why, he does n't even go to church!"

"Perhaps not; but he is the best cross-examiner in America, which is more to our present purpose," responded Professor Hargrave. "Now I ask you to submit what you have just told us to his probing methods of inquiry. He will handle you as a lawyer retained by the other side; one, moreover, with a persistent sense of the *a priori* objections to your story. His examination, as taken down by a short-hand reporter, who is sworn to secrecy, will fix the precise evidential value of what you assert."

"But to what end does this strange scheme tend? What is to follow my compliance?"

"The reporter's document will be copied out, and consigned with others of the same character to the trusty keeping of the Mather Safe. When at length it returns to the light, you will be out of the way of injury; but you will have left that contribution to the knowledge of posterity which every generous nature must wish to make. I have already an engagement with Dr. Cooley and the Treasurer of the college. They are to open the Mather Safe immediately after the President's reception on the evening of the Centennial. There is my plan; you will not refuse the necessary coöperation?"

Dr. Bense was much relieved upon learning the moderate nature of the proposal. He had been imprudent in departing from his rule of silence; but having broken it, he had been let off easily. The Professor's will had of late come to have something of the character of an inexorable fate which it was impossible to resist. Here was an acceptable compromise. A man's knowledge may be said to belong to the world, but surely he may select the time for communicating it; he may prudently minimize his personal concernment in its reception.

"I shall comply with your request," said the doctor graciously. "When can Judge Hensleigh do his part of the business?"

"Have you any engagement for next Thursday evening at ten o'clock?"

After consulting some ivory tablets, it was signified that the hour was unappropriated.

"Then come to my house," said the Professor. "Hensleigh is to be there all the evening. Do not fear keeping him up; he is a late sitter, and will be well paid for his work. I am sorry that the earlier hours are engaged. He begins at half past seven with the actuary of a great trust company; at quarter before nine he takes a popular trustee, who holds a million or two, and hopes to get as much more. Perhaps you had better make your hour half past ten; by that time we shall be sure to have finished with the trustee, who has exacted a pledge that he shall meet no one coming in or going out."

"Ah, I see," said the doctor, with a significant sniff of comprehension. "Some of my office patients have the same feeling, and I humor them, if I can. Well, then, at half past ten you

may look for me. . . . And now, Mr. Peckster, I must bid you good-morning. I wonder if you have followed our talk? Nonsense, — or something like it, — from beginning to end; but then, for a person a little under the weather, it may have been none the worse for being so. Take a nap after your drive, if you can, and look for me early to-morrow."

So saying, the medical gentleman departed, to carry his good manners and cheerful presence into neighboring sick-rooms. He was conscious that a certain self-defensive energy upon which he prided himself had been notably lessened while in Professor Hargrave's company. But the October air would be sure to set him to rights again, and revive the breezy confidence with which it was desirable to meet the fever-mists he daily encountered.

"There is something responsive in the man, after all," said Mr. Greyson. "I hope that he may yet recognize another domain than that of physical forces and chemical substances."

"The first step towards an enlargement of our conceptions," said Hargrave, "is to come to some appreciation of the fact that others have gone beyond us. So far Dr. Bense seems to me to have traveled. That a man laden with his social and professional fetters should penetrate to the truths underlying the mere surface phenomena he has encountered is scarcely to be expected. It is much that his active opposition to us will cease. Yes, he is under conviction, — the conviction that the automatism of man, which logically kills him as a moral being, is open to question. Perhaps he has also reached the suspicion that others may do better work for the world than he can, simply because they have reached a higher stage of development."

The tall footman suddenly filled the doorway. He bore a telegram, which summoned the Professor to meet a gentleman just arrived from Brazil, who had important business with him. No excuse for departure was necessary. Both millionaire and minister comprehended the crisis in their friend's life, which compelled a prompt obedience to the summons.

As the door closed upon Hargrave, an intensity of expression came into Mr. Peckster's face, and lifted for a moment the brooding vapors of his invalidism. An impetuous ancestral quality, long overlaid by the languid features, now asserted itself. An idea which called for action waved aside the dream-shadows which had held the stage of consciousness with such persistence. The voice was shot into the room with the force of a projectile.

"The picture! Varella's picture, that I was to give the College upon its Centennial!"

"I had not thought of that," said the rector. "It is to be finished next week. You must make some other disposition of it. It cannot be placed next Copley's Gideon Peckster, as you proposed. Indeed, it is now clear to me that the authorities will not hang it at all."

"It is clearer to me," asserted Mr. Peckster, "that the College will hang the portrait next that of my ancestor, and value it as a priceless possession. I shall want but one assistant to compel this recognition of my gift."

"And who is that?"

"*Time!*" exclaimed the sick man, rising from his chair, and speaking as if giving a word of command. "Did you not hear that the Mather Safe is to be opened on the evening of the festival? The portrait of Professor Hargrave shall be consigned to its keeping for a hundred years!"

J. P. Quincy.

TO CAWDOR CASTLE AND CULLODEN MOOR.

We were in Inverness, — we meaning Saint Katharine and I. For three weeks Scotland had given us of her best. We had had the glory of the heather, the glory of the lakes, the glory of mountain and cloud and sky, to say nothing of that other glory of storied castles, ruins magnificent in their decay, and palaces whose every stone could speak. And we had not seen so much as a hint of a Scotch mist, or a drop of rain!

But on the 22d of August we found the skies overcast and a storm impending. We compared notes, and consulted the most genial and painstaking host in the United Kingdom. Certainly we had not come up there to be daunted by a little rain; and most certainly, too, if we were to see Cawdor Castle and Culloden Moor at all, we must see them that day. It was not one of the coach days, either. The porter came to the fore to give his advice. The leddies could perhaps get a machine, and go by themselves. "A machine?" We opened wide eyes, and then and there added something to our store of knowledge; namely, the fact that in Highland dialect a "machine" is any sort of a "trap" in which human beings can ride. Would we have a machine for the round trip, twenty-eight miles? Indeed we would.

The machine, in this instance, proved to be a light open wagonette for one horse; the driver in front, and seats for two, facing each other, behind. Unrolling our mackintoshes for the first time since we landed at Liverpool, in June, we took our umbrellas, and climbed into the small vehicle. Our host put in wraps and rugs enough for the supply of a regiment, and off we started just as the rain began to fall, declaring to each other that it was great fun, — as it was. if fun is ever synonymous with pure, unadulterated enjoyment.

For anything more delightful can hardly be conceived than that drive in the soft, warm rain, — that was in itself a luxury after the long drought, — along the curving shores of the Moray Firth, through lovely wooded recesses where the dripping branches met above our heads, between hedge-rows where all sweet wild things were growing together in riotous confusion, — holly, and wild rose, and ivy, and bramble twining their arms about each other and dancing as if for very joy, — and beside banks all matted with heather, so deliciously pink when seen near at hand, so royally purple when it stretches afar over moorland and mountain. All along the way bluebells swaying in the wind and rain swung their perfect chalices, and tiny pink and yellow flowers, unknown to us, poised like butterflies on slender stalks to keep them company. Here and there stately rowan-trees flamed beside the road, their great trusses of scarlet berries burning like torches in the dark emerald of their leaves.

The roads were perfect, as level as a floor; not a rut, nor a stone, nor a hillock big enough to make a "cradle-hole," and no mud even in the rain. Well, Great Britain has been building her roads for eighteen hundred years, and she had the Romans to teach her how and set her a good example. Perhaps ours will be as fine when we have worked at them as long.

We drove up at length, after much circumambulation and many devious windings, before Ye Cawdor Arms, a little quaint old inn at the junction of the highway with the lane that leads to the castle. It was a most primitive establishment in which to look for entertainment for man and beast. The low stone walls had lost, if they had ever possessed, the garniture of ivy that so

often makes the hovel more picturesque than the palace, and stood forth in all their unveiled nakedness. A few scarlet runners on poles made a bit of intense brightness in one corner. On the opposite corner of the house, just under the low eaves, a weather-beaten sign displayed the latest attempt at emblazoning the arms of the House of Cawdor. Apparently it had been painted over and over again by a hundred successive generations. The inn itself looked old enough to have given food and shelter to King Duncan's retainers, when he made his unfortunate visit to the Thane of Cawdor.

It had stopped raining by this time, and, leaving our waterproofs and dripping umbrellas at the inn, we walked down the lane to the ivy-covered arch of the gateway leading to the castle. Near it was a small cottage, too unpretentious to be called a lodge, in the door of which stood an old woman, curtsying. Did we wish to call on the leddies o' the family? No, we were strangers. We only wished permission to see the castle, we answered. "But ye maun ha' tickets for *that*," she said. Here was a dilemma. But it proved a very simple matter. They could be had at the post-office for a "saxpenny" each; and our driver, who, having looked after the well-being of his horse, now stood at a little distance, peering over the lichen-covered stone wall into the dark flowing rivulet beyond it, could readily obtain them. The "saxpennies" were for the poor. Meanwhile, what wonder that we were seized with a sudden conviction that our feet were cold?

"May we come in and warm our feet by your fire?" I asked.

"Ay, ay, coom in, coom in, and sit ye doon," she said heartily, as she ushered us in, and wiped two spotlessly clean chairs before offering them to us. Such a queer little place as it was! The outside door was of some rich, dark, polished wood, studded with brass knobs, but in it lay all the splendor of the establishment. The walls were so low I could have touched the ceiling with my hand. The stone floor, the table, and the two or three chairs, one of which was adorned with a cushion covered with worsted patchwork, had been scoured till they were white. In one corner stood a narrow bed, entirely covered by a pointed canopy of some faded pink stuff. Over the blackened, smoke-stained fireplace were a couple of shelves, not for bricabrac, but filled with dishes and household utensils. A kettle hummed over the fire, which was certainly built on an economical scale, considering the dampness of the day. On the one broad window-seat lay a book, brown leather and well thumbed, which was evidently a Bible. In the chimney-corner, a cat purred softly. It was like a chapter out of some story of humble, pious poverty, — little fire, little cat, well-worn Bible, and all.

The old woman was interested in her visitors. We had come a long ways, — from Lunnon, or from furren parts, mebbe, to see the old castle?

Yes; we had come from over the sea, all the way from America.

As usual, we had found the "open sesame." Everywhere, in England and Scotland alike, America had been the magic key that unlocked all doors.

"Ye can't get in till three o'clock," she said, excitedly. "But if ye only tell the housekeeper *that*, she 'll let ye in noo!"

We preferred, however, notwithstanding this encouragement, to wait till the regular hour of admittance. As we started to go back to the inn for our luncheon, I slipped a bit of silver into the old woman's wrinkled hand. She would have refused it, had I not insisted, crying, "Ye need n't to do it; ye need n't to do it! But God bless ye, and mak ye rich, and bring ye safe hame to yer ain people."

This was so remarkable that I at once

"made a note on 't." And I wish here to solemnly record the fact that there were two persons in the United Kingdom who actually objected to receiving a proffered shilling. In both cases they were not able-bodied men, but poor, lonely old women.

Ye Cawdor Arms does not provide very luxuriously for its guests. But we had our luncheon, such as it was, at the same table with a young man who looked like a student on his vacation tramp. As he slowly ate his cold meat and bread and cheese, and sipped his single glass of wine, he read from a book lying open beside his plate, with one hand resting half the time on the head of a beautiful Scotch collie. The master kept his distance, but the dog, after making a deliberate survey, drew nearer and nearer, and finally laid his great head on my knee, while his eloquent brown eyes begged for a share of our portion of the feast. He got it.

We started for the castle at last, entering in under the ivied archway, and going up the broad graveled road, with smooth green lawns, dotted with stately forest trees, stretching far to the left.

"'This castle hath a pleasant seat; the air nimbly and sweetly recommends itself unto our gentle senses,'" quoted Saint Katharine, as we crossed the rusty drawbridge over the moat, and entered through what had once been a portcullis into a small, square court, from which steps descended on either side unto other courts. Right in front of us, facing the drawbridge, was a mounted cannon, with the conical heap of balls beside it. We knew that in spite of all these warlike preparations there must be a hospitable bell somewhere; and failing to discover it above, we went down into the lower right-hand court, where we found it and the door of entrance.

An exquisite young Adonis in livery appeared, — Jeemes being generally a more elegant man than his master. Certainly we could see the castle, from three to five. But — looking at his watch — it still wanted five minutes to three.

We begged pardon. Our watches must be at fault. But, meanwhile, might we be permitted to walk in the grounds?

We might; and he would himself notify the housekeeper of our desires.

We crossed the drawbridge again, nothing loath to wander about the place, so still and peaceful now, and to look down the long vistas leading into the adjoining forest. Presently a schoolboy, with slate and books, came out of the castle, and hurried down a shaded lane to a building near by. Soon two young women in walking costume, with tartans picturesquely draped over their shoulders, and carrying small baskets, passed by us, on the traditional errand of mercy, no doubt.

"Port wine and beef-tea in one basket," we whispered, "and a flannel petticoat in the other."

Then, as we turned towards the house again, we met two gentlemen, one of whom, it was evident, from his air of proprietorship and at-homeness, was Lord Campbell.

"'The Thane of Cawdor lives, a prosperous gentleman' still, if one may judge from appearances," I remarked to Saint Katharine, as he lifted his cap, and we went our separate ways.

The housekeeper, a handsome, middle-aged woman, in cashmere gown and pretty cap, received us at the door with such an air of smiling hospitality that we felt at home at once. Cawdor Castle is almost the only one of the really old castles — that is, those that have not been thoroughly made over and modernized — that is still used as a family residence. We were first taken into the dining-room, where the table, not yet fully cleared, showed that luncheon was just over. It was a pleasant, low-ceiled room, completely hung with old needlework tapestry. The only modern thing

in or about it was the carved wooden mantelpiece, which was put in by the present earl, and bears his crest and those of his four sisters, with the date of the room, 1510.

From thence we went to the kitchen, whose walls, many feet thick, were redolent with the odors of roasting mutton and venison as far back as the fourteenth century. The enormous fireplace that nearly fills one end is unaltered, and before it, or in it, the family cooking is done to this day. For the help of the cook there is some odd machinery, still in good working order and in daily use, though as old as the chimney itself, by which the heat of the fire turns and regulates the spit. The upper end of the great room is hewn out of the solid rock, floor, walls, and ceiling being of the same mass of stone. Long tables extended down the middle throughout the whole length, and half a dozen maids, busy with pans, pots, and scrubbing-brushes, glanced at us curiously as we passed by. Familiarity breeds contempt, and there is small doubt that they marveled under their caps at the interest or curiosity that brought so many questioning eyes into their old kitchen.

A short winding passage and a flight of steps led us to the dungeon. It is not a bad place, as dungeons go, having more light, air, and space than most of them. Still, the sound of the heavy iron door swinging to, with a clang, upon its rusty hinges, must have been anything but agreeable to the poor captives upon whom it has so often closed. It was a hard thing to realize, with that kindly, smiling face beside us, instead of a warder in coat-of-mail. In the middle of the dungeon, like the central column of a chapter-house, rose the trunk of a large hawthorn-tree. "There is a curious story about this old tree, which is older than the castle itself," said the housekeeper, laying her hand upon it. "The founder of the house was looking for a place to build upon, when a saint, or an angel (it does n't matter which), appeared to him, and told him he must build upon whatever spot an ass laden with gold should stop three times successively. Shortly afterward, an ass weighed down with treasures persisted in stopping three times in the shade of this hawthorn-tree. And so, you see, we have our castle, which was built around it."

To establish at once the principle of believing whatever is told you wonderfully enhances the interest of travel. We had done this at the very outset of our pilgrimage, and of course believed this bit of mediæval history implicitly. But we may perhaps be forgiven if we ventured to wonder whether the ass and his gold belonged to the founder or to his dearest enemy.

"Now you must see King Duncan's room," said our pleasant guide, leading the way to the tower stairs. The climbing of steep, narrow, winding ways, worn into such great hollows that one can hardly feel sure of a foothold, is, to put it mildly, not as easy as going up in an elevator. But reflecting it was but once in a lifetime, I plucked up my courage, and gallantly followed in the wake of the small procession. After ascending two or three flights, we entered a large square room, with two windows commanding a wide and pleasant outlook. It was plainly furnished, containing a canopied bed, with chintz drapery drawn up and carefully spread over the pillows, after the inevitable Scotch-English fashion, a table, a chest of drawers, and a few chairs.

"Now tell me truly," said I, — for, sad as it is to say it, there is sometimes a limit to the credulity of the most conscientious traveler, — "*was* King Duncan ever in this room? The castle figures in the play, but was the king murdered here?"

"No," she said, "as you ask me frankly, I must say he was not. This castle is not as old as the date of Macbeth. But Shakespeare chose it as the

scene of the murder, and out of deference to that fact the family has always kept up the tradition, and called this the Duncan room."

The decorations of the apartment, if so they could be called, were truly unique. The space above the fireplace, in which was a pair of huge iron fire-dogs, was completely covered by a charcoal sketch done upon the white wall. The three weird sisters were brewing their unholy witch-broth in a great caldron, while the flames struggled with the clouds of smoke, out of which the uncanny faces peered. On one side of the fire, a black cat humped her back, and hissed at a serpent coiled and just ready to dart, on the other side. On the left of the fireplace was a life-sized figure of Macbeth, with hair on end and dagger drawn, staring with horror in his eyes at the real and truly bed, in which Duncan, no doubt, was supposed to be lying. On the wall at the foot of the bed was Lady Macbeth, tragical to the last degree, urging him on to the commission of the bloody deed. Rough as they were, there was spirit in the drawings. Evidently a party of merry young people had amused themselves with this attempt to make the Duncan room truly Shakespearean.

The rest of the party went up several flights farther, while I stayed below with Duncan and the witches. They saw the window from which Simon Fraser, Lord Lovat, was let down in a basket during the Jacobite wars, — escaping then only to be beheaded afterwards; and the loop-holes through which, in the good old times, melted lead was poured like coals of fire upon the heads of besieging foes. Pleasanter far than this was it to look down from their airy perch into the forest, where they could see the lovely woodland paths stretching on and on. The great estate runs thirty miles in one direction.

We were agreeably surprised by being taken into the family rooms, the private apartments, to say much of which here would be a breach of trust and hospitality. But some jewel-lovers amongst us envied my lord the magnificent gems that sparkled on his dressing-table. One daintily furnished chamber, with the open Prayer-Book on its own small table, the text for the day on the wall, the basket of needlework, the well-worn companionable books lying within convenient reach of the low, deep-cushioned chair that awaited the coming of its mistress in front of the smouldering fire, left on some of our minds a most pleasant impression of gentle, refined, studious, thoughtful girlhood.

The great drawing-room was as homelike a place as one need wish to see, — a long, low-ceiled, tapestry-hung apartment, with the fire of logs on the broad hearth burning low, the sunshine streaming in, and flowers in profusion everywhere; a room for use, not show, for on a little table, where some one had been mounting photographs, the sponge, bowl of water, and mucilage bottle were all ready for further operations. From the walls the ancient lords and ladies of Cawdor looked down on the pretty, peaceful scene. I wondered if they did not think they had had a hard time of it themselves in the far-away centuries, full of turmoil and bloodshed.

"Have the lords of Cawdor always been Campbells?" I inquired.

"Oh, no," was the answer. "But long ago the sole heiress of the house of Cawdor married a Campbell, — one of the Argyles, you know," she added confidentially, — "and so the family name was changed."

Soon after this we passed out under the portcullis and over the drawbridge, down the broad, smooth walk and through the green archway into the country lane again, and our visit to Cawdor Castle was over.

It was not actually raining again, but it was still dark and lowering. The young Highlander who had charge of

our "machine" looked dubiously at the clouds, as we resumed our seats. By a short cut across country, we could be home in an hour. If we went round by way of Culloden, we would surely be caught in the rain.

"And there 's nothing to see there, anyhow," he said. "Just an empty field."

But the nothingness of Culloden Moor was exactly what we wanted to see, and we went on.

Nature had harmonized charmingly with all our doings through the whole summer. Sunshine would have been out of place that afternoon. As we approached Culloden, the clouds grew darker and deeper. The dull gray mists lay damp and heavy on the barren moor. The silent hills were blotted out. The sky hung so low it seemed as if we could touch it; and it and the mists shut us in. There was nothing left of the whole wide world but the moor of Culloden, and we were the only living creatures in it. Not a bird sang; not a grouse nor a rabbit resented our intrusion upon its solitudes.

First we passed, lying in a field to our left, but very near the road, an immense gray boulder, lettered "Cumberland, 1746." From this stone the "Butcher Duke" commanded the field, on that April day when the last hope of the Stuarts was crushed. An eighth of a mile farther on, the horse stopped.

"This is the 'Field of the Dead,'" said our young cavalier, half under his breath. He had not wanted to come, but now that he was here the scene and the hour took hold upon him as upon us. The poet has set his sign manual upon all things here in this Old World. It is quite probable that this young fellow did not know he was quoting; but half the schoolboys in America have "spoken" —

"Lochiel, Lochiel, beware of the day
When the Lowlands shall meet thee in battle array,
For the *Field of the Dead* rushes red on my sight,
And the clans of Culloden are scattered in flight."

We got out of the wagonette silently, and walked reverently across the field, still sown with ridges, perceptibly greener than the rest, where the dead were buried in trenches, to a rough gray stone near the outer wall on the left. It was on the very outskirts of the field, and on the other side of the crumbling, moss-grown barricade a few stunted trees and shrubs kept watch and ward.

The stone bore this inscription, rudely cut: —

WELL
OF THE DEAD. HERE THE CHIEF
OF THE CLAN MACGILLIVRAYS
FELL.

Farther down the field was another stone, marked thus: —

CLANS.
MACINTOSH.
MACLEAN.
MACLAUCHLAN.
MACGILLIVRAY.
HIGHLANDERS.

Others, still farther down, were inscribed, severally, "Cameron," "Stewart of Appin," "Fraser."

The stones were all of the roughest description. They looked as if they had been hewn out with the head of a battle-axe, and lettered as rudely. But they were so in keeping with the place, and with the strong, rough natures of the fiercely loyal clansmen who fell at Culloden, that they were more impressive than the most imposing of monuments. On the top of many of the stones kindly hands had laid sprays of their own pink heather. Two only had been overlooked, "Cameron" and "Stewart of Appin." We placed our offering of heather on these also, and then crossed the road to the cairn on the opposite side.

I cannot give the dimensions of this great heap of stones, very slightly coni-

cal, if indeed it is conical at all, and flat on top. It is entirely devoid of ornament, this immense sombre cairn, built of the common rounded pebbles lying broadcast on the moor. On one side is an inscription, guarded by an iron grating. The vandal, like death, has all times and places for his own. It runs thus: —

"Battle of Culloden was fought on this moor 16th April, 1746. The graves of the gallant Highlanders who fought for Scotland and Prince Charlie are marked by the names of their clans."

"By the names of their clans." No separate glory, no distinctive honor, not even a record on a memorial stone, for the warriors who fell at Culloden.

The English are buried near the Cumberland stone. One mile farther on, a slab inscribed "King's Stables" shows where the English army was quartered after the battle.

Right or wrong, good or bad, weak or wicked, by some strong fascination the unfortunate Stuarts hold the hearts of mankind. Bonny, sunny-haired Prince Charlie is too picturesque a figure to be speedily blotted from the page of history. Peace to his ashes, and long may the purple bells of the heather ring their soft chimes above the dust of his unforgotten braves.

We lingered as long as we dared, and then drove on to Inverness. Just as we entered the town a burst of sunshine greeted us. The beautiful river Ness shone, and danced, and sparkled; rejuvenated birds, thinking spring had come again, poured floods of music from hedge and thicket; and by the time we reached the hotel not a cloud was to be seen.

Smiling, deft-handed Scotch lassies took our wet wraps to the kitchen to be dried. In a trice a fire blazed brightly on our hearth; dinner was served, the dear home letters were brought us, and two happy women settled themselves for an evening of quiet content.

"Saint Katharine," said I, "this has been a day to remember."

Julia C. R. Dorr.

FINALITIES.

Gold can be but gold alone,
Midas' touch it cannot own;
For the lightning there 's no scath,
For the fire no flaming bath.
Canst thou clarify the light,
Or in the darkness merge the night?
Add perfection to the sphere,
Fullness to the rounded year?
Chiefdom to the sea declare,
Freedom to the ranging air?

There is beauty past the power
Of the earth or skies to dower;
There is joy no ministrants
Can by fondest skill enhance;
There is pain too keen to feel
Wounding point of driven steel.

Who can seize the souls that dwell
In Sleep's meshy citadel?
Who to Love's estate can add
More than Love hath ever had,
Or from one Great Vast withhold
What drew thither from of old, —
Stint the hunger-bitten rage
That devours from age to age?

Edith M. Thomas.

YONE SANTO: A CHILD OF JAPAN.

XXII.

YONE AT PLAY.

AMONG the numerous villages which glisten and sparkle upon the breasts of the Hakone hills, Miyanoshita claims distinction as the most popular of holiday resorts. Accident, rather than superiority of natural charms, has given it this preëminence; for, although the entire region is so bounteously endowed that no single spot is without its share of loveliness, the attractions of the prosperous watering-place are by many degrees less rare and exquisite than those of its more modest neighbors. Fashion, however, has favored it with constant and steady approval, and the preference awarded it by dignitaries of the court has conferred a social lustre to which none of its rivals has attained. The season was early when we arrived at this centre of activity and gayety, yet we found the place thronged with visitors of all grades and nationalities. In the spacious and showy European hotel, divers phases of Western idleness were plentifully represented. The state apartments of the *honjin*, or leading Japanese inn, were occupied by a lady whose rank and exceptional position in the imperial household were regarded by the foreign circle as inviting and authorizing the most intrusive scrutiny. The retinue of this lofty patroness was distributed among the first-class lodging-houses, and the humbler grade of taverns, of which the hamlet is chiefly composed, were so overcrowded that we were glad to take refuge in a quiet Buddhist temple, from the privacy of which we were enabled, for a while, to gaze with the interest of unconcerned spectators upon the human kaleidoscope that briskly revolved before us.

But only for a while. First through our hosts, the charitable priests, and presently by other agencies, the youngest of our party was drawn into participation with the living interests around her, and was soon engaged in the pursuits which best accorded with her inclinations, and which, remembering her characterization of them at Dogashima, we began to describe as "Yone's play." At the outset she gave no heed to this pleasantry, but its frequent repetition gradually attracted her attention, and appeared to touch her in some sensitive spot. Being asked by Miss Gibson, with a peculiar intonation, at the close of one of her busy days, if she had found plenty of partners to play with, during the afternoon, she regarded us earnestly, and said, in a manner implying a shade of anxiety, —

"Am I absent too often, Marian?"

"What an idea! How can you imagine such a thing?" was the reply;

whereupon Yone addressed herself to me : —

"Have I been neglecting you, doctor ? "

"Not that I know of, my child. Perhaps Miss Gibson is afraid you will tire yourself."

"It is impossible to be tired with nothing but " — She checked herself at the familiar word, which seemed to be assuming a new significance, and again looked at us inquiringly.

"You need not be so solemn," observed Miss Gibson ; "you shall entertain yourself as you like, if you will not try to do too much. But I am not sure that you can be allowed to have any more acquaintances to look after. Who was the young man that spoke to you, on the bridge ? "

"Did you see him ? I wanted to tell you. But he is not an acquaintance ; he is a stranger. He gave me a compliment."

"Gave you what ? " I exclaimed, astonished.

"A compliment, doctor, — a delightful one."

"What on earth do you mean ? "

"I suppose he was puzzled by my dress. He said he had seen me walking with many sick people, and thought I was a nurse."

"Do you call that a compliment ? Then you probably told him how wonderfully kind the sick people are, to permit you to go about taking care of them."

"Now the doctor is pretending to be severe," she retaliated, lightly. "No, the strange gentleman wished to know if I would go and see a young girl, who is ill at Fuji-ya inn."

"Dear me ! " cried Miss Gibson. "I hope you did not promise."

"I did not quite promise, for I thought you might not like that, but I said I would ask Dr. Charwell to go to her ; and if she really is ill " — She looked wistfully at us, leaving the phrase unfinished.

"Who is she ? " I inquired, — "a foreigner ? "

"The gentleman is a foreigner," she answered, with a little hesitation. "I believe the young girl is Japanese."

"Oh, pray be cautious ! " said Miss Gibson. "Think what it means : a foreigner, you do not know who, asking you to visit one of your countrywomen. There is that spiteful Miss Jackman watching every movement you make, from the balcony of Nara-ya, like a " —

"Like a guardian angel," I hinted, as she seemed at a loss for a comparison. "But I did not know Miss Jackman was here."

"She came over from Hakone, three days ago," explained Yone. "This is her vacation time. Yes, she is very watchful ; but can you indeed care, Marian, for what that lady does or says ? "

"I ought not, perhaps ; yet it harasses me to have her near us. I wish she had stayed away."

"She might annoy us by one device or another," I remarked ; "but we certainly are not bound to consider her, and she must not stand in the way of anything that Yone seriously wishes to do."

"It is only in case I am really needed," said Yone. "If there is no illness, I do not wish — I prefer not. You will see the young girl, doctor ? "

"I will see her. What is her name ? "

"I have not heard. The gentleman's name is Roberts."

"Does he know who you are ? " asked Miss Gibson.

"Not at all. He spoke to me, and I answered, in Japanese. But I will not think of it any more, since there may be an objection. I was inclined to consent, because I had refused, a few minutes before, to call upon another person, and I did not like to say 'no' twice."

This surprised us. It was a novelty to hear that Yone was able to reject any demand upon her attention, and we at

once prepared ourselves for an interesting disclosure. But she appeared reluctant to pursue the subject, and for the moment our expectation remained unsatisfied. At a later period of the evening, she seemed on the point of enlightening us, and had gone so far as to say that she wanted our counsel in a difficult matter, when we were startled by a voice from without, loudly calling: —

"Is Dr. Charwell anywhere about here?"

"It is he, — Mr. Roberts," Yone whispered hurriedly.

"He chooses his time oddly," I said, not too well pleased; "and he has an original way of announcing himself."

"The young girl may be worse," our peacemaker suggested.

"He shall come in, but I will see him alone, if you please;" and I went forth, while my companions retired to an inner chamber.

I found the visitor engaged in a noisy colloquy with the simple priests, and led him to the apartment which served as our drawing-room.

"Beg pardon, Dr. Charwell, for shouting so," he commenced volubly, "but they told me you were in one of the temples, and gave me no other clue. If I had n't sung out, I should never have got at you. Allow me, my name is Roberts; 'Fitch, Burgess and Roberts, Number Four Hundred and Seven.'"

He was easily recognizable as belonging to the middle shopkeeping class of Yokohama, — a forward, unpolished, self-satisfied man, about thirty years of age, with signs of a somewhat quicker intelligence than is commonly found among his order, and with an alertness of speech and bearing which showed at least that he had thus far kept himself out of the torpid stagnation into which the majority of aliens sink, after a brief experience of Oriental inertia, and through which their existence in Japan becomes a prolonged and sluggish hibernation. His accent betrayed Scottish birth, and the squareness of his jaw indicated that he possessed no small share of the national stubbornness; but there was a pleasant gleam in his eye, and the harshness of his features was tempered by a smile in which a kindly humor seemed to contend with an assumption of shrewd conceit. In rapidly forming these impressions, I was doubtless influenced by the circumstance that his countenance, otherwise an ordinary one in his sphere, was notably free from signs of the hard brutality which the average British trader acquires by contact with what it is his habit to call the inferior Asiatic races. Still, his appearance was not on the whole attractive, and I waited to learn his errand without much predisposition in his favor.

"I 'm sorry to intrude at this hour," he said, as he stood, hat in hand, "but I could n't help it, — I really could n't. My little girl is in great trouble. I suppose you have heard about her?"

"I have heard of a case of sickness at Fuji-ya," I answered, "and that you spoke of it to Mrs. Santo, this afternoon."

"Yes, Mrs. Santo, — that 's it; Yone Santo is the name. I came to see her, if I can."

"You had better speak with me, if a physician is needed."

"But I want her," he persisted.

"Indeed!" I replied, with growing disapproval. "The ladies of my party are not accustomed to this sort of summons, Mr. Roberts, nor ordinarily subject to the call of strangers."

"Precisely, yes, — no, I suppose not," he responded, slightly abashed. "Naturally you think you should be asked first, but it 's a peculiar case, Dr. Charwell. It is n't illness alone, but low spirits, miserably low. I don't mind telling you the whole story. There 's a parcel of missionary women in this town, and they 've got hold of my poor girl and set her just topsy-turvy, unbe-

known to me. I brought her here because she was pining, and, instead of mending, she has been drooping all the time. They have been tackling her every day, when my back was turned, and I tell you, sir, they have worried her so that she is nearly off her head. An excitable little thing she is. As for her position, she — it does n't matter about her position. I won't have her sat on and torn to pieces by a pack of hyenas, — heartless hyenas, I call them. You agree with me, I am sure."

"Not in the least, sir," I rejoined, more and more dissatisfied; "and I do not see how this concerns me or anybody in my charge."

"Why, Dr. Charwell, I thought you and I were passengers in the same boat. I was told that you had your own good reasons for wishing the missionaries exterminated, root and branch; that you knew, better than most of us, what a low-lived, useless crew they are."

"I don't care to discuss my opinions, or the reasons for them," I retorted curtly, "and I am very far, at this particular moment, from regarding the body you speak of as low-lived or useless. If you have no other business" —

He stared at me as if I had propounded the most startling of paradoxes. "I — I did n't reckon upon this," he stammered; "I don't take it in, at all. This is the last thing. In the name of Dai Butsu, will you tell me what use they are, on the face of the earth?"

"Since you ask me, I will. They are useful, extremely useful, in setting a pattern of social cleanliness and decorum, which foreigners generally would do well to copy. They are useful in showing the natives of this land that domestic life is possible without looseness and irregularity. You know well enough what the conspicuous vice of the country is, and you ought to know that the Japanese people are singularly susceptible to good examples. They cannot help remarking that the missionary element is disfigured by none of the licentiousness which is their own bane, and against which they take too little pains to guard themselves. The lesson is a sound and wholesome one, and I am not aware that it is taught by any other section of the foreign community. To that extent the missionaries are in a high degree useful. They preach the virtues of morality, and in their practice they offer a model to be respected, if it cannot be followed, by the laity."

The color mounted to the young man's face, and he twisted his hat nervously in his fingers. "That is one for me, I presume; red-hot, with dynamite attachment. I see I have given offense, though I did n't mean it. That was not in my calculations, I can assure you. Out I go, sir, as quietly as I can." His speech was fantastic, but there was no trace of boisterousness or bravado as he turned away. "No use, now, to ask you to see my poor baby; put my foot in it too deep for that. Good-evening, sir." He paused at the threshold. "Do you know — can you tell me if there is another doctor in Miyanoshita? I may ask that much, I hope."

A rustling noise in the adjoining room apprised me that the dialogue had been overheard, and a jarring of the loose partition led me to apprehend a sudden incursion.

"Why do you say that?" I demanded quickly. "I will go to her; if she is ill I will go at once."

"I thought, from the way you turned the missionary hydrant on me, that I had no chance. There was something else, but you knocked me out of time before I could get to it; drove everything I had to say clean out of my head."

"Say it now, if you like."

"Yes, it is n't much. I did n't know who the Japanese lady was, but she mentioned your name, and when I repeated it to my little girl she almost went wild. 'It must be Yone who is with him!' she cried out. 'Do beg her to come and help

me;' and she told me all about Mrs. Santo. Then I had to give her a warning. I hated to do it, for you know how thin-skinned these poor creatures are; but I was obliged to tell her that the young lady, or her friends, might object, under the circumstances. Well, sir, she would n't listen to me. 'I know she will come,' she kept saying; 'she will surely come to Shizu Miura' " —

In the flash of an instant the door was thrown aside, and Yone was with us.

"Shizu! my playfellow, my schoolmate! Why did you not tell me at the bridge? Doctor — Marian — she was my dear friend when I was a child, in Nagoya."

Mr. Roberts surveyed her, and Miss Gibson, who had also entered, with astonishment. He had never before heard a Japanese girl speak English with such fluency, nor seen one upon such terms of equal intimacy with an alien of her own sex.

"Perhaps, then," he ventured, "you will go, after all."

"Indeed, yes," said Yone. "I am ready now."

"It is getting to be very late," observed Miss Gibson, with an anxiety which Yone would have been unable to fathom. "Is it not better that Dr. Charwell should make the first visit? If he finds — if he consents, you can go to-morrow."

"But she is in trouble. Oh, Marian, did you not hear? It is hard to stay, if she needs me."

"Miss Gibson is right," I felt bound to declare. "If there is nothing in the way, you can go early in the morning, Yone. And for you, Mr. Roberts, that ought to be sufficient."

"It ought, sir; certainly it ought. It is n't the fair thing for me to insist, but to tell you the truth, although Shizu is really ill, the young lady can do more for her than the doctor. She has been in a wretched state all this day, grieving and fretting to the depths, until she took the notion that her friend was here; and then — you never saw such a change. She brightened up as if a sunbeam had struck her; actually thought of leaving her bed and coming out herself, to hunt for — for a little womanly kindness. It was nothing but 'Yone,' — 'I must go to her,' — 'Yone will help me,' — 'Yone knows,' — and the like, until I undertook to get a message for her, even if I had to go back alone."

He gazed eagerly at each of us in turn. Yone said nothing, but laid her hand beseechingly on Miss Gibson's arm.

"I do hope you will give permission, miss," resumed the Yokohama merchant. "She sha'n't get an atom of harm. There 's nothing — I pledge you my word, there 's nothing very bad about Shizu; she 's just a child. I beg your pardon," he went on, almost breathlessly, noticing that Miss Gibson averted her head with a movement of repulsion; "I 've made another mess of it. I 'm not fit to plead the case, — that 's the truth. But it is my fault; don't let my stupidity set you against the poor girl."

"I will go with you, Yone," said Miss Gibson, in a low tone and with evident effort. "You must have me by your side. Whoever sees you shall see that we are together."

"It 's amazing kind of you, miss," broke in the irrepressible stranger; "not like those — Excuse me, doctor; I 'm so confused, I believe I have lost my wits. I 'll tell you what I will do: walk ahead to show you the road, and leave you to go in by yourselves. Then I 'll keep myself out of the way entirely; you sha'n't be bothered by another sight of me."

His uncouth awkwardness was more to his credit than he was aware of, and altogether preferable to the bold assurance with which he had set out, and which one of his grade might have been expected to maintain to the end. But the situation was disagreeable, however

viewed, and I was fully conscious that Miss Gibson had taken upon herself a difficult and distasteful task, out of regard to Yone, whose thoughts were exclusively bent upon giving relief to a fellow-being in distress, and to whom the embarrassment under which her companion labored was not, for the moment, perceptible.

"We will do this," I announced. "The hotel is close at hand. Mr. Roberts shall take me to the invalid, and I will see what is needed in my way. If everything is as I anticipate, I will return by myself for both of you."

"I may be with her alone?" entreated Yone. "I have known her all my life, until a few months ago. We were infants together."

"That is what I meant," I replied. "Miss Gibson and I will wait for you in the hotel dining-room. We will give you half an hour to-night, and to-morrow — well, to-morrow shall take care of itself."

XXIII.

A PITIFUL DISCLOSURE.

So it was carried out. Within five minutes I was at the bedside of a sweet-faced, slenderly framed girl, whose physical ailment, due apparently to over-exertion, was increased by a mental strain she had recently undergone, the nature of which I was able to conjecture from Roberts's vindictive allusions, although the sufferer showed no disposition to enlarge upon it. Her yearning for Yone's comforting presence was uncontrollable, and it was plain that little could be done to relieve her while she was kept apart from the friend of her early days. I saw no reason for opposing her wish. The considerations which would naturally weigh heavily with Miss Gibson, and possibly compel her, as an obligation of duty, to resist the exposure of our *protégée* to what she conceived to be a contaminating association, had no force with me; for I knew that the evil of this young creature's life was undoubtedly a burden imposed upon her by a cruel fate, and that her soul was free from the guilt, if her body was not free from the shame, to which others had condemned her.

After instructing Roberts as to the course of treatment which I deemed expedient, I sent him into banishment, and brought Miss Gibson and Yone from the temple. To the hapless victim of an odious Japanese usage our gentle ministrant carried the consoling sympathy and charity which instinct enabled her to impart with ineffable delicacy, and which was more urgently needed, as it was infinitely more welcome, than the service it had been my province to render. While waiting in the dining-hall, I endeavored to engage the unsophisticated Bostonian in conversation upon matters concerning which she was imperfectly informed, and which required to be presented to her judgment in a new light. It was essential to her peace of mind that she should divest herself of some prejudices inseparable from her Western training, before confronting the painful social problems which cannot be long concealed in Japan, and the solution of which, even in individual cases, demands a courage, a luminous impartiality, and a rigorous renunciation of commonly accepted traditions, of which many of her sex are incapable. But she was too profoundly absorbed in her own reflections to respond to my advances. At the end of the stipulated half hour Yone rejoined us, also grave and thoughtful, and we quietly returned to our temporary quarters. Roberts was standing at the hotel gate as we passed, but he made no attempt to accost us, and offered no sign of recognition beyond a formal salutation; which exercise of self-restraint was noted to his advantage by at least one of our party. It was about ten o'clock when we were again seated in

our little brevet parlor. Without direct declaration of her desire, Yone made it obvious that she had intelligence of some importance to communicate, and we allowed the customary hour of retirement to go by unobserved.

"This has been a strange meeting," she said, when she saw that we were ready to attend, — "very strange, very unexpected, very sad. You know who she is, doctor?"

I shook my head in denial.

"You have heard me speak of her: my schoolfellow, Shizu Miura, whose uncle adopted her, and saved her from a marriage which she wished to avoid."

"I remember now. I thought all was well with her."

"All has been ill, since that time. The marriage would have been easier to bear than what followed. Her uncle had made himself an *akindo* [merchant], and his business seemed to prosper for a short while; but the *samurai* of my country have no cleverness in buying and selling. All they ever learned of trade was to despise it. The unskilled gentleman could not stand against the men of ingenious craft. He became poorer than his brother, and Shizu went back to her old home, knowing that her selfishness had brought difficulty to two households. By accepting the husband provided for her, she would have lightened the cares of her family, and perhaps given them a new hope of support; but now she felt herself to be a heavier load than before. No one reproached her; only her conscience told her she had added to the misfortunes of those whom she could have helped, and ought to have helped. I cannot describe to you how poor they were. Marian, you would not understand it, but the doctor does, for he has seen the calamities of our feudal gentry, — those who were thrown upon the world when the great change came, who were ignorant of every kind of industry, who could earn no livelihood, who knew nothing, not even how to beg. In one day they saw their incomes taken away, and themselves, with their kindred, cast down to ruin. There was no warning for them, no gradual loss. They fell, millions of them, I have been told, from comfort, ease, perfect content, to the lowest depth of despair. Yet they endured their lot patiently, and without much complaining, for they knew that their rulers were not to blame. They hid their griefs, so far as they could, even from the strangers whose coming had brought the disasters upon them, and who, we have always believed, have kept our people in poverty for their own gain."

"Yone, it cannot be," cried Miss Gibson; "it is incredible. Tell her, doctor, that she is — that they are deceived."

"It is God's truth," I answered; "the governments of Europe and America are indeed responsible for the direst woes of this country. But you have promised me, Yone, not to agitate yourself by brooding upon these things."

"Forgive me; it is Shizu's sorrowful story that has brought them to my mind. I will speak of them no more. You have made me comprehend that they are too awful for a child like me to dwell upon." She shuddered, as she sat silent for a moment, and seemed to struggle against the perturbing and oppressive recollections which had suddenly overwhelmed her. When she resumed, her thoughts were once more centred upon the immediate object of her compassion.

"For a long time Shizu watched the frightful contest of her family with the penury which was wasting their flesh and blood, and prayed for the relief which would not come. Everything they owned was sold; of all that had once been theirs, only one article of value remained in their possession. Even this was pawned, though they would rather have given up their lives than part with it forever. Oh, the torture of those days of hunger, and sick-

ness, and death! — for death came to more than one of them. The first to leave them was a little sister. I knew that I had no cause to lament her; the pain of her existence was ended. Then the aged brother of her grandfather fell ill; his voice grew weak, his eyes were dim, all his strength forsook him, for want of food, — nothing but want of food. I could send them only a small portion" —

"You speak as if you had witnessed these scenes," I interrupted. "Did you know, at the time, how they were situated?"

"I knew, but we also were poor, doctor, and my hands were not free, as you can remember."

"For Heaven's sake, why did you keep it from me, my child?"

"Ah, doctor, do you think that they alone, among my friends, were in that terrible condition? There were hundreds whose suffering was as great, perhaps greater. I never doubted your goodness, but I could not tell you of all who were afflicted. It was not in your power to save them, much as you would have wished it."

"You should have told me of this case, if, as I fear, the girl was driven by desperation to sacrifice herself."

"Not then; that happened later. I tried to do what was best, but I lost sight of them before the darkest days came. There were other deaths; not slow, like those which I knew of, but hasty and violent enough to distract a helpless girl's mind. The fading lives of all who were left depended upon her; they were famishing, and she could rescue them. Knowing what the people of my country are, I dare not judge her, but I may ask Marian if I have not the right to love her still."

"Don't ask me!" Miss Gibson cried, recoiling from her appeal. "I am horrified at everything I have heard. I don't know what to say or think. I never dreamed that such enormities could be. You tell me, Dr. Charwell, that the Christian nations have combined to desolate this feeble and burdened race, and that is bad enough; but the picture which Yone is drawing has a background so hideous that I cannot bear to look at it. Are these things true? If they are, don't ask me to pronounce upon them. The worst I have dreaded was trivial in comparison. I never have believed — I only guessed — faintly — a little part" — Her utterance was choked by a hysterical flood of tears, as she turned aside and covered her face with her hands.

Yone sat motionless, stricken with consternation, uncertain how to meet this unlooked-for outburst, which had been evoked by her possibly abrupt disclosure of one of the shocking realities in the domestic system of Japan. To me it appeared that the abruptness of the disclosure was of little moment. It could scarcely be called premature, inasmuch as a person coming to the country with Miss Gibson's definite purpose might reasonably be accounted familiar with the notorious fact that the women are often expected and required to degrade themselves for the material benefit of those to whose authority they are subject. In any case it was inevitable, without much delay, and was not especially to be regretted. I was convinced that a few decisive words would be effectual in allaying the present disquietude, and providing against future misconceptions.

"You will be calm, Miss Gibson," I said, "and will not prolong Yone's distress, which is greater than you ought to inflict upon her. I did not know you were so ill prepared, but since you have been unwisely left in ignorance, I have some satisfaction in assuring you that you have no further revelations to apprehend. There is nothing, in all Japan, beyond what you have now caught sight of. You know the worst that you will have to contend with as long as you remain here. Of course there is no palli-

ation for it, but I shall try, to-morrow, to show you how to place your condemnation where it is merited, and not to apply it where commiseration alone is due. To-morrow, if you please; to-night we will all rest, as tranquilly as we can."

XXIV.

THE HELPING HAND.

Before leaving the temple, on the following day, Yone took me aside, and questioned me with respect to the possibility of finding a means of livelihood for a young person who had precisely the qualifications which she herself possessed, and was equally capable of serving as interpreter or copyist.

"I have no secrets from you," she said; "I am thinking of Shizu. She was a good scholar at Jo-gakko, and understands English well, though she has had but little chance to speak it — until lately. If I have been of use, in my poor way, I am sure she could gain enough for her needs. A very little would support her."

The difficulty of extricating this friend from her present mode of existence was greater than Yone could divine; but if the experiment could be tried, I was willing to coöperate, and to provide occupations, in case of need, which should be sufficiently genuine for the purpose in view. In addition to my habitual desire to encourage and participate in her benefactions, this particular scheme was in direct accordance with a project I had long entertained, and promised to supply an instrument essential to my operations. I therefore assured her that the employment should not be lacking, if the girl were disposed to devote herself to it.

"There is no doubt of that," she answered; "I know her well. If I had told you all, you would have no fear."

Miss Gibson declared herself again ready to proceed to Fuji-ya, but I explained that an escort had been desirable in the first place only because we had no knowledge of the invalid's surroundings, and it seemed possible that Yone might be drawn into a false position. As there was now nothing to be apprehended on that score, it was better, all points considered, that she should go alone. She was absent several hours, and on her return informed us that she hoped we would be pleased with what she had done, although she foresaw that Mr. Roberts would soon be with us, and that his visit would perhaps not be an agreeable one. She would not ask Miss Gibson to be present at the impending interview, as he would certainly bring up unpleasant topics, and Marian had already been made too uncomfortable and unhappy. The doctor knew what was likely to occur, and he would give all the assistance that was absolutely needed, in arranging matters with the gentleman from Yokohama.

"I will do whatever you wish," said the Boston girl, not without signs of contrition. "Do not think so meanly of me as to suppose I would desert you at a difficult moment. I am ashamed of my behavior last night. I should at least have had more consideration for you, my dear. I see things more clearly now, and if you want me with you, my place is by your side, no matter what is to happen."

"Indeed I want you," replied Yone, glowing with satisfaction. "To have you near me will give me strength, if I grow timid, and your presence will produce a great effect upon Mr. Roberts. Simply to see you with me, and to know that you are supporting me, will make him listen carefully to what I say. If he understands that you trust me, he will believe that he also may trust me. Am I not right, doctor?"

I told her she was entirely right, and that we both would assist her to the limit of our power; for I thought it injudicious then to acquaint her with my con-

viction that she alone could exert an appreciable force in the enterprise to which she had addressed herself, and that her influence would be far more effectual than ours in carrying it to a successful issue.

We had not long to wait. About the middle of the afternoon Mr. Roberts presented himself, flushed and agitated, and proclaiming defiance in demeanor, tone, and gesture.

"I have called to settle accounts, Dr. Charwell, and close the connection. I don't propose to be rude, but I can't allow any interference in my private affairs. I did n't look for it, sir, from you. However, that is neither here nor there. I 'll pay your bill, and thank you to keep away from me and mine, hereafter. You understand me, and that is enough."

"Not altogether; it may be that Mrs. Santo does," I answered, feeling instinctively that I could not do better than entrust all the proceedings to Yone's tact and discretion.

"Mr. Roberts means that I have endeavored to induce Shizu to leave him."

"That 's what I mean, and I take it extremely ill, I can assure you. Her relations with me are nobody's business but mine."

"Hers, surely," said Yone, with perfect gentleness; "and perhaps mine, since I am her oldest friend. May I not call it my business to think of her welfare?"

"That 's what those — the others — always say. No, I thank you, I can take first-class care of her welfare; and if Dr. Charwell will be good enough to hand me his bill, I 'll not detain you any longer."

"Dr. Charwell will ask you — we will all ask you — to wait a little, while I speak about Shizu. She is like a sister to me, my only sister. You will not be so unkind as to refuse. I beg you to be seated, and listen to me."

His eyes had been wandering restlessly around the room, but as they met Yone's clear and earnest glance he composed himself, and replied, with a perceptible abatement of surliness: —

"Oh, yes, I 'll listen. I don't want to be rough, and I 'll listen, but my mind is made up. I won't let her go."

"Not if she wishes it?"

"I don't wish it, and that 's sufficient. I can't get on without her. Think of my children; it was mostly on their account that I took her. I never could manage them, never; and she, — I don't mind saying it, — young as she is, she 's the same as a mother to them. They have no mother of their own, poor things."

"Ah, how old are they, Mr. Roberts?"

"Three, and four. I could n't send them back to my people at home, you see, at their age."

"And when they grow up?" continued Yone, inquiringly.

"What then?"

"When they begin to be young ladies, what will become of Shizu?"

"Right you are! I must have her out of the way before that time. But you need n't fear. If she runs a straight course, she shall never come to grief; I will look out for that."

"You mean that you will give her money, and send her away from you. What will her feelings be, then? You are thinking only of yourself and of your children, Mr. Roberts."

"Bless my soul, Mrs. Santo, what are *you* thinking of? If I provide for her, I am not bound to trouble myself about her feelings, half a dozen years from now. What claim has she upon me? I don't mean to give offense, not the least in the world, but do you know the position she was in before she came to me, — where she would have been in less than a week, if I had n't taken command and towed her into a safe port? You 'll excuse me, but I can't put much stock in the feelings of a girl of that kind."

Miss Gibson uttered an indignant exclamation, and would have given her rebuke a more intelligible form, if I had not hastily taken upon myself the duty of replying to this last observation.

"I have no doubt, Mr. Roberts, that you are doing yourself an injustice, and assuming a callousness which is not at all in your nature, in order to make a conventional point of argument. You could not pass a single week in close association with any Japanese girl of gentle birth, and fail to discover that her sensibilities are exceptionally acute and tender. So we may let the question of 'feelings' go by without discussion. But if you expect to produce an adverse impression, or any impression but one of profound pity, upon Mrs. Santo by speaking of the position to which her unhappy friend was reduced, you will be disappointed. She cannot enter into your view of the matter. Women do not, in this part of the world, necessarily descend through successive stages of vice to the lowest level of abasement. The transition is often instantaneous from innocence and purity to a condition which in your estimation implies the abandonment of every virtue, and familiarity with every form of depravity. Here it implies nothing of the kind. You must bear in mind the distinction between guilt and misfortune, or you will be hopelessly at cross-purposes with this lady. Shizu's position, whatever it may have been, cannot be turned to her disadvantage in this conversation."

"I know what her position was," said Yone sadly; "but no one would be so cruel as to believe it was her own choice, or that she looked upon it otherwise than as a heavy disaster. I am thinking less of that than of Mr. Roberts's opinion that she has no claim upon him. Perhaps she has not. I would not myself say there is anything that can be called a claim, directly, and she would be the last to remind him of one, if it existed. But I can show him, unless I am mistaken, that her great afflictions entitle her to more of his consideration than he has given, if not to his respect, and that when he coldly speaks of her as 'a girl of that kind,' his judgment is wrong in every way."

"To be sure, I might have put it more mildly," Roberts rejoined; "but I have to go by what I have seen and heard. I know this much: that her father was the commonest sort of a servant in the house of the Tokio head of our firm; and she — there 's no getting over it; I would n't be so blunt if I could help it — she was on the verge of selling herself outright when I stepped in to the rescue."

"And that is all you know? Have you not learned the truth about her father's death?"

"I always fancied that some part of that affair had been kept back; but Shizu was shy of referring to it, and I could n't very well press her. It was a mystery how he came to be so desperately wounded, and no one else seriously damaged. Some of us would have been badly enough damaged, if he had n't been on hand, — I, for example. I never was so scared in all my life. May be that is what you mean by a claim. I have n't overlooked that, I can assure you. If there is anything behind, I should be glad to hear it, — indeed I should."

"I must tell you, then, that my knowledge of all that touches Shizu is as certain as if she were a member of my own family. Her father, as my friends here will remember, was a faithful retainer of ours, and it used to be said in Nagoya, my native city, that the fortunes of Yamada depended upon the constant adherence of Miura."

"Miura?" repeated Miss Gibson. "Why, yes, Miura was the ancient hero whose adventures you related. Is it possible that this is one of his descendants?"

"You don't mean that the rugged soldier of Sekigahara was the ancestor of this poor child?" I exclaimed. "This is a rare surprise."

"She is the daughter of Miura, our vassal," answered Yone. "I thought you would have recognized the name."

"And so I ought; I heard it plainly enough. But I could not associate that fragile, delicate creature with the marvelous tale you told. I can't quite realize it even now."

"Nor I," said Miss Gibson. "It brings the Middle Ages close within our reach again. It is wonderful."

"Not to me," Yone responded. "In my youth, Japan had not stirred from the Middle Ages. Many of our people still belong to that time which seems to you so far away. Miura was one who might have lived in the very days of Iyeyasu."

Mr. Roberts rose, and advanced toward us, with bewilderment and curiosity in his eyes. "If you could let me into the secret, I should take it kindly. I have n't an idea what this is about."

"Nor had any of us until this moment, except Mrs. Santo," I answered. "Shizu Miura is the lineal descendant of one of the stalwart old heroes of Japanese history. But I dare say you are not particularly interested in that. Go on, Yone, with what concerns Mr. Roberts."

"You should n't say that, sir. I am interested, extremely interested, in all that relates to her. It is strange she never spoke to me of her parentage."

Yone looked intently at him, as he drew his chair nearer and resumed his seat. "She is not of the vulgar rabble; she belongs to a family of singular pride and reserve. Though their rank was not lofty, they were held in high repute, and had commanded the respect of the gentry in our province for many generations, — I can almost say centuries. Shizu is only a woman, but the blood of her forefathers runs in her veins. She has fallen very low, and in her degradation she has not the heart to recall the scenes of the past, or speak of the time when the name she bears was honored by all. I do not wonder that she has told you nothing of her people. In Owari they were prosperous; they had six villages assigned to them by the daimio, from which their income came. Until the great revolution, when Shizu was seven years old, they were almost rich, as wealth is reckoned in Japan; then they lost all. They came to Tokio, thoughtlessly and blindly, and the change was fatal to the simple country gentleman. It was as if he had stepped from a forgotten age into an unknown land. He was as helpless as the children he brought with him. Two of his family died of hardship and privation while I was dwelling near them, and before my marriage took me to a distant part of the city. What happened afterward I learned last night. Crushed by calamities, Miura bent down his haughty head, and begged for employment among the foreigners whom he disliked and feared. He offered himself as a servant, — 'the commonest sort of a servant,' Mr. Roberts; it was all he was fit for, — and in the house of your friend in Tsukiji he found a chance to earn a little money by the roughest kind of toil."

"It is n't my fault," Roberts remonstrated, "if your Japanese samurai, as you call them, never learned to make themselves useful. I spoke of him as I found him, when I passed a fortnight at our place in Tsukiji. How could I know? After all, he made a living, and he was n't badly treated — as a rule. Have you heard that Mr. Burgess gave him an advance of wages, to get him out of some scrape?"

"I have; and also what it cost Miura to ask and accept that boon. He was deeply in debt; his mother was dying, and he could not purchase the necessities for her comfort, nor call a physician to restore her. More than this, to his

mind, he was threatened with the loss of an article most sacred to him. It was to redeem this precious relic, — an heirloom, or perhaps a talisman, you would term it, — that he placed himself under obligation to his master."

"It was the sword!" cried Miss Gibson, in unwonted excitement.

"It was the sword with which his ancestor slew himself on the battle-field. The weapon was dearer than life to its humble possessor. It cost him his life, indeed, to regain it."

"How is that possible?" inquired Roberts. "I don't see any connection."

"You do not forget the letter promising repayment, which he brought to Mr. Burgess?"

"Certainly not. Burgess had it translated, and thought the man was making game of him. He gave him a terrific cuff. Rather hasty it was, I will say, though Burgess is my senior partner, and a good fellow at most times, in spite of his hot temper. But it was a cranky document, you must admit. I got it by heart, and many a laugh I have raised with it, since. What do you say to this, Dr. Charwell? 'I, the inferior Miura Senzo, have borrowed twenty yen from you, the honorable Burgess lord, and if I do not repay, you have my full permission to call me a fool.'"

There was no laugh now over the eccentric acknowledgment. Yone's gravity was a check upon the mirth it might ordinarily have provoked.

"It was the only method of binding himself that he knew," she explained. "He was completely ignorant of business, and the best he could do was to make use of a declaration which was formerly in common use, and which he thought, in his simplicity, would be as satisfactory to a foreigner as to any Japanese who knew the ancient practices."

"But just conceive of it," said Roberts. "'If I do not repay, you may call me a fool.' Burgess took it for granted that he was chaffed, and he never could stand that, even from one of us. What do you make of it, Dr. Charwell?"

"I have seen hundreds of these old-fashioned bonds," I replied, "and they all seem to be based upon the peculiar Japanese sense of honor. A samurai would suffer anything rather than submit to insult. Nothing worse could happen to him than to receive an opprobrious epithet without the power to resent it, and in these quaint pledges the signer put himself more absolutely at the mercy of the creditor than would be possible by any proffer of material security. It is a survival of the feudal customs; quite incomprehensible, I take it, to the practical experience of Messrs. Fitch, Burgess, and Roberts."

"You may say that, and a good deal more. I never expect to get inside the heads of these people. But I was sorry Burgess hit him, and I didn't hesitate to say so when I picked him up, — for he was knocked quite flat. I took him to my room, and gave him a drink. He seemed to need it; his face was ghastly, — not white, but a sort of sickly green. His hand shook so that he could hardly hold the glass. I really imagined he was badly injured, until the next night, when he showed what sound stuff he was made of. He couldn't have felt it much."

"It was his death-blow," said Yone, in a tone that chilled us who knew her, and the solemnity of which quelled the rattling vivacity of the Yokohama tradesman. "The bruises, the hurts to his body, were nothing, but his manhood was destroyed. He could not avenge himself, for a samurai must not attack the master with whom he has taken service. If that were possible, there would be many tragedies in the homes of foreigners. Moreover, he had accepted and used the twenty yen, and with that obligation hanging over him his hands were doubly tied. But his spirit was ut-

terly broken. He went to his little residence in Asabu, where his mother lay dying, and told her and his daughter what had befallen him; and then it was that Shizu resolved upon the sacrifice which the women of my country are expected to make, in the extremest need, on behalf of those to whom they owe obedience. She would have taken this course before, if her education, by American teachers, had not given her new views of duty. Now there was no influence to restrain her, and she determined to avail herself of the last resource."

"In the name of reason," Roberts exclaimed, "how am I to take this? You would n't mislead me, but are you sure you have n't been misled yourself? What do you say, doctor? This sounds like a horrid passage from the Tales of Old Japan."

"Naturally it does," I answered; "the Tales of Old Japan are literally true. I should rejoice to believe there was anything extraordinary in what she tells us. You are amazed only because it is the first time that such facts are brought home to you."

"And to me," sighed Miss Gibson; "it is all as strange as it is terrible."

"I have little more to say," Yone resumed; "but to you who are unfamiliar with the habits and the sentiments of my people, the end will be an additional surprise. You remember, Mr. Roberts, how the midnight robbery of the house in Tsukiji was prevented?"

"Every particular: it was Miura who gave the warning. Burgess did n't half believe in it, though the burglars had raided every third compound in the settlement, he told me. It had an odd appearance that a servant should know exactly what they were projecting."

"They looked to Miura for assistance. News flies with magical swiftness among the poor classes in Tokio, and the abuse he had undergone was talked of throughout the foreign quarter. The thieves, who had made themselves a terror to the neighborhood, were confident that he would welcome the opportunity. They knew the stock of which he came, and offered to make him their leader, but they understood only a part of his character. He had one rule of life, and he never abandoned it. Before bidding his mother and daughter farewell, on that last day, he said, 'I shall leave no debt to be charged against me. That will be wiped away by the service I shall perform this night. If there is danger for my master and his friends, I will defend them. There is one among them whom I shall be glad to keep from harm, for he has a true heart, and he soothed me with kind words when I was beaten like a dog.'"

"Do you think he meant me?"

"It was of you he spoke. Shizu has never forgotten it."

"Poor fellow, — poor fellow! And she would not tell me."

"I have said that she has the pride of her race; and besides, we are always doubtful how foreigners will receive the things which affect us most deeply. But I do not hesitate to tell you. I wish you to know all: how Miura, with fierce hatred in his heart toward the master who had put deadly shame upon him, was steadfast to his honor; how by the courageous performance of a duty he freed himself, as he believed, from a burden of obligation which he had no other means of removing."

"Why do you say 'no other means'? It was only a few months' wages, at the outside. But there would have been no question of that paltry sum, if he had lived. He could have had anything he wanted from Burgess or from me, after his gallant fight, that night. He settled the beggarly gang, and drove them away almost single-handed; the other servants did nothing but run about and howl."

"They were not samurai," said Yone.

"We had no idea he was so much hurt; he was steady enough, to look at,

after it was over, though he said he must go home. He even talked of walking, and declared the slashes in his side amounted to nothing, but I would n't hear of that. I put him into a *norimono*, and he thanked me with a smile. I don't think I ever saw him smile but that once; he was a gloomy sort, — well he might be, considering what he had gone through. When we went to look after him, the next day, it was all over. Burgess was very much cut up; he offered to do anything for the old woman and Shizu, but they would n't have it, — actually turned their backs upon him. The girl said she had plenty of money coming to her; but when I learned where it was coming from, and what it was for, I had to interfere. It was too monstrous."

"They did not refuse *you*, Mr. Roberts."

"No, no; I am thankful they did n't, — more thankful to-day than I ever was before. Still, they would n't let me do the half of what I wished to. I undertook to spend any reasonable amount in hunting down the murderers, but they went on their knees and begged me not to say another word upon the subject. That was one thing I never could make out."

"Murderers! There were none. The wounds which the robbers gave were trifles. Miura Senzo killed himself with the same sword that had ended Kitasaburo's life, nearly three hundred years before."

There was no response, and for a minute the dead silence in our little parlor was unbroken. The revelation was not unexpected by me, and I think Miss Gibson had partly foreshadowed what was to come; but Roberts was astounded. He stared straight before him like one bound by a spell, until Yone rose and approached him, apparently to study his countenance; for the sun had set behind the high Hakone hills, and the light was dim. Then he rose likewise, not without an effort, and leaned heavily upon the back of his chair, as if a sudden dizziness had overmastered him.

"Now, Mr. Roberts, you have heard the truth, all the truth, about my friend. You know what her father was, what she is, and by what fearful necessity she was driven to the position for which you despise her" —

"I don't despise her," he interrupted; "I never despised her. I was a brute to hint at it."

Yone lifted her hand to stem the torrent of protestation he was ready to pour forth.

"Will you now refuse to release her?" she inquired.

"I will do anything in the world; only let me be sure it is for her good. If you say so — if she says so" —

"We do say it."

"Then you have no need of my consent; there is nothing to chain her."

"She cannot leave you without it; she is your servant. She owes you what she lives upon, from day to day. She is in your debt for the comforts you gave her mother, while that poor woman lingered, and for the graves in which her parents rest. She is bound to you for your kindness to her father, and for your benevolence in saving her from the lowest misery. She cannot break away, unless you consent."

"Don't — don't talk to me in that way," said Roberts, in a quavering voice; "I can't stand it. Don't you see there 's another side to the bargain? Do I owe her nothing? I must get out of this. Dr. Charwell, is it too much to ask you to walk to Fuji-ya with me? I am still in the dark, here and there, and you can enlighten me."

"I have your promise?" Yone urged.

"You have; anything that is for her good. I will not keep her a day, if she wishes to go. Give me till to-morrow to think about it. I 'll not disappoint you, Mrs. Santo; you are a good woman."

XXV.

YONE'S TRIUMPH.

I went with Roberts to the hotel, but this did not content him, and in the evening he came again to the temple, eager to be made acquainted with the antecedent history of Shizu's family, of which he had caught only glimpses during the afternoon interview. Although he had dwelt several years upon the soil of Japan, his associations, like those of his class in general, had been almost exclusively alien, and this was his first introduction to the realities of Japanese life and character. He was much impressed by finding himself enveloped in an atmosphere of antiquity which he had always considered to be far beyond his range, and which he had regarded as belonging, if not to the region of fable, at least to an ideal and insubstantial sphere, with which he could never be brought into relationship. Being a Scotchman, however, his imagination did not utterly revolt at the contemplation of extravagances which would probably have thrown the average mercantile mind of Yokohama off its balance. Familiarity with the legends of his own country assisted him to comprehend the clannish devotion, the exaggerated sense of personal honor, and the stern fatalism of the samurai, even though his faith in the solid proprieties of the nineteenth century forbade him to approve these qualities. His final judgment of Miura Senzo was summed up in a series of observations, to the effect that of course he was crazy, and it seemed impossible for a man imbued with the ideas of Japanese chivalry to be anything else; that his notion of rushing to suicide as the suitable solace for a bodily indignity was reconcilable only with a madness exceeding the proper allotment of an army of hatters and a wilderness of March hares; but his pluck was magnificent, even if wofully misapplied, and his respectability was guaranteed by a pedigree of the length of which a Highland chief need not be ashamed. Roberts made no attempt to conceal his altered estimate of the daughter, regarding her as the last representative of an ancient family, and the legitimate bearer of a hereditary crest, the significance of which he had never suspected, but which he now chose to consider a badge of aristocratic distinction, conferring upon its owner attributes not dissimilar to those of a titular nobility.

He announced, on the following day, that he was willing to accede to Yone's solicitations, being convinced that they were earnestly seconded by Shizu, but it was evident that the concession had cost him a severe struggle. "I could n't have believed that any one would have brought me to this," he averred; "but I see she has the right to dispose of her future, and I 'll not stand in her way. It will be hard on the children; they are mightily fond of her, as well they may be. And so am I. What a fraud it is for me to talk about the children! I shall be the biggest baby of the lot, when she goes." He at first insisted upon making her an allowance, — settling a pension on her, he termed it, — affirming that it was done every day, and that it would be shabby for him to permit her to go out into the world unprovided for; but this was resolutely resisted by Yone, to whose influence he submitted with remarkable pliancy. Upon another point, however, he was less tractable. He assumed that he and his offspring were to maintain friendly communications with the young girl so long as his affairs should keep him in Japan, and warmly resented the proposition that every tie should be definitely and permanently sundered. His perverse obstinacy would have worn out the patience of most people, but Yone had good reasons, as we presently discovered, for dealing gently with him, and allowing

his irritability no opportunity to assert itself. After hours of ineffectual persuasion, at the end of which it seemed inevitable that she should either succumb or risk a rupture of the negotiations, she asked to speak with him privately, and led him to a far-off corner of the building, beyond sight or hearing of Miss Gibson and myself. Here, imposing secrecy upon him, and appealing to his humanity to keep her friend, especially, in ignorance of what she was about to impart, she put forward her last and most pathetic plea.

It was very simple and ingenuous. Ardent gratitude had been the first sentiment awakened in Shizu's heart by the young man's generous intercession at the most critical moment of her destiny, but the unexpected sympathy which she received in her subsequent bereavement and loneliness had drawn her more tenderly to him, and the attachment she already felt promised to become intense and absorbing, if the separation were not made complete and absolute. It was for him to decide whether she should be subjected, in her new career, to a more painful trial than any she had yet endured, with the certainty of a perpetual and ever-increasing sorrow hanging over her, or be left free for time to efface all disturbing recollections. What forms of argument or exhortation Yone employed I never knew, but it was not long before their effect was made manifest in an unlooked-for way. The young merchant presented himself before us, with a bearing and aspect so diametrically opposite to those with which he had made us familiar as to suggest that he had undergone some radical process of moral transformation. Miss Gibson was later heard to declare that his attitude, at this crisis, was "most interesting;" but my more critical scrutiny detected nothing that could identify the pert, underbred, colonial tradesman, even in appearance, with a typical hero of romance. He was surprisingly subdued, however, and seemed for the moment to have forgotten that aggressive arrogance was one of the features of his *rôle* as a commercial civilizer of the far East. In fact, he seemed to have forgotten everything but his determination to show that there was a manly side to his character, and that he was capable of acting up to it.

"Do you know what she wants me to do?" he asked. "She has n't proposed it, but I have seen it working in her mind for the last half hour. It is n't to jump down into the crater of Fujiyama: oh, no; that would be easy, in comparison. She wants me to make myself the laughing-stock of Yokohama, — don't contradict me, Mrs. Santo; that 's just what it is: to walk into the British consul's office, and tell him to draw up a matrimonial contract between Archibald Roberts, of Scotland, and Shizu Miura, of Japan. That 's the upshot of it, Miss Gibson; that 's what I must do to please her, Dr. Charwell."

He had commenced in a querulous and plaintive strain, but raised his voice as he proceeded, until the last words were almost shouted. Miss Gibson had nothing to say; she was too astonished. I was not less so, but the impulse seized me to conceal the fact, and to accept his announcement as a simple matter of course.

"If that is what you must do," I said quietly, "you had better set about it at once."

"I intend to," he replied, moderating his tone. "I won't disappoint Mrs. Santo; she is too good a woman for that. And she is one who will not laugh at me, no matter what everybody else does."

"Laugh at you!" exclaimed Yone, "I do not understand what you mean. I respect and honor you, and it makes me happy to know you will be rewarded for your goodness and your courage. Ah, yes, you will be rewarded, Mr. Roberts; have no doubt of that."

"I have no doubt of anything, when you tell it to me. Don't I say you are

a good woman? You look like the others, but there 's a difference, is there not, Miss Gibson? I 'm not so sure that she 's a woman at all. You have put a European frock upon her shoulders, but I don't believe it fits them, any more than her *kimono*. You won't find the garment to suit her in your fashion-plates; no room for wings in any of them. I suppose they have wings, the Japanese kind, just the same as ours. Never mind, Mrs. Santo; you can't take in my poor jests, and you don't need wings to convince me how good you are."

After he had left us, to break the great news to Shizu, and to make ready for his own immediate return to Yokohama, Miss Gibson thought it expedient to dilate upon this farewell burst of rhetoric.

"He may not be the cleverest of men," she remarked, "but he has learned how to turn a compliment more gracefully than when he mistook our Yone for a nurse. Let me explain it to you, dear."

"It is not necessary," said Yone, lifting her hand to her face, and looking at us through her parted fingers with what was, for her, quite a creditable attempt at roguishness.

"Then you did understand him! How do you dare to know what such things mean? I thought that they were far beyond — that you were far beyond their comprehension."

"Why should you?" I demanded, with austerity. "The meaning of flattery is the first thing a vain girl learns in any language, and this is the vainest girl in all Japan. You will find it out in good time, Miss Gibson. But I beg you to believe that I never taught her such absurdities."

"They are very pretty, those absurdities," replied Yone. "We seldom hear them in this country, but it is pleasant to be praised, — in earnest, — even if not true."

"It is true enough," I rejoined. "I have been telling you, for years, what you really are. Witches have wings, you know, as well as other flighty supernatural creatures. No genuine, authentic witch would be admitted to practice without them."

"For shame!" cried Miss Gibson. "Yone, do not listen to him."

"Would you have me believe that anything short of witchcraft could take the conceit out of a Yokohama shopkeeper, a British shopkeeper in Japan, and convert him into the semblance of a human being? Come here, my little girl, and let me look straight at you. Hold up your head, like the best of small children. There, that will do. Now! Miss Gibson may give you what name she likes, and so may Mr. Roberts, but nobody can be more contented with you than I, or happier in your charming success. Shall I call it a miracle? Shall I say you are a magician? Do you want me to tell you what I truly think of you, at this moment, — the whole of it?"

"No, dear doctor; I am afraid you would say something to make my eyes dim, and that is not the way to end this joyful day."

"I should think not. Tears at a jubilee? Never; we will hold high festival, — nothing less. You, Miss Gibson, shall hang out banners and lanterns, and ring the temple bells, if the priests permit, while I wend forth, and summon two guests to banquet in state this eve. Since Shizu is to join our party, we may wisely expedite her coming. Of course she will remain in our care until Mrs. Roberts's mansion is ready for her reception, in the foreign cosmopolis which she and her husband will inhabit. Let us go for them, Yone, at once. Miss Gibson will welcome our reappearance with salutes of grape and canister, — grape in fermented and other forms, and canisters replete with succulent viands. We will respond with detonat-

ing engines from the cellars of Fuji-ya, admirable for their explosive properties, if not entirely trustworthy with respect to the beverages they contain. We will celebrate with pomp and circumstance, to the uttermost extent of Miyanoshita's resources, and the ides of May shall be recorded in our private annals, and commemorated forever as the anniversary of Yone's triumph."

E. H. House.

THE LITERARY CAREER IN FRANCE.

In the preface of his recent novel, Pierre et Jean, that vigorous and exquisite artist, Guy de Maupassant, has noted some of the results of his seven years' apprenticeship under Louis Bouilhet and Gustave Flaubert. Bouilhet, by dint of repeating that a hundred verses, and even less, suffice to make an artist's reputation, if only they are irreproachable, and if they contain the essence of the talent and originality of a man even of the second order, convinced his pupil that continual work and profound technical knowledge may, in a day of lucidity and vigor, by the happy encounter of a subject in thorough harmony with all the tendencies of our mind, occasion the production of a work as perfect as we can achieve. Flaubert used to repeat Châteaubriand's definition of talent as indefinite patience. If a man has any originality, he must first of all discover it; if he has none, he must acquire an originality. The least thing contains something unknown, which it is our business to discover. In order to describe a flaming fire and a tree on a plain, let us remain face to face with the fire and the tree, until, to our eyes, they no longer resemble any other fire or any other tree. Such was Flaubert's recipe for becoming original. In the whole world, he would argue, there are no two things exactly alike, and, whatever the thing we wish to describe, there is only one word to express it, one verb to animate it, and one adjective to qualify it. This noun, this verb, and this adjective we must seek until we find them, and never be satisfied with approximations, nor fall back upon trickery, however felicitous, or upon linguistic clownneries, in order to avoid the difficulty.

These principles are precious and noble indeed; but how many writers carry them into practice? On the other hand, how many readers are sensitive to the movement, the construction, the expressive sonority, and significant rhythm of a phrase, to the zest of a precise epithet, to the vivacity and color of a qualifying adjective, to the magic of style? How many appreciate the extreme difficulty of art? "A man," exclaims Maupassant, in the preface referred to above, — "a man must be very mad, very bold, very presumptuous, or very silly, to write at the present day. After so many masters, of such varied temperament and such manifold genius, what remains to be done that has not been done already; what remains to be said that has not been said? Who amongst us can boast that he has written a page — nay, a single phrase — which may not be found somewhere almost identical? When we read, we who are so saturated with French writing that our whole body gives us the impression of being a composition made with words, do we ever find a line, a single thought, which is not familiar, or of which we have not had at least a confused presentiment? The man who seeks only to amuse his public by hackneyed means writes confidently, in the candor of his mediocrity,

works which are destined for the ignorant and leisured crowd. But those upon whom weighs the burden of all the centuries of past literature; those whom nothing satisfies and everything disgusts, because they dream of something better; those to whom everything seems already deflowered, and whose work always gives them the impression of a useless and common labor, come to judge the literary art to be a baffling and mysterious thing, which is scarcely revealed to us by a few pages of the greatest masters."

Maupassant is not the first who has given utterance to this cry of despair. Flaubert's correspondence is full of bitter wailing over the difficulties of the literary art. The journal of the Goncourt brothers abounds in notes of painful wrestling with language. Théophile Gautier used to devour dictionaries in search of words, and yet he remained immeasurably inferior to Fromentin in intensity of vision and penetrating descriptive power. Alphonse Daudet's whole existence is wrapped up in the pursuit of the vivid literary expression of direct and personal observation of men and things. Balzac vainly pursued the magic charm of style by dint of innumerable corrections, erasures, and rewritings, but the terrible Sphinx destroyed the weary victim before he had succeeded in ravishing her secret.

In presence of these facts, and of a hundred others that might be cited, one is tempted to ask if the literary profession in France is one of inevitable misery, if it has no joys, if its profits at all compensate the pains which its pursuit seems to involve. The celebration, last year, of the fiftieth anniversary of the foundation of the French Society of Authors called forth many documents and reflections concerning the literary man's condition, one of which, Nos Gens de Lettres, by M. Frédéric Loliée, suggested to me the idea of reviewing the matter briefly, in the hope of drawing some conclusions which may be of interest to Anglo-Saxon writers and readers. In making this review, I shall use M. Loliée's facts so far only as my own experience and research confirm them; for this writer is evidently a young man, and, like most of the Frenchmen of his generation, he is of a sombre and pessimistic turn of mind. Let us, then, endeavor to ascertain what is the present condition of the literary profession in France; what are its joys, its miseries, its conditions, and its profits.

An argument must necessarily begin with an incontestable proposition. I will, therefore, beg acceptance for the statement that, of all the revolutions which have been accomplished in France, the most complete is that which has transformed the condition of the man of letters. In the seventeenth century, the writer lived on the favors of the nobles and of the court. In the eighteenth century, the literary man began to advance towards independence; the patronage of the great existed side by side with the commercial patronage of the booksellers, and Voltaire became the first millionaire of the pen. The emancipation of the writers progressed henceforward step for step with the emancipation of the people. Beaumarchais established the great principle of literary property; and at the end of the century literary mercantilism was, to a certain extent, a reality. The Empire found literature exhausted by the troubles of the revolutionary epoch. In vain Napoleon tried, by means of pensions and sinecures, to revive letters. The only prose of that period bearing the stamp of genius is the prose of the Emperor's proclamations, a branch of eloquence which the Titan created; for, as Victor Hugo has said, Napoleon was complete. "He had in his brain the cube of human faculties; he drew up codes like Justinian; he dictated like Cæsar; he made history, and he wrote it; his bulletins are Iliads."

The return of the Bourbons, of a lit-

erary aristocracy, and of hopes of peace provoked an irresistible movement of literary regeneration. In his play of Chatterton, Alfred de Vigny proclaimed the superiority of reverie over action, and of indigent thought over proud luxury. Chatterton sounded the hour of resurrection and glory for the horde of Bohemian poets, and so the Romantic epoch began with a burst of enthusiasm which has been described in glowing and poetic terms by Théophile Gautier, Arsène Houssaye, and other members of the penniless *cénacle* of the Rue du Doyenné. The fire and frenzy of pure art had, it is true, sublime joys and ideal recompenses, but the booksellers would not buy its products, nor the newspapers its articles. Nevertheless, the situation became more clearly determined than it had ever been before by the division of humanity into two great classes, "artists" and "bourgeois;" by the crystallization of the artistic spirit; by the declared pretensions of the artists to a supreme place in society; and by the opening of hostilities between the revolutionaries of letters and the self-constituted censors of the Institute, who for the first time discovered that they were the guardians of literary and artistic orthodoxy. Hence the battles which preceded the conquest of the stage by Hernani, and the ten years' war which finally carried Victor Hugo triumphant into the French Academy. Under the July monarchy, the literary renaissance, begun by the romanticists, continued with leaders whose names were Lamartine, Hugo, Balzac, Dumas, Mérimée, Sainte-Beuve, Michelet, Stendhal, Méry, Gozlan. But politics being all the rage at this time, and material success being the ideal of the epoch of Louis Philippe, as Balzac has persistently demonstrated in his Comédie Humaine, the literary men also demanded their share of honors, and places, and riches. Therefore, in an official report dated 1836, Villemain wrote these typical words, which have almost become proverbial: "Literature is a career which leads to everything, but often on the condition that a man abandons it; it is a pathway rather than a goal." Thiers and Guizot offered striking proofs of the truth of this remark, and set examples which many Frenchmen have since followed with remarkable, although less brilliant, success; for literature, or at any rate journalism, is still the favorite prelude of the political profession in modern France.

The generous disinterestedness of the heyday of Romanticism disappeared with the golden age of proud and impecunious Bohemianism. During the July monarchy, an apprenticeship of Bohemianism was still the dark vestibule of renown, but it was no longer considered meritorious to dwell long in this vestibule. The means of achieving golden success remained, however, difficult. An author of repute could publish only one or two novels a year; the sale, being restricted to the circulating libraries, could not exceed 600 copies; and the profits for the author were only a few hundred francs. George Sand and Balzac were delighted when their first editions were sold out before the end of the year; while Jules Sandeau did not make more than 500 francs out of his charming novel Mademoiselle de la Seiglière.

In the year 1835, that great financier and journalist, Emile de Girardin, drew up the following table of the situation from statistics that were undoubtedly authentic. Excluding the poets, who do not count commercially, Girardin divided the authors into five categories: —

(1.) Those whose works were paid by the publishers at the rate of 3000 to 4000 francs a volume, and whose sales reached 2500 copies. These princes of letters were only two, Victor Hugo and Paul de Kock.

(2.) Those whose works were paid 1000 to 1200 francs a volume, and whose sales reached a maximum of 1200 copies.

These authors were Alphonse Karr, the Bibliophile Jacob (Paul Lacroix), the Duchesse d'Abrantès, and La Contemporaine (Ida Saint-Edme), whose memoirs had great success.

(3.) Authors whose sales amounted to 600 or 900 copies, and whose prose was paid 500 to 800 francs a volume. These authors were twelve in number, and included Alfred de Musset.

(4.) Authors of whose works less than 500 copies were sold, and who were paid 10 to 300 francs a volume.

(5.) The mass of obscure authors.

The conclusion which Girardin drew from his examination of the case was that the tariff of 7½ francs a volume, then in vogue, was too dear, and that both authors and publishers would gain by a reduction. The suggestion was adopted, and the price was reduced until it reached the present figure of 3½ francs a volume, which continues to give satisfactory results.

The reign of Louis Philippe is all-important in the history of literary mercantilism, inasmuch as it saw the complete transformation of the literary man into a regular tradesman. Scribe, Bayard, Legouvé, Mélesville, and a score of other ingenious purveyors introduced the system of division of labor and collaboration into dramatic literature; Alexandre Dumas applied the same system to the composition of romances; and Girardin by founding cheap newspapers, Véron by demonstrating the attractive power of the *feuilleton* novel, and Villemessant by creating the light press and the society *chronique*, provided at last for the literary men the means of finding a lucrative market for their wares.

The commercial success of many of the literary men of the reign of Louis Philippe, and the immense publicity given to their personalities and to the amount of their earnings, particularly in the case of Alexandre Dumas and Eugène Sue, had the effect of attracting into the career multitudes of incompetent men and women; and as M. Loliée has remarked, this was the origin of the bands of Bohemians who struggled miserably under the Second Empire, and whose history found an epilogue in the bloody orgies of the Commune. In our own days, a similar phenomenon may be observed: the pecuniary successes of certain eminent novelists and journalists have lured scores of young men into an arena where many of them fall after a first attempt, and remain for the rest of their lives maimed, embittered, and *déclassés*.

To return to our rapid review: during the Second Empire, the political press was of course gagged, but the frivolous journals and light literature in general flourished exceedingly, while the sensual novel made its appearance, and proved to be just the thing for the materialist tastes of the epoch. Feydeau's Fanny, published in 1858, met with immense success, whereas at the same time Balzac's novels circulated very slowly, being too profound and not amusing enough for the mass of readers, who preferred Arsène Houssaye's Grandes Dames, his Parisiennes, and his Courtisanes du Monde, which three works produced for their gay author the sum of 300,000 francs clear profit. The tastes of the Second Empire, it may be observed, were much the same as those of the present republic; the chief difference between the two periods is that the number of authors ready to flatter sensual tastes is greater than ever it was under the Empire. Paul Bourget and Emile Zola alike may protest as much as they please in the name of liberty of art. Of the two, Zola's protestation is the more sincere; but the simple fact remains that extreme notes, erotic details, and crudity of scenes and words attract attention and make a book sell.

The preliminary inclination of every young man or woman who has the misfortune to catch the scribbling mania is to write verse. A volume of verse forms

an indispensable item in the training programme of a would-be man of letters; he may not even have hopes of proving himself to be a poet, but he will still produce his volume of verse, if only for the sake of the literary gymnastics which such an effort implies. Now, for reasons which it is not necessary to discuss here, modern France appears to have only in a small degree the sense necessary for understanding poetry. A man exercising the profession of lyric poet, and living by his profession, is unknown; the poet who wishes to avoid starvation must write prose, obtain a sinecure, or inherit wealth. See, for instance, the cases of Théodore de Banville, Leconte de Lisle, and Sully-Prudhomme. Prose has utterly dethroned verse; the stage is rarely hospitable towards rhyme; and, with very few exceptions, all the volumes of verse published by Lemerre are printed at the expense of the authors. The superhuman lyric effort which characterized the beginning of this century, and produced the genius of Hugo, Lamartine, and Musset, has not been renewed. Indeed, the triumph of these men gave birth to swarms of imitators, who put so much verse into the market at one time that the commodity became a drug, and poetry has never since been able to recover from the discredit into which it then fell. Even the poorest second-hand booksellers, who exhibit their merchandise along the parapets of the quays of the Seine, will not encumber their dusty boxes with volumes of verse. There are obscure periodicals kept up by private subscription for the benefit of poets; there are literary cliques where verse reigns supreme; there are poets who recite their verses in literary and even in fashionable salons; the Parnassians still have their select public; and the aspirations and essays of the Decadents and of the Symbolistes are watched with interest by those whose duty or pleasure it is to keep a lookout along the artistic horizon; but for all practical purposes we may say that French newspapers and magazines look askance at verse, and that, commercially and pecuniarily, poetry does not count at the present day.

And in prose, what is the real state of affairs, and what is the condition of the literary man in modern Paris? — which is equivalent to modern France, for the capital attracts irresistibly all eminent talent. There are three categories of successful writers, namely, dramatists, novelists, and *polygraphes*, or, as one might say, writers-of-all-work. The princes of the first two divisions, men like Dumas, Sardou, Augier, Dennery, Alphonse Daudet, Zola, Ohnet, Richebourg, and Montépin, are at the very top of the ladder, so far as commercial success is concerned. Their lot is enviable materially, and in some cases artistically: the reader will make the distinction for himself. Next after these men come the first-class writers-of-all-work, who are novelists, dramatists, literary and dramatic critics, *chroniqueurs*, political writers even, historians, essayists, — in short, brilliant and facile polygraphes, to use an accepted French term, — whose names you see at the foot of newspaper articles, in the index of reviews, on the covers of ephemeral books, on the playbills of theatres; men who are always on the lookout which way the wind is blowing, what the public wants to read, what is the topic of the day. Such a writer is the personification of the intellectual appetites of his epoch: his manifold interests, his wide appreciation, his varied powers of assimilation, and his command of the instruments of his craft put him in communication with so many different sections of the public that his pen and his name are always welcome. He simply has to utilize his talent with indefatigable industry and relentless discipline in order to gain regularly an income which will enable him to live in refined comfort, if not in luxury. A man like Henri Fouquier, for instance,

or Jules Claretie, realizes the French type of the writer-of-all-work; and while the former receives a salary of 30,000 francs a year for writing two articles a week in a Parisian newspaper, the latter has won the prize of the post of administrator of the Comédie Française, and the crowning honor of a seat in the French Academy, where Fouquier is destined to follow him. It is the number and the talent of the essayists, chroniqueurs, critics, and general writers which render the Parisian press so interesting and so different from any other. I remember once meeting a distinguished and accomplished Frenchman in the reading-room of one of the London clubs, where he had been looking over the mountains of daily papers and weekly literary reviews. He was full of astonishment, as well he might be. "How admirably informed they are!" he exclaimed, "and how terribly wanting in talent!" he added, in an altered tone. The French papers, on the contrary, are very deficient in information, but they are brimful of talent; nor is this state of affairs other than what we might naturally expect. An average intelligent Frenchman cares very little about news; he demands, rather, ideas, wit, suggestive presentation, talent.

But outside these lighter categories of literature, what do we find? M. Loliée tells us that moralists have not much chance nowadays, and he examines the case of La Rochefoucauld, supposing that he were living in our times. The whole of the Maxims, he calculates, would furnish about enough copy for two feuilletons of a modern newspaper; the author, being a titled nobleman, might obtain the ordinary price per line, which would give him about two hundred francs for the whole book. Thus a work which makes an author immortal would not produce enough to keep him a fortnight. This is a fallacious argument; similar paradoxes may be sustained concerning all the classics, and with the same conclusion, for literary mercantilism is of recent origin. M. de la Rochefoucauld, if he were living nowadays, and if he were still afflicted with the mania of emitting maxims, apothegms, and moral generalizations, would doubtless give a gay turn to them, develop certain maxims by means of short stories, and write for La Vie Parisienne, on whose staff he would find several people of his own rank. In her way Gyp is a great moralist. Of course it is quite true that periodical publications cannot offer very warm hospitality to philosophers who write grave treatises on the model of those of Aristotle, nor can the philologist or he who deciphers Hittite inscriptions hope for more than a passing but respectful salute from the general public. For the benefit of such are there not professorships, learned foundations, government pensions, and academic prizes or endowments? The same, too, is the case with historians. The critic Scherer recently remarked that France had never had "a more remarkable historical school than she now has, and never was the public less capable of appreciating its labors. History was formerly read by all respectable people; now it seems to be a mere erudite specialty." Certainly there have been in this century commercially successful historians. The author of the Consulate and the Empire sold his nineteen volumes for nearly a million of francs to a joint-stock company; but his name was Adolph Thiers, and his subject the campaigns of Napoleon. Lamartine sold his Histoire des Girondins for 240,000 francs. Louis Blanc, that honey-mouthed deceiver, who wrote in his Organization of Labor this phrase: "Not only is it absurd to declare the writer proprietor of his work, but it is absurd to offer him a material retribution by way of recompense," — Louis Blanc made a contract in 1846 for a general history of the Revolution for the sum of 500,000 francs. In our own days, Henri Martin's History of France

has had an immense success as padding for patriotic bookcases. But these instances are accidents, and such a success as, for example, Green's History of the English People is unknown in France. The historian must win roof and table as a professor before he can begin to make researches and to write profound books.

The great demand is for light literature, and particularly fiction, and, thanks to the admirable organization of the Authors' Society and of the Society of Dramatic Authors and Composers, dramatists, novelists, and writers-of-all-work obtain the maximum revenue from their prose. The dramatic career is the most fascinating and the most rapidly remunerative. The profits of the stage are great, and the financial interests of the writers are carefully protected by their society, which has its agents in every theatre and in every town, charged with collecting the author's percentage on the receipts. How tempting is the prospect of a hundred performances, and even of a thousand; and how your Sardou pities a poor author like Lesage, whose Turcaret, a masterpiece, had a run of only seven nights! But in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries Paris boasted only about 7000 or 8000 people who went regularly to the theatre; and an immense success could draw only some 20,000 additional spectators from the ranks of the *bourgeoisie*. Even in 1847, a grand success on the stage meant only about forty performances and receipts of 2000 francs a night. M. Loliée quotes from the accounts of the Comédie Française the total amount of authors' fees paid during the year 1848, namely, 27,000 francs, or about one third of the amount paid lately to Emile Augier for one piece, Les Fourchambault. For eleven performances of Marion Delorme and Hernani, Victor Hugo received 817 francs by way of author's fees, and Alfred de Musset headed the list with 4773 francs for 145 performances of various *comédies*, which gives an average of 32 francs for each piece played.

To-day, a new piece by Dumas or Pailleron represented at the Comédie Française will produce 100,000 francs of author's fees in less than a year, although the piece is never played more than three times a week. At any of the Parisian theatres, a piece, if it runs well, will easily reach one hundred or one hundred and fifty performances, on the gross receipts of which the author takes a fee of twelve to fifteen per cent., according to tariffs regulated by the Dramatic Authors' Society; and, besides this fee, an author may have a retaining premium; then he has a certain number of author's tickets to dispose of every day, the right of selling his piece for foreign countries and the provinces, and finally the sale of his manuscript to a publisher, all of which helps to make a handsome total.

Often you will hear people say that the great thing is not to write a piece, but to get a piece played. There is some truth in half of this statement. Theatrical managers are traders and speculators; they want a piece which will hold the bill for six or eight months, if not for a whole year. The competition of other theatres, circuses, and concert halls is so sharp, and the expenses of a theatre are so heavy, that a manager must have his house continually full in order to make any profit. Nevertheless, it is a misrepresentation to say that the theatre is closed irrevocably to young talent, and that managers will not risk a new piece unless it is signed by a name that covers largely their responsibility. The fact is that long runs have discouraged production; men have grown tired of waiting years for a chance to get a piece played; the prizes of the dramatic lottery are great, it is true, but the smaller and more frequent prizes of the lottery of forty years ago, when a theatre brought out a new piece every fortnight, were far more conducive to production.

Lately the cry was raised, "Place aux jeunes!" and the theatrical managers were hauled over the coals, and accused of refusing to play the works of unknown authors. On the strength of this cry and of this accusation, and with the aid of a number of subscribers, a Théâtre Libre was founded, with a view to producing the works of the young and middle-aged victims of managerial tyranny. But behold, now that the desired theatre exists, there are no victims to be found, and the Théâtre Libre has the greatest difficulty in finding pieces to play. We could not ask a clearer proof that the managers are not tyrants, and that the stage is not closed to young talent or to new talent, even in its most audacious manifestations: witness the Vaudeville playing Zola's Renée. The fact is that for various reasons young dramatic talent has become rare.

For the writer of fiction the great and most immediate source of income is the feuilleton, which is so important a feature in French newspapers and magazines. Every year the demand for fiction increases, and every year the space devoted by the newspapers to politics diminishes, except at rare intervals when some grave crisis occurs; but even then the feuilleton can never be sacrificed to political matter. During the last presidential excitement, for instance, the circulation of the Petit Journal ran up beyond the round million; but its political articles were neither longer nor more numerous than usual, and its two feuilleton novels occupied their allotted space, without rebate of a single line. These phenomena are perhaps to be attributed to the fact that the Frenchman will not take the trouble to attend to his civic duties; he will not be continuously a citizen; he is sick of politics, and will consent to pay serious attention to the affairs of the country only when persistent neglect has resulted in a crisis. During the past ten years, I have remarked this growing indifference of the French in political matters, and sometimes it seems as if the day were coming when politics will be considered a mere affair of routine, a simple matter of bureaucracy, requiring the services of superior employees, but not of the intellectual *élite* of the nation. However that may be, there exists an insatiable demand for fiction, by which the writers profit in the following manner: first of all, a novel is published in a daily newspaper or in a periodical, which pays for the "copy" at rates varying from two francs down to fifteen centimes a line; the novel is then published in the form of a book, and meanwhile a greater or less number of second and third rate journals republish it in feuilletons, paying at the rate of not less than five centimes, or say one cent, a line; finally, some firm will republish the book in a popular illustrated edition. For the collection of dues in Paris and in the provinces, and for the prevention of infringement of copyright in foreign countries, the Authors' Society has its agents always on the watch; and so, thanks to tariffs and combinations which have now become traditions of the trade, Daudet and Zola can make sure of earning 100,000 francs by a novel, and that too within the year. But the literary artists are not those whose earnings are most considerable. The profits of a writer like Montépin are far greater. For instance, last year the Petit Parisien agreed to pay for a feuilleton by this author at the rate of thirty cents a line, plus a percentage according to the increase of circulation which the publication of the work might give to the newspaper. The tariff was doubled by this arrangement, and Montépin received payment at the rate of sixty cents a line, the highest price on record. After the novel had been published in the Petit Parisien, a publisher paid the author 60,000 francs for the right of republication in two-cent weekly illustrated installments, while another publisher

bought the right of issue in book-form. Such success and such profits as these are unknown to the literary novelists; but Montépin will never enter the Academy, and his prose gives no employment to the critics.

Thus far we have been talking about the princes of the literary profession; but when we come to writers of the second and third rank the tale is different, although, thanks to the Authors' Society, they enjoy a certain protection, and their lot is rendered more endurable than it might otherwise be. A writer of moderate talent may hope to receive at least thirty centimes a line for a novel which is accepted by a good Parisian journal, and the publication of a feuilleton will bring him in say from 1500 to perhaps 5000 francs. But suppose that the author cannot obtain a turn in the newspapers, and that he has to dispense with the feuilleton, and publish immediately in the form of a volume. In this case, he may get from 200 to 400 francs for an edition; for the best talents, after the masters, do not all obtain thirty centimes royalty per volume. The best possible conditions are sixty centimes royalty, one franc a volume being reserved for a master like Daudet. Remember, also, that a sale of 1500 copies is a considerable success for a second-rate author, and a sale of 5000 copies entitles a novelist to begin to assume the airs of a master. From these facts and figures it will be seen that the newspapers, the feuilletons, and the cheap popular publications are the great sources of revenue for the French novelists.

Thus once more we find that the newspaper is the great nursing mother of all kinds of literary talent in France, the stepping-stone to reputation and to the realization of all artistic ambitions. The newspaper develops, and employs, and often devours almost all the literary intelligence of France, except such as is devoted to pedagogy, to erudition, and to research. Naturally, the young men rush somewhat blindly into journalism, only to find that, although there are hundreds of newspapers, there are, nevertheless, more writers than can be employed. There is always room up at the top, but there is never any room down at the bottom, in the closely packed ranks of the army of miserable literary hacks, who toil at index-making, sermon-writing, articles for biographical dictionaries, compilations for fifth-rate publishers, and other nameless occupations, which produce only the wages of starvation in rusty broadcloth.

Voltaire said one day, "If there is a man of letters who maintains that his trade is not the most ridiculous of trades, the most dangerous, and the most miserable, I want to see him." In more modern times, Théodore Barrière used to say, "Literature is a fine branch to hang one's self from." These seem to be the conclusions of M. Loliée's interesting social study, already referred to. The struggle for life in the overcrowded literary world of Paris is bitter enough, it is true, but the prize of success is something better than mere hollow triumph and barren laurels; it is a prize whose commercial value will bear comparison with the gains of the so-called liberal professions, while its moral value is equivalent to that of all careers which give a man fame and the satisfaction of helping to form the tastes and opinions of his fellows. This nineteenth century in France has seen the complete and undisputed emancipation of the writer, and the creation of an aristocracy of letters which in its turn has, so to speak, legislated for the whole profession, and imposed upon the publishers and upon the public conditions of equity and respect. Thus it is not, properly speaking, the individuality of talent which has advanced in consideration and prestige; it is rather the function of writing itself which has gained in independence and security. The distinguished author is an eminent social fac-

tor in France; he is a man whom the state and the nation delight to honor in all possible ways, it being the French idea that letters and art are a state thing, — a thing which the nation in a body produces, and which it is the duty of the fatherland to call forth, to encourage, and to reward. Such is the idea upon which the foundation of the Institute of France and its various academies is based, the object being the progress of knowledge and the general utility and glory of the republic. Modern individualism doubtless often rebels against being enrolled in the regiment of the Institute, but, nevertheless, literary men, as a class, profit by the prestige with which the existence of the French Academy has endowed their profession. We have, then, this capital fact: that an author's pen gains him livelihood, liberty, and honors of the most rare description. The French literary man is free to develop his artistic personality at his own risks and perils; his fortunes depend upon the opinion, the esteem, and the gratitude of his contemporaries; his rights, without exception, are recognized, consecrated by universal assent, and protected by the laws. He is master of his thought, uncontested proprietor of his work, and free disposer of the fruits of his industry.

For these benefits of a practical and commercial nature, the French writers are largely indebted to their two societies, the Société des Gens de Lettres and the Société des Auteurs Dramatiques et Compositeurs, which have singularly simplified the business part of an author's life, the fructification of his work, the collection of his dues, the fixing of the equitable reward of his labor, and, in short, all his relations with those who serve as indispensable intermediaries between himself and the public. Thanks to these societies, and thanks to the united action of the class, men of letters may achieve, some by their brilliant faculties of imagination, popular favor, academic honor, and material opulence; others, by their polemical skill, may attain eminent public distinctions; while all together they form two most powerful corporations, each asserting itself by the prestige and activity of its members, and by its rich and effective association for protection and mutual aid.

The newspaper writers, who are often members of one or both of the above societies, have also their professional syndicates for the safeguard of their interests and for mutual aid; and gradually, by united efforts and by the persistent pursuit of an ideal, they have obtained for the journalist a literary and social position which the obscure and anonymous scribblers of certain countries may well envy. Even the reporters of a French newspaper retain their individuality, and may become personages exercising very considerable influence. But here, too, the question of art comes in; for, as I have already intimated, the French reader values facts, but he takes greater joy in ideas, and in bright and incisive speculations starting from the slightest basis of reality. The Parisian reader especially refuses absolutely to be bored; he is in the habit of living in an atmosphere of ideas, of rapid and suggestive conversation, of breezy and intelligently skeptical discussion. The reporters, therefore, must be keyed up to his diapason, and the presentation of their facts must be carefully studied with a view to facile, rapid, and pleasurable assimilation. The examination of the French press would demand more space than I can beg for here. It is sufficient for our argument to note that a first-class French journalist can gain some 50,000 francs a year with less labor, greater liberty, and far more satisfaction and glory than a man who would earn the same sum by writing in the columns of the London Times, to quote an instance for the sake of comparison.

Let us return now to the question of

mercantilism and art, which prompted us to undertake this brief review of the literary career in contemporary France.

The relatively happy condition of the literary man nowadays is due precisely to the fact that his occupation has become a trade, a regularly organized industry, a business which needs to be followed as steadily as any other business, and even more so. (I am speaking of France, of course, for evidently in aristocratic England literature is scarcely recognized as a legitimate career. The literary man and the newspaper writer are still rather ashamed of their occupation; their place in society is not clearly defined, — indeed, society is inclined to think that they have none. In the newspaper offices, the writers are editorial employees rather than men of letters, having a personality and a name; and the fiction of the impersonal editorial "we" still prevails in all the ponderous dullness of its word-spinning hypocrisy.) Now the question arises, Has this business organization of the literary profession been prejudicial to literary art? Has not art been sacrificed to the tricks of the trade, owing to the fact that the public must be pleased, tickled, and excited by any and every means? Is not modern French literature to a large extent an industrial product, and not an art product?

Art and industry are terms difficult to conciliate. Industry means continuous production subordinated to the laws of supply and demand. A work of art, to quote the definition of a delicate analyst, Paul Bourget, — "a work of art is the realization, thanks to certain forms, of an interior and solitary ideal; the confession, with words or with marble, with sounds or with colors, of a vibrating and personal sensitiveness; the revelation of a 'nature,' according to Goethe's energetic expression." Evidently there is a theoretical antagonism between literary art and literary industry, and nothing is keener than the contempt in which artists like Daudet, Goncourt, and Maupassant hold writers like Sardou and Ohnet. Doubtless there are moments when Sardou and Ohnet feel that all their millions cannot compensate for the literary esteem which the artists and critics refuse to accord to them. The same may also be the case with men like Verne, Montépin, Richebourg, Belot, Boisgobey, Malot, and a score of other most successful writers, who gain plenty of money, but who, from a literary point of view, simply do not exist, — *ils n'existent pas*. The French critic, being a man of letters, a personality, an artist, would not demean his pen by reviewing a work by Montépin or Belot; whereas a story by Daudet, a preface by Maupassant, or a brilliant *début* by a young man of individual talent will arouse all the critics and chroniqueurs in France, and fill the papers with columns of luminous and original discussion.

Far from being prejudicial to literary art, it seems to me that the regular organization of industrial production has had the result of placing the literary artists on a higher pedestal of respect. In reality, there is no question of antagonism or even of rivalry. The artists produce literature, the others produce reading matter, and both have their reward, their public, and their share of glory or of notoriety, which they must hasten to enjoy; for art has never said its last word, and criticism will never have finished its task. Within the past ten years, have we not seen the growth and apogee of the naturalist school, whose chiefs are now writing their memoirs and the history of their battles (Alphonse Daudet, Trente Ans de Paris)? But the naturalists have not succeeded in formulating a definitive æsthetic; younger men are coming to the front, with new ideals, new canons, and new impressions. Flaubert is no longer a "realist," but the poet of the Tentation de Saint-Antoine; Goncourt's novels are placed below his historical and

critical work, in the estimation of the rising young literary circles; Zola is being classed as a poet and a social philosopher, and not as a copyist of reality; Daudet is the delicate analyst and anecdotical historian of the third quarter of the nineteenth century. Thus criticism has already separated this group of artists, whose label of "naturalists" has been torn off long ago, — a fact which is still unknown only in the more remote and obnubilated zones of culture.

The young literary men, during the preliminary period of struggling, complain constantly of the non-recognition of the artist, and of the all-invading success of the commercial literary man. As the public increases, the production of commonplace reading matter must increase also; for the artistic sense is not innate in man, and still less in woman, who is perhaps the more greedy reader. In pictorial art, likewise, the mediocre must ever preponderate: in point of view of number, there will always be more people who will frankly prefer a German chromo-lithograph to a picture by Rembrandt; and even amongst relatively enlightened people, there are ninety-nine who will gush over Tintoretto for one who will feel the distinction and charm of Carpaccio. So are we constituted, and such is our destiny, that the superior ideal is visible only to the few; and this explains why the mediocre can be candid and happy, and why Georges Ohnet can preserve his serenity, while Guy de Maupassant works in anguish and torment. The point which ought to console the literary man is that both these authors can live, and that the artist can command the means of enduring his anguish in conditions not only of comfort, but of luxury. The literary career, thanks precisely to its mercantile development, is not a lottery of misery and glory alone: there are also hundreds and hundreds of minor prizes for intelligent and tenacious mediocrity, and the drawing of these prizes takes place in the fairest and freest conditions. The struggle for life in literature is hard, it is true, and the wrestlers are many; but a man cannot hope to obtain at a slight cost the right to live outside of all apparent servitude, which is one of the great charms of the literary life, when that career is attended by the minimum amount of success that makes the game worth the candle.

Theodore Child.

A WAYSIDE CALVARY.

THE carven Christ hangs gaunt and grim
  Beneath his blue Picardian skies,
And piteous, perchance, to him
  Seems every man that lives and dies.
  Here, hid from hate of alien eyes,
    Two hundred Prussians sleep, they say,
  Beneath the cross whose shadow lies
    Athwart the road to Catelet.

'Mid foes they slumber unafraid,
  Made whole by Death, the cunning leech,
And near the long white roadway laid,
  By his cold arms, beyond all reach

Of *Heimweh* pangs or stranger's speech:
Of curse or blessing naught reck they,
Of snows that hide nor suns that bleach
The dusty road to Catelet.

Of garlands laid or blossoms spread
The Prussians' sun-scorched mound lies bare;
But thin grass creeps above the dead,
And pallid poppies flutter fair,
And fling their drowsy treasures there
Beneath the symbol, stark and gray,
That hath the strangers in its care
Beside the road to Catelet.

Graham R. Tomson.

THE DISCOVERY OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

René Gaultier de Varennes, lieutenant in the regiment of Carignan, married at Three Rivers, in 1667, the daughter of Pierre Boucher, governor of that place; the age of the bride, Demoiselle Marie Boucher, being twelve years, six months, and eighteen days. Varennes succeeded his father-in-law as governor of Three Rivers, with a salary of twelve hundred francs, to which he added the profits of a farm of forty acres; and on these modest resources, reinforced by an illicit trade in furs, he made shift to sustain the dignity of his office. His wife became the mother of numerous offspring, among whom was Pierre, an active and hardy youth, who, like the rest of the poor but vigorous Canadian *noblesse*, seemed born for the forest and the fur trade. When, however, the War of the Spanish Succession broke out, the young man crossed the sea, obtained the commission of lieutenant, and was nearly killed at the battle of Malplaquet, where he was shot through the body, received six sabre cuts, and was left for dead on the field. He recovered, and returned to Canada, when, finding his services slighted, he again took to the woods. He had assumed the surname of La Vérendrye, and thenceforth his full designation was Pierre Gaultier de Varennes de la Vérendrye.

In 1728, he was in command of a small post on Lake Nipegon, north of Lake Superior. Here an Indian chief from the River Kaministiguia told him of a certain great lake which discharged itself by a river flowing westward. The Indian farther declared that he had descended this river till he reached water that ebbed and flowed, and terrified by the strange phenomenon, had turned back, though not till he had heard of a great salt lake, bordered with many villages. Other Indians confirmed and improved the story. "These people," said La Vérendrye to the Jesuit Degonnor, "are great liars, but now and then they tell the truth." It seemed to him likely that their stories of a western river flowing to a western sea were not totally groundless, and that the true way to the Pacific was not, as had been supposed, through the country of the Sioux, but farther northward, through that of the Cristineaux and Assinniboins, or, in other words, through the region now called Manitoba. In this view he was sustained by his friend Degonnor, who

had just returned from the ill-starred Sioux mission.

La Vérendrye, fired with the zeal of discovery, offered to search for the western sea if he were allowed one hundred men, and if the king would supply canoes, arms, and provisions. But, as was usual in such cases, the king would give nothing; and though the governor, Beauharnois, did all in his power to promote the enterprise, the burden and the risk were left to the adventurer himself. La Vérendrye was authorized to find a way to the Pacific at his own expense, in consideration of a monopoly of the fur trade in the regions north and west of Lake Superior. This vast and remote country was held by tribes who were doubtful friends of the French, and perpetual enemies of each other. The risks of the trade were as great as its possible profits, and to reap these, vast outlays must first be made; forts must be built, manned, provisioned, and stocked with goods brought through two thousand miles of difficult and perilous wilderness. There were other dangers, more insidious, and perhaps greater. The exclusive privileges granted to La Vérendrye would infallibly rouse the intensest jealousy of the Canadian merchants, and they would spare no effort to ruin him. Intrigue and calumny would be busy in his absence. If, as was likely, his patron Beauharnois should be recalled, the new governor might be turned against him, his privileges might be suddenly revoked, the forts he had built passed over to his rivals, and all his outlays turned to their profit, as had happened to La Salle on the recall of his patron Frontenac. On the other hand, the country was full of the choicest furs, which the Indians had hitherto carried to the English at Hudson Bay, but which the proposed trading-posts would secure to the French. La Vérendrye's enemies pretended that he thought of nothing but beaver-skins, and slighted the discovery which he had bound himself to undertake; but his conduct proves that he was true to his engagements, and that ambition to gain honorable distinction in the service of the king had a large place among the motives that impelled him.

As his own resources were of the smallest, he took a number of associates on conditions most unfavorable to himself. Among them they raised money enough to begin the enterprise, and on the 8th of June, 1731, La Vérendrye, and three of his sons, together with his nephew La Jemeraye, the Jesuit Messager, and a party of Canadians, set out from Montreal. It was late in August before they reached the great portage of Lake Superior, which led across the height of land separating the waters of that lake from those flowing to Lake Winnipeg. The way was long and difficult. The men, who had possibly been tampered with, mutinied, and refused to go farther. Some of them, with much ado, consented at last to proceed, and, under the lead of La Jemeraye, made their way by an intricate and broken chain of lakes and streams to Rainy Lake, where they built a fort, and called it Fort St. Pierre. La Vérendrye was forced to winter with the rest of the party at the River Kaministiguia, not far from the great portage. Here months were lost, during which a crew of useless mutineers had to be fed and paid; and it was not till the next June that he could get them again into motion towards Lake Winnipeg.

This ominous beginning was followed by a train of disasters. His associates abandoned him; the merchants on whom he depended for supplies would not send them, and he found himself, in his own words, "destitute of everything." His nephew, La Jemeraye, died. The Jesuit Auneau, bent on returning to Michillimackinac, set out with La Vérendrye's eldest son and a party of twenty Canadians. A few days later, they were all found on an island in the Lake of the

Woods, murdered and mangled by the Sioux. Beauharnois twice appealed to the court to give La Vérendrye some little aid, urging that he was at the end of his resources, and that a grant of thirty thousand francs, or six thousand dollars, would enable him to find an overland route to the Pacific. All help was refused; but La Vérendrye was told that he might let out his forts to other traders, and thus raise means to pursue the discovery.

In 1740, he went for the third time to Montreal, where, instead of aid, he found a lawsuit. "In spite," he says, "of the derangement of my affairs, the envy and jealousy of various persons impelled them to write letters to the court, insinuating that I thought of nothing but making a fortune. If more than forty thousand livres of debt which I have on my shoulders are an advantage, then I can flatter myself that I am very rich. In all my misfortunes, I have the consolation of seeing that M. de Beauharnois enters into my views, recognizes the uprightness of my intentions, and does me justice in spite of opposition."

Meanwhile, under all his difficulties, he had explored a vast region hitherto unknown, diverted a great and lucrative fur trade from the English at Hudson Bay, and secured possession of it by six fortified posts: Fort St. Pierre, on Rainy Lake; Fort St. Charles, on the Lake of the Woods; Fort Maurepas, at the mouth of the River Winnipeg; Fort Bourbon, on the eastern side of Lake Winnipeg; Fort La Reine, on the Assinniboin; Fort Dauphin, on Lake Manitoba. Besides these he built another post, called Fort Rouge, on the site of the present city of Winnipeg; and, some time after, another, at the mouth of the River Poskoiac, or Saskatchawan, neither of which, however, was long occupied. These various forts were only stockade works flanked with block-houses, but the difficulty of building and maintaining them in this remote wilderness was incalculable.

In 1738, he had so far secured his position as to enable him to begin his search for the Pacific. His Indian neighbors, the Assinniboins and Cristineaux, could not help him; but they told him that the Mandans, a distant tribe on the Upper Missouri, knew the way, and would give him guides. Lured by this falsehood, he set out from Fort La Reine in October, with twenty men and a band of Assinniboins. After extreme hardships he reached the villages of the Mandans, where the indispensable presents he had brought for them were all stolen by an Assinniboin, and his only interpreter ran off. It was useless to stay, and, leaving two Frenchmen to winter with the Mandans and learn their language, he began his return to the fort. "I was very ill," he writes, "but hoped to get better on the way. The contrary took place, for it was the depth of winter. It is impossible to suffer more than I did. It seemed that nothing but death could release us from such miseries." He reached Fort La Reine on the 11th of February, 1739.

His eldest surviving son, Pierre, with a younger brother, known afterwards as the Chevalier de la Vérendrye, took up the adventure, and, with two Canadian followers, set out for the Mandans on the 29th of April, 1742. Following the River Assinniboin to the mouth of Mouse River, they ascended that stream, crossed to the Missouri, and reached the principal Mandan village, after a journey of about three weeks from Fort La Reine. Here they found themselves the guests of one of the most interesting tribes on the continent. Nearly half a century ago, the Mandans were almost exterminated by the small-pox, but the pencil of the excellent artist who accompanied Prince Maximilian of Wied to their village in 1832, and the faithful brush of the painter Catlin, who visited them a few years later, have preserved them to posterity essentially unchanged since the journey of the brothers La Vérendrye.

What the young travelers saw was a cluster of lodges, each forty or fifty feet wide, shaped like a flattened dome, strongly framed of trunks of trees and sapling poles, and covered with a thick matting of willow branches, over which was laid a bed of earth and clay, two or three feet deep. These capacious dwellings were grouped compactly round a central area, which served for games, dances, and the strange religious ceremonies practiced by the tribe. The sacred "medicine" lodge was distinguished from the rest by three or four tall poles planted before it, each with an effigy at the top, looking much like a scarecrow, and intended as a sacrifice to the spirits. The village was protected by a rude palisade and ditch, for the Mandans were surrounded by enemies.

The brothers, in their too brief official report, say nothing of their reception, which was evidently a cordial one. The earth-covered domes that encircled the central area no doubt swarmed with squaws and children, as was always the case on occasions of public interest; and the strangers were feasted without stint in the lodges of the chiefs. Here, seated by the sunken hearth in the centre, under the large hole in the roof that served both for window and chimney, the guests might study at their ease the domestic economy of their entertainers. Every lodge held a *gens*, or entire family connection, whose beds of raw buffalo hide stretched on frames were ranged round the circumference of the building, while near the head of each stood a post, on which hung shields, lances, bows, quivers, medicine-bags, pipes, and masks made of the skin of a buffalo's head, for use in the magic buffalo dance.

Daily sports relieved the monotony of savage existence, — the game of the stick and the rolling ring, the archery practice of boys, horse-racing on the neighboring prairie, and perpetual games of chance; while in contrast with these gayeties, the long dismal wail of mourners rose every evening from the cemetery, where the dead of the village lay on scaffolds, sewed fast in buffalo hides.

The Mandans did not know the way to the Pacific, but they told the brothers that they expected a speedy visit from a certain tribe, or band, called Horse Indians, who could guide them thither. It is impossible to identify these people with any known tribe; all the tribes of that country might at this time have claimed the name. The brothers waited for them in vain till past midsummer. The season was too far advanced for longer delay, and they hired two Mandans to guide them to the customary haunts of the Horse Indians.

They set out on horseback, their scanty baggage and their stock of presents being carried, no doubt, by pack-animals. Their general course was west-southwest. The Black Hills lay at a distance on their left, and the Upper Missouri on their right. The country they traversed was a rolling prairie, well covered for the most part with grass, and watered with small alkaline streams, creeping towards the Missouri, with an opaque, whitish current, over beds of sandy clay. There was little or no wood except along these watercourses. "I noticed," says the Chevalier La Vérendrye, "earths of different colors, — blue, green, red, or black, white as chalk or yellowish like ochre." This was probably in the "bad lands" of the Little Missouri, where these party-colored earths form a conspicuous feature in the bare and barren bluffs, cut into fantastic shapes by storms and floods.

For twenty days they saw no human being. The plains, says their journal, were alive with game. Deer sprang from the rank, reedy grass of the river bottoms; buffalo tramped by in ponderous columns, or dotted the pale swells of the distant prairie with their grazing multitudes; antelope approached, with the curiosity of their species, to gaze at the passing horsemen, then fled like

the wind; and as the party neared the hilly uplands of the Yellowstone, they saw herds of elk and flocks of mountain sheep. Wolves, white and gray, howled about their camp all night; and in the dusk of evening, the coyote, seated on the grass, with nose turned to the sky, saluted them with a confusion of yelpings, as if half a score of petulant voices were pouring together from the throat of one small beast. The ground was often honeycombed for a mile or more with the holes of the curious little marmot called the prairie-dog, which uttered its squeaking bark as they came near, and then dived into its burrow.

On the 11th of August, they reached a hill, or group of hills, apparently not far west of the Little Missouri. It was here that they hoped to find the Horse Indians, but the place was a solitude. They built a hut, made fires that the smoke might attract any Indians roaming near, and reconnoitred the country every day from the tops of the hills. At length, on the 14th of September, they saw a spire of smoke on the distant prairie.

One of their Mandan guides had left them, and gone back to his village. The other, with one of the Frenchmen, went towards the smoke, and found a camp of Indians, whom the journal calls Les Beaux Hommes, and who were probably Crows, a tribe remarkable for stature and symmetry, who long claimed that region as their own. They treated the visitors well, and sent for the other Frenchmen to come to their lodges, where they were received with great rejoicing. The remaining Mandan, however, became frightened, for the Crows were enemies of his tribe; and he soon followed his companion on his solitary march homeward.

The brothers remained twenty-one days in the Crow camp, much perplexed for want of an interpreter. The tribes of the plains have in common a system of signs by which they communicate with each other, and it is likely that the brothers had learned it from the Sioux or Assinniboins, with whom they had been in familiar intercourse. By this or some other means they made their hosts understand that they wished to find the Horse Indians; and the Crows, being soothed by presents, offered some of their young men as guides. They set out on the 9th of October,[1] following a south-southwest course.

In two days they met a band of Indians, called by them the Little Foxes, and on the 15th and 17th two villages of another unrecognizable horde, named Pioya. From La Vérendrye's time to our own, this name "villages" has always been given to the encampments of the wandering people of the plains. All these nomadic communities joined them, and they moved together southward, till they reached at last the lodges of the long-sought Horse Indians. They found them in the extremity of distress and terror. Their camp resounded with howls and wailings, and not without cause; for the Snakes, or Shoshones, a formidable people living farther westward, had lately destroyed nearly all their tribe. The Snakes were the terror of that country. The brothers were told that the year before they had destroyed seventeen villages, killing the warriors and old women, and carrying off the young women and children as slaves.

None of the Horse Indians had ever seen the Pacific, but they knew a people called Gens de l'Arc, or Bow Indians, who, as they said, had traded in that quarter. To the Bow Indians, therefore, the brothers resolved to go, and by dint of gifts and promises they persuaded their hosts to show them the way. After marching southwestward for several days, they saw the distant prairie covered with the pointed buffalo-skin lodges of a great Indian camp. It was that of the Bow Indians, who appear to

[1] Or 9th of November, according to a duplicate of the journal.

have been one of the bands of the western Sioux, the predominant race in this region. Not one in five hundred of them could ever have seen a white man, and we may imagine their amazement at the arrival of the strangers, who, followed by staring crowds, were conducted to the lodge of the chief. "Thus far," says La Vérendrye, "we had been well received in all the villages we had passed, but this was nothing compared with the courteous manners of the great chief of the Bow Indians, who, unlike the others, was not self-interested in the least, and who took excellent care of everything belonging to us."

The first inquiry of the travelers was for the Pacific, but neither the chief nor his tribesmen knew anything of it, except what they had heard from Snake prisoners taken in war. The Frenchmen were surprised at the extent of the camp, which consisted of many separate bands. The chief explained that they had been summoned from far and near for a grand war-party against that common foe of all, the Snakes. In fact, the camp resounded with war-songs and war-dances. "Come with us," said their host; "we are going towards the mountains, where you can see the great water that you are looking for."

At length the camp broke up. The squaws took down the lodges, and the march began over prairies dreary and brown with the withering touch of autumn. The spectacle was such as men still young have seen in these western lands, but which no man will see again. The vast plain swarmed with the moving multitude. The tribes of the Missouri and the Yellowstone had by this time abundance of horses, the best of which were used for war and hunting, and the others as beasts of burden. These last were equipped in a peculiar manner. Several of the long poles used to frame the lodges were secured by one end to each side of a rude saddle, while the other end trailed on the ground. Cross-bars lashed to the poles just behind the horse kept them three or four feet apart, and formed a firm support, on which was laid, compactly folded, the buffalo-skin covering of the lodge. On this, again, sat a mother with her young family, sometimes stowed for safety in a large open willow basket, with the occasional addition of some domestic pet, such as a tame raven, a puppy, or even a small bear cub. Other horses were laden in the same manner with wooden bowls, stone hammers, and other utensils, along with stores of dried buffalo meat packed in cases of rawhide. Many of the innumerable dogs, whose manners and appearance strongly suggested their relatives the wolves, to whom, however, they bore a mortal grudge, were equipped in a similar way, with shorter poles and lighter loads. Bands of naked boys, noisy and restless, roamed the prairie, practicing their bows and arrows on any small animal they might find. Gay young squaws, adorned on each cheek with a spot of ochre or red clay, and arrayed in tunics of fringed buckskin embroidered with porcupine quills, were mounted on ponies, astride like men; while lean and tattered hags, the drudges of the tribe, unkempt and hideous, scolded the lagging horses or screeched at the disorderly dogs with voices not unlike the yell of the great horned owl. Most of the warriors were on horseback, armed with round white shields of bull hide, feathered lances, war-clubs, bows, and quivers filled with stone-headed arrows; while a few of the elders, wrapped in robes of buffalo hide, stalked along in groups with a stately air, chatting, laughing, and exchanging unseemly jokes.[1]

"We continued our march," says La Vérendrye, "sometimes south-southwest, and now and then northwest; our numbers constantly increasing by villages of different tribes which joined us." The

[1] The above descriptive particulars are drawn from repeated observation of similar scenes.

variations of their course were probably due to the difficulties of the country, which grew more rugged as they advanced, with broken hills, tracts of dingy green sage bushes, and bright, swift streams, edged with cottonwood and willow, hurrying northward to join the Yellowstone. At length, on the 1st of January, 1743, they saw the Rocky Mountains, — probably the Bighorn Range, a hundred and twenty miles east of the Yellowstone Park.

A council of all the allied bands was now called, and the Frenchmen were asked to take part in it. The questions discussed were how to dispose of the women and children, and how to attack the enemy. Having settled their plans, the chiefs begged their white friends not to abandon them; and the younger of the two, the chevalier, consented to join the warriors, and aid them with advice, though not with arms.

The tribes of the western plains rarely go on war-parties in winter, and this great expedition must have been the result of unusual exasperation. The object was to surprise the Snakes in the security of their winter camp, and strike a deadly blow, which would have been impossible in summer.

On the 8th of January, the whole body stopped to encamp, choosing, no doubt, after their invariable winter custom, a place sheltered from wind, and supplied with water and fuel. Here the squaws and children were to remain, while most of the warriors advanced against the enemy. By pegging the lower edge of the lodge-skin to the ground, and piling a ridge of stones and earth upon it to keep out the air, fastening with wooden skewers the flap of hide that covered the entrance, and keeping a constant fire, they could pass a winter endurable to Indians, though smoke, filth, vermin, bad air, the crowd, and the total absence of privacy would make it a purgatory to any civilized white man.

The chevalier left his brother to watch over the baggage of the party, which was stored in the lodge of the great chief, while he himself, with his two Canadians, joined the advancing warriors. They were on horseback, marching with a certain order, and sending watchmen to reconnoitre the country from the tops of the hills.[1] Their movements were so slow that it was twelve days before they reached the foot of the mountains, which, says La Vérendrye, "are for the most part well wooded, and seem very high." He longed to climb their great snow-encumbered peaks, fancying that he might then see the Pacific, and never dreaming that more than eight hundred miles of mountains and forests still lay between him and his goal.

Through the whole of the present century, the favorite haunts of the southern division of the Snakes were in the valleys of Wind and Green rivers. It is likely that they were so in 1743, in which case the war-party would not only have reached the Bighorn Mountains, but have pushed farther on to within full sight of the great Wind River Range. Be this as it may, their scouts reached the chief winter camp of the Snakes, and found it abandoned, with lodges still standing, and many household possessions left behind. The enemy had discovered their approach, and fled. Instead of encouraging the allies, this news filled them with terror, for they feared that the Snake warriors might make a circuit to the rear, and fall upon the camp where they had left their women and children. The great chief spent all his eloquence in vain. Nobody would listen to him, and with characteristic fickleness they gave over the enterprise, and retreated in a panic. "Our advance was made in good order, but

[1] At least this was done by a band of Sioux with whom the writer, in his youth, traversed a part of the country ranged by Snake war-parties. The Snakes and the Sioux were still deadly enemies.

not so our retreat," says the chevalier's journal. "Everybody fled his own way. Our horses, though good, were very tired, and got little to eat." He was one day riding with his friend, the great chief, when, looking behind him, he missed his two French attendants. Hastening back in alarm, he found them far in the rear, quietly feeding their horses under the shelter of a clump of trees. He had scarcely joined them when he saw a party of fifteen hostile Indians stealthily creeping forward, covered by their bull-hide shields. He and his men let them approach, and then gave them a few shots, on which they immediately ran off, firearms being to them an astounding novelty.

The three Frenchmen now tried to rejoin the great chief and his band, but the task was not easy. The prairie, bare of snow and hard as flint, showed no trace of foot or hoof, and it was by rare good fortune that they succeeded, on the second day, not in overtaking the chief, but in reaching the camp where the women and children had been left. They found them all in safety; the Snakes had not attacked them, and the panic of the warriors was causeless. It was the 9th of February. They were scarcely housed when a blizzard set in, and on the night of the 10th the plains were buried in snow. The great chief had not appeared. With such of his warriors as he could persuade to follow him, he had made a wide circuit to find the trail of the lost Frenchmen, but, to his great distress, had completely failed. It was not till five days after the arrival of the chevalier and his men that the chief reached the camp, "more dead than alive," in the words of the journal. All his hardships were forgotten when he found his white friends safe, for he had given them up for lost. "His sorrow turned to joy, and he could not give us attention and caresses enough."

The camp broke up, and the allied bands dispersed. The great chief and his followers moved slowly through the snowdrifts towards the east-southeast, accompanied by the Frenchmen. Thus they kept on till the 1st of March, when the two brothers, learning that they were approaching the winter village of a people called Gens de la Petite Cerise, or Choke Cherry Indians, sent one of their men, with a guide, to visit them. The man returned in ten days, bringing a message from the Choke Cherry Indians, inviting the Frenchmen to their lodges.

The great chief of the Bowmen, who seems to have regarded his young friends with mingled affection, respect, and wonder, was grieved at the thought of losing them, but took comfort when they promised to visit him again, provided that he would make his abode near a certain river which they pointed out. To this he readily agreed, and then with mutual regret they parted. The Frenchmen repaired to the village of the Choke Cherry Indians, who, like the Bowmen, were probably a band of Sioux. Hard by their lodges, which stood near the Missouri, the brothers buried a plate of lead graven with the royal arms, and raised a pile of stones in honor of the governor of Canada. They remained at this place till April; then, mounting their horses again, followed the Missouri upward to the village of the Mandans, which they reached on the 18th of May. After spending a week here, they joined a party of Assinniboins, journeyed with them towards Fort La Reine, and reached it on the 2d of July, to the great relief of their father, who was waiting in suspense, having heard nothing of them for more than a year.

Sixty-two years later, when the vast western regions then called Louisiana had just been ceded to the United States, Captains Lewis and Clark left the Mandan villages with thirty-two men, traced the Missouri to the mountains, penetrated the wastes beyond, and made their way to the Pacific. The first stages of

that remarkable exploration were anticipated by the brothers La Vérendrye. They did not find the Pacific, but they discovered the Rocky Mountains, or at least the part of them to which the name properly belongs; for the southern continuation of the great range had long been known to the Spaniards. Their bold adventure was achieved, not at the charge of a government, but at their own cost and that of their father; not with a band of well-equipped men, but with only two followers.

The fur-trading privilege which was to have been their compensation had proved their ruin. They were still pursued without ceasing by the jealousy of rival traders and the ire of disappointed partners. "Here in Canada more than anywhere else," the chevalier wrote, some years after his return, "envy is the passion *à la mode*, and there is no escaping it." It was the story of La Salle repeated. Beauharnois, however, still stood by them, encouraged and defended them, and wrote in their favor to the colonial minister. It was, doubtless, through his efforts that the elder La Vérendrye was at last promoted to a captaincy in the colony troops. Beauharnois was succeeded in the government by the sagacious and able Galissonière, and he too befriended the explorers. "It seems to me," he wrote to the minister, "that what you have been told touching the Sieur de la Vérendrye, to the effect that he has been more busy with his own interests than in making discoveries, is totally false; and, moreover, that any officers employed in such work will always be compelled to give some of their attention to trade, so long as the king allows them no other means of subsistence. These discoveries are very costly, and more fatiguing and dangerous than open war." Two years later, the elder La Vérendrye received the cross of the Order of St. Louis, an honor much prized in Canada, but which he did not long enjoy; for he died at Montreal in the following December, when on the point of again setting out for the west.

His intrepid sons survived, and they were not idle. One of them, the chevalier, had before discovered the River Saskatchawan, and ascended it as far as the forks. His intention was to follow it to the mountains, build a fort there, and thence push westward in another search for the Pacific; but a disastrous event ruined all his hopes. La Galissonière returned to France, and the Marquis de la Jonquière succeeded him, with the notorious François Bigot as intendant. Both were greedy of money, the one to hoard and the other to dissipate it. Clearly there was money to be got from the fur trade of Manitoba, for La Vérendrye had made every preparation and incurred every expense. It seemed that nothing remained but to reap where he had sown. His commission to find the Pacific, with the privileges connected with it, was refused to his sons, and conferred on another. La Jonquière wrote to the minister, "I have charged M. de Saint-Pierre with this business. He knows these countries better than any officer in all the colony." On the contrary, he had never seen them. It is difficult not to believe that La Jonquière, Bigot, and Saint-Pierre were partners in a speculation of which all three were to share the profits.

The elder La Vérendrye, not long before his death, had sent a large quantity of goods to his trading-forts. The brothers begged leave to return thither and save their property from destruction. They declared themselves happy to serve under the orders of Saint-Pierre, and asked for the use of only a single fort of all those which their father had built at his own cost. The answer was a flat refusal. In short, they were shamefully robbed. The chevalier writes, "M. le Marquis de la Jonquière, being pushed hard, and as I thought even touched, by my representations, told

me at last that M. de Saint-Pierre wanted nothing to do with me or my brothers." "I am a ruined man," he continues. "I am more than two thousand livres in debt, and am still only a second ensign. My elder brother's grade is no better than mine. My younger brother is only a cadet. This is the fruit of all that my father, my brothers, and I have done. My other brother, whom the Sioux murdered some years ago, was not the most unfortunate among us. We must lose all that has cost us so much, unless M. de Saint-Pierre takes juster views, and prevails on the Marquis de la Jonquière to share them. To be thus shut out from the west is to be most cruelly robbed of a sort of inheritance, which we had all the pains of acquiring, and of which others will get all the profit."

His elder brother writes in a similar strain: "We spent our youth and our property in building up establishments so advantageous to Canada; and after all, we were doomed to see a stranger gather the fruit we had taken such pains to plant." And he complains that their goods left in the trading-posts were wasted, their provisions consumed, and the men in their pay used to do the work of others.

They got no redress. Saint-Pierre, backed by the governor and the intendant, remained master of the position. The brothers sold a small piece of land, their last remaining property, to appease their most pressing creditors.

Saint-Pierre set out for Manitoba on the 5th of June, 1750. Though he had lived more or less in the woods for thirty-six years, and though La Jonquière had told the minister that he knew the countries to which he was bound better than anybody else, it is clear from his own journal that he was now visiting them for the first time. They did not please him. "I was told," he says, "that the way would grow harder and more dangerous as we advanced, and I found, in fact, that one must risk life and property every moment." Finding himself and his men likely to starve, he sent some of them, under an ensign named Niverville, to the Saskatchawan. They could not reach it, and nearly perished on the way. "I myself was no more fortunate," says Saint-Pierre. "Food was so scarce that I sent some of my people into the woods, among the Indians, which did not save me from a fast so rigorous that it deranged my health, and put it out of my power to do anything towards accomplishing my mission. Even if I had had strength enough, the war that broke out among the Indians would have made it impossible to proceed."

Niverville, after a winter of misery, tried to fulfill an order which he had received from his commander. When the Indians guided the two brothers La Vérendrye to the Rocky Mountains, the course they took tended so far southward that the chevalier greatly feared it might lead to Spanish settlements; and he gave it as his opinion that the next attempt to find the Pacific should be made farther towards the north. Saint-Pierre had accepted this view, and had directed Niverville to build a fort on the Saskatchawan, three hundred leagues above its mouth. Therefore, at the end of May, 1751, Niverville sent ten men in two canoes on this errand, and they ascended the Saskatchawan to what Saint-Pierre calls the "Rock Mountain." Here they built a small stockade fort, and called it Fort La Jonquière. Niverville was to have followed them, but he fell ill, and lay helpless at the mouth of the river, in such a condition that he could not even write to his commander.

Saint-Pierre set out in person from Fort La Reine for Fort La Jonquière, over ice and snow, for it was late in November. Two Frenchmen from Niverville met him on the way, and reported that the Assinniboins had slaughtered an entire band of friendly Indians, on whom

Saint-Pierre had relied to guide him. On hearing this he gave up the enterprise, and returned to Fort La Reine. Here the Indians told him idle stories about white men and a fort in some remote place towards the west, but, he observes, "nobody could reach it without encountering an infinity of tribes, more savage than it is possible to imagine."

He spent most of the winter at Fort La Reine. Here, towards the end of February, 1752, he had with him only five men, having sent out the rest in search of food. Suddenly, as he sat in his chamber, he saw the fort full of armed Assinniboins, extremely noisy and insolent. He tried in vain to quiet them, and they presently broke into the guard-house and seized the arms. A massacre would have followed, had not Saint-Pierre, who was far from wanting courage, resorted to an expedient which has more than once proved effective on such occasions. He snatched a firebrand, knocked out the heads of two barrels of gunpowder, and told the yelping crowd that he would blow up them and himself together. At this they all rushed in fright for the gate, while Saint-Pierre flung away his fire-brand, ran after them, and bolted it fast. There was great anxiety for the hunting party, but they all came back in the evening, without having met the enemy. The men, however, were so terrified by the adventure that Saint-Pierre was compelled to abandon the fort, after recommending it to the care of another band of Assinniboins, who had professed great friendship. Four days after he was gone they burned it to the ground.

He soon came to the conclusion that farther discoveries were impossible, because the English of Hudson Bay had stirred up the western tribes to oppose them. Therefore he set out for the settlements, and, reaching Quebec in the autumn of 1753, placed the journal of his futile enterprise in the hands of Duquesne, the new governor.

Canada was approaching her last agony. In the death-struggle of the Seven Years' War, there was no time for schemes of western discovery. The brothers La Vérendrye sank into poverty and neglect. A little before the war broke out, we find the eldest at the obscure Acadian post of Beauséjour, where he wrote to the colonial minister a statement of his services, which appears to have received no attention. After the fall of Canada, the Chevalier de la Vérendrye, he whose eyes first beheld the snowy peaks of the Rocky Mountains, perished in the wreck of the ship Auguste, on the coast of Cape Breton, in November, 1761.[1]

Francis Parkman.

[1] The above narrative rests mainly on contemporary documents, official in character, of which the originals are preserved in the archives of the French government. These papers have recently been printed by M. Pierre Margry, late custodian of the Archives of the Marine and Colonies at Paris, in the forthcoming sixth volume of his Découvertes et Etablissements des Français dans l'Amérique Septentrionale, a documentary collection of great value, published at the expense of the American government. It was M. Margry who first drew attention to the achievements of the family of La Vérendrye, by an article in the Moniteur, in 1852. I owe to his kindness the opportunity of using the above-mentioned documents in advance of publication. I obtained copies from duplicate originals of some of the principal among them from the Dépôt des Cartes de la Marine, in 1872. These answer closely, with rare and trivial variations, to the same documents as printed from other sources by M. Margry. Some additional papers preserved in the Archives of the Marine and Colonies have also been used.

I am indebted to my friends, Hon. William C. Endicott, Secretary of War, and Captain John G. Bourke, 3d Cavalry, U. S. A., for a valuable collection of government maps and surveys of the country between the Missouri and the Rocky Mountains, visited by the brothers La Vérendrye; and I have received from Captain Bourke, and also from Mr. E. A. Snow, formerly of the 3d Cavalry, much information concerning the same region, repeatedly traversed by them in peace and war.

THE QUEEN BEHIND THE THRONE.

THE extraordinary career of Françoise d'Aubigné, Marquise de Maintenon, has kindled the ambition of more than one clever Frenchwoman. Before her day women had gained ascendency over the anointed head of the state, but had used such power, in ways more or less direct, for purely selfish ends. To aggrandize their friends, if not themselves, had been the undisguised aim of previous brevet-queens, and we know into what unworthy laps had been poured the broad demesnes, abbeys, churches, châteaux, in the gift of captive kings. And such victories had been won on the conventional field, under well-worn colors, and through the might of woman's ancient arms, beauty, wit, and grace. Madame de Maintenon was the first woman who exercised a powerful influence in the state for other than personal ends, and was also the first royal favorite who received into clean hands the perquisites of guilt. Holding up dainty skirts, this victorious favorite walked dry-shod over miry ways, to obtain the rewards of what was currently considered successful vice.

Other women, witnessing her success in the face of every obstacle, longed to tread the same royal road; but it was not France that became the kingdom of a second Madame de Maintenon, but Spain, at the beginning of the eighteenth century, the humblest among the nations of Europe.

To understand the relations of France to Spain at this period, we must remember that when Anne of Austria married Louis XIII., she solemnly resigned for herself and for her descendants all claim upon the crown of Spain. This act of renunciation was afterwards repeated by the daughter of Philip IV., Maria Theresa, when she became the bride of Louis XIV. It seemed then less important than giving up one's attendants, clothes, and language. Louis authorized the act because the occasion demanded it. There was a secret prophecy which he fondly cherished for forty long years, — "There shall be no more Pyrenees;" and it brought consolation when his bride's dowry remained unpaid, and he entered the first charge in the indictment preparing for Spain. Besides, he was a man who could wait.

There were many princesses of the French blood to marry off, and Louis embraced the opportunity, as it was presented, of planting his fair cousins in the royal families of Europe. The lovely Maria Louisa, daughter of his brother Philip, Monsieur, and Henrietta of England, was selected, most unwillingly on her part, as bride for the moribund Charles II. of Spain, — a creature, as Madame Cornuel might say, born dead, "with head bent forward, body feeble and thin, legs rickety, and mind sluggish." To this man, if man he could be called, whose animating principle was hatred of France and fear of evil spirits, whose amusements were dwarfs, buffoons, and puppet-shows, varied by an occasional *auto da fé*, — to him that royal maid, of "fair and regular features, pensive cast of countenance, sensitive, and subject to fits of melancholy reverie," was consigned. The letter-writers of the period relate the frantic grief with which she embraced the king's knees, and begged not to be sent to that monarch of dwarfs and puppet-shows. She fainted when the betrothal took place, but it did not move Louis le Grand. Poor child! she was not aware that "there should be no more Pyrenees," being only thirteen years of age.

Charles got his French bride, lovely as was her mother, but he loathed that bride's country, its speech, its dress,

its representatives. In obedience to an unwritten decree, the stern camerera-mayor, the Duchess de Terranova, into whose custody the little queen was given, proceeded to denationalize her and the parrots she had brought with her. Whose necks the duchess in fond fancy wrung, while twisting off the heads of those unlucky French birds, we shall never know, but it is refreshing to hear, down through the ages, the echo of that resounding slap bestowed by the queen upon her mistress of the robes. In true Spanish style, the duchess collected four hundred friends to revenge the insult, and only some adroit but baseless excuse for the queen's whim for slapping duchesses induced the mistress of the robes to make peace.

The years rolled on. The king was dying ever, and the queen was childless and virtuous, — unexpected check to Austrian diplomacy. King Louis knew her *entourage* all too well not to feel some anxiety for his niece, and poor King Charles shared his fears. Historians are still groping, as did the physicians of that day, for the truth regarding the queen's sad taking-off. She was but a year older than was her mother when fate overtook her, wearing the same guise, and offering the fatal draught from the hand of a friend. They did not know, the learned of that day, and we shall never know, whether the infamous Countess de Soissons, the one Frenchwoman whom Austrian influence admitted to her friendship, poisoned the glass of milk which upon that sultry day she offered to the queen. Charles, knowing his *monde*, had begged Maria Louisa to take nothing from the countess's hands; but such advice, she thought, was made for Spanish amity, not for the loyal French. The work was well done, and the flight of the countess, after an interview with Mansfeldt, the Austrian ambassador, even before the first ill-feelings had attacked the queen, lends color to that story of guilt which the subsequent career of Olympia Mancini only too well sustains. Whether it was a true case of poisoning, or whether the queen died of a congestive chill, — for iced milk has its own murderous properties, on a sultry day in Spain, — Henrietta's daughter was dead, the king was childless, and Louis of France was still sure there should be no more Pyrenees. Another wife was therefore shortly obtained, a Bavarian princess, Marie Anne of Neuburg, a sister of the empress, — for the emperor too had nieces and cousins to establish profitably. Still there was no son, while the king failed visibly, and the heirs presumptive, of varying nationality, were eagerly counting those feeble heart-beats. First among them, and most detested, was the French king's grandson, the Duke d'Anjou, for whom the heritage was claimed in virtue of his grandmother, the sister of Charles II. The Spanish priests considered this claim not invalidated by Maria Theresa's renunciation of birthright, since the act was not confirmed by the Cortés, nor was her dowry ever paid.

A little Bavarian prince, of tender years, was another claimant, because he, too, was grandson of a sister of the Spanish king, — a younger one. The emperor claimed, because he was son of a daughter of Philip III., the aunt of Charles II., but his claim was less strong than that of the others, although he pleaded in his favor the numerous renunciations of Spanish rights made by France and Bavaria. There was also the king of Portugal in the field, with no claim to speak of, but still eager for the spoils. The prevailing influence at court was Austrian, but in 1698 Louis sent as ambassador to Madrid the Marquis d'Harcourt, with well-filled pockets and a lovely and diplomatic wife. Count d'Harrach, the Austrian ambassador, was all-powerful with that awful personage in a Spanish court, the camerera-mayor, the Countess Berlips, a German of humble birth, devoted to gold of any

coinage. Her price was high, but when payment is not intended promises are abundant, and D'Harcourt tempted her with money, even with the proffer of a petty sovereignty. So quickly did she yield that Count d'Harrach speedily procured her recall, and back she went to Germany, with her train of a dwarf, a eunuch, a physician, a Capuchin, and a diplomatic agent.

The queen of Charles, too, was approached with a whole handful of bribes, — jewels, the regency, and other objects of the lady's secret desire. She was unpopular in Spain, and had quarreled with Porto-Carrero himself. The people were easily won: much splendor in parades and shows, fountains of wine and chocolate in the square in front of the French Embassy, made them thoroughly Bourbon, provided the Bourbon was shut out from the French succession. "Rather the devil than France united with Spain," they said. It cost ten millions to seat Philip d'Anjou on his throne. Charles II., antipathetic to France, and believing in the validity of its renunciation of Spanish rights, made a will in favor of the little Bavarian prince. But the boy died at the age of seven years, under the usual suspicions of poison. The Church then decided the question of succession, Innocent XII. giving his voice in favor of the French Bourbons. Charles, who was "as incapable of thinking as of wishing for himself," now became resigned to the Church's guidance. Three priests and monks were henceforth in his room, and conducted a true mediæval torture of diseased conscience. The credulity, superstition, and fears of the king were played upon; and to enable him to last till the desired end, he was given a diet of capons which had been fed on vipers, and wine instead of his usual drink of water in which cinnamon had been boiled. He was pronounced gangrened, and the monks, preferring to call him bewitched, proceeded to exorcise the evil spirits. It was the spirit of sanity and the spirit of life which came out of him at priestly bidding. He yielded, of course, and signed the will, prepared by Porto-Carrero, wherein the crown of Spain was bequeathed to Philip, Duke d'Anjou. Charles burst into tears, saying, "God is the disposer of kingdoms; they belong to him. I am already nothing."

As may be divined, the king half repented of his act, and would have turned back, but was prevented; that is to say, he died, and his heart was found to be incredibly atrophied, which showed the skill of the three monks and confessors. It was said that "his funeral obsequies were the occasion of so many others that it would have been well "if he had never been born, or had never died."

The will was brought forth from its secret hiding-place, and the hush preceding that seven years' storm, the War of the Spanish Succession, rested for a few brief months upon the nations.

The good tidings, brought by special envoy to France, found King Louis innocently surprised, but he piously remarked, "It is the will of Heaven, and I yield to it with pleasure." Then he presented the young king to the court, and shared the honors of the homage paid by the Spanish ambassador. After making merry at Versailles, he sent Philip to Spain, with much pomp and a heavy freight of counsel, some of which was very good. He begged him first to be a good Spaniard, and then to remember that he was born a Frenchman, since nothing would so benefit both as a union of the two states. He also advised Philip never to have a favorite nor a prime minister, not to marry an Austrian princess, to wage no war unless compelled to do so, and to employ only Spaniards in important government posts; and thus Louis sent him gayly to his kingdom.

Philip d'Anjou, the second son of the Grand Dauphin of France, had a pleasing appearance, a fair face, grave and

dignified manners. He was a youth of moderate capacity, ardent temperament, and limited education. Like other younger sons in royal families, he had early been subjected to a system of repression, and, having shown some inconvenient strength of will, was in consequence so especially starved in mind and soul that, although a prince of the blood, he was yet behind any Paris *bourgeois* in point of general information. On the other hand, his religious tendencies had been carefully cultivated, and he himself trained in habits of strictest obedience to the mandates of the Church. His young soul had virtually been cased in the Church's iron harness, while in process of unfolding, and thus undesirable developments had been restrained and abnormal growths encouraged. The transfer of a nature so trained to the relative freedom of sovereignty was like entering for a foot-race a child who had hitherto walked in leading-strings.

The grandfather of the young king recognized the urgent need, in the case of a prince so immature, of some firm hand to direct his untried powers. It was of the first importance that this discreet adviser should hold correct views on the subject of the Pyrenees. In fact, a wife was wanted, young and directed in turn by a camerera-mayor, also to be carefully chosen.

The wife was soon selected by the French privy council of two. Victor Amadeus, Duke of Savoy, was the father of fair daughters, who, endowed by nature with grace of form and manner, no less than beauty of face, were early trained in all accomplishments and in the secrets of court diplomacy. None better knew the fine art of pleasing and being pleased; of seeing, yet seeing nothing; of hearing, but not hearing. The elder of the princesses, Marie Adelaide, the young Duchess of Burgundy, to the end of her short life was the idol of the court and the joy of the king's declining years. It was her younger sister, Maria Louisa, who was selected by Louis of France and Madame de Maintenon as bride for the king of Spain. Very much diplomacy was, however, required to bring the advantages of the proposed alliance to the favorable notice of the Spanish ministers. Now appears upon the scene the Princess des Ursins, the future "queen behind the throne."

Anne Marie de la Trémouille, daughter of the Duke de Noirmoutier, famous in the wars of the Fronde, was born in Paris in 1642. She was a brilliant girl, and married at the age of twenty-two years the Prince de Chalais, with whom she was most happy, though forced to fly with him from Paris in 1663, to avoid the consequences of his participation in the Duke de Beaufort's four-cornered duel. They fled to Spain, where the princess acquired her knowledge of Spanish people, manners, and language. From Spain they journeyed to Italy, with that restlessness which characterizes people without a country. The prince died at Venice, deeply mourned by his widow, who took up her residence in Rome, where for some years she secluded herself from all society. Five years later, she married the Duke de Bracciano, the head of the Orsini family. This second marriage, however, was not happy, and the duke once actually made a will by which his wife was cut off from inheritance in his estates, but he luckily revoked this instrument before it was too late. He died in 1698.

During her residence in Rome, the Duchess de Bracciano was the centre of a brilliant circle, attracted to her *salon* by her grace of manner and her charming *esprit*. She was fond of the society of artists, and through her own personal influence did much to promote at least the social advancement of the painters, sculptors, and musicians whom she assembled about her. Saint-Simon says that at this time she learned the art of intrigue from those accomplished masters of the science, the Roman cardinals.

But Saint-Simon is always a harsh judge of suspicious circumstances, and not much weight should be attached to this statement, implicating the Cardinals D'Estrées and De Bouillon. The great and awful Porto-Carrero himself, the Archbishop of Toledo, at this time in Rome, became the duchess's humble slave, and through him she was enabled to reach the ear of the sovereign Pontiff, Innocent XI.

Our only portrait of the Duchess de Bracciano, painted for us by Saint-Simon, is a delicately drawn *résumé* of her personal traits, but his estimate of her qualities of mind and heart is far too low. He tells us that, without being positively beautiful, she was charming, and that her noble air and grace of manner surpassed all he had ever known. "When she wished to please, she was flattering, caressing, animating. She was above medium height, with blue eyes, most expressive, a perfect figure and bust; with all this, a most agreeable voice, and a faculty in conversation inexhaustible and highly entertaining. And she was, moreover, a great judge of character." "Très dégagée dans sa taille," another voice adds. So much for the outward princess. The judgment of her contemporaries is extremely varied. Saint-Simon rarely fails to belittle the subjects of his pen-portraits, and therefore, although his respect was compelled by the duchess's successful career, his commendation is bestowed upon her tact, adroitness, and worldly wisdom, solely.

On the other hand, De Louville says she was "*sordide et voleuse que c'est merveille*," and had "*des mœurs à l'escarpolette.*" He calls her "proud, haughty, and *benevolent*, one who cherished ambition far above her sex or that ordinary in man." But these were the opinions that "yoked creatures" entertain. Louville was French adviser to King Philip before the Princess des Ursins was appointed to the position.

About this time Madame de Bracciano disposed of her husband's estates to the nephew who bore the title, and, taking the French form of the Orsini name, was henceforth known as the Princess des Ursins. While in Paris she paid her court to the king at Versailles, and in her apartments in the city gave little balls to marriageable heiresses, a form of dissipation which came to an end at ten o'clock at night. The question of the Spanish marriage was absorbing the attention of the court, and through her friendship with Madame de Maintenon she became acquainted with the wishes of the king regarding the Savoyard princess. So generally acknowledged was the influence of Madame des Ursins in Rome that her friend privately solicited it in favor of the proposed alliance. From this period, probably, date the first stirrings of lofty ambition in the princess's mind; and her general plan of operations must have been roughly sketched while yet in France, her objective point from that time becoming the post of camerera-mayor to the future queen of Spain. Madame des Ursins had learnt the vast capabilities of the office, the highest post in the royal household, during her residence in Spain. The mistress of the robes was a great and awful personage, a sort of "female Grand Inquisitor, who, being in closest association with both king and queen, was treated by the courtiers with the utmost respect, as one wielding vast influence over the sovereigns." The Duchess de Terranova, a terrifying person, stained with crime, had held the first Maria Louisa in penal servitude; the Countess Berlips had made of the office a royal exchange, where favor was bought and sold.

Concealing her personal ambitions, Madame des Ursins proceeded to assist in bringing about the marriage between the young king of Spain and the little princess at Turin, and, as a preliminary step, it was necessary to gain the confi-

dence of Louis XIV., never directly approached by suppliant. Through Madame de Maintenon were secretly conveyed to him expressions of Madame des Ursins's profound appreciation and sympathy, timid offers of such coöperation as weak woman could afford, and all — intelligence, sympathy, ardor — approaching the royal ear by those devious paths so dear to the great Louis. Returning to Rome, Madame des Ursins played well her part in the interests of France, weaving a web of delicate diplomacy, with far-spreading threads of subtle fineness, whose intricacies it would be difficult to trace. With marvelous skill, persons widely separated in space were involved in the scheme, and varying interests made to converge to one desired point. Through the great Porto-Carrero, the Pope was reached, and induced to favor the marriage, and the rest quickly followed. The courts of France and Savoy openly acknowledged the value of the princess's services.

To obtain the prize for herself was a still more delicate undertaking. A French subject occupying the post of honor would not be tolerated in the prejudiced court of Madrid; even a gallicized Spaniard would excite distrust. Just here the princess's friend at court reminded the French king of her qualifications for the post: a native of France, yet a cosmopolitan; of the discreet age of sixty-five years, and possessed of great knowledge of the world and its ways. And then — a whisper: this lady, if appointed mistress of the robes to the queen of Spain, would be pliable and extremely useful, submissive, grateful, and committed to French interests. There can be no doubt that the jest of the Duke d'Orleans very nicely described Madame de Maintenon's prophetic vision: "A she-captain in France, and a she-lieutenant in Spain."

The clever princess followed up the hint thus given; writing "a wonderful letter" to her friend in Paris, the Maréchale de Noailles, popularly known as the "Mother of the ten tribes of Israel," on account of her twenty-two daughters. This letter, designed to reach the king through Madame de Maintenon, contained the offer of her services to escort the bride, the queen of Spain, to Madrid, "where I really have business." Whether consciously or not, all her friends were working in her interest, stimulated by those subtle bribes which were so gently displayed before the mind's eye. To Madame de Maintenon was portrayed the delights of ruling two kingdoms, while the Maréchale de Noailles was encouraged to hope that she might settle a dozen or two daughters in Spain. In fact, it was most satisfactorily proved to each and every friend how greatly it would conduce to the general well-being that the Princess des Ursins should go to Spain.

At last King Louis proposed, according to the prearranged programme, that Madame des Ursins should be appointed camerera-mayor to his grandson's queen, but he neatly transferred the responsibility to the Duke of Savoy. He, consenting that this useful lady should be rewarded for her services in his daughter's interests, yet loath to commit himself, tossed back the ball to France, from whence it rolled to Spain, where Porto-Carrero gave new impetus to its course. It ricocheted to France, where Madame de Maintenon bestowed upon it the needful, delicate last touch. The princess was "actually in due form appointed camerera-mayor, or chief lady-in-waiting, to the queen of Spain before the princess at Turin had been made queen by the performance of the marriage ceremony."

The new mistress of the robes at once began preparations for her position; adding three or four gentlemen to the four customarily retained in her suite, and increasing the number of her pages to six. A chaplain and twelve lackeys made up the household. A gilded coach

for state occasions was essential, and one less fine, "no gold and silver, but still very handsome," was bought, for ordinary use. She firmly declared her determination never to have recourse to the treasury of France to cover her personal expenses. "Je suis gueuse, mais je suis aussi fière," she would say to Torcy, the French minister at Rome.

At last, all preparations being made, she proceeded to Villafranca to meet the bride. She was immediately delighted with her, enthusiastically praising her person and bearing, and prophesying that she would fill the *rôle* of queen to perfection. Maria Louisa of Savoy was less beautiful than her sister, the Duchess of Burgundy, but was tall, well made, with a pale yet brilliant complexion. She was more imperious than the elder princess, but had a loving heart and generous nature. Poor child! she was only fourteen years of age, and parted with her Piedmontese attendants with frantic grief. It is not strange that she turned with passionate attachment to the friend she found in her chief lady-in-waiting, soothed and charmed by the exquisite tact and *savoir faire* which the varied experience of sixty-five years of life had taught the Princess des Ursins, and attracted by that genuine friendliness and sympathy which not even the life of courts had stifled. The friendship then formed lasted throughout the short life of the queen.

Philip V. of Spain, who met and wedded the Princess of Savoy at Figuières, was instantly charmed by her face, figure, and bearing. He was almost a child himself, very immature in certain directions, and painfully conscious of such deficiencies. He knew nothing of women, nothing of love, but all about the devil and other *bêtes noires* which the Church employs for the purpose of frightening her conscientious children.

The marriage banquet was signalized by a *coup d'état* on the part of the Spanish suite of the queen, who had accompanied the king to receive and attend upon their new mistress. A foreign princess, wedding a king of France or Spain, was expected to leave on the frontier every article of personal clothing, — escaping *en chemise*, to assume the royal robes provided by the bridegroom; and she also resigned all the friends, companions, and attendants of her personal train. In compliment to the returning Piedmontese suite, this farewell banquet consisted of Spanish and French dishes in equal proportions. It was said that the malicious Spaniards found means to obtain access to the banqueting-hall, and threw all the French dishes out of the windows. The queen, with difficulty, dissembled her anger, but when, her attendants having retired, she was left alone with the king and her camerera-mayor, her rage burst forth at what she considered an unpardonable insult. Torrents of tears were accompanied by the lightning of passionate speech, like the brief fury of a summer tempest. She vowed she would return to Turin in the morning, and the poor young king, disconcerted and dismayed at this unexpected form of feminine displeasure, left the room in despair, foreseeing no termination to the outburst. It was, in fact, only the relief which expression affords to overcharged nature, and was sure to be followed by calm. But of this, as of so many other things, the king knew nothing.

Before the close of the second day, the young queen would gladly have returned to the only friend whose sympathy and love were hers of right. But the king had been advised by a gentleman of his suite that it would be wise to punish the bride for her contumacy, and he therefore remained aloof from her, only approaching when she had given unmistakable evidence of better mind.

But henceforth the course of royal true love ran smooth. The somewhat austere nature of the king melted only

in the warmth of the solitary passion of his life, — his love for his young wife, Maria Louisa.

Having proceeded with the royal *cortége* to Madrid, the Princess des Ursins found the duties of office somewhat oppressive. Spanish etiquette — always proverbial for its excess of form — is amusingly depicted in her private correspondence. "Dans quel emploi vous m'avez mise!" she wrote. "Je n'ai pas le moindre repos." To be chief lady-in-waiting meant to eat, sleep, and rest only when brief opportunity allowed, without regularity or comfort. "Often a meal was only to be snatched when performing other duties." "Tell Madame de Maintenon," she wrote, later, "that it is I who have the honor of taking the king of Spain's dressing-gown when he goes to bed, and of giving him that garment and his slippers when he rises. That, however, I could make light of; but really it seems too absurd that every evening, when the king comes to the queen's apartments, the Count de Benevento should hand me the king's sword, a bottle, and a lamp, which I ordinarily upset on my dress." Again, "The king never rises until I draw the curtain, and it would be sacrilege were another than I to enter the chamber of the queen before they rise. A little while ago the lamp went out, because I had spilt all the oil. I did not know where the windows were, because we had arrived at that place only the night before. I feared I should break my nose against the wall; and there we were, the king of Spain and I, nearly a quarter of an hour, hitting ourselves while looking for the windows. The queen is so well satisfied with me that she often calls me two hours earlier than I wish to rise. The queen enjoys all the jesting, but I have not yet gained the confidence which she gave to her Piedmontese attendants. I am amazed, for I serve her much better than they; and I am sure that they did not wash her feet and take off her shoes and stockings as neatly as I do."

From this correspondence of the Princess des Ursins may be gathered some ludicrous instances of the high officials' jealousy of each other: as when "the ancient Patriarch of the Indies, who looked like an ape, slyly taking a napkin to church with him, rushed before the king and queen at the most solemn moment of the sacrament, and produced his cloth for their use, because he found the camerera-mayor had been appointed to take his place at the ceremony." Another ludicrous incident was when "the Count de Priego and the Duke d'Ossuna fought at the foot of the altar for the honor of moving the king's *prie-dieu*. Both men were small, — the Duke d'Ossuna not much bigger than a rat, — and it was feared they would tumble over upon the king, who, in turn, must have knocked over the queen."

Philip V. "found a true oligarchy in Spain, composed of persons united by ambition and paralyzed by sloth." The country itself was well-nigh ruined. Hunger, want, despair, yet lordly pride, we may be sure, were universal. Charles II. had been completely bankrupt; his suite were sometimes forced to ask in charity the food which the royal household did not afford them. There was no army, no ships nor means of building them, no commerce, no agriculture, nor anything worthy of mention save the hidalgos and the Church, the latter body represented by monks and priests innumerable. With all this terrible need of reform, reform was yet the last thing whose necessity was suspected, and, if suggested by France or Frenchmen, would certainly be rejected with scorn. It was of the first importance to strengthen the influence so quickly gained by the camerera-mayor over her royal mistress. A queen of Spain under a stern mistress of the robes was like an Eastern sultana condemned to almost perpetual imprisonment in the palace.

The new lady-in-waiting exerted herself to render the life of the king and queen agreeable, introducing private theatricals for the amusement of the court, and introducing Italian opera, then becoming popular in France. But her first step of real importance was the nationalizing of these new sovereigns of foreign birth, — a measure universally commended, and which serves to exhibit the profound insight possessed by the Princess des Ursins into the true principles of the higher politics. She encouraged the use of Spanish as the court language, and the adoption of the national costume, especially for the king. She advised his attendance at bull-fights and other national amusements, — always excepting the auto da fé. The Spaniards were about to burn three unfortunate Jews at the time of the marriage *fêtes*, but the king firmly refused to be present, and thus distinguished himself from all his predecessors. The queen became like clay in the hands of the potter, which implied the submission of the king.

Wondering ambassadors reported in dispatches, "The king of Spain has given his wife the key with the three wards. It opens all apartments, and even the galleries whence may be heard the deliberations of the council-chamber. It is the greatest mark of confidence kings in Spain can give, and rarely granted to queens." Again, "The king is *dévot*, and believes that he would be damned if he thought of any other woman. Without this devotion he would be a libertine."

It was necessary to impress upon the queen "*de ne rien choquer autour d'elle.*" The camerera-mayor attended her to the Junta, and thus herself learned the secrets of affairs into which she was apparently initiating the sovereign. From the early days of her official life, she in fact directed the policy of the inexperienced king. Her first exercise of arbitrary power — still from behind the throne — was the bestowal of a vigorous blow aimed at the Inquisition, then in the full enjoyment in Spain of all its terrible powers. The fight seemed almost desperate; for although the Inquisitorial power was, doubtless, greatly curtailed during the reign of Philip V., still it was true that during that period 1574 persons were burnt at the stake, and 11,750 were subjected to penitential punishment. It was a struggle with forces whose power and extent were as vast as they were unknown. But given sufficient time, the ministers of the Inquisition were sure to be revenged on the audacious reformer. The first signal triumph achieved by the Princess des Ursins was the release from the Church's prisons of Aquilar Diaz, the confessor of the late King Charles II., who had been held there for four years. So daring an act created wrath and dismay, not only in Spanish theological circles, but throughout the body of Jesuits in France.

Only second in importance to her attacks upon the power of the Inquisition was her determined resistance to the encroachments of the grandees. Although they had approved the accession of the Bourbon king, it was doubtless chiefly to avoid the partition of Spain among European powers, and to furnish a market in France for Spanish wool. Under a weak sovereign, the nobles hoped to revive many feudal privileges, which, while limiting the power of the monarchy, should increase that of the lords of the soil. Their disgust was intense when the youthful Philip V. was found sustained in the defense of his rights by what they called "an audacious old French lady," who met their approaches at every point with firmness and wisdom. She says of the grandees, "With such people firmness is the surest way. The closer I view them, the less I see that they merit the esteem I believed one could not refuse them." And again, "Ce sont des superbs, sans force

et sans courage." When convinced that the Admiral of Castile was guilty of high treason, Madame des Ursins had him arrested, and condemned to death. "People like ourselves ought not to be treated so," said the Duke di Medina Celi; but having been found guilty of conspiracy and breach of trust, he was himself arrested, and died in prison.

Complaints began to pour in upon the French king. Aware that he could openly accomplish nothing, he had depended upon nationalizing Philip of Spain, while secretly employing French influence about his person. But the very success of the plan had awakened envy and distrust among the representatives of France in Madrid, whose religious sensibilities took fire at the flame of their pride and malice. Every action of the camerera-mayor was misrepresented to Louis, and his dread of divided authority was adroitly awakened. He wrote to the king of Spain, saying pettishly that the princess ought to be recalled. "At a time when you should be occupied only with great projects, you incline towards the Princess des Ursins, with whom every one bores me."

Bold, daring, resolute, absolutely faithful to what she considered the true interests of Spain, and perfectly fearless, it is not strange that the princess excited against her the whole body of conservatism, ignorance, and bigotry. A reformer and a woman, — could there be more wanted to array against her the forces of virtuous reactionists, secular and theological? It is marvelous that she sustained so long, undaunted, the attack of Lilliputian hordes, the onslaught of those myriad undermining organisms which require only time to bring down things built for eternity. Meanwhile, the murmurs of the approaching storm, the War of the Spanish Succession, had long been audible. Before the surprising good fortune which placed the crown of Spain upon the head of the Duke of Anjou, Louis of France had agreed to certain treaties with England, Holland, and Austria, whereby, upon the death of Charles II., Spain should be divided among these nations. Upon Louis's promptly repudiating these agreements, the emperor began secretly to prepare for war, while William of England, not being ready, assented temporarily, with the other nations of Europe, to the execution of the will. It was Louis XIV. himself who was destined to work his own ruin, by violating other treaties, by insisting upon Philip's reversionary rights to the French succession, and by acknowledging the old Pretender as legal sovereign of England. When the emperor was ready for war, with Prince Eugene to lead his armies, he opened the campaign in Italy. William lingered a little, possibly to make better terms in the grand alliance soon formed between England, Holland, and the Empire. There was not even a pretense of justice or national honor on any side; only a common bond of hatred to France, and resolve that she should not become greater. The Archduke Charles was to be made king of Spain, its outlying possessions going to the allied nations. But while the armies of the emperor were successful in Italy, a more urgent usurper than the Pretender was assailing the English throne. William of Orange died, "absorbed in death itself by thoughts of the political system into which he had thrown his whole soul." But Queen Anne confirmed his adherence to the alliance, finally sealed November 22, 1702. The war was carried on in Italy, in Flanders, and in Germany, with Marlborough and Prince Eugene opposed to Villars, Vendôme, and Villeroi. Philip joined the French forces in Italy, and one of the gravest cares of the "army of the two crowns" was the charge of the person of the nineteen-year-old king. He was soon recalled to Spain by the descent of the English fleet upon its coasts, who took the treasure-ships from the Indies, and at a later date that jewel of

the straits, Gibraltar. In 1703, success temporarily attended the French arms, with the counterbalancing evils of the defection of the Duke of Savoy and the adherence of Portugal also to the allies.

The enmity of the Church and the jealousy of the grandees towards Madame des Ursins caused a serious reaction in Spain, among the upper classes, in favor of the allies, although their success would have been fatal to the integrity of the kingdom. About 1703, the Cardinal d'Estrées, ambassador of France and the princess's former friend, began to secretly undermine her favor with the king, his master, and her immediate recall was threatened, but withheld at the passionate entreaty of the king and queen of Spain, who stipulated that if Madame des Ursins went the cardinal should go also. In the end, it was he who went back to France, the Abbé d'Estrées, his nephew, remaining in his office.

In 1704 the total defeat of the French at Blenheim took place, the allied forces being commanded by Marlborough and Prince Eugene; and in October, 1705, the Archduke Charles, landing in Portugal, took Barcelona. Vendôme's victories in Italy in 1706 might have turned the tide of defeat, but again Louis, blundering, sent this, his best general, to Flanders, where he arrived too late to save the day at Ramillies, May 23, 1706. Brabant and French Flanders were then irretrievably lost. Louis took the blow calmly, saying to the unlucky Villeroi, "Monsieur le Maréchal, at our age one is no longer fortunate." In Italy, the French forces, under the Duke of Orleans, were again defeated.

In Spain discord reigned. The Abbé d'Estrées, who inherited his uncle's hatred of the all-powerful camerera-mayor, sent venomous letters to the French king, full of bitter insinuation. But to ingratiate himself with the princess, he offered to show her his official dispatches. These were of course expurgated editions; but on one occasion an original document fell into her hands, containing a scandalous story concerning the mistress of the robes and her equerry, D'Aubigné. De Louville calls him "*un beau drôle, bien découpé de corps et d'esprit.*" His intimacy with the princess had caused much unfavorable comment, which she further increased by having his apartments included in her own suite, thus making him the only man lodged within the palace. Yet it was of a charmer of seventy-one years that her critics wrote, when describing "*la galanterie et l'entêtement de sa personne.*" D'Estrées enlightened King Louis as to the suspected relations between the pair, and added that it was said they were married; whereupon the princess wrote with indignant pen upon the margin of the dispatch, "O, pour mariée, non" (At any rate, not married). Now the great Louis fully approved of opening his faithful subjects' letters himself, but he was scandalized at any one's tampering with his own correspondence; and this circumstance, with the skillful use made of it in Paris by the cardinal, probably brought about Madame des Ursins's actual recall. She obeyed the mandate, pausing at Toulouse to await further orders. But alarming reports at once reached the French court of the anarchy which at once reigned in Spain. Philip V., deprived of his secret counselor, strove vainly to struggle alone; but Sainte-Beuve says, "Le ressort qui détermine les hommes n'était pas en lui. Il avait reçu du ciel un esprit subaltern et même subjugé." The grandees went over in a body to the archduke, including Porto-Carrero, who had grievances both as Churchman and noble. He gave the blessing of the Church to allies, Protestants and aliens, sang Te Deums, opened his palace to them at Toledo, and publicly blessed the Austrian standards.

Marshal Berwick, who commanded the army of naked, half-starved Spanish soldiers, was so hard pressed that he

begged the royal family to fly to some town near the French frontier. They remained in Burgos in the utmost discomfort, the young queen sustaining her weaker husband with every loving art and unfailing courage. The archduke, entering Madrid, was proclaimed Charles III., but the people, always loyal to their king, rendered his stay disagreeable by every means ingenuity could suggest.

Louis le Grand, bitterly hating coercion, felt, however, that too much was at stake to allow of personal redress. The return of Madame des Ursins was a political necessity, and he yielded it with his own peculiar grace, which never meant renunciation. Madame des Ursins was ordered from Toulouse to Paris, and then followed the court to Marly. She knew human nature, especially royal human nature, and, comprehending all that was implied in the summons of the king, dropped the humility of exile. Saint-Simon says nothing could equal her triumph nor the attention paid her by the king. We can see her advancing up the ball-room at Marly, her bearing recalling the manners of the queen mother's court; every one bowing, because the king bowed, and also Madame de Maintenon, and the Duchess of Burgundy. She surveyed every one through her glass, calmly proceeding, and carrying on her arm a little white spaniel, a liberty which even the beloved Marie Adelaide would not have dared to take. In horrified italics, Saint-Simon records that the king "caressed the spaniel," and after that everything might be inferred. It was said that the princess thought of rivaling the French queen behind the throne, but it is only certain that Madame de Maintenon briskly helped her off to Spain.

Thus the princess went back to her kingdom, comforted by new favors, and sustained by pledges which confirmed her in powers still more vast than before. She had an ambassador of her own choosing appointed, Amelot, with Orry as financial adviser. The king and queen of Spain received her with the joy of loving children. It was a desolate country to which she returned: the allied forces in occupation of two thirds of Spain, the army famished and unpaid, the royal family in exile. But Madame des Ursins brought new hope and courage. In defiance of her public enemies, of her personal foes, age and rheumatism, her buoyant spirit inspired the most despondent. The people were true in spite of their spiritual advisers, the monks and priests who overran Spain, and were, in her opinion, the cause of all the internal discord. By means of proclamations, letters, addresses, scattered broadcast over the country, Madame des Ursins stimulated the people's courage, enlightened their intelligence, and encouraged them to hope for ultimate success. By these unceasing exertions, she obtained for the king contributions from the cities, by means of which the troops were paid and clothed. The king publicly acknowledged the princess's services.

One great advantage resulting from the flight of king and queen to Burgos was the dismissal of three hundred ladies-in-waiting, who had promptly scattered to their homes. The camerera-mayor "'reformed' the three hundred, there being more need of soldiers than of people of doubtful fidelity."

Madame des Ursins, become prudent, renewed her intimacy with the French court, reporting in detail on Spanish affairs, and maintaining that close correspondence with Madame de Maintenon which reveals so much of the character of the two women. Sainte-Beuve says Madame des Ursins displayed such delicate fancy, dramatic power, and insight into character as must cause deep regret that so many of her letters were by her own request destroyed. The correspondence contains vivid pictures of the manners of the times in both courts. Underlying Madame des Ursins's words is, at first,

a gentle deference to French authority, which all too soon vanishes away. Madame de Maintenon, it was said, delighted in indirect approaches, half measures, was content with real power without apparent show, and comfortably resigned all responsibility to the divine will; while Madame des Ursins was always sure that if some one would only do something earnestly enough, almost any misfortune might be avoided or retrieved. "One accomplished nothing if one undertook nothing." When Spanish affairs were brighter, Madame de Maintenon writes, "Mon Dieu, how gayly you jest! There is no sadness in what you say, but a certain joy, which imparts to me all I am capable of receiving."

At last, when hope seemed dead, and it was even proposed to give Philip a sovereignty in America, Berwick gained the important victory of Almanza, and the king reëntered Madrid. Madame des Ursins, aware that the withdrawal of France was the ruin of Spain, urged by every effort the French king not to desert the grandson he had placed upon the throne. Her letters to Versailles are models of diplomacy. She begs for large battalions, and adds that she has advised the king to order public prayers, and again relates the queen's edification at reading the rules of Saint-Cyr. She wonders that the French, involved in such a bloody war, can engage in cabals and intrigues, or be occupied with such petty interests as the struggle between Jesuits and Jansenists, "which should be deferred until peace is proclaimed." She proposed to the French government financial schemes, which were not accepted, but which justified the wisdom of the Spanish authors. In the midst of these cares of state, it seems odd to find her attending the queen through her second confinement, performing all the petty duties required by her official position.

In 1709, the fortunes of Spain and France were at their lowest ebb. Nature herself fought against the forces of "the two crowns," the most severe winter ever known in France causing untold misery. With beaten armies, a suffering and turbulent people, and an empty treasury, Louis at last resolved to sacrifice his grandson, although he had openly rejected the peace offered by the allies, which obliged him to compel Philip V.'s abdication by force of arms. In her despair at a resolution so fatal to Spain, Madame des Ursins besieged Louis XIV. with passionate entreaty not to desert the nation. She encourages the poor weak king, yet at some hint of abdication exclaims, "What, sire, are you a prince, are you a man, you who treat your royal title so lightly, and have feelings weaker than a woman's?" From this terrible moment the correspondence with Madame de Maintenon grew cool, as was inevitable. Although not unfriendly, it was satirical. The princess ordered the letters burnt.

Madame des Ursins now performed the greatest act of her life. She induced the king to banish all the French from his kingdom, thus identifying the Bourbon with his people, and throwing himself upon their protection. This coup d'état at once closed the breaches between the nobles and the king. Indignant at the treachery of Louis XIV., the grandees at once embraced the cause of Philip V., and Spain was now united in sustaining its young monarch on his throne. This act of the grandees was made known to Louis XIV. in a communication signed by all the great names of Spain, wherein the support of France was besought. Louis, delighted at this revulsion, sent an army of fifteen thousand men, under Vendôme. On the 10th of December, the French and Spanish armies gained the great victory of Villaviciosa, which virtually terminated the war, although some years elapsed before the actual terms of peace were settled. The Spanish Bourbon slept, on the first night after the battle, on the

heaps of conquered standards. Vendôme was made grandee of Spain; Madame des Ursins was one already, and now received the order of the Golden Fleece.

The death of the emperor, and the election of the archduke to that crown, caused the withdrawal of the claim to the throne of Spain, and the battle of Denain, in 1712, was the closing struggle. Before victory declared for the Bourbons, the archduke again entered Madrid, the court retreating to Valladolid after the battle of Saragossa.

The grandees, now thoroughly loyal, followed the king, amidst the tears of such citizens as could not go with them. The queen, with the young prince in her arms, spoke to the assembled people, and never before was such enthusiasm known in Spain. "Prelates and the humblest clergy, noblemen and common people, bled themselves of the last drop of their substance to supply provisions for the court. The queen sold all she possessed, and received sometimes as little as ten pistoles, and thanked the donors with as much affection as they themselves displayed. She gained all hearts."

The want of accord between the allied generals doubtless contributed to Vendôme's success. The archduke found Madrid an apparently deserted city, and the inhabitants, who had remained, in hiding. Afraid of his faithful lieges, he passed the first night as far as possible from the royal palace. No one would give him or his troops food; a conquered city knows instinctively its *métier*. It is not strange that when the emperor laid aside his crown, Charles III. should prefer to exchange it for that heavy one of Spain. After twelve miserable days he left Madrid, and to light his going burnt the beautiful Alcazar of the Emperor Charles V.

The difficulties of finding a common basis of peace were great, and complicated by the sudden deaths of the two dauphins of France and the little Duke of Brittany, leaving only the life of a delicate infant between the crown of France and Philip V. The English refused to sign a treaty until satisfactory pledges were given by Louis XIV. and his heirs that the two crowns should never be united. It was perhaps the deepest humiliation of Louis's life that, in the light of his treaty-breaking past, his simple word would not be accepted. Sorrow, defeat, mortification, had been heaped upon him, but nothing so cruelly wounding to his vanity as that solemn ceremonial, when the king and his heirs renounced for themselves the crown of Spain, as Philip had given up that of France.

But a serious obstacle in the way of peace lay in a condition attached to the concurrence of Spain, — the bestowal upon Madame des Ursins of a sovereignty in the Netherlands. Philip V. strenuously urged this point, and stood firm, until warned by his grandfather that his action would lead to most disastrous results. Although this wild ambition of the Princess des Ursins was possibly no more arrogant than the cloistered retreat of her rival, and while it should be remembered that a similar prize had been tendered to the Countess Berlips, we must still condemn the obstinacy with which this condition was urged. Sainte-Beuve says, "It can only be hoped that when the official correspondence between Spain and her ambassadors is made public, it may relieve the memory of this great woman of the odium of deferring, on purely personal grounds, the peace so ardently desired, after seven years of bloody warfare."

But at last all preliminaries were settled, all pledges given, all concessions made, and on April 10, 1713, the Peace of Utrecht was signed. Te Deums were sung in Paris, and fireworks and banquets abounded. Madame des Ursins's great work was done, but she saw before her unceasing duties, if society was

to resume its functions upon a reformed basis. She had apparently the gratitude of all classes for her part in the redemption of the nation. The reforms, civil and financial, which she inaugurated have since developed into permanent institutions. Before her fall, she saw the last city of Spain nationalized; and although her ambition for personal sovereignty had failed, she had almost all else to hope for and expect. Reform, it is true, was almost everywhere needed, in secular as in religious matters, and the encroachments of the Inquisition were so constant that her struggle with it knew no pause. This dark power threatened even the royal prerogative, yet so awful had been its history and its resources that Philip V. had not courage to suppress it, as Madame des Ursins urged. At least, through her efforts it was stripped of some of its powers, and an important advantage was gained in securing the right of asylum to the palace of the English ambassador, and to every English ship in the harbor.

In the years in which Madame des Ursins may be said to have governed Spain, her admiration of French statesmanship led her to form Spanish policy upon that model. She went so far as to endeavor to secure for the Church in Spain the independence of the Gallican establishment, but Louis XIV. himself wrote her, "Croyez-moi, vous n'êtes pas assez fort pour avoir nos libertés Gallicanes."

And, meanwhile, the Inquisition waited, and the wounded vanity of Louis, king of France, waited, and a host of other smaller, aggrieved organisms waited, and the princess "enjoyed superabundant health, and was overwhelmed with favor."

In 1714, the young queen, Maria Louisa, died, at the age of twenty-five years, of a distressing form of the disease called the king's evil, which appeared about the face and neck. The Spanish physicians had failed to relieve her, and Helvetius, sent by the king of France at the queen's special request, at once pronounced the malady a mortal one. She died with resignation and courage. In all the relations of life she had shown herself the same loving, generous being, and had borne the hardships of her troubled reign with devoted loyalty to her weak husband, and unexampled fortitude. The nation mourned her, and Philip grieved; yet it was said that the king, meeting the funeral train which conveyed her body to the Escurial, paused respectfully to let the cortége pass, then resumed the hunt, thus momentarily interrupted. Yet he had loved her with all the strength of his feeble nature, living with her in an exclusive intimacy unknown to other royal households, and he clung to her memory with the retaining grasp of a barnacle, or other sessile mollusk. But it must be remembered that it is difficult for weak constitutions to breathe the rarefied air of higher natures.

In the ten months intervening between the queen's death and the remarriage of the king, Madame des Ursins's conduct, it must be admitted, was not marked by prudence. She still treated the grandees with *hauteur*, and she undoubtedly, at times, forgot the rôle of queen *behind* the throne, and made her function of keeper of royalty too apparent. She prevailed upon the king to retire to his small palace of Medina Celi, and causing herself to be appointed governor of the young princes, she thus supplied excuse for a familiar intercourse with Philip V. denied to almost every other individual. But, unluckily, not even the exigencies of service, the warrant of long acquaintance, or even the respectability of seventy-nine years were sufficient to protect the ever-youthful princess from the breath of slander. Her relations with the king of thirty-two years were suspected. Could ever greater compliment be paid to a mature charmer? The surveillance established over the king was generally

misconstrued, as was that fatal corridor built to connect her apartments with those of her young charges and with those of the king.

However, all might have gone well, since scandal is the breath of court life, allowed for in doubtful circumstances, as are certain uncomprehended natural forces in philosophical experiment, but, alas, Philip was bored. This in itself was fatal to the existing state of things; but the court of France becoming alarmed, a hint of possible danger through the fascinations of Madame des Ursins reached the king of Spain's ears. "Moi, l'épouser!" he cried. "O, pour cela, non." Shortly after this, he said suddenly to the camerera-mayor, "Cherchez-moi une épouse. Nos têtes-à-têtes scandalisent le peuple." This so decidedly that the princess was obliged at once to look about her for a second Maria Louisa.

And here stepped in the Church's slow vengeance. There was a subtle Italian priest, Alberoni by name, of humble origin, who burned to fill the princess's shoes. He was sure, secret, undermining, and he bound himself in a private league with the priestly disaffected, yet paid humble court to the lady. Like the dowager queen of fairy story, Madame des Ursins tested the marriageable princesses by many a delicate assay, and by a secret standard which may be divined, although not openly avowed.

There was in the royal house of Parma a young virago. Alberoni knew her well, but assured Madame des Ursins that a more mild, docile creature than Elizabeth Farnese did not exist. "Une bonne Parmesanne, nourrie de beurre et de fromage." Alberoni said of her to the princess, "Nothing will be easier than for you to fashion her to Spanish gravity by keeping her retired. In your capacity of camerera-mayor, you will be able to gain complete ascendency over her mind." This of Elizabeth Farnese, of whom, in after-years, Frederick the Great said, "The pride of a Spaniard, the prejudice of an Englishman, Italian finesse, and French vivacity compose the character of this singular woman. She advanced audaciously towards the accomplishment of her designs. Nothing surprised her. Nothing could stop her!"

Madame des Ursins, charmed with what was told her of the gentle Parmesanne, concluded with fatal haste the arrangements for the marriage, without reference to Louis of France, whose assent she could not hope to secure. Philip was approached by the cabal, his easily stirred nature kindled at the recital of the charms of the princess. A word was dropped into the princess's ear in Parma, and it was suggested to Elizabeth Farnese that she was herself a person of too great importance to permit a divided authority. It needed little to set in motion forces whose power for evil was well-nigh limitless. She wrote King Philip, "I ask only one thing, — the fall of Madame des Ursins." And this apology for a king, whose only public virtue was his political tenacity, proved its absence in matters ethical by replying, "At least, don't miss fire, for if she talks but two hours with you she will enchant you."

A court secret, like an air-cushion, when thrust back in one dimension will protrude in others. A rumor reached Madame des Ursins of the Parmese princess's true character. She at once dispatched a messenger to break off negotiations with the court of Parma; but it was warned by Alberoni, and when the courier arrived, a day or two before the performance of the marriage ceremony, he was seized, imprisoned until too late to do mischief, and threatened with death should his errand be divulged. Saint-Simon, in another account, sends the messenger to Cardinal Acquaviva, at Rome, but brings him there after the prelate's departure to act as King Philip's proxy at Parma. At

all events, the marriage was over, and Madame des Ursins forced to make the best of a situation whose gravity she was far from suspecting.

The bridal cortége proceeded with royal, leisurely speed, by way of Bayonne, Spainward, and was there met by the dowager queen of Spain, who had been dispatched thither to fire a carefully prepared train. This princess, exiled from court, was dévote, as the natural sequence of a life of dissipation, and had carefully nursed a grievance against Madame des Ursins, through years of deepening intensity, and was mistress of the art of skillful innuendo.

The direct causes of the Princess des Ursins's overthrow are explained by Saint-Simon. In all the past the best laid schemes against her had failed, but her hour had struck, and a net was spread for her feet, woven of a thousand obscure threads of private interests neglected, and of petty claims too rashly put aside. The plot did not originate with King Philip, yet he was a consenting party to it. It has been said that Louis XIV. never forgave a sin against his personal dignity, although he could repress his anger long, and even make use of the offender; but wrath waited in its prison-house only until opportunity should open the door. Madame de Maintenon made use of this characteristic to work her own private revenge. Disabused of her delusion of reigning in Spain by proxy, the thought of her rival possessed of personal sovereignty, while her own retreat was only an obscure chamber in Saint-Cyr, was unendurable. No better spur to Louis's wrath could be offered than the unsanctioned marriage of his grandson, and the whole details of the offense were skillfully laid before him by the envoy dispatched by the disaffected in Madrid, the Marquis de Brancas, French ambassador to Spain. He bore the burden of complaint of the Inquisition and the grandees, who, although now supporters of the king, chafed under the strong rule of the camerera-mayor and of other envious and disappointed folk. He was said to have his personal grievance, being for sale at a bargain, and finding no market with the mistress of the robes, which of course changed the whole moral bearing.

Madame des Ursins, warned of Brancas's mission, but not of its special import, dispatched Cardinal del Guidice after him, with general orders to neutralize whatever harm might have been wrought. But the marquis hastened, while the cardinal purposely lingered. Brancas arrived when the last attempt had failed to have Madame de Maintenon's marriage proclaimed. She seized the opportunity to pull down her rival behind the Spanish throne. So well was the ambassador's mission fulfilled — for what so inspiriting as to gratify a private grudge with a public warrant? — that before the slow-footed cardinal arrived to commend the Princess des Ursins in general terms, her final ruin was determined, and the details of the task were confided to the chief conspirator in Spain, Alberoni.

Meanwhile, the camerera-mayor prepared to go forth to meet the bride, trusting still in the star of her wonderful destiny, in the gratitude and affection of the king, and somewhat in her own gracious personality, which had won the heart of Maria Lousia, and could hardly fail in the case of a queen she had herself raised from comparative obscurity. There is proof sufficient of the nature of the rope used by Louis of France and Madame de Maintenon to draw away Philip V. from honor. It was woven of many strands, — vanity, self-love, amorousness, — qualities individually without tenacity, but when combined, of compelling strength. He took good care, however, to put far from himself any personal responsibility for the act of treachery towards his friend and benefactress. Alberoni and the ex-queen of Spain, against whom Philip had been so

often warned, assumed the execution of the plot, and proceeded secretly in advance of Madame des Ursins to meet Elizabeth Farnese. We can imagine what chords they touched in that cruel and arrogant nature, and we know that diamonds were offered and accepted, and the fine *caléche* in which the ex-queen traveled to Bayonne.

Madame des Ursins left the Madrid she was never again to see, in December, 1714, in the apparent possession of every earthly honor. Her words, long before written, have a prophetic strain: "It is with the favors of fortune as with too high health; that is to say, one is never so near being ill as when one feels too well, nor so near to being unhappy as when one is overwhelmed with happiness."

The princess journeyed from Madrid to Guadalaxara with the king, who still remained carefully secluded from all society save her own. On the following day she advanced alone to Quadraqué, seven leagues distant, to meet and welcome the bride. The princess was in full court dress, and hastened to pay her respects to the queen. There were no witnesses to that first interview, but it is known that Elizabeth received Madame des Ursins with disconcerting coldness, then immediately burst forth into angry reproaches for the impropriety of her dress. Growing ever more full of wrath, she charged her with having ill treated the grandees of Spain, and insulted religion, — meaning the Inquisition. The dress of the princess was proper, and entirely suitable to the occasion, although possibly a trifle youthful in color and fashion. She endeavored gently to excuse herself, when the queen, giving utterance to wild screams of hysterical rage, summoned the officer of the guard, and ordered him to "remove that mad woman." No Spaniard could execute, without hesitation, such command upon a person so long revered; but when the queen demanded if he had not received orders from the king to obey her implicitly, he was obliged to comply. The gentle Elizabeth then caused the aged princess, in full court dress and without protection from the cold, to be placed in a carriage between two bodyguards, and driven, upon that bitter night of Christmastide, across desolate Spain. She was without food as well as covering, in weather that disabled the driver's hand by frost.

Madame des Ursins spoke not a word throughout the night, nor during the whole dreadful journey of three weeks, until Saint-Jean-de-Luz was reached, did she utter a complaint, when so much of bodily suffering was added to her mental anguish. She was never forgotten by the guard which escorted her from the Spain which owed its very existence among the nations to her wise and beneficent rule. At the little border town where she paused in painful uncertainty, she wrote to Madame de Maintenon, "I shall easily agree with you that stability is to be found in God alone. Certainly not in the human heart, for whose heart seemed mine more surely than that of the king of Spain?" But not even the keen pang of the knowledge of Philip V.'s treachery, nor other outrage to her womanly nature, could long disturb the serenity of a superior mind, so deeply acquainted with the world. When surprise and wounded feeling had had their hour, she resumed her sway over that kingdom of herself which neither king nor priest could destroy. Sainte-Beuve says she had taken the measure of humanity, and believed that this world was a comedy, where there were often very poor players, and that she had possibly played her own part better than some others.

In her first perplexity she appealed to the king of France, going to Versailles, but was met by coldness and indifference, and forbidden, at the request of the Duke of Orleans, entrance to any place where she might meet himself or family.

The favor she obtained was the exchange of her French pensions for convertible funds. The king's failing health and the prospect of the regency of the Duke of Orleans, her bitter enemy, made France as a future residence out of the question; no other nation wanted her, in her depressed fortunes, fearing French or Spanish displeasure. She fixed upon Genoa, but remained there only a short time; then repaired to Rome, her former home. Here Madame des Ursins lived many years, — lived to know her French rival forgotten, until a greater than Peter the Great drew aside those carefully closed bed-curtains at Saint-Cyr.

In reply to her letter to Philip V., the king briefly stated that he had acted in accordance with the wishes of the queen, and assured the princess of the continuance of her pension, which promise was strictly kept. In the little English court of the Pretender, Madame des Ursins was warmly welcomed, and held high place, during the remainder of her life, under that shadow of royalty and semblance of authority. To Rome, in due time, came also the Cardinal del Guidice and Alberoni, — fugitives both, and disgraced.

A great and noble woman died in Rome, December, 1722, — a woman whose force of intellect, calm judgment, and statesmanlike ability surpassed that of any uncrowned ruler of her sex in history. So unprecedented is her place in story that historians have sometimes preferred to doubt the part she played in the War of the Spanish Succession. No memorial of the Princess des Ursins exists in Madrid, the city which was saved and restored under her rule. Her last act before leaving Spain was to establish an institution like the French Academy.

Madame des Ursins lifted Spain from the dust; she placed a weak and vacillating monarch upon his throne among a foreign race; and assailed by all the powers of Europe, she supported the sovereignty of Philip V. by measures of constitutional right almost unknown to the governed of that day. Madame de Maintenon's tactics were as inferior to those of the power behind the Spanish throne as her aims were baser and her self-seeking more undisguised. But Madame de Maintenon was the obedient servant of the Church, in its most narrow sense; it became the object of that Church's ministers to uphold her power in France. Madame des Ursins, with broader, more enlightened views, opposed the Inquisition and the greed, vice, and hypocrisy of the priests and monks, and she sealed her doom. She had weaknesses, else she had never had those winning traits which made the thralldom of the governed a willing bondage. But no act of injustice, cruelty, or tyranny can be ascribed to her during her ten years of rule.

She drank the bitter cup of royal ingratitude to the dregs, — that winter's drive was like the retrospection of the judgment day; but if her heart affirmed the accusation of Wolsey, her lips refused to publicly proclaim it.

It is justly said that had she ever borne a child to fill her heart, and transmute into something purer the dross of personal ambition, she had not spent herself upon Philip V. of Spain, a Bourbon of the Bourbons.

Ellen Terry Johnson.

THE DESPOT OF BROOMSEDGE COVE.

XI.

THE bellows ceased to sigh. Bereft of its breath, the riotous white flaring of the forge fire sank suddenly into a listless yellow flame and a dull tawny coal. The shop, transformed from the vividly illuminated interior presented but a moment ago, was a shadowy, cavernous place, suffused with a dusky red glow that barely served to show the anvil, the black hood, the sombre suggestions of wall and roof, and the figures of the two startled men. One still reached upward to the bellows; the other stood with the hammer in his hand, his figure alert and tense against the dimly radiating focus of the fire, that cast a fluctuating, feeble glimmer upon their faces. Outside, the wind went howling by; the torrents were tossed hither and thither in its tempestuous, devious course, and drove heavily before it. Some freakish spirit of the air seemed to catch the shutter in Marcella's grasp, striving to tear it from her; she vainly sought to tighten her hold, feeling like one in a dream, who seeks to move, and finds in dismay a hopeless breach between the will and the muscles; but the next moment the fickle blast was gone, leaving the frail batten trembling but passive in her hand. Her red shawl, worn hood-wise, had fallen about her throat, releasing the curling masses of her hair. She stared with dilated eyes into the ill-lighted place; her heart throbbed with a vague fright, redoubled as she noticed their evident agitation, and became impressed anew with the strangeness of their presence here at this hour, — their inexplicable intrusion upon the smith's prerogative.

It was she who was first enabled to speak. "Whar 's Clem Sanders?" she demanded, in a tone of reprehension and accusation, her voice lifted that it might be heard above the iteration of the rain on the roof and the wild skirl of the wind as it came and went. So great was the repulsion which Jake Baintree inspired, and her shrinking from the knowledge of his dolorous record of suspicion and imprisonment and ostracism, which branded him with the shame and the cruelty of a crime of which the verdict of the jury declared him innocent, that it was not at his jail-bleached face, distinct amongst the shadows, that she looked, but at the stranger, still motionless beside the anvil, on which the red-hot metal had cooled to a dull tint, and still with the hammer in his hand, gazing silently at her.

He did not answer; he turned his head slightly and looked at Baintree, as if referring the question to him, — a large, well-shaped head, with the hair cut so close upon it that the light, striking upward, barely indicated its reddish-yellow tint. Marcella reluctantly followed his glance to Jake Baintree's face, which was suddenly instinct with his wonted sly intelligence.

"Why, howdy, Marcelly," he said, as casually as if they had met on the roadside in the summer sunshine. "War ye a-wantin' ter see Clem?"

There seemed something sinister to her in this deliberate ignoring of the singular circumstances of the encounter: she could not account for it; she could only perceive the relief in the stranger's manner, a covert reliance on Jake Baintree's cleverness to possess the situation. He looked down, and mechanically turned the piece of iron on the anvil with the smith's tongs, and she knew he thus hid a smile of relish of his coadjutor's ready retort.

She was easily angered, and it was not in Eli Strobe's daughter to be read-

ily affrighted. She replied with that note of reproof and objection with which she had inaugurated the conversation. "I never would hev kem ter Clem Sanders's forge a-sarchin' fur you-uns," she said. "I never would hev expected ter see ye hyar."

Somehow, her faculties seemed extended in some sort. She was looking at Baintree's white face, cut upon the darkling shadows about him, and yet she knew that the stranger, although his head was bent down, was gazing at her with fixed and curious eyes. She did not realize the interest awakened by her face, richly dim in the shadow, like an old painting, pale no longer, but with the dull flush of excitement and anger, her delicately red lips, her brilliant clear eyes, and the curling tangles of the wind-tossed hair indefinite against the folds of the dark red shawl and the obscurity without. She was feeling baffled; her nerves were strained; somewhere the terrible heights gave forth a wild, sonorous, maddened voice, full of a frantic anguish, and she was reminded of her father, and his torturing frenzy, and her errand for help, which the surprise had effaced for the instant. She suddenly flung out her arms toward them through the window.

"He 's dyin'! He 's dyin'! An' I mought ez well go ax the mountings fur holp ez you-uns!"

She fell half fainting against the window-frame, hardly noticing that, with a change of expression and an abrupt start, Jake Baintree came with his deft, light step toward her. But when he was near she shrank from him, with that aversion which one experiences from the propinquity of a cold-blooded animal, and she stood erect. His voice was full of feeling, and she was sensible of an effort at self-reproach, as a duty which she owed him as reparation.

"Laws-a-massy, Marcelly, air Eli wuss? I kin do ennythin' fur him ez Clem Sanders kin."

She glanced quickly at the stranger, to judge if he had smiled again, perchance, at her outburst, so alert was her pride to take cognizance of ridicule even at the moment that she was sobbing out her errand. His face was grave, so far as the shadows would reveal it. Then her attention reverted to Jake Baintree, and she looked at him with a wondering distrust and curiosity as he suddenly exclaimed, "The Lord's hand is in it!" So pious he was, to be sure, for a man who had renounced religion, and who had no other use for a river than a wild fowl might find. "The Lord's hand is in it! No use ter ride fourteen mile; this hyar man 's a doctor, Marcelly, an' he 'll physic Eli."

He laid his hand on the broad shoulder of the man, who turned and stared at him in palpable amazement. The fire was so low she could barely see his face, but his whole attitude was expressive of surprise and objection.

"He 's a valley man, Marcelly, an' he be a powerful smart man," Jake Baintree said, with less the air of introduction than of a showman commending a work of art. "He 's the doctor ez physicked me whilst in jail, an' he brung me through wonderful; an' that 's how I kem ter be 'quainted with him. He 'll kem right straight, Marcelly," he continued, with an assurance as of a proprietor. "Ye jes' run home out'n the rain, whilst we git our coats an' hats on, an' sech; we 'll kem ez soon ez we kin. I dunno what ailed me ter let ye stan' out thar in the rain an' under them drippin' eaves all this time. Ye jes' g'long, an' we 'll foller ye."

Marcella hesitated for a moment; then turned away from the window, and the dull red scene within disappeared as if it had been caught up into the black night. Outside it seemed darker, if that were possible, than before; the lightnings had ceased their delirious quiver; the winds were steadier; the rain was a continuous downpour. She kept her

hand on the wall of the forge, as she slowly made the circuit around it, still trembling with the excitements of the evening, and anxiously malcontent with the result of the interview. What strange man was this, that lent himself to these curious midnight labors, these unwarranted intrusions? What could he be doing in that forge, with the smith's tongs, and swage, and bellows, that he wielded as his own? And why was he secret about it, and easily startled and affrighted? And how amazing was it that he, a physician, should be at the disposal of Jake Baintree, and accept his guidance! Then she recollected the astonishment of the stranger, plainly shown, upon Jake Baintree's proposal that he should act in the place of the distant physician. Was he a doctor at all? she wondered; and suddenly she remembered his evident reluctance, and was chilled with the contradictory fear that after all he might not come. More than once she paused, as she stumbled along in the darkness, to judge if perchance, amidst the clamors of the elements, she might hear their footsteps splashing in the muddy road behind her. No sound save the march of the legions of the rain down and down the valley; the wind wailed afar off, under sentence of exile. An utter darkness overspread all the world. She might not have kept the road, save for that strange yet familiar phenomenon of the independence of the muscles, by which one mechanically performs actions, the processes of which have no recognized correlative consciousness in the brain. Her feet found the way which her intelligence could not discern. She presently felt the wet blades of the cornstalks in her face, and knew that she was in the turn-row, walking as one blind or asleep along the straight, narrow space, and turning when the gate was reached. Again she paused to listen if any footfall followed: only the turmoils of the rain sobbing in the half-spent passion of the storm, and the melancholy stirring of the shaking forests, until suddenly an alien sound smote her ear, a high, cracked, exhausted voice, now talking incoherently, now seeking to scream with muscles that failed midway, all betokening the continued delirium within the cabin. The proximity of the dwelling was further suggested by the feeble flicker through the crevices of the batten shutter. Once more she reflected how powerless they within were to succor or subdue this strange, distraught spirit that seemed to have invaded their home; how far away that entity whom they knew as Eli Strobe had journeyed, unconscious of their efforts, unresponsive to their appeals. As she reached the porch she turned again, peering into the darkness: the rain had almost ceased near at hand; further away she could hear the pattering of the long files of drops into the valley below, but it had a fitful, discursive effect, and the comparative silence betokened that this verge of the rain-cloud had followed into the vasty vagueness wherein the great vaporous masses were expended. The vines close at hand were all dripping, dripping; more than once their iteration beguiled into hopeful credulity her anxious desire to hear a step close at hand. Although a passive silence, or rather a sense of spent sound, made the air null, the wind was still abroad in the upper atmosphere; for once or twice the rifts that it rent in the black, overhanging clouds showed the palpitating splendors of a white star. A raucous sound made her start, — only a frog croaking in a pool by the fence. And once more that wild, strange voice within rang out, with all the suggested lapses of identity to make her shrink and wince. She burst into tears, and started again toward the gate. She would not go in and tell the frantic grandmother and sister how her mission had failed, how she had been mocked and derided with fantastic mis-

representations and promises. A doctor, was he, forsooth, a "mighty smart man," who would haunt the little mountain forge in company with Jake Baintree, in the secret midnight, for some inexplicable purpose, and wield the hammer at the anvil! She knew little of the habitudes of this world, but she sneered with contempt of her own credulity as she sought to imagine the only medical man within her ken, the old country doctor, at such escapades, — he of the big spectacles, and the rickety buggy, and the bald head, and the black store-clothes. Conventionality, reliability, and respectability could not have been more expressively impersonated.

Again that wild, exhausted wail from within, the vague sound of the troubled comments of the watchers, and she started anew upon her mission to arouse the neighbors; weeping that so much time had been wasted, and her heart throbbing with anger and resentment that she had been so ready a dupe. She had reached the turn-row, when suddenly the galloping of horses invaded the silence; the hoof-beats were resonant, as they splashed into the pools of the red clay road. She stood still amongst the leaning stalks, the blades softly swaying about her, listening, hoping, doubting. It seemed that no other errand than hers could bring men out at this hour, and yet the sharp pangs of disappointment had been too fierce for her to wittingly and willfully encounter them again. Her heart sank in an interval of silence; then that turbulent sound of swift equestrians was again upon the air, and she knew that the horsemen were coming in single file down the unimpeded ways of the turn-row. She faced about precipitately, and ran like a frightened deer. She would be there first; they should never know that she had doubted them, and had come forth to search for others. She was half laughing and half crying, in the intensity of her relief, in her relish of her own quick resource. Nevertheless, she had barely reached the gate, so swift was their progress, when they reined up beside it; she silently ran through it in the darkness, and in the interval while they dismounted and hitched their horses she made her way to the porch. The shaft of light that fell out into the night, as Mrs. Strobe, hearing their approach, cautiously opened the door, revealed Marcella, her tall figure swathed in her clinging wet garments, her red shawl twisted about her throat, her dense hair weighted with rain hanging upon it, her eyes soft and dewy, her lips all tenderly smiling upon the advancing shadows.

"I fetched him, Marcelly!" Jake Baintree exclaimed, as he came up the steps of the porch, and the light from the room showed his keen, clearly cut face, shiny with the rain, and his eyes, all eager with interest and excitement, sharply glancing out from under his hat-brim. "He 'lowed he could n't do nuthin' 'thout his physic, so he an' me hed ter take time ter go — yander," — he hesitated suddenly and spoke with embarrassment, jerking his thumb vaguely over his shoulder, — "ter git his med'-cine-chist. Good-evenin', Mis' Strobe," he went on, his voice the very essence of oily propitiation, as he caught sight of the timorous little dame, looking forlorn, and smaller and more wrinkled than ever, as she peered out of the door. The long-legged Isabel could easily look over her shoulder, and she did. "Powerful sorry ter hear from Marcelly how Eli hev been tuk. I hev brung a doctor-man, ez hev been abidin' with me, ter see ef he can't settle him somehows."

Mrs. Strobe's head was cocked askew in inquiry. What kind of a "doctor-man" was this that abode with Jake Baintree? Then, as a strange, angry mutter came from the room within, she looked over her shoulder with a frightened gesture.

"Ennybody ez be named 'doctor' mought ez well try thar hand on Eli,

kase ef they can't make him no better, I reckon they can't make him no wuss," she assented, not too graciously. Her sharp eyes strove to pierce the gloom that hung about the dusky shadow that followed Jake Baintree toward the door. There was still suggested in the manner of the figure that reluctance which Marcella had noted at the forge. It angered her in some sort that he should be so loath to help, and it excited her curiosity. She felt an antagonism toward him, despite the anxious, absorbing emotions that might have been supposed to crowd out every other sentiment. The next moment she had forgotten all except that she had brought help where it was so sorely needed. In the necessity for exertion during the last half hour and the hardships of the storm, she had been spared something of the full realization of the calamity that had befallen them. But as Mrs. Strobe opened the door, and Marcella caught sight of her father anew, she winced from the strange metamorphosis that delirium had wrought; the alien spirit that possessed the accustomed face and figure almost thwarted recognition. He had risen, wrapped in the sheets, still clinging to his spectral delusion; and as the flicker of the fire rose and fell, and the tallow dip flared and sputtered, his dim, sheeted, ghostly figure, with its bandaged bloody head, gibbered and bowed fantastically in the dusky corner of the cabin where he stood, unnoting the new-comers even while his burning eyes were riveted upon them, still muttering his threats of vengeance on the man who had slain him.

"Scot-free! Scot-free," he exclaimed. "I 'll walk! I 'll walk!"

Jake Baintree's hat fell from his nerveless hand, as he stood gazing, open-mouthed, at the phenomenon of frenzy for the first time presented to his scanty experience. Mrs. Strobe and Isabel, somewhat accustomed to their terrors, took heed of it with a certain painful curiosity as to its further developments.

"He 'lows he air a harnt," said Mrs. Strobe in a low voice to Baintree. "An' ef that air the way he air goin' ter behave whenst he air dead, a body oughter take a power o' pains ter keep him alive awhile. I hope he 'll last out my time, the Lord knows."

Marcella blessed the tears that crowded out the sight, and as she turned to the stranger, who was entering last of all, and wiped her eyes with the fringed end of the wet shawl, all her heart was in the words, as she adjured him, "Fur the Lord's sake! Fur the Lord's sake!" and fell to sobbing anew.

He made no reply, and it seemed to her — and she could have smitten him for it — a most casual glance that he cast toward the master of the house, now striding about, unintelligibly calling aloud in a raucous voice; now shrinking into the corner and standing close against the wall, muttering in sinister fashion. And surely, surely nothing could have been more deliberate and unexcited than the manner with which the doctor divested himself of his hat and a long shiny black coat which he wore, a strange garment in this locality, where waterproof luxuries had never prevailed. She looked loweringly at him as he quietly drew off his gloves. Now that he stood revealed, she saw that he was a young man, — as young as Jake Baintree himself; he had a fair complexion, retaining its distinctive characteristic, despite the temporary sunburn. His long mustache was of the reddish-yellow tint of his short hair, and silky and soft; but the growth about the lower part of his face was in that unprepossessing stage known as "turning out a beard," and had the harsher quality usual when the chin has been habitually clean shaven. His attire was strangely different from that of the men of the region, although it vied with theirs in its simplicity. He wore blue flannel trousers, with long india-rubber boots drawn to the knees. His blue flannel shirt appeared as seemly

as a coat, — for he wore no coat, — since it was undecorated by the suspenders so salient a feature of mountain attire, and his waistband was about his slender waist rather than close under the armpits, in the prevalent fashion. He was singularly trim and light despite the suggestions of sinew and strength about him, and he had the long, soft white hands so common among the profession. She noted their deft certainty of touch as he took the little black medicine-chest to the table, opened it slowly, showing its rows of tiny vials, on which Mrs. Strobe and Isabel gazed with dilated eyes.

He was not slow when he had selected what he wanted: he crossed the room with a quick, sure step, and laid his hand upon his patient's arm.

"Come, Jake," he said in a low voice to Baintree; and as the mountaineer slouched heavily across the floor, Marcella sank into a chair, putting her hands over her eyes that she might not see the doughty Eli Strobe overpowered in this painfully unequal struggle.

She could not have believed that it would be so soon over. A succession of hoarse screams; the sound of ineffectual, ill-aimed blows; the dragging of heavy feet across the puncheons; wild, half-articulate curses, growing now disjointed and again only a broken word, subsiding at last to a drowsy mutter, and Eli Strobe was silent and asleep.

The stillness seemed to Marcella sinister. She lifted her head slowly, and gazed fearfully up. The stranger was turning away from the bed, his face flushed with exertion, his lips parted in a triumphant smile, showing his strong white shining teeth beneath his yellow mustache. He wiped his brow with a white handkerchief; the same office was performed by Jake Baintree with his handy coat-sleeve.

"Whew-w!" the mountaineer commented. "Eli be ez survigrous ez a yoke o' steers."

"Waal, sir!" exclaimed Mrs. Strobe, with a deep sigh of relief and content, the sparkle again in her little bird-like eye, the parchment-like tint of her visage disappearing under a flush of pleasure. "Did enny mortal ever see ennythin' done like that! I 'd like ter hev some o' that thar stuff, doctor," she declared. "Ye mought leave we-uns a bottle."

The powerful odor of a strange drug was diffused through the room, and the physician turned and placed the door a trifle ajar before he approached the fire, where Jake Baintree was already seated.

"Set down, doctor, — set down, doctor," said Mrs. Strobe, pushing a chair toward him. "Yes, sir, I 'd like ter hev a bottle. What a thing that physic would be fur fractious chil'n! — put 'em ter sleep off thar meanness. I never hed but one chile, — that thar big buffalo, Eli, thar." She had resumed her wonted note toward her son, now that he had relapsed into his old familiar self, losing the dreadful dignity of one about to be summoned to a new and untried world, as well as the painful tenderness and prescient grief that hang upon a possible loss. "But I hev seen him a many a time whenst it would hev brung a heap o' peace in the house ef he could hev been put ter sleep that-away, in the midst o' his tantrums. Can't ye leave a bottle o' it, doctor?"

Isabel looked up apprehensively, thinking herself the possible candidate for this new and unique method of discipline.

But the stranger said he had none to spare for the subjugation of domestic insurgents, and no more than he needed himself; and although Marcella observed that, as he put the bottle into its groove in the case and shut the lid with a snap, his face wore a smile of relish or of ridicule, she did not resent it, so grateful was she, so ready to fall at his feet. Still, terrors beset her; it seemed too good to be true.

"He ain't dead, doctor?" she asked, in a tone of expostulation, glancing at the motionless figure on the bed.

"Not at all," he rejoined, showing his fine teeth.

"Shet up, Marcelly; ye hev got no sense," urged her grandmother; for the natty Mrs. Strobe was all herself again. "Set down, doctor, an' rest yer bones. Won't ye hev a toddy ter sorter hearten ye up? I hev got some apple-jack hyar strong enough ter climb a tree. Jake," she continued, turning toward Baintree, "jes' ketch a-holt o' the handle o' that thar jimmy-john in the corner, an' haul it hyar. I 'd ax Marcelly, 'ceptin' she looks 'bout broke in two; an' I 'd git it myself, 'ceptin' the jimmy-john 's too nigh my size."

The apology was needless, for Jake Baintree seemed complimented to be permitted to make himself useful, and brought out the demijohn with much glad alacrity. Marcella marveled in self-reproachful dismay that she should have such strange thoughts, but as Jake Baintree poured the fluid into a glass she noted how sinewy and thin his hands were, and white as the doctor's own, — so long had they been idle and listless in jail; and she wondered with which of them he had killed Samuel Keale, — with both, perchance, — and if handcuffs had been put on those long, bony wrists while he languished in prison. And when he offered her a glass, she shuddered and drew back, and shook her head without a word. Mrs. Strobe also declined to join in the potations. "Sper-its air all well enough fur men," she observed, — "they hev got so little sense ennyhow, it don't matter ef they gits foolisher 'n nat'ral wunst in a while; but ef the Lord 'll spare my reason, I 'll ondertake ter holp him."

As the stranger sat drinking full three fingers' measure of the athletic apple-jack so graphically described by Mrs. Strobe, he seemed less reluctant, less doubtful, than before. He said almost nothing, however, leaving the conversation to Jake Baintree, watching him with interest while he talked, and in the intervals of silence meditatively eying the smouldering fire. He had the air of holding himself in abeyance, and quietly awaiting developments. He seemed to indorse all that Baintree said, who talked eagerly, and was by no means averse to giving an account of his friend.

"I war powerful glad Marcelly met up with we-uns, Mis' Strobe," he said, as he sat on the opposite side of the fire, his elbows on his knees, his hat pushed back on his sleek black hair, his eyes seeming hardly so crafty and bright since they betokened such kindliness, that Marcella was reminded anew of his gratitude to her father for the logical stand as to his innocence which the constable had taken after his acquittal. "I never war so glad ez I hed this hyar doctor-man visitin' me." The stranger always had that covert smile, barely to be detected, on his face, when he was thus designated; but he raised the glass to his lips, and, except by Marcella, it was not noticed. "He physicked me whenst I war sick in jail, an' I knowed he war a powerful survigrous man ter hev around whenst folks air ailin'."

Mrs. Strobe was gracious enough to refrain from controverting this proposition. As she sat in the chimney-corner, with her tiny feet perched upon the rung of the chair, she looked discerningly, and withal approvingly, at the stranger, while Jake Baintree continued his queer introductory discourse. Nevertheless, she began to wonder why they did not finish drinking their liquor and go, for the hour was wearing close to the dawn, and, wiry and stout as she was, she began to feel the effects of her vigil and excitement. Her gratitude, however, kept her up and awake, and curiosity had a stimulating influence. She, too, wondered how the ostracized Jake Baintree had so very capable a "doctor-man" at his disposal.

"The *old* doctors, they 'low they know everything in creation, but they *don't*," Baintree said, voicing a most mundane sentiment.

Mrs. Strobe nodded her head in unabashed acquiescence, despite the destroyed powders, the futile "yerb tea," and the subsequent delirium, — so transitory are the effects even of the lessons of experience, the best of all teachers though it be. Man may be defined as the animal who will not learn.

"But folks hev ter find that out fur tharselves," continued the wily Baintree, "so he hed nuthin' ter do, sca'cely, down thar in Colb'ry. Folks did n't want a young doctor l'arnin' on them."

"Yes, bes' not fool too much with yer lungs, an' yer liver, an' yer stomick. No gittin' enny new ones," Mrs. Strobe agreed unexpectedly.

Jake Baintree seemed to lose his balance at this for a moment, then plunged on resolutely: "So hevin' nuthin' ter do thar, he kem up hyar ter see me."

Notwithstanding his incidental air, Mrs. Strobe began to perceive that he was definitely driving at something, and he was clever enough to detect this in her sharp eyes, as she fixed them with renewed wonderment upon him. He went directly to the point, with an air of great candor: "Fac' is, Mis' Strobe, he don't want folks ginerally ter know he be hyarabouts. Nobody would hev knowed it, nohow, ef he hed n't kem out ter do you-uns a favior. Clem Sanders would fairly brain us with that big sledge o' his'n, ef he knew we 'd been foolin' with his forge. He 's a powerful survigrous man, an' he would n't think nuthin' o' hammerin' us up on the anvil, an' drawin' us down fine. So him an' me too would be obleeged ter ye ef ye an' the gals" — he included Marcella and Isabel in his glance — "would n't say nuthin' 'bout seein' him. It 's his bizness, an' nobody else's."

The stranger bore with an admirable calmness the stare of amazement which Mrs. Strobe and Isabel fixed upon him. Marcella, who had seen him wielding the hammer at the forge, felt her capacity for surprise blunted. She was prepared to hear anything. Mrs. Strobe's lower jaw dropped a little in dismay. She was sufficiently sophisticated to know that a physician might have slain his fellow-men in the regular course of business without being called upon to seclude himself in the mountains with the ostracized Baintree. Her inevitable conclusion was quickly reached, — it was not in the regular course of business; he was, doubtless, a fugitive from the law, hiding in the wilderness from the officers of justice. So simple a solution of the mystery was it that it had forced itself irresistibly on both Marcella and Isabel, who gazed upon him with mingled pity, and awe, and repugnance. His hazel eyes were fixed upon the fire, and now and again he lifted the glass of apple-jack to his lips.

Despite the definiteness of Mrs. Strobe's convictions in general, when an emergency or perplexity supervened, she was less ready to reach a decision than her granddaughter.

"We ain't got no call ter tell, sure," said Marcella. "Dad would hev been dead ef he hed n't kem ter holp us."

"He would!" echoed Isabel.

"Yes, sir! We hev got Eli agin, some sim'lar ter what he useter was," said the old woman, feeling herself again in her recollection of her ascendency over her big son. "An' what war ye a-doin' of in the forge?" she demanded, turning her lively eye on Baintree.

He looked down into his glass and shook it gently, watching the amber and ruby light of the fire as it struck through the liquor. He made no pretense of consultation with his friend; he answered for him: —

"Waal, I 'd ez soon tell ye ez not, Mis' Strobe." He nodded at the man, who had chanced to glance away at the bed where his patient lay, and grinned

significantly. The demonstration said as plainly as if he had spoken, "Some day when *he* is away, I will tell you all."

The old woman nodded her acquiescence and comprehension, and as the stranger abruptly turned his head he came very near surprising them at this telegraphy. Mrs. Strobe spoke precipitately to cover her confusion: —

"I 'll be powerful pleased, the Lord knows, not ter tell nuthin'. I be a mighty partic'lar woman with my words. Folks hev got ter be, ef thar kin hev dealin's in politics. Mos'ly ef ye tell the truth ye 'll prosper, but them in pol'tics air ez 'feard o' the truth ez a toper o' cold water. Jes' gin 'em the fac's, an' they 'll see snakes! Ye need n't be 'feard I 'll tell the truth, stranger," — that sly, speciously grave look on her thin lips. "I hev seen too much mis'ry kem from sech practices."

But the stranger seemed embarrassed and slightly ill at ease, and glanced doubtfully at Jake Baintree, who drained the last drop in his glass. As he held it, empty, still leaning forward, he gazed propitiatingly at her, as she sat shaking with her silent chuckle.

"Ye 're funnin', ain't ye, Mis' Strobe?"

"Ye want me ter tell the truth, then, Jake? Waal, it 's a mighty tough strain, but I 'll try."

Baintree had risen; he stood swinging his hat in his hand, and laughing, with an effort at geniality.

"Naw, Mis' Strobe; we-uns don't want ye an' the gals ter say nuthin', — that 'll be ez big a favior ter we-uns ez this hyar doctor-man done you-uns."

"We-uns ain't a-goin' ter tell nuthin'," said Marcella, taking the initiative once more.

"Naw, we ain't," echoed Isabel.

"We ain't likely ter resk ennything we ain't used ter, like tellin' the truth," said Mrs. Strobe waggishly.

Baintree rather sheepishly continued to swing his hat; then, as he glanced toward the door, still half ajar, "It 's day!" he said.

The puncheon floor of the uninclosed passage without showed in a gray, timorous, colorless medium, too neutral to express the idea of light, too null for darkness. The old dog came up, distinctly visible, stretching his limbs and yawning, as he looked casually into the room; then went off, wagging his tail slightly, as if pleased in the main to be reminded of his friends within. There were no traces of the storm as the two men came out together, slowly, followed by the family, except the dripping, moisture-laden aspect of tree and vine and wall, the dank, heavy air, the pallid ranks of the corn, here and there beaten down to the ground, and a bird's-nest, long ago empty, the sport of the winds, lying upon the porch. Marcella picked up the frail and fibrous thing, suggestive of fleeting song, and transitory love, and lapsing summer. The young stranger had fixed speculative eyes upon her, as she leaned against the vine-draped post, her hair dry again and freshly curling, the dull fringes of her red shawl against the warm whiteness of her neck, her long, curling lashes pensively veiling her downcast eyes. He mechanically threw his waterproof coat over one arm, as he stood, and with the other hand he meditatively turned the end of his long yellow mustache, unheeding Jake Baintree, who was remarking, "I 'll be bound, Mis' Strobe, thar 's a heap o' timber down in the woods." The mountaineer glanced away at the opaque densities of the mists that filled the valleys, and rose to the mountain-tops, and hung about the little cabin, and had a drearier pallor than the gray sky, where, indeed, once or twice a glittering point betokened a fading star in the rifts of the clouds. Then the two men went down the steps and through the gate, where they were lost to sight in the vapors before they reached the turn-row.

Mrs. Strobe and Isabel stood and stared at the point where they had vanished, until they could no longer hear their regular footfalls, growing ever fainter and fainter; but Marcella still turned the relic of the spring weavings in her hand, and took pensive note of the autumn in its riddled and void meshes.

Isabel spoke first.

"That thar stranger air the curiousest man of all the men ez hev ever been ter this house," she observed oracularly, as if she were a competent judge of curiousness, and a connoisseur in human bric-à-brac.

Her grandmother chuckled silently.

"An' that 's a bold sayin'," commented the little old cynic.

XII.

The mists continued to press close about the little cabin. The sunless day hardly gave evidence how it was wearing on, so imperceptibly did the shadows grow less gray, or the opaque vapors more definitely white. Some movement there was in the dense folds, for now even the vines on the porch were invisible, and anon all their leaves were abnormally definite on the blank white surface of the background. A continuous drip sounded from the eaves, but otherwise the world seemed strangely silent, until the mincing footfalls of a pacing nag sounded dull and muffled along the dank turn-row, and announced to Mrs. Strobe the approach of old Dr. Bryce.

"Now, ain't it a blessin'," she observed to her granddaughters, "ez that thar perverse old man never tuk it inter that head o' his'n — an' it 's full o' notions — ter kem no earlier. He mought hev met the t'other feller, an' thar 's nuthin' in this worl' one doctor hates like another one. An' ef 't warn't fur the law ez keeps 'em off'n one another, thar 'd be mo' scatterin' o' brains, an' hair, an' bones round graveyards 'n thar be now. Ef ye want ter see one o' 'em take a fit, jes' let him know some other doctor hev been meddlin' with his patient, ez he calls it. A mighty good word fur it, too. Patient he air, — the feller hev got ter learn patience, sure! This hyar old man can't abide it, ef he ain't allowed ter pizen folks his own way; an' ef ye don't foller his directions edzac'ly, he 'll gin the case up. An' then ye mought git well, stiddier dyin' respectably, 'cordin' ter the doctor's prescriptions."

She rose, with her speciously grave expression puckering her thin lips, and went to meet him on the porch, as he came up, with his saddle-bags over his arm. "Good-mornin', doctor," she observed, with great suavity.

"Good-morning, madam," he said in a cheerful note. He was propitiated by a certain up-all-night aspect in the three feminine members of the household, which his discerning eye could well distinguish from the activity of the habitual early riser. It implied due anxiety and attention to any possible or probable want of his patient. He had scant interest in people whose lungs, liver, heart, and stomach were in a normal condition. They were merely unindividualized cumberers of the ground, except as they ministered to that genus whom he sought to exalt into a tyrant of absolute sway, his patient. He himself bowed before it with an unswerving devotion and an unchanging assiduity, despite its protean aspect, whether it were only two feet long, and writhing with the colic, or as big as Eli Strobe, with a dignified fracture of the skull; and he saw to it that every possible knee was also crooked in subservience. It was a favorite formula with him, "If my patient can't sleep, not a soul in the house shall bat an eye all night." And thus there were always powders or drops to be administered with appalling frequency, if the sufferer should chance to awake.

Therefore he looked with approving eyes at Mrs. Strobe, and dismissed as gratuitous certain anxieties that had harassed him since parting from her yesterday, because of her earnest advocacy of "yerb tea," and her evident reluctance to defer to his judgment.

"How 's my patient, madam?" he asked, as he lumbered up the steps.

He was not, properly speaking, a fat man; he might better be described as merely ample. He was not muscular; he seemed flabbily large. His face had sundry deep dimples, visible even when not smiling, and he had a fair, fresh complexion, and was close-shaven. He was perhaps some sixty years old, and he was ostentatious in the use of his spectacles, after the manner of one who regards age as a sort of gradual promotion. He was quite bald, and wore a dark wig, or what is known as a "scratch." It hardly served any purpose of deception, for often he thrust it far back on his head, showing his broad, full-fronted brow; and sometimes, in his office, on a warm day, he hung it on the door-knob or the back of a chair, enjoying thereby many an influenza and neuralgia, which he would have considered of serious interest had it been the choice possession of one of his patients.

"Not awake yet?" he said, glancing at the pillow as he entered. He sat down beside the bed, and, motioning to Marcella to open the shutter, he adjusted his spectacles, and bent forward to scrutinize the sleeping face.

Mrs. Strobe, secretly scornful as she watched him, was amazed to see him draw back, with a doubting surprise upon his face, and with his soft, deft fingers feel the pulse of the wounded man. His eyes sought hers with a suspicious gleam.

"How did he spend the night?" he asked curtly.

"Waal," cautiously admitted Mrs. Strobe, "the fust o' the night he was sorter rampagious. Arter that he slept."

The doctor rose slowly, looking very large and limp as he stood solemnly confronting the little dame. "Mrs. Strobe," he demanded, "what was done to this man?"

"Why, law, doctor, you-uns know!" she cried. "Teck Jepson jes' rid him down, an' bust his head open, an'" —

"Woman," he thundered, "this man has been drugged!"

Mrs. Strobe quailed. She would not have believed the discovery possible to his vaunted science.

"Jes' a leetle yerb tea," she faltered.

He stared at her, baffled, and doubting if it were possible to elicit the truth from her. He knitted his bare brows, for his wig was far back on his bald poll. The mystery of it all stemmed for the time the rising tide of his tumultuous indignation. "Why did n't you give him the powders I left, as directed?" he demanded.

"Law, doctor, they could n't make no diff'unce, — that thar leetle trash stuff."

The doctor's bald head flushed to the nape of his neck. Despite his scanty consideration of people who were in the enjoyment of full health, he could not strike Mrs. Strobe. She seemed all too small for his large vengeance. There was only one course open to him, professionally speaking.

"I give up the case. I will not be responsible," he sputtered, stooping down to pick up his saddle-bags. Suddenly he caught sight of the wan, haggard, sleeping face on the pillow, and the loyalty of a whole life flamed up anew toward its object. "No, I won't, — I won't, neither! I won't leave my patient to be murdered amongst you. Yes, murdered!" he vociferated; "for if my directions and my medicines are tampered with again, and my patient dies, I 'll have you every one indicted for murder; you hear me, — for *murder!* Poisoning my patient!" He wagged his half-draped head with a knowing

look. He had not lived in this world so long as not to be aware of the terror that the ignorant have of that unknown, unmeasured force, the law. Even the doughty Mrs. Strobe seemed very small, and withered, and wizened, as she contemplated the prospect. He followed up his advantage: "Come here!" — he turned to Marcella; "you look like you have some sense. I 'll leave my directions with you, and you see you carry them out. Do just as I say. Think I won't know it if you don't, as soon as I get here?"

"Mighty apt, sure," Mrs. Strobe conceded, in a conciliatory tone.

But the big doctor, who seemed, as he stood about, to occupy more than his share of the little space, only gave a snort of derisive rage at this overture, and prepared his medicines in stern and puffing silence. He was still breathless when he gathered up his saddle-bags and started toward the door. He came back, and looked in again to say, with a threatening air, when he would repeat his visit; and they presently heard the ambling hoof-beats of his horse that took him up the turn-row, and so away.

It might seem that one could not easily recover from the stress of this interview, but Mrs. Strobe's elasticity was altogether unstrained, and she rebounded from her humiliating detection with the alert grace of one who, from good-nature, ignores a defiance, having ample resources at call.

"Gin up the case!" she cried scornfully. "An' what do we-uns keer, with a doctor-man o' our own, what Jake Baintree fotched! I hed a great mind ter tell 'bout'n him, an' how peart he war, but I war 'feard o' hurtin' the old man's feelin's. Murderin' Eli, — I say! I war so mad wunst I hed a great mind ter throttle him;" which the doctor would have esteemed a terrible intention in a woman of Mrs. Strobe's size, had he known she entertained it. "But how did he find out Eli hed tuk the t'other doctor's medicine? I tell ye, now, Marcelly, that thar old man hev got eyes in the back o' his head, an' kin see fourteen mile off through a thunder-storm in the night-time 'thout strainin' his sight."

Mrs. Strobe affected to hope that he would continue angry, and fail to keep his engagement; but her relief was very patent when he reappeared with his saddle-bags the next day, and the next, and still again. He took little note of her at first, except to treat her remarks with a sedulous show of unconcern. Afterward he gave the members of the household little heed save to ask keen and searching questions as to his patient during his absence, and to strain to the utmost their every capacity and all the resources of the little cabin to subserve the invalid's comfort. All was ungrudgingly and submissively accorded, but, nevertheless, he began to look very grave as the days wore on, and now and then he solemnly shook his bald head.

"What makes him shake his head that-a-way, Marcelly?" the old woman demanded. "Ter make sure thar 's nuthin' in it? He need n't look so disapp'inted. I could hev tole him ez much ez that, an' kep' him from expectin' ter hear it rattle."

Outside the world took its way, unheeding, down the oft-trodden course of the year. The dank mists clung long to range and valley. They lifted at last, and then the torrents of the recent storm seemed to have been charged with pigments, for bold dashes of color, of red, of a luminous yellow, accented yet tempered by intervals of purplish and bronze intimations, emblazoned the mountain-side, where a monotony of summer greenth had lately held sway. The sun, coming again with a fluctuating brilliancy, with far-reaching misty refractions, and anon diaphanous veilings, to displace the surly usurpations of the grimmer gray elements, found a responsive glow in the sudden enrichment of the world. The far-away ranges had acquired a new

charm of azure, an exquisitely pure tone, but of a dull, unglossy softness, all unlike the enameled blue of the great crystalline sky. The air was pervaded by a fine aroma. The wind had wings: one could sometimes see the shadows of these subtle, swift invisibilities flutter in the cloudless sunshine, so vaguely that before a glance might seek to measure an airy pinion the fleet thing was gone. Enchantment boldly wandered forth into the broad daylight, and all lavish splendors were vagrant. In every fence corner, the lush grasses and weeds, heavy with seeds, were bepainted with a brush full of color, — amber, and brown, and red; even the cobwebs, gossamer and silver in the sun, hung from rail to rail upon the old fences, and bedizened their gaunt homeliness with a delicate fibrous grace. Oh, gone was the summer, and it would come no more, however the recurrent season might wear its similitude. Marcella was living her life out; she was not the same that the spring had found her. She felt that she was older by many summers, and she did not need Andy Longwood to tell her so.

"Ye hev got ter be ez solemn ez — I dunno what all. An' ye used ter laff, an' laff, an' laff! Now ye can't crack a joke ter save yer life. An' ef ennybody else gits ter funnin', ye don't pay no 'tention ter what they say."

The young fellow sat, as was his wont in his frequent visits, on the step of the porch, his head, with its tousled curls and its big hat, leaning back against the post and the thinning yellow vines. His expression was slightly sullen, and implied a despondent appeal, although his muscles asserted a cheerful habit, altogether independent of his mind and heart; and he mechanically laid a clasp knife upon one closed fist, and with a dextrous twist of the wrist it was flung to the ground, piercing the moist earth with its point, after the manner of the expert mumble-the-peg player. Now and then he looked up at Marcella, who sat spinning, spinning, ceaselessly at her little flax-wheel, until it seemed to him — the whir ringing in his ears, the sight of the wheel whirling until it was only a dazzling spokeless circle — that they were his heartstrings which she was thus drawing out into these attenuated threads, and there would not be enough hope, or courage, or any of the essential endowments left for him to live upon by the time she had wound these intimate fibres into balls. So forlorn was this "frequent visitor."

"You don't never notice nobody nor nuthin', nowadays," he said, a trifle hampered in his complaint by the presence of the wiry Isabel, who sat at the other end of the step, and of his own dog, who looked, as he took up his position between the two, intelligent enough to understand the conversation, and independent enough to repeat it. "Got nuthin' ter say ter nobody, nor nuthin'."

He meant himself by this negative description, and the sharp-eyed Isabel understood as much. Despite her precocity she had the lamentable lack of tact characteristic of her age, and her mind was a blank as to matters amatory. She intended to be very agreeable when she said, with a toss of her tousled hair, "Marcelly air a-gittin' too old fur ye an' me, Andy; she 's jes' gittin' mighty settled an' old."

A quick expression of apprehension, even dismay, flitted across his face. "What air ye a-talkin' 'bout, Is'bel?" he cried, in a loud, reprehensive voice. "I be four year older 'n Marcelly. 'Gittin' too old fur ye an' me'!" he mimicked ungraciously. "Puttin' weuns tergether, ez ef *we-uns* war of an age, whenst I be old enough ter be yer gran'dad, chile!" He made another active throw with the knife, holding one ear with one hand, and flinging the blade from the other ear with a marked dexterity.

When he glanced up Isabel had risen,

and waited to catch his eye. "I 'm goin' in the house," she remarked, with sour dignity. "I be 'feard ye mought bite me."

He would have been glad of the riddance had it been vouchsafed, but it was an empty threat, or rather promise, for the little girl still lingered, leaning against the post of the porch; nevertheless, it served him for another ground of complaint.

"Ye hev all done got sot agin me hyar," he said, "even Is'bel. Ez ter Mis' Strobe, she never war hurt with perliteness, nohow; leastways not ter me. An' you-uns be all tuk up with Clem Sanders, I reckon, ain't ye?" He looked up appealingly.

A smile rippled across Marcella's face; her red lips parted. Was she indeed grown so very old, after all? But the alert Isabel answered: —

"I dunno what ye 'low we-uns be so admirin' o' Clem fur, 'thout we wanted him fur a ornamint, like that thar plaster rooster what dad brung granny from Colb'ry ter set on the mankle-shelf. Clem sets ez still an' 'pears ez good-lookin' ez he kin, jes' like the rooster do. Both o' 'em seem like they mought crow toler'ble loud ef they would, but nare one of 'em do."

The "frequent visitor" was in a measure appeased. He laughed mightily at this ridicule of his rival, and then sighed deeply, partly for relief and partly for self-pity.

Isabel caught the approving expression in his eyes as they met hers, and she relented from her intention of leaving the young people together, and once more kindly sat down between them. She seemed, however, disposed to earn her welcome, for as she clasped her lithe brown hands over her knees, and turned her pointed chin reflectively upwards, and cast a glance toward the forge, the preternatural wisdom of her expression intensified by the two sharp eyes set so close together, she continued: "Las' time Clem kem a-visitin'," — she made no doubt it was partly to see herself and partly her "granny," as well as Marcella, — "he jes' sot up ez mum ez ye ever see ennybody, like he war 'feard o' we-uns," — her lips curled in relish, — "an' said 'Yes 'm,' an' 'Ma'am,' an' 'No 'm,' ter *me*, ez well ez ter granny; ez respec'ful, an' humble, an' 'feard o' me ez ef *I* war eighty year old."

"Oh, ho! ho!" laughed the merry "frequent visitor."

"Shet up, Is'bel," the elder sister mechanically admonished her.

"'Feard o' gals," pursued Isabel, in the pleasing consciousness of making herself very agreeable. "An' he say nuthin' 'ceptin' ter agree with everybody, an' look so mild an' meek. An' granny, she talked, an' I talked; an' Marcelly, she talked some, too. An' Clem, he say 'Yes 'm' an' 'Naw 'm.' An' he stayed, an' stayed, an' stayed, mighty late; till whenst he war a-goin' away, granny, she say ter him, 'Ye mus' kem agin, Clem. Me an' the gals hev mighty nigh ez interestin' a time a-settin' up with ye ez ef ye war a corpse. We 'll watch with ye whenst ye air dead, Clem. Ye need n't be 'feard. We will hev got so used ter settin' alongside o' ye an' yer dumb ways ez we will be plumb trained ter it. Kem up agin soon, Clem, else we-uns will git our hands out.'"

It was pleasant to hear the "frequent visitor's" laughter, so joyful a sound it was. And how his heart warmed to Mrs. Strobe!

"Ain't she smart, though! My stars! she 's ez smart ez enny man!" he exclaimed, in the hyperbole of his enthusiasm. "What did Clem say?"

"He say 'Yes 'm,'" cried Isabel, with a jocund outburst. She was in high feather because of her success. Andy Longwood was far more entertaining to her when he was in this hilarious humor, instead of the pathetic sentimental moods which he had of late affected.

She was evidently going on to improve her advantage, when Marcella remonstrated.

"I can't abide," she said, "ter hear ennybody laffed at ahint thar backs. It don't 'pear right ter me."

Longwood's hair was tossed backward, like the mane of an angry horse; he looked up, with a flushing cheek. "Ye mean ter say, Marcelly, ez I be 'feard ter laff at Clem Sanders ter his face? Now I ain't, fur I hev done it a many a time."

"An' me, too," protested Isabel, with arrogant temerity, as if this were important. "I laffed at him las' time he war hyar."

"I ain't sayin' ye war afeard, Andy." Marcella sought to soothe his wounded feelings. "It jes' 'pears ter me sorter mean an' deceitful."

"Shucks!" cried the capable Isabel. "Clem 's powerful deceitful hisse'f. So meally-mouthed hyar ye 'd think he war a lam', or jes' a mild deedie or suthin'; but pass by that thar forge, sir, an' ye kin hear him hollerin' a mile off, an' talkin' like a plumb coffee-mill, — elbowin' an' jostlin' the men about, the headin'est one o' the lot! Tuk Jube, the pa'son's son, one day, sir, an' put him in a sack, an' with all them foolish fellers a-followin' he kerried sack, Jube, an' all down ter the shallow spread o' the ruver, an' flung him in. But Clem's hollerin' that time warn't ekal ter Jube's, ez he kem out the bag an' waded ashore. Then Clem, he kems up hyar lookin' like — like pie, he 's so good an' desirable. Can't tell me nuthin' 'bout that thar gamesome Clem, an' I 'll laff at him all I 'm a mind ter."

Andy Longwood's variable spirits had again declined. He was moodily appreciative of the fact that these robust pranks were not subject for ridicule in the same degree as the burly blacksmith's quaking humility and tongue-tied meekness in the presence of his lady-love and her feminine relations. The bluff, blustery fun which he relished was not without its fascinations to the boy-lover, and induced an emulative grudging. He realized, too, the possibility that Clem's bold freedom among men might contrast favorably, in Marcella's estimation, with the solicitous cowardice that she alone could inspire in that doughty heart, and he looked with lowering antagonism at Isabel, as if she had recited some noble exploit of his rival's, calculated to put him at a disadvantage and destroy his prospects.

"Oh, yes, Is'bel, ye saw it, I reckon," he sneered, with a sudden gust of temper. "Ye kin see mos' ennything, ef ye be jes' willin' ter take half on trest. I 'll be bound he hed a dog or suthin' in that sack, an' ye saw Jube arterward. Clem could n't tote Jube. Ye jes' saw Jube wadin'."

"Naw, 't war jes' ez I say," Isabel hastily insisted.

"Waal, hev it so, — hev it so." Longwood waved off the discussion. "Look out right smart enny clear night, an' ye 'll see the man in the moon wadin' down in them shallows."

"Shucks!" said Isabel, discarding the consideration, as it were, of the man in the moon, and thinking that Longwood was disposed to talk to her as if she were a very small child.

He sat quite silent then, the light wind blowing his long hair back amongst the sere and yellow hop-vines. There was no serenity, as of yore, in his large blue eyes; he was listless and forlorn, and Marcella was moved to vaguely pity him. She glanced down at him once or twice as she spun, and then away to the purple mountains beyond the hazy valley, rich with golden drapings, tissues of the sunshine that seemed some splendid textile thing, so palpable was its effect. The lilac aster trembled in the stir of the wind. The wild turkey called from the woods. All the burrs of the great chestnut by the gate had opened to the summons of the frost, and now and again,

as the branches shook, the glossy nuts fell from the cells to the roots of the tree. She saw adown the moist, dank path a garter-snake, lying, half torpid, lured out by the treacherous sun and chilled by the autumn blast. Somewhere a cricket shrilled and shrilled.

"Air the season for'ard over ter Chilhowee, Andy?" she asked.

"Dunno. Don't keer. Wisht Chilhowee war leveled with the ground."

"Dell-law!" exclaimed Isabel, astonished by this ebullition of perversity, and disposed to comment profusely. Mrs. Strobe opportunely called her from within to some domestic duty, and the suffering Longwood felt it a release.

"Marcelly," he said earnestly, making the most of his opportunity, "ye an' me useter be powerful friendly, an' I hed ruther kem hyar a-visitin' than in the courts o' heaven. An' ye useter laff an' be glad ter see me. An' me an' ye, an' sometimes Is'bel," — alas, how often Isabel, for all he put it thus politely, — "useter sit in the orcherd an' eat apples, an' go fishin', an' sometimes jes' talk on the porch; an' now all them times air gone!"

"Ain't we talkin' on the porch now?" demanded Marcella.

"Not like in them days: ye sca'cely notice now whether I kem or don't kem; ye pay jes' ez much 'tention ter me ez ef I war that thar old dog o' mine. G'way! I ain't talkin' ter you-uns. I wisht yer head war cut off!" He held back with one stalwart hand his canine follower, who upon the mention of the word "dog" had come up and offered to lick his face. "Ye air lookin' over my head, Marcelly, an' ye 'low I be sech a fool ez not ter know it. Yit we hev been raised tergether. An' I remembers how I hev listened, a-comin' down the turn-row, ter hear ye call out, sweeter 'n a mockingbird's singin', 'Look, Is'bel, yander 's Andy.' I 'd ruther hear it 'n the voice o' the Lord! Ye need n't look at me like that. I 'd jes' ez soon go ter hell ez not — I hev done gone ter hell, ef ye ain't goin' ter keer nuthin' 'bout'n me. Oh, Lord, I can't learn nuthin' mo' 'bout brimstone an' fire in the next worl'. I hev felt 'em in this."

"I ain't goin' ter keer nuthin' 'bout onchristian folks," remarked Marcella, "an' none ez use cuss words an' talk 'bout 'hell.'"

She spoke stiffly and with an averted eye, but when he had turned his head away she looked down kindly and leniently at him.

He suddenly glanced up. "Air it this all-fired Christian, Teck Jepson, ez hev sot ye agin me?" he asked suspiciously.

"Him ez flung my father down, an' rid over him, an' bruk his skull, an'" — She could say no more; the sobs were in her throat, her eyes were full of tears.

"Don't cry, Marcelly," he said sympathetically, and he was silent for a moment in respect for her grief. Then the selfish exactions of the passion that possessed him crowded out all thought of her woes, and he renewed his insistent pleas. "Marcelly," he demanded, "air thar ennybody ez ye know ez I ain't 'quainted with?" Who could say how Fate might play the trickster? He felt his hands were feeble as he sought to control the possibilities.

It might have been that his words recalled the stranger who had brought such peace and ease to her father, that night of storm and trial. It might have been that he was already in her thoughts. His image in the vicissitudes of that night, now in the lurid and fluctuating illumination of the forge, now as he quelled the frenzy of the wounded man, distinct in the white gleams of the lighted cabin, became vividly present with her. She did not hesitate. She believed he was a fugitive from the law, and whether he had done ill, or whether he was falsely suspected, he should not be hurt by aught that she might say.

She sought, however, to summon as innocent a duplicity as she might, for was she not a "perfessin' member"?

"What makes ye ask sech questions ez that, Andy? Ye 'pear bereft."

"I know," cried the young fellow wildly, "ez ye think 'bout somebody nowadays in the time whenst ye useter think 'bout'n me!"

"Why, Andy!" exclaimed Marcella, at once laughing and blushing for the arrogations of his woe. "I never did think 'bout you-uns, ef the truth war knowed."

"Ye did! Ye did! I useter know it 'way over yander ter Chilhowee, kase I'd feel so happy, so happy, whilst a-ploughin', or choppin', or a-pullin' fodder. I would n't hev swapped places with a 'nangel. Ye used ter think 'bout *me* then, an' now ye think 'bout somebody else."

She said nothing, and he leaned back against the post of the porch, looking up at the far crystalline sky, deeply blue and with one scant cloud visible, of a dazzling opaque whiteness in its central mass, and with tenuous trailing cirrus effects upon its verges. It pained his eyes, and he pulled his hat-brim over his brow as he lowered his head.

"I tell you what, — I wisht I war a Injun." He glanced up at her, in the hope that she would ask why. But her wheel still whirled, her little foot, with its low-cut shoe, visible on the treadle. Her bright, downcast eyes were fixed upon the thread that her deft fingers drew out in endless attenuations. "I wisht I war a Injun," he reiterated, "so ez I would n't know 't war murder an' a scandalous sin ter kem down hyar from Chilhowee in the night-time an' scalp every hearty single man in the Settlemint, — scalp 'em an' stab 'em, I would. I wisht I did n't know no better 'n that. I wisht I war a Injun."

Her thread broke. The wheel ceased to revolve. She looked at him with reprehensive eyes.

"Andy Longwood," she remonstrated, "ye air gittin' ter be gredgin' an' mean, — an' ye ain't tellin' the truth, nuther. Ye don't wish no sech foolishness, an' ye would n't scalp nobody. Ye air jes' gredgin' an' mean."

"I gredge you-uns ter enny o' 'em," he replied. Then, after a moment, "Look-a-hyar, Marcelly Strobe," — he adopted in turn the solemnity of the full name in addressing her, — "how often hev ye promised ter marry me?"

"Not lately," she declared.

"No, not lately, an' that 's jes' what I 'm a-talkin' 'bout. Lord! Lord! I kin 'member jes' ez well how ye useter look when ye fust tuk ter toddlin' round, an' folks useter tell me then ez how ye an' me would marry some day; an' I b'lieved 'em, pore fool! An' so did you-uns, though. Ye useter promise ez soon ez ye could talk ez ye would marry me. Ye useter promise even arter ye war ez old ez Is'bel, an' arterward, too."

"Waal, Is'bel ain't so very old," observed her sister calmly.

"An' all of a suddint," continued the young lover, "ye got tongue-tied, an' would n't say it yerse'f, an' would n't let nobody say it ter you-uns."

"Waal, Andy, I hev fund out better sence then. Promisin' ter marry air a mighty serious matter."

"'T ain't; promisin' ter marry me air a mighty cheerful, safe thing! Knowin' me like ye do! Ef ye war a-promisin' ter marry some o' these deceitful folks ez kem hyar in thar saaft comp'ny manners, an' then go rippin' round the Cove like a demented blacksmith; or folks ez hev got Christian talk fairly a-wobblin' all 'round 'em, an' yit all Brumsaidge air afeard ter say a word whilst they air ridin' folks down, — off'cers o' the law an' sech, — 't would be a mighty serious matter, an' a heap mo' serious ter keep enny such promise."

He looked at her triumphant in the fullness of his logic; but alas! what has love to do with logic?

The futility of all his fine reasoning was borne in upon him with a dreary accession of heartache and a determination of energy to his temper.

"But ye air in love with some o' 'em, Marcelly, an' ye air jes' foolin' me. Naw, ye won't even take the trouble ter try ter fool me, — I ain't wuth it. Ye air in love with some o' 'em, else why air ye so solemn? It 's enough ter make ye solemn, though, the Lord knows."

She had not recommenced her spinning; she was looking at him with a remonstrant, smiling expression, as if she might thus coax him from his boyish wrath, when suddenly her eyes filled, her lips trembled.

He rose, quivering at the sight of her agitation. "Jes' tell me which one of 'em 't is, Marcelly, an' I 'll go down yander inter the Settlemint an' scatter what he calls his brains all 'round his anvil. Air it Clem Sanders? Air ye goin' ter marry Clem?"

"I ain't solemn fur Clem Sanders," she sobbed, half laughing; then, with a gush of tears, "I hev got a heap besides ter make me solemn."

"Tell me who it is that ye air goin' ter marry," — he touched the trigger of his rifle, with a fierce elation in his eye; "it 's loaded fur *him*."

Marcella suddenly lifted her head, as if listening. She rose precipitately. "Jes' go 'long, now, Andy. Ye hev been hyar a long time. Go home, an' I 'll tell ye ennything ye want ter know nex' time ye kem. Jes' g'long, like a good boy."

He stared, motionless, amazed at her pale face and agitated manner. Then he too heard a step within. "He 's in the house," he exclaimed, "a-talkin' 'long o' Mis' Strobe an' Is'bel! An' ye wanted me ter go 'way 'thout seein' him. I know ye now, Marcelly, an' I 'll stay. I won't be druv off; I 'll stay, an'" — His hand once more sought the trigger of his rifle, as his blazing eyes fixed upon the door whence the step proceeded. A hesitating step it was, and slow.

And then Eli Strobe appeared, and Longwood saw him for the first time since his illness. The young man recoiled from the shock, his fierce, insistent face palpably smitten with a sudden gravity, even awe. So forlorn and spectral a likeness was this of Eli Strobe, with his pallid, lantern-jawed face; his half-shaven head, still bandaged; his clothes, his very skin, hanging loosely on his big bones, a world too wide. He cast his old familiar sidelong glance at the young fellow, freighted with evident but surly recognition, and he had the dumb, pathetic, shambling dignity that one sometimes discerns in a wounded animal, as with frequent halts he tottered up to an armchair on the porch, in which his deft-handed daughters made haste to prop him with pillows and wrap him with blankets. He muttered something vaguely about "them leetle darters," and then he lay quite still, looking off at the purple mountains, the golden sunshine on the red and amber woods hard by, — the aspect of the whole world changed since he saw it last.

The young fellow, still staring, had sunk down upon the porch in his former attitude, wondering if indeed there were no one else within; why, then, had Marcella sought to hurry him away? She had settled herself again at her spinning-wheel, watching with a tremulous smile the clumsy antics of Longwood's dog, courtier enough to display great joy upon the reappearance of the master of the house, and leaping about his chair, now and then emitting a short, shrill bark.

"Fust time I been out, Andy," observed Eli Strobe.

Marcella stopped her wheel to listen. She seemed to hang with doubt and anxiety upon his every word. Longwood, summoning a show of self-possession and cordiality, remarked that the

air was likely to do him good. "Ye 'pear ter be gittin' well now," he added encouragingly.

"Yes," assented Eli Strobe good-humoredly. "Mam an' Marcelly an' Is'bel, though, hev mighty near killed me with kindness. 'T war mighty hard fur me ter start out ter git well. I felt like I 'd fairly enjye stayin' sick fur a livin'. An' that thar old doctor, — I actially b'lieves he hev gin me all the med'cine he hev got. The rest of 'em in the Cove hed better not git sick soon; no mo' doctor-stuff whar that kem from."

Andy Longwood laughed in an embarrassed fashion, by way of making an appropriate response. Some crows — they seemed very black — were cawing loudly from the top of a full-leaved hickory-tree, that blazed a resplendent, illuminated yellow down by the fence; all the breadth of the sere cornfield hard by was doubly pallid in tint, in contrast with this flaring ochreous splendor; the sky was an intense blue where the foliage was imposed upon its expanse, the furthest mountains duskily purple, while below the branches of the tree, near to the great dark bole, the roofs of the Settlement showed, the glimmer of the frost on the eaves not altogether spent, albeit the sun was high; the curling tendrils of smoke were blue, and misty, and timorous, as they crept out of the clay-and-stick chimneys.

Eli Strobe's eyes dwelt on the little hamlet for a moment. "What 's the folks in the Settlemint a-sayin' 'bout me, Andy?" he asked unexpectedly. "I ain't seen nobody but the gals an' mam, ez dunno nuthin' 'bout folks, an' politics, an' sech things ez a body wants ter hear 'bout; 'n' the old doctor, ez seems ter be a good, useful kind o' consarn, but 'pears ter think a man oughter set still all day an' study 'bout'n his liver, stiddier his bizness an' his office what he hev done been 'lected ter hold, an' will de-strac' his mind ef he gits ter thinkin' 'bout enny sech ez them. Actially, I b'lieve that old man would hev hed me darnin' stockin's, ef I hed n't made a stan' agin him. I tried ter spound a pint o' law ter him t'other day, an' he seemed ter take a fit till he got me ter talkin' 'bout craps an' gyardin truck, — turnips, an' inguns, an' sech, ez I don't keer nuthin' 'bout. I hain't hearn nuthin' 'bout the returns o' the 'lection 'n nuthin'. What air they sayin' 'bout'n me in the Settlemint, Andy?"

The young man was about to respond, when Marcella precipitately forestalled him: —

"They don't say nuthin' nor do nuthin' in this Settlemint. Brumsaidge air the lonesomest place in these hyar mountings. Sech kerryin's-on they hev, though, in Piomingo Cove! An' t'other night they hed a dancin'-party over on Chilhowee."

"Whar'bouts?" cried Andy Longwood, with a poignant note of surprise, deprivation, and despair. "I never hearn nuthin' 'bout'n it. I dunno why they never invited me," he added, with surly resentment. As he gazed up at her, he could not interpret the glance of scorn and reproach that she cast upon him. Then she did not lift her eyes again, but busied herself in her spinning, while Eli Strobe, catching at the subject, logically descanted upon the sin of dancing, and described with a fervid imagination the experiences which its votaries would encounter in the next world as retribution. The "frequent visitor" hardly listened, so mystified was he by the taunt of Marcella's glance and the story of the airy pleasuring on Chilhowee, in his own neighborhood, in which he had been, for some unimagined reason, debarred from participating. If it were not so inexplicable, he might have believed that she had invented the circumstance, and relied upon his own tact to confirm her statement, and thus set Eli Strobe off on a theological hobby. He wondered, hearing vaguely of fiery furnaces and furious brimstone, if the doctor considered this a

pleasing and wholesome subject of contemplation. It might have lasted longer had the polemic had a stronger opposition. Marcella sought to furnish this, but paternal tenderness rendered her effort of no avail.

"Of course I ain't talkin' 'bout ye dancin' at the party las' Christmus, Marcelly. Did you think I meant that fur you-uns? That war wunst in a while, — a leetle dancin' an' fun, jes' wunst in a while."

For there are exceptions to every zealot's cherished theory of damnation, and the imminent terrors of hell must be abrogated in favor of one's own.

And thus the discourse came to an end. "Andy," he said, breaking off abruptly, "hev ye hearn ennybody in the Cove 'low ez I war ter blame?"

Once more Marcella looked at her youthful lover, her eyes large, dilated, pleading. He began to understand that there was more here than appeared upon the surface, and he wished that he had been guided by her monitions and had taken his leave. He gazed at her earnestly, desirous of saying what she wanted him to say; but he could read naught in her eyes save her remonstrance, fear, and reproach. And yet he must answer.

"I hev hearn some," he faltered, dolorously truthful.

"Waal, they hain't got no right ter blame me," retorted Eli Strobe. His color had risen; his eyes flashed. "I 'll be bound, though, — cowardly curs! — they don't dare ter do nuthin' but talk; they ain't got the grit ter try ter set the law onter *me!* They jes' set 'round at the store an' the forge, an' bob thar hats tergether, an' whisper, an' talk, an' talk." He grimaced with a mimicry of secrecy and malice, and bobbed his own head with an alacrity that made the young fellow wince, remembering the reports of how variously his skull was fractured, and seeing the way in which it was presumably bound together.

Marcella was spinning again with feverish industry; the wheel whirled fast, — so fast. He could not even see its periphery as it revolved, and its whir was continuous and loud.

"Naw, sir; they don't dare call *me* ter account ter the law fur killin' Teck Jepson. *Naw, sir!*" Eli Strobe reiterated, with a deep, rotund voice. Suddenly, with an incidental manner and a clear, casual glance, "Whar did they bury him, Andy?"

The young man sat mute and dumfounded. The blood rushed violently to his head, and the landscape reeled before him. He had scant time to realize the emergency, as the recognition of the state of affairs dawned slowly upon his bewildered intelligence, and to canvass within himself what answer he had best make.

"I dunno," he faltered. "I be so constant over ter Chilhowee," he added, gathering his faculties.

"Ain't ye never hearn, though, whar they buried him?" Eli persisted, in growing pertinacity. "I did n't 'low ez 't war you-uns ez preached the fun'ral sermon," with an angry sneer and his lowering side-glance of bovine surliness.

"Why," said Marcella, with a matter-of-course manner, "I 'll tell ye: they buried him up yander in that thar leetle buryin'-groun' by his old cabin, whar his folkses' graves be."

Her father fixed a keen, suspicious eye on her.

"Ye did n't know yestiddy," he commented severely.

Not even the crafty watchfulness of mania, not Andy Longwood's sanity, could detect aught amiss or unnatural in her tones and manner as she drew out her thread, and once more set the wheel a-whirling before she replied.

"Naw; Clem Sanders 't war ez told it ter me, when he kem ter inquire arter ye, las' night. I axed him."

Andy Longwood understood now that

the family systematically agreed with Eli Strobe and humored his strange delusion, lest they might excite him to his detriment, and that these were the directions of the physician. He did not fail to note that it was with his rival's name that she sought to aid her forlorn enterprise, and that she no longer turned to him for help. "I reckon Clem an' nobody else would hev been sech a fool ez me," he angrily reproached himself. He was eager enough to go now, but his liberty had fled. The invalid had fixed earnest eyes upon him, and showed a continuous desire to talk; he could only sit and listen, with the cruel consciousness how every distraught word grated upon the tender heart of Marcella. He realized now how she had sought to shield the calamity of her father's loss of mind, and how he had thwarted her.

"Waal — waal! buried him thar, did they? Teck's gone!" A shade — a symptom of fancied remorse — crossed his face. "He 's whar he tried ter put me. Mighty narrer place, folks, mighty narrer, fur ennybody ez hev lived in the worl' an' got used ter seein' the sky." He drew a long sigh, and mournfully shook his head. "An' he war a good man in the main — Look-a-hyar, Marcelly," he broke off abruptly, her half-repressed sob catching his attention, "what ye cryin' fur? It 's whar he tried ter put me! An' ye see, Andy, they can't do nuthin' ter me, kase I war a off'cer o' the law in the discharge o' my jewty. I war obligated ter arrest Teck, an' I pulled him out'n his saddle an' bruk his neck. Ye don't b'lieve it, Marcelly?" He looked at her with a flashing, challenging eye, the red and angry blood rushing suddenly over his pale face. "Ye said ye did n't, yestiddy."

"Waal, that war yestiddy," the girl urged soothingly.

"Ye see, Andy, ef Teck hed killed me whenst he rid me down, 't would be murder, kase I war officer o' the law, arrestin' him whilst gamblin'. Hossracin' on a public road air gamblin', though ye might n't think it, Andy. Ye young folks air so sodden in sin ye dunno right from wrong. Buried him up yander on the mounting-side, 'mongst his folkses' graves. Waal — waal! They need n't try ter hold me 'sponsible, kase they can't. Hev ye hearn ennythin' 'bout his harnt bein' viewed, an' sech? Fraish-buried folks walk sometimes, they say; leastwise till they git used ter bein' under the groun', or wharever they hev gone ter. But I hev never hearn tell o' none o' them ez hev been dead a cornsider'ble time gittin' a-goin', — none o' the old folks, dead fifty year ago an' better, an' none o' them Injuns now out'n that thar Injun buryin'-groun' way up on Sing-Song Creek. Whoever see a Injun harnt? Shucks! 't would make me laff. I reckon them folks hed no souls, ef the truth war knowed. Ye ever see a Injun harnt?"

"Naw, sir," replied Andy. "Them Injuns over ter Quallatown air plenty dead enough fur me!" He laughed constrainedly as he made the admission, for following close upon the shock of his discovery of Eli Strobe's insanity, the sight of him, lean, and white, and grizzly, with his overgrown beard, and his tangled hair, and bandaged head, was not reassuring, as he sat and discussed his ghastly subject.

"I jes' study 'bout Teck Jepson all the time. I kin jes' see how he looked whenst I got him down on the road under his horse's hoofs. He bled a heap." He said this with a certain relish. Then he looked curiously at a dark stain on his coat-sleeve, and was silent for a moment. "I wisht I knowed what he said whenst he got ter Torment." He winked feebly at Longwood, unnoticing that the young man winced. "I wisht I knowed ef he walks."

It was waxing close upon noon. The

shadows had gradually dwindled. The world was so still. The sunshine lay on the splendid slopes in languorous reverie. Here and there some winged thing whisked about in the fine soft radiance, miraculously escaping the frost, or gallantly withstanding it, like certain human antiques, prolonging the sentiment and fervor of a summertide, albeit they cannot stay it.

Marcella's attention pensively followed the airy zigzags of those unconquered wings; the little wheel was still; her hands had fallen passive at last in her lap. Andy was once more meditating departure. He straightened out his limbs as he sat, and he lifted his head and looked about him. The next moment he glanced up at Marcella with a startled, anxious inquiry. Her eyes were already riveted upon the turn-row, where amidst the bleached and pallid corn Teck Jepson was slowly coming toward the house.

Charles Egbert Craddock.

L'EAU DORMANTE.

I.

Curled up and sitting on her feet
  Within the window's deep embrasure,
Is Lydia; and across the street,
  A lad, with eyes of roguish azure,
Watches her buried in her book.
In vain he tries to win a look,
And from the trellis over there
Blows sundry kisses through the air,
Which miss the mark, and fall unseen,
Uncared for. Lydia is thirteen.

II.

My lad, if you, without abuse,
  Will take advice from one who 's wiser,
And put his wisdom to more use
  Than ever yet did your adviser;
If you will let, as none will do,
Another's heartbreak serve for two,
You 'll have a care, some four years hence,
How you lounge there by yonder fence
And blow those kisses through that screen —
For Lydia will be seventeen.

A SOUTHERN PLANTER.

Thomas Smith Gregory Dabney, a descendant of the Huguenot D'Aubignés, was the son of a Virginian lawyer. Born in 1798, he spent his early years at home; was sent to an uncle in New Jersey for his schooling, and afterward, when his uncle was made president of William and Mary College, began, but did not finish, a collegiate course. He was married when twenty-two, and after his wife's death married again, six years after his first marriage. From 1820 till 1835 he led the life of a Virginian gentleman; but in the latter year he determined to move, with his large family of children and servants, to one of the cotton-planting States, and he selected Mississippi, where he bought about four thousand acres on Tallahala Creek, in Hinds County. Here he built a large family mansion, and led a planter's life until the war for the Union broke up his home, ruined his property, and made it unsafe for him to live in the country. He went to Mobile and Montgomery, but after the war returned to Burleigh, as he called his place, and tried to pick up the threads of his former existence. His family, however, was now grown; his wife died, and at last, parting with the old place, he went to live with one of his daughters in Baltimore, where he died in 1885, in his eighty-eighth year.

He held no public office of any consequence, though he was socially connected with leading families; he was not identified with any important movement in politics, education, or religion, though he was the friend of public men, an earnest Whig, an enthusiast in education, and a hearty supporter of the religious institutions in his neighborhood. He never traveled abroad, and, save during his schooldays, seems to have known nothing directly of his country excepting parts of Virginia and Mississippi. He lived on his plantation, brought up a large family, and kept his connection with the rest of the world by entertaining profusely, by abundant correspondence, and by sending his favorite son to get his legal training at Harvard University.

The absence of conditions which determine the value of most biographies renders the memorials [1] which have been gathered of his life peculiarly significant and instructive. Almost for the first time in our literature, we have a tolerably full report, all the more valuable for being artless, of a course of life which once was the normal condition of a large body of our countrymen. The New England farmer, the Western pioneer, the Salem merchant, the New York citizen, the California miner, each of these types has been abundantly presented without undue partiality or bitter prejudice. But the Southern planter has rarely been drawn as he is; only as he was exaggerated in the eyes of his friends, or vilified by his enemies. He stood too near the centre of a passionate struggle to be seen very clearly, and was too closely connected with a system that was under the severest scrutiny ever bestowed on a social institution to hope to escape an identification with it.

We welcome, therefore, this daughter's affectionate record of her father's life, because it contains a picture of society in a Slave State, as seen not merely at its best, but freed from the complicating element of politics. The narrator is in full sympathy with her subject, but she is not a special pleader, and is evidently desirous to tell all that she remembers. The unliterary style of the narrative discloses its veracity. We feel that the writer is a conscientious photog-

[1] *Memorials of a Southern Planter.* By Susan Dabney Smedes. Baltimore: Cushing & Bailey. 1887.

rapher, who not merely does not touch up her pictures, but is at no pains in the first instance to group her subjects effectively.

Indeed, the character of Mr. Dabney, as it looks forth from the penetrating eyes of the picture fronting the title-page, and as revealed in the incidents of his life, must have forbidden anything like untruthfulness in one whom he trained. As the eyes of a well-painted portrait follow one about the room, so the characters of some men will not let their biographers escape from a sense of persistent supervision. Mr. Dabney had a nature which was generous to a fault; the fault being a reckless confidence in other men. Through this confiding disposition he lost his property, but the nobility of his nature never showed itself more strikingly than when he set about recovering himself, not to restore his fallen fortune, but to clear away the obligations under which he was buried. The keen sense of honor which possessed him was touched with that quality which we affectionately call quixotic, smiling at exhibitions which do not lessen our admiration of the hero. We cannot refrain from copying the pages in which Mrs. Smedes recounts the tragic experience of the family in its disaster, and the heroism of her father: —

"And now a great blow fell on Thomas Dabney. Shortly before the war, he had been asked by a trusted friend to put his name as security on some papers for a good many thousand dollars. At the time he was assured that his name would only be wanted to tide over a crisis of two weeks, and that he would never hear of the papers again. It was a trap set, and his unsuspicious nature saw no danger, and he put his name to the papers. Loving this man, and confiding in his honor as in a son's, he thought no more of the transaction.

"It was now the autumn of 1866. One night he walked up-stairs to the room where his children were sitting, with a paper in his hand. 'My children,' he said, 'I am a ruined man. The sheriff is down-stairs. He has served this writ on me. It is for a security debt. I do not even know how many more such papers have my name to them.' His face was white as he said these words. He was sixty-eight years of age, with a large and helpless family on his hands, and the country in such a condition that young men scarcely knew how to make a livelihood.

"The sheriff came with more writs. Thomas roused himself to meet them all. He determined to pay every dollar. But to do this he must have time. The sale of everything that he owned would not pay all these claims. He put the business in the hands of his lawyer, Mr. John Shelton of Raymond, who was also his intimate friend. Mr. Shelton contested the claims, and this delayed things till Thomas could decide on some way of paying the debts.

"A gentleman to whom he owed personally several thousand dollars courteously forbore to send in his claim. Thomas was determined that he should not on this account fail to get his money, and wrote urging him to bring a friendly suit, that, if the worst came, he should at least get his proportion. Thus urged, the friendly suit was brought, the man deprecating the proceeding, as looking like pressing a gentleman.

"And now the judgments, as he knew they would, went against him, one by one. On the 27th of November, 1866, the Burleigh plantation was put up at auction and sold, but the privilege of buying it in a certain time reserved to Thomas. At this time incendiary fires were common. There was not much law in the land. We heard of the gin-houses and cotton-houses that were burned in all directions. One day, as Thomas came back from a business journey, the smouldering ruins of his gin-house met his eye. The building was itself valuable and necessary. All the cotton that

he owned was consumed in it. He had not a dollar. He had to borrow the money to buy a postage-stamp, not only during this year, but during many years to come. It was a time of deepest gloom. Thomas had been wounded to the bottom of his affectionate heart by the perfidy of the man who had brought this on his house. In the midst of the grinding poverty that now fell in full force on him, he heard of the reckless extravagance of this man on the money that should have been used to meet these debts. Many honorable men in the South were taking the benefit of the bankrupt law. Thomas's relations and friends urged him to take the law. It was madness, they said, for a man of his age, in the condition the country was then in, to talk of settling the immense debts that were against him. He refused with scorn to listen to such proposals. But his heart was well-nigh broken. He called his children around him, as he lay in bed, not eating and scarcely sleeping.

"'My children,' he said, 'I shall have nothing to leave you but a fair name. But you may depend that I shall leave you that. I shall, if I live, pay every dollar that I owe. If I die, I leave these debts to you to discharge. Do not let my name be dishonored. Some men would kill themselves for this. I shall not do that. But I shall die.'

"The grief of betrayed trust was the bitterest drop in his cup of suffering. But he soon roused himself from this depression, and set about arranging to raise the money needed to buy in the plantation. It could only be done by giving up all the money brought in by the cotton crop for many years. This meant rigid self-denial for himself and his children. He could not bear the thought of seeing his daughters deprived of comforts. He was ready to stand unflinchingly any fate that might be in store for him, but his tenderest feelings were stirred for them. His chivalrous nature had always revolted from the sight of a woman doing hard work. He determined to spare his daughters all such labor as he could perform. General Sherman had said that he would like to bring every Southern woman to the wash-tub. [If General Sherman said this, it may be fairly construed not as malignity, but as a drastic remedy for a society enervated by idleness.] 'He shall never bring my daughters to the wash-tub,' Thomas Dabney said. 'I will do the washing myself;' and he did it for two years. He was in his seventieth year when he began to do it.

"This may give some idea of the labors, the privations, the hardships, of those terrible years. The most intimate friends of Thomas — nay, his own children who were not in the daily life at Burleigh — have never known the unprecedented self-denial, carried to the extent of acutest bodily sufferings, which he practiced during this time. A curtain must be drawn over this part of the life of my lion-hearted father. When he grew white and thin, and his frightened daughters prepared a special dish for him, he refused to eat the delicacy. It would choke him, he said, to eat better food than they had, and he yielded only to their earnest solicitations. He would have died rather than ask for it. When the living was so coarse and so ill prepared that he could scarcely eat it, he never failed, on rising from the table, to say earnestly and reverently, as he stood by his chair, 'Thank the Lord for this much.' During a period of eighteen months, no light in summer, and none but a fire in winter, except in some case of necessity, was seen in the house. He was fourteen years in paying these debts that fell on him in his sixty-ninth year. He lived but three years after the last dollar was paid.

"When he was seventy years of age, he determined to learn to cultivate a garden. He had never performed manual labor, but he now applied himself to

learn to hoe as a means of supplying his family with vegetables. With the labor of those aged hands he made a garden that was the best ordered that we had ever seen at Burleigh. He made his garden as he did everything that he undertook, in the most painstaking manner, neglecting nothing that could insure success. The beds and rows and walks in that garden were models of exactness and neatness. It was a quarter of a mile from the house and from water, on the top of a long, high hill, and three quarters of an acre in extent. In a time of drought, or if he had set out anything that needed watering, he toiled up that long, precipitous hill with bucket after bucket of water. 'I never look at the clouds' had been a saying of his in cultivating his plantation, and he carried it out now. That garden supplied the daily food of his family nearly all the year round. He planted vegetables in such quantities that it was impossible to consume all on the table, and he sold barrels of vegetables of different kinds in New Orleans.

"Oftentimes he was so exhausted, when he came in to dinner, that he could not eat for a while. He had his old bright way of making every one take an interest in his pursuits, — sympathy was as necessary and sweet to him as to a child, — and he showed with pride what he had done by his personal labor in gardening and in washing. He placed the clothes on the line as carefully as if they were meant to hang there always; and they must be admired, too! He said, and truly, that he had never seen snowier ones. . . . His hands were much bent with age and gout. No glove could be drawn over them. They had been so soft that a bridle-rein, unless he had his gloves on, chafed them unpleasantly. He expressed thankfulness that the bent fingers and palms did not interfere with his holding either his hoe handle or his pen. He wrote as many letters as ever, and an article for a state newspaper or a Virginia or New Orleans paper occasionally, if interested in anything that was going on. . . . When he spoke of the expense of the postage on his correspondence, he said that he could not maintain himself in his station if he wrote fewer letters."

We have given this long passage because it lets one into the secret of Mr. Dabney's character, but its full force can be appreciated only by one who has been witness to the sort of life led at Burleigh, and has seen the prodigality of living, the generous hospitality, and the easy-going habits of a typical Southern household. We ask from these Memorials a disclosure of plantation life, but we get something more valuable in the delineation of a noble character victorious over adverse circumstance. The chivalry of the old man was innate. In his youth, when first engaged, he was a most gallant lover. "He drove from his home in Gloucester to her father's home, Mantua, on the Matapony River, in King and Queen County, every two weeks, during his two months' engagement. He went in his gig, with his body-servant following on horseback. Each time he took a gift, — sometimes handsome jewelry, and at other times volumes of standard English authors. On each alternate week he wrote a letter to her. None of these letters were answered. He looked for no acknowledgment; his thought was that he was honored sufficiently by her receiving them."

The relation which Mr. Dabney bore to his negro slaves was so humane, so liberal, and, as Southerners used to be fond of saying, so patriarchal, that the superficial spectators of a system which offends deeper laws than those that relate to personal ease and comfort might easily ride over the stumbling-block. Slavery can never be made to square with eternal justice, but it was not difficult to adjust it to temporal expediency; and the student of American society,

when considering the conflict between the invisible law of right and the visible order of things, that never ceases, would err greatly if he shut his eyes to the personal element in the problem of slavery; if he failed to see how the humane relations of master and slave formed the most impregnable defense of the system, and how the results of these relations, the fair order which subsisted, had an inevitable influence upon the moral consciousness of society. In the volume before us, the dusky countenances of faithful slaves look forth placidly; they belong in the family gallery of portraits, and it is no affectation which places them there. One portrait, that of Mammy Harriet, accompanies a chapter of her recollections, and in the course of her talk she resents indignantly the notion that Mr. Dabney's slaves were treated as cattle.

"'One ole man say, "I want a 'oman to live wid me. Don't you think your marster would let me have a 'oman or a chile? I would like to buy you. You seem to be a very likely 'oman." Buy who! buy me!' And as my dear old black mammy recalls this insult to herself and to her honored master, her dim eyes kindle, her voice is full of suppressed feeling, her frame at its height, her manner such as might become an enraged pythoness. 'No, not one! Don't you know marster don't want to sell none o' his people? We are follerin' our marster. We ain't no nigger-traders. No: when marster sell any o' his people, 't is 'cause he is made to do it; 't is 'cause he cyarn't do nothin' wid 'em himself.'"

This incident took place when the whole company, family and slaves, was on its way from Virginia to Mississippi. When this migration was decided on, Mr. Dabney called his slaves together, and told them his intentions. He announced that he did not wish to take one unwilling servant with him. His plan was to offer to buy such husbands or wives as were connected with his people, but belonged to other owners, or to sell such as might prefer to remain in the neighborhood with their mates. "Without an exception," Mrs. Smedes writes, "the negroes determined to follow their beloved master and mistress. They chose rather to give up the kinspeople and friends of their own race than to leave them." The Mammy Harriet already quoted is instanced as giving in a sturdy adhesion to her master, with small regard for her ties of marriage. "My husband b'long to Cappen Edward Tabb, an' marster went dyar twice to try to buy him. But Cappen Tabb say dat no money could n't buy him from him. Den Mrs. Tabb say dat she would buy me, an' two odder people dyar wanted to buy me, too. But I say, 'No, indeed! Go 'long! I shall foller my marster.'"

The whole affair is a singular commentary on the confusion which slavery made in the minds of people. Here was a humane master, buying and selling men and women as so much merchandise, yet consulting them as to their wishes in the matter; and here was a slave, calling herself a wife, resolutely refusing any arrangement which separated her from her owner. The master was ready to recognize in a fashion the marriage tie in his slaves, but how weak this tie became in the eyes of all may be seen by an instance given by Mrs. Smedes. Her father owned a cook, and tried to buy her husband. The purchase was not then effected, but negotiations were kept up. After the family was settled in Mississippi, the cook was wholly indifferent. She had become a belle on the plantation, and a young fellow named Bob struck her fancy. "She wrote a letter," says Mrs. Smedes, "to her husband in Virginia, that quite decided him not to join her. He also, it was said, had been casting his eyes around for a more congenial mate. When Mrs. Chamberlayne spoke to him of going out to

Mississippi, he answered that Alcey had given him an account in a letter of the terrible ocean that had to be gone over on the way. Mrs. Chamberlayne said that if a woman could stand the journey a strong man certainly could. 'Yes, Miss Marthy, but Alcey know more 'bout dem mysteries dan I does.' When Alcey was spoken to on the subject, she said, 'Tell marster not to bother 'bout sendin' for him. He lazy an' puny, an' no 'count.' Bob's charms had triumphed."

It is clear enough, from this and other passages, that marriage among slaves, though it had the sanction of certain religious forms, had no sacredness in the eyes either of slaves or masters. How could it, when it was wholly subordinated to the interests of the masters? Nothing, in our judgment, better marks the degradation caused by the system of slavery than this conscienceless indifference to the most sacred of human relations. It intimates how subtle was the influence of one utterly unchristian relation in undermining all others. The slave, robbed of his brotherhood, lost thereby, in the eyes of his master, all real rights to the position of husband and father.

Mrs. Smedes more than once bears testimony to the change which comes over the spirit of man when freedom, with its cares and responsibilities, but also its rights and privileges, takes the place of slavery, with its careless irresponsibility and stagnation. "With negro slaves," she writes, "it seemed impossible for one of them to do a thing, it mattered not how insignificant, without the assistance of one or two others. It was often said, with a laugh, by their owners, that it took two to help one to do nothing. . . . The cook at Burleigh had always a scullion or two to help her, besides a man to cut her wood and put it on the huge andirons." And then she adds in a foot-note, "The cook's husband, who for years had looked on himself as nearly blind, and therefore unable to do more than work about her and put her wood on the fire, sometimes cutting a stick or two, made no less than eighteen good crops for himself, when the war was over. He was one of the best farmers in the country."

Mr. Dabney had at one time five hundred slaves under his control. He was, like other planters under similar conditions, a petty king; and managing a plantation, as his daughter says, was something like managing a kingdom. Some details of this governing life are given, and many glimpses afforded of the internal economy of the society thus created, but let not one be too much in love with the apparently sunny atmosphere. The life of a truly humane and conscientious planter was anything but serene, and his wife was the veriest slave on earth. "Now that the institution is swept away," says Mrs. Smedes, "I venture to express the conviction that there is not an intelligent white man or woman in the South who would have it recalled, if a wish could do it. Those who suffered and lost most — those who were reduced from a life of affluence to one of grinding poverty — are content to pay the price. Good masters saw the evil that bad masters could do. It is true, a bad master was universally execrated, and no vocation was held so debasing as the negro-trader's. Every conscientious proprietor felt that these were helpless creatures, whose life and limb were, in a certain sense, under his control. There were others who felt that slavery was a yoke upon the white man's neck almost as galling as on the slave's; and it was a saying that the mistress of a plantation was the most complete slave on it."

The value of this interesting book, apart from its supreme worth as the record of a truly noble character, is in the constant illustration which it affords of the perpetual conflict going on, within the society based on slavery, between the

conscience of man and the coils of the accursed system. It is at once a tribute to Mr. Dabney's noble nature and a melancholy commentary on the irony of fate, that when, bitterly opposed as he was to disunion, he proposed to sell all his property and remove with his family to England, the thought of his helpless dependents bowed him to the earth; he sacrificed his own comfort and that of his family, threw in his fortunes with the Confederacy, and was swept into the fatal current of the war. No one who wishes to study from the inside the social condition of our Southern States should fail to read this instructive book. He will surely have greater charity for the unfortunate men who formed it, and greater detestation for the system in which they were involved.

RECENT AMERICAN FICTION.

FICTION has become so voluminous an expression of mental activity that we find ourselves setting a peculiar value on individuality. There are ever so many novels published which are fairly pleasing; they have interesting stories, introduce one to well-bred persons, emit epigrammatic sparks, occasionally set one to thinking, and though we never think of reading them twice, and often go through such with a hop, skip, and a jump, we have no great fault to find with them. They have made an hour pass agreeably, they have produced a little diversion, and we should be churlish indeed if we refused to sign a certificate of their good behavior.

But now and then a novel lifts its head out of the crowd and asks for distinct recognition. It may not be vastly better than the crowd, but it differs from its neighbors, — differs in essentials, not in mere superficial qualities; it has, in a word, individuality. There is that about it which denotes a self-centred life. We do not confound it with other novels. It may even differ distinctly from other books by the same author, and whether we like it overmuch or not, it makes an impression upon us. We welcome it as an addition to our literary acquaintance. Still further, we recognize now and then among individual novels a book which has a flavor of its own, although this is commonly to be affirmed of all books by the same author, — a certain incommunicable grace, an emanation of personality. This is style, and in its finest expression is uncopied, uncopyable. It is the citadel of spiritual power, the heart of a book.

Bonaventure [1] has individuality. It arrests attention at once by the certainty, the firm modeling, the precision, with which characters and scenes are presented. The reader, unless he be very much on the defensive, quickly surrenders himself to a writer who moves as if he knew the way and the end he meant to reach. Though the locality is mainly the old ground of Mr. Cable's novels, the reader soon finds that Mr. Cable has a new story to tell. When he lays the book aside, he is aware of having received a distinct impression. Some things have jarred on him, but he has been interested out of proportion to any development of plot. Nature and the persons he has been thrown with have been new to him. He has been in the company of an individual book, and, as often happens in such cases, he has not so much thought of the book generically,

[1] *Bonaventure: a Prose Pastoral of Acadian Louisiana.* By GEORGE W. CABLE. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1888.

as a novel, as he has specifically, as the disclosure of the secrets of a few human beings.

But Bonaventure has style also, and it is a style which establishes the identity of authorship with The Grandissimes and Dr. Sevier, while it discloses the growth of Mr. Cable's power. When The Grandissimes appeared, we called attention to the fact that the book was in effect a parable, and owed what integrity it possessed to the controlling purpose in the author's mind of presenting the problem of the reorganization of Southern society. Bewildering as the book was, even the apparently detached story of Bras-Coupé, to most the single spot of light in the book, could be made to fall into place under the unifying intention. In Dr. Sevier, Mr. Cable essayed to work out through personal relations certain problems which vexed him regarding poverty and labor. In this book, he was getting nearer to an artistic form, though we are bound to say that Dr. Sevier, with its less divided interest, was not so attractive a book as the somewhat floundering The Grandissimes.

In Bonaventure, Mr. Cable sets himself another task. He thinks he sees the power which resides in knowledge, and he takes for the scene, in which to work out the regeneration of man through knowledge, the home of the Acadians of Louisiana; for he finds in this people an admirable illustration of a society which has been unstirred by the leaven of knowledge. But here, as in former instances, he interests himself with two or three characters; and inasmuch as his field of experiment is more limited, — for slavery and freedom, poverty and labor, both offer more general problems than illiteracy and knowledge, — he is by so much drawn into the more legitimate province of art, which has to do with persons in their relations one to another. That is to say, Bonaventure gradually ceases in the reader's mind to be an educational tract, and becomes a romance, with pastoral scenes and idyllic incidents; but before the reader could have reached this conclusion the author must have known a retreat of the philanthropist and an advance of the artist. Instead of a *dénoûment* consisting in the establishment of a common-school system in Acadian Louisiana, we have a double wedding; the artist was too much for the theorist, and we are heartily glad of it. Mr. Cable needs to take but one more step to become a great artist; he is haunted by ghosts of purpose. Let his fine purposes be wholly dramatized, and no longer consciously possess him, when he is writing books.

This present romance has a capital illustration of what we are pointing out. By all odds, the best passage in it is the inimitable examination scene, in which Bonaventure rises to the height of his noble, limited nature. This schoolmaster, whom Mr. Cable would have us to believe was fed on educational aphorisms, is put to a test which would have broken down a figure merely designed to carry forward a theory. It is because he was dramatically conceived and had the love of his creator in him that he is supreme above the grotesque. Mr. Cable has done wisely in suffering this scene to be the climax of Bonaventure's personal adventure; after that he retires to be the fine, half-heroic inspiration of the other characters. On the other hand, the figures of Mr. George Washington Tarbox, the book-agent who develops into contractor and lover, and of Claude, who is Bonaventure's pupil, are weak, because they draw their life, not from a breath of the artist infused into the clay of human nature, but from theories of education. Mr. Cable apparently means that both of these characters shall express the influence of one noble nature acting upon them, and also disclose the power which knowledge has in enlarging and directing latent capacity. But the reader perceives that

Bonaventure was noble through the conquest of self which he achieved, and his educational conception took on its strength only through the informing power of a guileless and loving spirit. Tarbox is essentially vulgar. He is surprised into an acknowledgment of a higher ideal when he comes into contact with Bonaventure, but there is not evidence enough to convince us that the surprise worked a radical change in his nature, and we are still further skeptical of his ability to expand into a large-minded man through the action of his native shrewdness. Claude is commonplace, with the romanticism of youth. Mr. Cable fails to turn his development from an ignorant peasant into a clever inventor to such account as to persuade us that his character grew noble under the influence of education and material success.

In a word, though much pains is taken with these two characters, they fail to move us, and we think they never profoundly moved their creator. Pierre, the father of Claude, is much more of a true creation, for he is built of elemental human emotions, and is not a product of superficial culture. Yet we should not like to leave the reader with the impression that the last part of the book is ineffective. In character-drawing, Mr. Cable does not surpass his Bonaventure, but the cunning of his art when applied to incident and description is quite as markworthy in the latter as in the earlier part of the book. The vividness of his writing is a delight. It is true that he is sometimes overcome by his passion for having a secret with himself, and lets his Tarbox go through certain contortions which are a mystery to on-lookers, and known only to Tarbox and his creator; but such a fault only calls attention to the skill with which this artist throws himself into the delineation of single passages. The power which Mr. Cable possesses of seeing particulars is extraordinary. It is this which enables him to light up single scenes with a marvelous intensity of color; it is this which makes him a great colorist, and, when the scene makes the whole story, a splendid painter of miniatures, as his short sketches and stories and the episodes in his longer books testify. With the growing faculty for composition which his successive novels intimate, we yet hope to see him great in wholes as in particulars; but until his minuteness of vision has become also generosity of sight, so that the world of his art is not governed by some doctrinaire spectre, we must look for the disappointment which Bonaventure causes. There is always keenness of disappointment when an author fails to satisfy the hopes which he has raised.

It does not take long, after one has made his way into the next novel on our list, to discover that the author has set herself no task beyond her power. We speak of the author of Queen Money[1] as a woman. There are fifty chances in our favor for the conjecture, and as we cannot be bothered, in writing of this book, by a constant resort to periphrastic phrase, we boldly take the chances, and relieve the reader of any argument to prove that we are right. She, then, — this supposititious woman, to whom we take off our hat at once, not merely because she is a woman, but because she is an uncommonly clever one, whose cleverness we should not like to bring down on us by any lack of civility on our part, — had it in mind to trace the influence of the greed for wealth upon a section of contemporaneous society, and she chose for the scene of her operations what may be called the heart of New York. She takes a young man of high ideals, brings him from the shelter of a cultivated home in the country, and places him close to the centre of that throbbing life which has for its nearest

[1] *Queen Money.* By the Author of The Story of Margaret Kent. Boston: Ticknor & Co. 1888.

exponents a few brokers and capitalists, a group of journalists, and as contiguous, a segment of that ancient aristocratic circle which vies with wealth in its assumption of superiority to fate. There is also a garden in the midst of this tumultuous activity, — a household where two or three old men and a graceful girl pursue a calm life of art, apparently unheedful of the stir about them.

The materials for a story are abundant, and as the writer allows herself to be controlled by a simple theme, she is able to give herself up to a free narrative of the career of her hero, young Otto March. He is not a hero in the strife. The effective art of the writer makes him almost throughout the story to be a somewhat passive agent. These eager men and women who are jostling each other are for the purposes of the story revolving about him, but they are not over-aware that he is the centre of interest. Nor is the reader much affected by this consideration. In some novels, the hero is marked at the outset, and the eye becomes fatigued with the exertion of watching him through all the involutions and convolutions of the story, since the author compels the reader to keep an eye on him. Here we have nothing of the sort. We feel from the start that this young man is to be the last to leave the printed page, and it is not long before we are equally sure of his mate, but our interest is attracted to something more than the fortunes of one man and one woman. It is as if we were watching a play, where every character was so well cast that though we knew perfectly well there were principals and subordinates, we were always interested, whoever appeared on the scene. This is the perfection of harmony in the setting of a play, and it is this harmony of parts which excites our admiration in Queen Money. The plot is not elaborate, and we anticipate its general conclusion long before we reach the end of the book; but neither has it any highly exaggerated situations; our interest does not depend on the few crises of the story. What does interest us is the cleverness with which the author avails herself of the situations which arise simply and naturally out of the given relations which subsist between the several persons who constitute the cast. A dinner-party, a private ball, a flurry in the money-market, a flirtation, the death of a young girl, whose parents, loving her, were yet allowing themselves to drift apart from each other, — these are not singular situations, but they all play their part simply and harmoniously, and the reader encounters each with no jaded feeling of having been there before. In no one scene, perhaps, is the author's cleverness shown more successfully than in her management of the millionaire's dinner. The incident is scarcely necessary to the development of the story, but neither is it in the least impertinent, and both author and reader take a hearty enjoyment in the whimsical, but not *outré* exhibition. The author's faculty of invention is not uncommon, but what strikes us is her sensible use of such invention as she has. In one case, to be sure, that of the mysterious appearance of the fish served for dinner, she gives us the impression that such a ridiculous incident did once occur, and that she invented the whole dinner-party for the sake of using a humorous fact, but in the main the absence of exaggeration is noticeable. She knows that her incidents are ordinary, and she does not strain them for effect, or pretend that they have any unusual character; but she bends her force to making every incident tell through the liveliness of its presentation, and she succeeds admirably.

The ethical intent of the book is not obtruded, and there are no ghastly morals, yet the whole outcome of the story is distinctly and refreshingly healthful and tonic. The book is not a great book, but it is a level one, with honesty of art

and a clear restriction by the author to subjects within her power, which gives us a sense, not of great reserve power which may some day break forth into a notable book, but of that equipoise which assures us the writer knows what she can do, and means to do it openly and heartily every time she essays to write a novel. The readableness of Queen Money is quite enough to bring it many readers, and we are sure that its wit, its penetrating sense, and its sanity will make it last in the mind much longer than a merely entertaining story.

In a strict classification, we should hesitate to place Mr. Bellamy's Looking Backward [1] under the head of Fiction. The story element is more subordinate, even, than it need be, and the reader who is in search of entertainment soon discovers that the author is too much in earnest to take any advantage of the opportunities which his whimsy afford him for diverting nonsense. The book is, in truth, a contribution to social and economic philosophy under the guise of an imaginary retrospect, taken a century and more hence by a man who is able to make a comparison between the two periods, through the fortunate accident of going to sleep in one period and awaking in the next. We say retrospect, but should rather say aspect, for the book contains the observations made during the later period, and the contrast lies more in the reader's mind than in the formal comparison.

It is very evident that Mr. Bellamy is not amusing himself with a playful fancy of what the world may some day become when its inhabitants shall have found the coincidence of the economic law and the law of love. He feels intensely the bitter inequalities of the present order, and he thinks he sees the remedy in an industrial organization of society which shall not merely be coterminous with national boundaries, but shall itself be the nation. The dream of socialism, which was outlined in Mr. Gronlund's suggestive book, The Coöperative Commonwealth, sees the assumption of all powers by the national government, so that each person becomes hardly more than a puppet, moved by the will of the whole people. Mr. Bellamy discloses the practical operation in the system as seen in the city of Boston. He introduces his awakened hero to a family of three, a doctor, his wife, and his daughter, and then, chiefly by means of conversation, makes him acquainted with the economy of social life. The hero sees no one but these three, and hears no testimony from any one else, except, indeed, that he listens to a sermon of which he is the text, and he is no match for the doctor in argument. To be sure, he puts in but a feeble defense of the wretched nineteenth century in which he fell asleep, and if we were called on to send an advocate into the latter end of the twentieth century we should choose one who would not be bowled over so easily. We fancy that Dr. Johnson, for instance, if rudely awaked now, would lay about him in a very vigorous fashion, and that any Dr. Leete, with his calm assumption of the superiority of a democracy to a corrupt tory government, who might measure swords with him would find his own weapon needed sharpening.

The prime defect of Mr. Bellamy's argument for universal industrial organization is in its ignoring of human nature. When we order our goods by sample from the great store in our city ward, have our credit ticket punched, and the goods sent to our house by pneumatic tubes, we shall be just the same men and women that we are to-day, precisely as we have essential community with the men and women who existed before James Watt saw his kettle boil. But Mr. Bellamy's men and women have rid themselves of poverty, and with poverty have lost all their claws

[1] *Looking Backward.* 2000–1887. By Edward Bellamy. Boston: Ticknor & Co. 1888.

and stings. It is not very difficult to picture a world of amiability; all one needs is to eliminate certain passions and ugly vices. A hundred and thirteen years will suffice for this, in Mr. Bellamy's philosophy. By the bye, we wonder that Dr. Leete, in his complacent commentary on the twentieth century, has nothing to say respecting the devil of intemperance, which was still switching its forked tail when Mr. West lay down to his century-long nap. There are other troublesome nightmares from which we should like to wake into the calm daylight of Mr. West's Boston of 2000, but we get no imaginary relief in this book. Mr. Bellamy has also blinked the most valuable part of his subject: an explanation, namely, of the process by which the change was brought about. Could he not, from that library in which he seems only to have read a little fiction, have withdrawn some book which gave account of the steps in the mighty revolution, — a book of annals, for instance, of the years 1887–1937, during which most of the great work was achieved?

It is interesting to see how, under the influence of this optimistic socialism, a sturdy individualism seems to have vanished. The persons whom Mr. West encounters are thin, ghostlike articles of a great frame; their individual characteristics are but slightly accented. We have met, of course, such faint figures in novels before, but not in Mr. Bellamy's novels. We recall well some striking personages to whom he has introduced us, but they breathed in the noxious air of the nineteenth century; these creations of his, who smile and talk in the exhausted air receiver of the twentieth century, are hardly to be remembered after one has closed the book.

Yet it is impossible for a generous mind to be unmoved by the contrast which Mr. Bellamy draws between the nineteenth century, with its fierce struggle for life, and the twentieth, when the lion and the lamb lie side by side, the lion with his claws pared and eating grass. One of the cleverest touches in the book is in the surprise which awaits the reader at its close. Mr. West awakes from this dream of a millennium, and the reader is half impatient at this cheap explanation, so familiar in moral tales; but he reads on, and suddenly discovers that the apparent awakening into 1887 is only a dream itself, — that the millennium of the twentieth century is the reality. There are many shrewd observations, some noteworthy attempts at indicating the trend of present social movements, and above all, as we have said, an earnest cry for the peace of human brotherhood, — a cry which resounds through the book, and is far more effective a sermon to selfish minds than the vague generalities which fill the actual sermon preached in the hearing of Mr. West.

Fiction nowadays concerns itself with so wide a range of topics that the reviewer of recent books may pick and choose, so as to take up, when he lays down a novel on the reconstruction of society, a book which is delightfully free from any shadow of moral purpose. Bostonians, trained by means of cards for home use at the Public Library, may be getting ready for the adoption of Mr. Bellamy's credit-card system, but we suspect that Mr. Bellamy would ask to be allowed an extra century for making over the Irishman in Ireland. What the English, with their distressful ignorance of him, will do beyond driving him still wilder, we cannot say, but they may catch a glimpse of his real nature if they will only read Mr. McAnally's Irish Wonders.[1] Mr. McAnally tells us that he picked up

[1] *Irish Wonders.* The Ghosts, Giants, Pookas, Demons, Leprechawns, Banshees, Fairies, Witches, Widows, Old Maids, and other marvels of the Emerald Isle. Popular Tales as told by the People. By D. R. McAnally, Jr. Illustrated by H. R. Heaton. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1888.

the stories in his book from the lips of the people themselves, and he has made this emphatic by retelling them in Irish brogue. The reader of Carleton and Lever, if he does not recognize the stories as the same which those writers have given him, discovers the same spirit at play in them. We are inclined to think that the stories are both genuine and new. They have not too much invention about them to discredit this view, and they have the Irish flavor to perfection. We may have our several opinions as to Ireland politically, but the superstitions and fairy lore of the country, the happy-go-lucky character of the peasantry and their cheerful improvidence, give a common ground for all except the hopelessly statistical. Even the philosophically-minded may extract some nutriment from these amusing tales; indeed, we are all of us so haunted by Ireland that we suspect many, when they lay down the book, will fall to considering how far away these imaginative people are from that consciousness of political nature which lies at the basis of modern organized society. Why can we not keep Ireland as a nursery for the imagination, as we keep Switzerland for an out-door gymnasium? There is nothing in these fantastic stories which gives any hint that they are moribund. On the contrary, they impress the reader with the notion that they are a mere handful of wild-flowers, gathered at random in a field which yields much more of this kind than of useful grain. In England and America these flowers are hothouse plants. In Ireland they are native, and grow carelessly and freely. Mr. Heaton has caught capitally the spirit of the stories in his lively, dashing pictures, and has managed to give the Irish humor without touching it in that caricaturing temper which is so sure to possess the ordinary draughtsman, who sees the Irishman only when he is in the transitional naturalization period.

No one can accuse Mr. Crawford of over-production so long as what he produces adds to the stock of honest literature, and the readers of Paul Patoff may take up the shorter story, Marzio's Crucifix,[1] with confidence that they will suffer no reaction of interest. Not that the smaller book draws upon the same kind of interest as the larger; one may properly infer that the author, like other vigorous workers, has found a measure of relief in bringing into use a new set of intellectual muscles, and readers whose ears prick at the mention of this active young novelist may thank him for affording them a new kind of intellectual pleasure.

With a very few figures, we may say, indeed, with one figure reflected from four or five others, Mr. Crawford has shown something of the same kind of literary workmanship which he praises in the craft of his hero. Marzio is a silversmith of Rome, master in an art which has well-nigh perished in Italy, and the chief productions of his art are holy vessels used in the altar service of the church. He is indebted for most of his orders to his brother Paolo, who is a priest and secretary to a Roman cardinal. But Marzio himself is not only an unbeliever, but a bitter enemy to the existing order in Church and State; a revolutionist in spirit and speech, and lacking only the opportunity, one would at first say, to be one in action. He has a young assistant, who bids fair to carry forward his master's traditions in art, and is also a disciple in politics and a lover of Marzio's daughter. As regards incident, the story is of the slightest. The appeal is to the interest which the reader feels in tracing the movement of Marzio's mind through a murder which is in intention only. The man is a coward, and when his cowardice stands revealed, the glimpse which one gets of the interior of his nature is very illuminating.

[1] *Marzio's Crucifix.* By F. Marion Crawford. London: Macmillan & Co. 1887.

Mr. Crawford labors to show the contradictions, which have a superficial incongruity but a real, substantial root, in the composition of Marzio's character. The somewhat dry light in which this author's subjects are accustomed to shine agrees well with the purpose of this book, and the reader finds himself interested and curious, but not too sympathetic. It is noticeable that in his eagerness to attract attention to his central figure, Mr. Crawford has, so to speak, lowered the tone of all the other characters, so that the reader unwittingly takes them all at somewhat less than their real value, is a little incredulous of the ardor with which the lovers regard each other, and has for a time something of Marzio's own dislike of Paolo. We have no fear that Mr. Crawford will join the ranks of the analytical novelists. When he essays anything comparable with their work, the characteristic outwardness of his whole scheme of fiction serves as a healthy protection against a too intimate and subtle corrosive of life. Our interest in this writer is such that we cannot help regarding his relation to his art as well as the individual products, and we are disposed to think that Marzio's Crucifix is a tentative venture, which has value as an artist's study, but is not likely to lead to any positively new style or singular development.

AUBREY DE VERE'S ESSAYS.

A POET'S thoughts about poetry are always interesting; and in these two volumes [1] we have not only criticism of the greatest of English poets, which is the fruit of long-continued reflection upon them, but also a theory of poetry. Aubrey de Vere, too, shows plain signs of having himself lived much in the ideal elements of life; in his mind poetry has been a vital thing. He values it chiefly for its highest office as a teacher of moral wisdom, and a quickener of the spiritual part of our nature. He justly decides that its real subject is man's life; this is the centre of interest in all great thought, and the rest is but ornament and episode. Naturally, he seeks in Spenser and Wordsworth, who were respectively the principal philosophical poets of their time, their ideas regarding humanity. It is not common to treat of Spenser in this way. His work, with its intricate allegory, its machinery of fairyland and chivalry, its ideal landscape, is regarded as remote from life; but just as the creations of art, which also have what one may call this objective unreality, are yet the expression, oftentimes, of the most real human feeling and the most substantial thought of the mind, so the figures of his embroidered poem compose a procession of true life. They are conceived and used in accordance with a comprehensive doctrine of the nature of humanity, which Spenser undoubtedly meant to enforce through the medium of the imagination; this doctrine, in fact, is the stuff they are made of.

It is not an easy thing to resolve into its moral elements the creations of a poet who blends many strains of truth. His method is not the consecutive process of logical reflection and explication, but the simultaneous embodiment of what, however arrived at, he presents as intuitive, needing only to be seen, to be acknowledged. In the analysis, the distinctive poetic quality is too apt to be

[1] *Essays, chiefly on Poetry.* By AUBREY DE VERE, LL. D. 2 vols. New York: London: Macmillan & Co. 1887.

dissipated, and the poet is forgotten in the philosopher. Certain broad aspects may be easily made out. Chivalry, with its crowd of fairy knights, certainly rests, in Spenser's great work, upon the old conception of the Christian life as one militant against the enemies of the soul in the world; and quite as clearly he also represents this life as being, within the breast, ideal peace. Peace within and war without: these are two root-ideas out of which the poem flowers on its great double branches. He teaches specifically how to attain self-control, and how to meet attacks from without; or rather how to seek those many forms of error which do mischief in the world, and to overcome them for the world's welfare. This is a bald statement, but it indicates well enough in what way Spenser employed the knightly ideal of succor on the one hand, and the Christian ideal of moral perfection on the other, in order to make a poem which should instruct as well as delight the world. He himself asserts that his aim was as lofty as this, and to a man such as he was a lower aim, a merely artistic purpose, would have been impossible. It is fortunate that he was not less endowed with the sense of loveliness than with a serious mind; for he thus illustrates not only the possible union of the two principal aims of poetry in all times, but also the truth that to a man whose perception of beauty is most perfect the beauty of holiness is the more impressive and authoritative in its commands. Aubrey de Vere, in his two long essays upon this theme, devotes himself especially to the declaration and the proof that Spenser's poetic character was essentially that of a man deeply interested in human life, and he tries to prevent the poet's severely ideal, and sometimes fantastic, method from obscuring, as for many minds it does, the real nature of that allegory, so marvelous for invention, eloquence, and perpetual charm of style, which is seldom thought to be more than an intricate and lovely legend of the imagination. The critic is not blind to the great defects of the work, — and no poem of equal rank has more, — nor does he neglect the excellences that are obvious to the least thoughtful reader; but he succeeds in placing before us its intellectual and moral substance.

In doing this he reveals his own theory of poetry, and it is one that derives its philosophy from the great historic works of our literature, and is grounded on the practice of the English masters whose fame is secure. Its cardinal principle is that man is the only object of interest to man, all else being subordinate, and valuable only for its relations to this main theme; and more particularly this subject is the spiritual life, not the material manifestations of his energies in deeds apart from their meaning. The Italian masters of Spenser too often lost themselves in incident, in romance, in story for its own sake; they were destitute of that ethical spirit which insists on planting in the deeds their significance, and regarding this as an integral, and indeed the only immortal, part of the action. The laws of life, not the chances of individuals, were Spenser's subject, and in this he differs from Ariosto, and leaves his company. Spenser's genius was thus abstract and contemplative, and Platonic in the sense that he used images always with some reference to the general truths that transcend imagination, and are directly apprehended only intellectually. Allegory was therefore his necessary method. Spenser never succeeded in harmonizing the disparate elements of his material to which he fell heir by literary tradition; and besides the inconsistencies and incoherencies of the Renaissance culture, which never reached any unity in its own time, there were also special disturbances in his intellectual life because of the political and religious conflicts in England itself, from entanglement with which he was not free; and, moreover, he does

not seem to have subdued the philosophical and poetic impulses of his own nature to any true accord. His poem, therefore, did not take on that perfection, that identity of purpose and execution, which would have placed it in the first rank, and he remains below the supreme poets of the world. The study of his work, as an illustration of the conditions and art of poetry, is most instructive. Its defects teach more than its excellence, but they do not disturb the theory which Aubrey de Vere sets forth; and he would be but a blind critic who should easily argue that Spenser succeeded when he obeyed the pure artistic impulse, and failed because of the interference of his graver genius with the poetical mind, his thought with his sensibility.

But let us take the other example of Wordsworth. The great difference between the two is, that Spenser was concerned with the moral virtues and man's acquirement of them, while Wordsworth was more narrowly limited to the influence of nature in forming the soul. Both looked to the same end, — spiritual life; but Wordsworth had a different starting-point. His mind was more individual, and he assumed that his own history was typical; he was less rich in the stores of antiquity, and he had less sensibility to beauty in its ideal forms; but he knew the place that nature held in his own development, and he became specifically the poet of nature, not only as beauty visible to the eye, but also, and mainly, as an invisible influence in the lives of men. Much of his verse was a pastoral form of philosophy; meditation counted for more than beauty in it, but the scene was the English country, and the characters were rustics. There was, too, something of imaginative untruth in it, no doubt, similar to that inherent in all pastoral poetry. These common men, however, were not individuals, but stood for man, and Wordsworth, in delineating their histories, was writing a parable as well as a story. In other portions of his verse, he used a more abstract method, especially in the Orphic Odes, to which Aubrey de Vere calls special attention for the sake of the thought they contain. It is not necessary to enter on the subject of Wordsworth more particularly. As a moralist he was much given to maxims; and in all that concerns the social and political life of man, as well as his personal relations to virtue, Wordsworth was, as the critic claims with much emphasis, filled with a certain ardor, which may be called passion, if one likes. The lack of passion in the ordinary sense — and it cannot be made out that Wordsworth possessed this quality — only renders more plain the moral endowment of the poet, his absorbing interest in the manly virtues, and the supreme value which he placed on the spiritual life and its ideal relations. He considered these relations most directly as existing toward nature, and having their operation in the emotion which nature excites. He did not altogether escape from the pantheism incident to such a constant preoccupation of the mind with the works and course of nature, and consequently he is less distinctively Christian than Spenser; but Aubrey de Vere easily makes it out that Wordsworth's philosophy, much as it differed from Spenser's, is concerned with the same topics of moral and spiritual life, and is the substance of his poetry.

It would be an error, however, if the reader should fancy that the critic pleads his cause in the hard and argumentative manner in which it falls to us to state it. His method of treatment, notwithstanding some stiffness and orderliness in the plan, is really discursive, with much examination of passages in detail. The important thing to us is the attitude he takes, which is always idealistic in thought, and exacting of the moral element in spirit. In another essay he divides all poets into the national and the ideal schools. Something might well be

urged against such a line of demarkation, for the two overlap; but he means to include the realistic poets in the former division, and the poets who were less confined to the objective material of their own age in the latter. Shakespeare, Wordsworth, and Coleridge he calls mainly national, and Spenser, Milton, Shelley, Keats, and Landor mainly ideal. The principal value of this distinction is, that it groups together those poets of whom he specially treats; and they, we need not say, are, in this portion of the essays, the ideal ones. He is not just to Milton, but we let that pass. In writing of the others, he has opportunity for still further illustration of the theory of poetry he holds, and he shows that these later poets have their best success the closer they keep to the subject of man, and the more they treat it with a pure, spiritual method; while, on the other hand, they are defective in proportion as they fail in this. It would be impossible for a critic with such standards as these to pass in review the work of the moderns, and not to notice the general decline in the moral weight and the spirituality of late poetic literature. Materialism, both as respects the objects of man's pursuit and the character of his speculation in philosophy, has been so important and growing a factor of the times that, if there is any validity in this theory of poetry, it must follow that our poetic work has lost elevation, meaning, and utility. Religion itself, so far as the general thought of nineteenth-century civilization is concerned, has suffered a diminution of its authority, and consequently the spiritual life of man has filled a less prominent part in the eyes of these generations. It is significant that these volumes end with one or two religious essays, in which the Christian defends faith itself against attack, not in a controversial but in a humane spirit, and from the standpoint of the higher life.

These essays, taken together, are thus a protest against the general tendencies of our time, and draw a lesson from our poetical literature to show us the value of great ideas to the poet, and by consequence to all those to whom the poet appeals. The writer speaks as a man rather than a critic, and his interest, as well as that of the poets he specially analyzes for us, is in our life. We think no student of literature can read these volumes without great profit; for besides the general theory which they unfold, they contain much minute criticism, and many happily turned *dicta* and suggestive observations by the way, and they embody the results of a thorough and sympathetic acquaintance with the poets. There is, with the rest, a long review of the entire body of Sir Henry Taylor's work in detail, which is studded with critical remarks upon the drama as a form of art, and also upon its English history. Altogether, there is a body of criticism here, the ripened result of a full mind, such as comes only from the reflection of a lifetime. It bears unmistakable evidences of great refinement of taste, of much thoughtful care, of wide familiarity with literature; and there is throughout its pages a rare feeling for what is pure and wise and noble in the imaginative work of the great poets, and what is serviceable for the spiritual life, under whatever creeds or masters it may be led; and its spirit is as enlightened as it is liberal. This may seem high praise, but nothing less would convey our sense of the real excellence of these essays, and of the importance of the truth about poetry, which is also truth about life, that they try to set forth and to make prevail.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

Fault-Finding as a Means of Happiness.

As there are many sorts of men, and as the same man has many different moods, so there are many kinds of happiness. There are elevated pleasures, as everybody has heard; and there are low pleasures, as almost everybody has found out for himself. In this respect some of us would have constituted the world differently. Had we been consulted, all vulgar pursuits, not to speak of downright immorality, should have been attended with nothing but immediate and continuous discomfort. Nothing should have given pleasure, even to the ignorant and the vicious, except those higher intellectual and spiritual exercises to which we ourselves have always been so earnestly devoted. What an injustice it appears that my neighbor across the way seems to enjoy a negro-minstrel show quite as well as I do a symphony concert; or that Mary Ann in a smart alpaca gown is every whit as self-complacent as her mistress with a new outfit from Paris! Surely, the better causes ought in all reason to produce the better results. But we must take things as they are, seeing there is no way of altering them, and recognize the fact, disheartening though it be, that happiness is on the whole pretty evenly distributed.

Some of our most constant pleasures, indeed, are shared not only with the common crowd of average humanity, but with the lower animals as well. It is doubtful whether the most refined among us enjoy eating and drinking better than cows and goats do; and the same spring weather that kindles the imagination of the poet sets all the birds singing, and brings out every snake and turtle to bask in the sunshine. If the millionaire have the better dishes, his horses, in all likelihood, have the better appetites; and I have seen a dog so enthusiastic over a bone that it was hard to imagine Mr. Joseph Sedley himself feasting with greater gusto.

But though we cannot deny the universality of such "creature comforts," — which are to be lightly esteemed, not so much because we find them valueless as because our inferiors find them valuable, — and if we must even admit that men in general are much more uniformly blessed than seems to us quite equitable, yet nobody can hinder our believing that cultivated people have at least some felicities peculiarly their own.

Compare my case with that of my neighbor before mentioned. As I have said, he appears to be as much taken with a banjo-and-bones entertainment as I am with a symphony concert. But that is only one side of the story; for I not only revel in the higher sorts of music, but have at the same time no little satisfaction in looking down upon those (my neighbor included) who are captivated by cheaper and more vulgar performances. I enjoy the symphony orchestra, and am proud of the fact; I despise the street band, and am proud of that fact likewise. Both feelings are creditable to my taste, and are felt to be so. How different is the other man's condition! If he is not ashamed of his weakness for minstrel troupes and street bands (and he probably is), at all events he must sometimes feel humiliated at his inability to appreciate Brahms's symphonies and the German opera. To put the comparison in another way, my unfortunate neighbor gets nothing but chagrin out of really good music, and enjoyment mixed with mortification out of poor music; while I, on the other hand, find it difficult to determine which gives me the livelier satisfaction, — my liking for what is truly classical, or my contempt for what is unworthy. And as it

is with music, so it is with all art and literature, and indeed with every department of life. It is much to be able to respect our own opinions and tastes; but I sometimes think it is more to be able to satirize the notions, doings, and preferences of our less favored brethren. In other words, I have before now been ready to believe that, so far as our pleasure in them goes, our own strong points are worth less to us than other men's weaknesses; partly, it must be allowed, because the former are not quite so numerous and immutable as might be desired, while the latter, like the poor, we have always with us.

I had a little experience bearing upon this subject, only the other day. I chanced to be in the study of a scholarly acquaintance, and, looking over his shelves, came unexpectedly upon one of the later works of an author who, as I suppose, would be voted the foremost of living American men of letters, if the suffrage of the intellectual world were taken. This particular book of his is full of wisdom and eloquence, with quotable sentences on every page. As I turned the familiar leaves carelessly, I noticed here and there pencilings upon the margin, and was curious to observe what kind of things they were which had been thus honored. I was not long in finding out that my learned friend had read the book, as he would have said, "critically," — that is, not for its beauties, but for its defects. His marginal hieroglyphics were invariably opposite some more or less incorrect or doubtful form of speech. The felicitous turn of expression, the subtle criticism, the perfect apothegm, the racy epithet, — all these, as far as could be judged, had passed without remark; what the next reader of the volume, whether its owner or a borrower, ought by all means to have his attention directed to were these instances in which the distinguished author, whether inadvertently or from actual ignorance, had stepped aside in his grammar. A misplaced *only*, a questionable *and which*, an unlucky confusion of the personal pronouns in the course of a long sentence, — these, and things like them, had taken the eye of the user of the pencil. At these points, rather than elsewhere, we may presume, he had realized his own superiority; for, of course, whoever can pick holes in another's work must be, by so much, the more skillful workman.

I was greatly impressed. What an economical and comfortable method! At this rate, one needs only to be (or to fancy himself) well grounded in Lindley Murray, and there is no English book, no matter how uninteresting its subject nor how abstruse its thought, out of which he may not get his money's worth of enjoyment, since, as Hazlitt says, "the only impeccable writers are those that never wrote." And then I smiled as it flashed upon me what a godsend my own books would prove to this same philosophical lover of solecisms; and I thought to myself, If I ever give him one of them, I will surely give him half a dozen pencils to go with it.

I hope I shall not be suspected of laughing at the scholar with whose library I was thus making free. Careless readers (or writers) may call him a pedant. I call him, in all sincerity, a philosopher, and I draw from his example this important practical lesson: All ordinary means of happiness will sometimes fail us; but so long as we can enjoy other men's faults, so long we shall have at least one inexhaustible resource.

Commencement Day: A Bit of Word-History.

— I have often heard the question asked why Commencement Day is so called, both by fellow-students when in college and by intelligent persons outside of college, and hence infer that many of those who take part in the exercises of the day from year to year, and many who are otherwise acquainted with this anniversary, have little idea of the reason for its name. Humorous allusions

also appear from time to time in print, the point of which is that *Commencement* must be applied to the *ending* of a collegiate course on the *lucus a non lucendo* principle. The latest pleasantry of this sort which has met my eye was in The Contributors' Club of the February Atlantic, and ran as follows: "Commencement Day (so called, with old-time perversity, because it is the ending of the collegiate career)." Such widespread mystification on this topic seems to warrant putting on record the history of the word. As is usual when the origin of a term is in question, persons addicted to speculative etymology have made various attempts to evolve the desired information from their inner consciencelessness. Thus it has been poetically suggested that Commencement is so called because it is to the young graduate the commencement of practical life. Again, there is a set of worthy partisans, to whom college means only Harvard, who are satisfied with the theory that the term originated when Commencement at that institution was in the fall, — at the commencement of the academic year. But the origin of this word must be sought farther back than the history of even the oldest American university extends, for it was a part of the endowment of college words and customs which the "school at Cambridge" received from England. We must seek it farther back, even, than the English universities: in those of Continental Europe, from the oldest of which, that of Paris, it is believed the general system of university honors was borrowed. It appears that the degrees of Master and Doctor are much older than that of Bachelor, and were granted in the early universities to those who had satisfactorily completed the trivium and the quadrivium, and who were consequently deemed competent to teach others. Says Professor Laurie, in his Rise and Early Constitution of Universities, "Graduation was, in the mediæval universities, simply the conferring of a qualification and right to teach (or, in the case of medicine, to practice)." The Encyclopædia Britannica, article Universities, has the following: "The bachelor, or imperfect graduate, was bound to read, under a master or doctor of his faculty, a course of lectures; and the master, doctor, or perfect graduate was, in like manner, after his promotion, obliged to commence (*incipere*), and to continue for a certain period, publicly to teach (*regere*) some, at least, of the subjects pertaining to his faculty." Commencement, then, existed at first for those taking what are now called the higher degrees, and was the time when young men ceased to be pupils, and commenced to teach. The bachelor's degree, marking the end of the trivium, or preparatory course, was first given at Paris; and it seems that the bachelors were required to serve an apprenticeship at teaching, as a part of their preparation for the master's degree. The student having performed the requirements of the trivium, "he was," says Professor Laurie, "named a bachelor by the masters of that subject, and had now the right to wear a round cap, and not only the right, but the obligation, to teach freshmen. He was then said *incipere in artibus*." Hence, even when extended to the graduation of bachelors, Commencement still carried the implication of commencing to teach. The requirement that all graduates should serve as teachers was gradually relaxed, till teaching was made entirely optional, and Commencement came to be, as at present, simply the occasion when degrees of all grades were conferred. In The Universal Pronouncing Dictionary, edited by Thomas Wright, Commencement is defined as "The time when students in colleges *commence* bachelors; a day in which degrees are publicly conferred on students who have finished a collegiate education. At Cambridge, the day when masters of art and doctors com-

plete their degrees." The definition given by H. Percy Smith in his Glossary of Terms and Phrases is, "At the University of Cambridge, the day from which all degrees conferred for a year preceding date, and on which they are confirmed by recitation before the congregation of the Senate." The foregoing citations seem sufficient to show that Commencement has always been synonymous with graduation day, and the idea, which has occasionally found expression, that it referred to the entrance of the freshmen, occurring at some periods on the same day, is evidently erroneous. This notwithstanding Smart, who defines Commencement as "The first Tuesday in July at Cambridge, on which day degrees being completed, new graduations commence." Obviously it is a preposterous supposition that the day was named with respect to the youngest members of the university, to whom no such deference has ever been paid.

Infant Morality. — Surprising as it seems, I believe it to be true that not a little positively false morality is taught children by respectable and educated persons, — not consciously, of course, but through want of thought as to the impression made upon the child's mind by the words and actions of its elders. It is not only ignorant and irresponsible nurses, but too commonly the child's own mother, who confuses its sense of right and wrong by putting the expedient before it in the place of the right. This happens every time a child is bribed to obey by the promise of some reward. He learns that he is to do right not because he knows it is such, or because simple obedience is imperative, but because the doing the right thing is to bring him some advantage. Conversely, therefore, if to do it brought some disadvantage, or even if it brought nothing with it to gratify the child's wishes, it would no longer be right. Motives to right-doing are too often urged which, if not actually bad, are certainly not the best: as when children are told that their friends will not love them unless they behave in a certain prescribed manner. The appeal to affection is no doubt legitimate in its place and degree, but the parents' affection ought not to be held up as a prize for right conduct. A father may properly tell his children that he is pleased when they do right and grieved when they do wrong, but a child should never be allowed to believe that, whether pleased or grieved, his father has ceased or could cease to love him.

The root-truth about the matter seems to me to be this: that a child's parents stand to it, while it is young, in the place of God himself. All its conceptions of truth and goodness come to it through this channel, and justice, love, faith, and all the virtues dawn upon the child's soul as they are embodied in its parents' speech and action toward itself and its brothers and sisters. When a father or mother does an injustice to one child in favor of another, it is not the one child alone that is harmed, but both. Justice in the abstract children know little of, and to preach about it to them would be of slight use; but every little one understands it in the concrete, and many a child's heart has swelled with an indignation against injustice that was not wholly nor mostly selfish, but a righteous instinct asserting itself against a visible wrong.

A truthful child is generally strictly veracious, and does not comprehend any deviation from the letter of truth; so that it is often necessary, to save it from moral confusion, to explain what may seem to it like untruth. If it become impossible to keep a promise made to a child, the hindering circumstances ought to be mentioned, or at least it should be explained that there are such. Again, the Bible command, Parents, provoke not your children to wrath, is often forgotten, while the corresponding one, Children, obey your parents, is quoted and enforced. A great deal of

injustice is often done, moreover, in settling disputes among children, by not allowing for provocation received.

A most obvious practical rule in the training of children is, Always take for granted that they mean to be good. If to give a dog, or a child, a bad name is an excellent recipe for making him deserve it, to let it be a matter of course that he is to behave properly is to go a considerable way toward having him behave so. I have seen mothers actually put it into a child's head to be naughty, when it had never occurred to the little one to be so. In this connection I would utter a protest against a kind of infant literature, usually illustrated, in which greedy Tom and slovenly Jane, cruel Peter and vain Polly, are vividly described in the act of making themselves unpleasant.

Manners and morals are closely connected, though parents attentive to their children's training in the one are strangely negligent with regard to the other.

Example goes a mile where precept goes an inch, with children, and I believe that the irreverence towards their elders which is justly blamed in children of the present age (and, perhaps justly also, in especial among Americans) is largely owing to the greater freedom of companionship with their elders nowadays allowed to children. Few people will restrain themselves in speech on account of the presence of the little ones, and these consequently hear an immense deal of personal comment and criticism which they ought not to hear, if they are to keep that respect for their elders in general which surely it is desirable they should retain so long as it is possible. To the same cause is due the sophistication of children, so noticeable, and to my mind so deplorable. A boy need not be a baby because he does not know at ten what his grandfather did not know till he was twenty. The modest simplicity and the fresh and tender bloom of girlhood, — no, it has not all disappeared yet! I believe that a child who, without being coddled and "babified," yet is kept a child so long as, according to its years, it is called one has a physical advantage over the child too early initiated into the knowledge of manhood or womanhood. Parents do not realize the physical wear and tear that accompany premature development of the brain; and the undue tax upon the nervous and vital forces, when a child engages in the occupations and amusements of a grown person, leaves it, in maturer years, low in physical resources just when it has most call upon them. To follow this vast and important subject leads one easily far afield. There has been a great deal of theorizing upon it, some of it valuable indeed, yet one would think that observation and reflection might tell any reasonably sensible parent all he needs to know. One would think so; yet my fellow-creatures scarcely ever appear to me so fallible as in their parental characters.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

Text-Books and Education. The Manual Training School, comprising a full statement of its aims, methods, and results, with figured drawings of shop exercises in woods and metals, by C. M. Woodward. (Heath.) Dr. Woodward is well known as the director and exponent of the school in St. Louis, and his book is a full and detailed report of the history and practical working of that school. As such it deserves to be studied carefully by all who assume to speak on this topic, the literature of which is rapidly growing

in bulk. — How to Succeed as a Stenographer or Type-Writer, by Arthur M. Baker. (Fowler & Wells Co.) A rambling little pamphlet, of no great value, except as the writer incidentally drops hints gathered from his own experience. — Manual of Sonography: a new joined-vowel script system of phonetic shorthand, composed of the elements and in imitation of the ordinary longhand writing, wherein the cognates or pairs, the sharp and flat sounds, are described by strokes of the same length and thickness, being distinguished, separate or conjoined, by an entirely new method. By Rev. D. S. Davies. (Griffith, Farran, Okeden and Welsh, London; Dutton, New York.) What more can we want? — Cicero's Cato Major et Laelius, with an introduction and commentary by Austin Stickney. (Harpers.) This is one of the volumes in Dr. Drisler's classical series. — A Popular Mineralogy and Geology, prepared from the latest and best authorities in Europe and America, by Katherine E. Hogan. (Lovell.) A manual, apparently intended for elementary use, but it could scarcely be of much service except to a teacher who knew a good deal more than this book contains. It is rather a synopsis of the subject than an easy gradus. — Physical Culture for Home and School, Scientific and Practical, by D. L. Dowd. (Fowler & Wells Co.) An introduction brings one shortly to the practical exercises, which are based upon the use of dumb-bells and simple apparatus. A sensible book, serving tolerably well as a substitute for a teacher. — Tales of Chivalry and the Olden Time, selected from the works of Sir Walter Scott. Edited, with notes, by William J. Rolfe. (Harpers.) A little volume which may be serviceable, certainly will be if it displace commonplace reading; but we have not lost faith in a system which shall make masterpieces in their entirety a regular part of a child's education. This book is singularly defective in one particular: it gives the reader no advice as to the novels from which the extracts are taken. — Half-Hours with the Stars; a plain and easy guide to the knowledge of the constellations, showing in twelve maps the position for the United States of the principal star-groups night after night throughout the year, with introduction and a separate explanation of each map. True for every Year. Maps and Text specially prepared for American Students. By Richard A. Proctor. (Putnams.) A convenient book of reference for any one who would pick out the position of the constellations. — Report of the Commissioner of Education for the Year 1885–86. (Government Printing Office, Washington.) The customary mass of classified and tabulated information. One wonders sometimes if it could not be condensed a little more. — Studies in Civil Government, by William [illegible] Mowry. (Silver, Rogers & Co., Boston.) The book is intended for the highest classes in grammar schools and for high schools. It begins with the germ in the town and proceeds to the nation; but its method is rather to expound existing forms than to trace them to their genesis, or to search for the underlying principles. The book ought to be useful with good teachers. — Two more numbers have appeared in the series Monographs on Education. (Heath.) Of these, one is English in the Preparatory Schools, by Ernest W. Huffcut; the other, English in the Schools, by F. C. Woodward. The former is a little more specific in its suggestions; both are brightly written, but do not go very far. — Phosphorus Hollunder, a novel by Louise von François, with explanatory notes by Oscar Faulhaber. (Heath.) This little edition is for school use, and is provided with a few grammatical notes. — First Steps in Electricity, designed for the entertainment and instruction of young people at home and in school, by Charles Barnard. (Charles E. Merrill & Co., New York.) Simple and inexpensive experiments plainly described. — Common School Law: a digest of the provisions of common and statute law as to the relation of the teacher to the pupil, the parent, and the district; with five hundred references to legal decisions in twenty-eight different States. By C. W. Bardeen. (Bardeen, Syracuse, N. Y.) The fourteenth edition of a book originally published in 1875. Not strictly a legal book, but containing much sensible talk in connection with the subject, by a person of experience. — Hand-Book to accompany the Graphic System of Object Drawing, arranged by Hobart B. Jacobs and Augusta L. Brower. (Lovell.) Useful as containing hints to teachers rather than as a rigid systematic exposition. The graphic system itself is presented by the publisher in four drawing-books. We think the system supposes too much of the child's power of expression through lines, and attempts too much at the outset, but it suggests many interesting points to teachers. — Annuaire de l'Enseignment Primaire, publié sous la direction de M. Jost, inspecteur général de l'instruction publique. Quatrième année. 1888. (Armand Colin et Cie., Paris.) Lists of schools and teachers, with a summary of laws and decrees, with statistics, reports, and a number of general observations. — Practical Lessons in the Use of English, for primary and grammar schools, by Mary F. Hyde. (Heath.) An easily graded exercise book in writing simple sentences and learning the use of the apparatus of letters.

Sociology and Politics. Outlooks on Society, Literature, and Politics, by Edwin Percy Whip-

. (Ticknor.) This collection of Mr. Whipple's essays contains little of direct reference to literature, but a good deal that relates to society in its larger sense, to politics, and to business. Mr. Whipple was a shrewd observer, and had a lively interest in movements about him. He often turned aside from purely literary studies, and published articles which reflected this interest in current affairs. Readers whose memory covers the last quarter of a century will recall several of the bright papers which are here given. — Slav or Saxon, Number XLIII. of Questions of the Day (Putnams), is a study of the growth and tendencies of Russian Civilization, by William D. Foulke. Mr. Foulke sees an inevitable conflict between Russia and England, and his book is written partly in order to put America on its guard against too free a surrender of its sympathy to Russian autocracy on the score of Russia's amity with the United States when England was officially inimical. — History of the Ottawa and Chippewa Indians of Michigan, and Grammar of their Language, by A. J. Blackbird. (The Ypsilantian Job Printing House, Ypsilanti, Michigan.) This little book, in which the author's personal history is touchingly mingled with the history of his tribe, is indirectly a plea for justice to the Indian. — Free Rum on the Congo, and What it is Doing There, by William T. Hornaday. (Woman's Temperance Publication Association, Chicago.) In this little book, the author rehearses rapidly the story of the Congo Free State, and shows the peril to the natives in the permission given to the traders in ardent spirits. He rightly apprehends that this Free State is purely a commercial invention, and he points out the disposition of such an organization to disregard any other than commercial considerations. — Gunethics, or the Ethical Status of Woman, by Rev. W. K. Brown. (Funk & Wagnalls.) An argument drawn from a study of the Scriptures for an equality of status between women and men. The book is largely a heavy battering away at a man of straw. — Ancestral Tablets, a Collection of Diagrams for Pedigrees, so arranged that eight generations of the ancestors of any person may be recorded in a connected and simple form, by William H. Whitmore. (Cupples & Hurd.) The sixth edition of this ingenious and useful guide to the record of one's ancestry. A boy who mistook it for a postage-stamp album would do well if he secured the benefit of his mistake and fell to looking up the history of his family. — John Bull, Junior, or French as She is Traduced, by Max O'Rell, with a preface by George C. Eggleston (Cassell), is more detailed and more satisfactory than some of this writer's recent books. He draws so directly upon his own daily experience in school-teaching that his natural keenness and vivacity are not expended on loose generalizations. Though there is a good deal more appearance of epigrammatic wit than reality, the book is not wanting in many pungent observations of the English schoolboy and the French *émigré*. — A Critical History of Sunday Legislation from 321 to 1888 A. D., by A. H. Lewis. (Appleton.) Dr. Lewis traces the history of Sunday legislation from Rome through the Middle Ages and English history, and then through American history, with a survey of the present state of the law in all the States. His book shows wide reading. It is dispassionate, and though no practical summing up appears, it is evident that the author regards Sunday legislation as an evil to the church. — Uncle Sam at Home, by Harold Brydges. (Holt.) An amusing comparison of American society and manners with those of England. The writer poses as an English traveler in love with America, but one may guess that he has put the Englishman on; at any rate, the accent is American. — In Questions of the Day (Putnams), the forty-sixth number is Property in Land, an essay on the new crusade, by Henry Winn. Mr. Winn does not think that Henry George has found the cure for poverty in his proposed abolition of taxation, save that upon land values. He takes up the current talk of Father McGlynn and Mr. George, and undertakes to refute their main position. He examines in some detail the action of the Massachusetts legislation of 1881 in shifting the taxes on mortgages. — System of Economical Contradictions, or the Philosophy of Misery, by P. J. Proudhon; translated from the French by B. R. Tucker. (Published by the translator, Boston.) This is the first volume of this section and the fourth of Proudhon's works. It is interesting to observe how inevitable Proudhon finds the idea of God to be, in his speculation upon society.

Philosophy and Ethics. Reincarnation, a Study of Forgotten Truth, by E. D. Walker. (Houghton.) The general appearance of this book indicates very well the position of the author. Opposite the title-page are five quotations, four from poets. Opposite the first page of the preface are two more quotations. Opposite the table of contents are four passages in prose. Opposite the half-title introduction are two quotations. Opposite the first page of the introduction is a quotation, and opposite the first page of the first chapter, What is Reincarnation? there are five more quotations. Thus before the reader has got his definition of the title of the book he has had to pass over the dead bodies of poets and philosophers; and thenceafter, before beginning any chapter of

the book, he is confronted by a page of quotations. The book is, in fact, an anthology of passages in literature bearing upon the mystery of personal identity in various stages of existence, and though the author attempts something like a philosophical survey, it is plain that he relies chiefly upon the accumulative evidence of the intuitional experience of highly sensitive minds. We do not say that for his purpose he has not taken the most satisfactory course, but it is also to be observed that many of these passages are nothing more than the expression of speculative wonder, and that idealistic poetry is fond of thus toying with the mysteries of life. — Thoughts, second series, by Ivan Panin. (Cupples & Hurd.) The aphoristic form is so seldom used by itself that there is a novelty in this little book. Most books of aphorisms are culled from fuller writings, the plums of thought being deftly extracted from the pudding, but Mr. Panin has no batter so far as we know. The penetration of life to be discovered in these sayings justifies the form and repays the reader, though to most minds the succession of epigrams produces no total effect, and it becomes necessary to take the book as convalescents take food, a teaspoonful every two hours. — The Religious Aspect of Evolution, by James McCosh. (Putnams.) Two lectures on the Bedell Foundation at Kenyon College. Dr. McCosh endeavors in brief space "to unfold a panorama of our earth's history from its commencement to its close," so far as he can see it by the light of science and of Scripture. — Condensed Thoughts about Christian Science, by Dr. William H. Holcombe. (Purdy Publishing Co., Chicago.) A study of this demonstration from the point of view of a Swedenborgian.

Hygiene and Domestic Life. The New Christianity; an appeal to the clergy and to all men in behalf of its life of charity; pertaining to diseases, their origin and cure; the use of intoxicants as beverages and for sacramental purposes; the use of tobacco and opium; the pernicious and destructive habits of women, and the abuse of children; and the prevailing cruel treatment of girls and young women. By John Ellis, M. D. (Published by the author, New York.) This wordy book attacks evils everywhere recognized to be evils as if it had discovered them. It is written, it appears, from the point of view of a disciple of Swedenborg. — Letters to Elder Daughters, Married and Unmarried, by Helen Ekin Starrett. (McClurg.) An appeal, in homely, didactic form, to women to make the most of their domestic life. The letters are somewhat general, and not remarkably forcible, but they certainly are well considered, and their advice is unquestionably sound.

Sports and Humor. Whist Universal, analysis of the game as improved by the introduction of American leads and adapted to all methods of play, by G. W. P. (Ticknor.) Sarah Battle would have approved of this book. It regards the vigor of the game. What the American Constitution is doing to modify English government, that American leads are doing for whist the world over, slowly bringing in the millennium. — Perhaps Seven Hundred Album Verses, compiled by J. S. Ogilvie (J. S. Ogilvie & Co. New York), comes under this head. It must be for fun that most write in albums, yet the proportion of humorous to serious in this book is very slight. Here one may find an abundance of copy-book verses, including some pieces of prose which might be invented as often as the occasion required. — The Tailor-Made Girl, her Friends, her Fashions and her Follies, by Philip H. Welch, with illustrations by C. Jay Taylor. (Scribners.) A piece of satire consisting in but slightly exaggerated report of men and women when nature has been pumped out and art remains. The general effect of so much vacuity is depressing.

History and Biography. The Blood of Abel, by Wilbur F. Bryant. (The Author, Hastings, Nebraska.) An examination of the case of Louis Riel. It is introduced by a graphic survey of the Northwest. The author is a little given to hyperbole, and in his desire to be epigrammatic and vivid sometimes overshoots the mark, but he is an advocate for a man who has been vilified, and his book may serve to restore the balance somewhat. — The Fighting Veres, Lives of Sir Francis Vere and of Sir Horace Vere, by Clements R. Markham. (Houghton.) The narrative of the English contingent in the Low Countries during the struggle with Spain, as centring about the two brothers, leaders of the forces. Mr. Markham has taken up a picturesque and dramatic subject, and has treated it with studied directness and plainness of style. The book has an incidental value as describing the training-field of some of the early American settlers both in New England and in Virginia. It is well provided with maps and plans, and has a very full index. — In the series The Story of the Nations, the latest issue is The Story of the Goths, from the earliest times to the end of the Gothic dominion in Spain, by Henry Bradley. (Putnams.) It is a cautious and interesting narrative by a candid writer, whose frankness in dealing with the reader is not misplaced. It is a pleasure to find an author who makes so clear a statement of his own qualifications for his task; we think he has made a better book than he would have made if he had assumed superior power. — History of Prussia under

rederic the Great, 1740–1745 and 1745–1756, two volumes, by Herbert Tuttle. (Houghton.) These two volumes carry forward Mr. Tuttle's History, the first volume of which was published two or three years ago. They show the same impartial, clear-headed statement of the development of Prussia, and present Frederic as a figure in a group, but a very distinct figure. Mr. Tuttle has the coolness of a philosopher, the patience of a scholar, and the directness of speech of a trained writer. His book will not startle, but it will instruct. — Histoire de la Civilization Contemporaine en France, par Alfred Rambaud. (Armand Colin et Cie., Paris.) A completion of a work, the two previous volumes of which considered the subject down to the period of the Revolution. The subject is taken up topically and with many subdivisions. — Society in Rome under the Cæsars, by William Ralph Inge. (Scribners.) An attempt to seize upon the characteristic points in Roman civilization when at its height, as illustrated by the abundant details classified by scholars under such heads as Religion, Literature and Art, Daily Life, Amusements, Education, Luxury. The writer is industrious, comprehensive, and minute, but can hardly be called brilliant; let us therefore say that he is safe. — Life of Amos A. Lawrence, with extracts from his diary and correspondence, by his son, William Lawrence. (Houghton.) A little volume which, without making any pretense of being a piece of literature, is admirable for its clear presentation of a most attractive figure. The honorable career of a Boston merchant, who was also a public man in the republican sense of the word, is well worth a history, and Mr. Lawrence has shown a delicate sense of good taste in the selection which he has made from his father's diary and correspondence. The ethical value of the book is great, for the life is a noble sermon, and so interesting that every one who begins to listen will stay to the close, and then make the application for himself. — The sixth volume of Kinglake's The Invasion of the Crimea (Harpers) follows hard upon the fifth, and completes the work. It is provided with several maps and plans, and with a full analytical index to the entire series of volumes. — Les Trois Rois, by Robert P. Nevin. (Jos. Eichbaum & Co., Pittsburg, Pa.) The first of the three papers which make up this book and give it its fanciful name is an interesting and well-written sketch of certain forceful persons who have done much to make Pittsburg what it is. The other two papers are on the Whiskey Insurrection and on Stephen C. Foster. The book is too good to be buried in obscure publication. — Reminiscences and Documents relating to the Civil War during the Year 1865, by John A. Campbell. (John Murphy & Co., Baltimore.) Mr. Campbell was one of a commission of three appointed by Jeff Davis early in 1865, charged with the duty of conferring with President Lincoln on the subject of peace. This pamphlet contains the history of the transactions and some documents substantiating the narrative. The whole is an additional commentary on the characters of Lincoln and Seward.

Poetry. Blooms of the Berry, by Madison J. Cawein. (John P. Morton & Co., Louisville, Ky.) It is not unlikely that this author, having printed his verses, will come to look at them dispassionately, and see that he has been somewhat riotous in his language, has been too fond of poetic-sounding words, and a little too ready to cram his lines with lush — we think lush is correct? — epithets. But it would be a great pity if in pruning his language he should lose the warmth, the passion, and the enthusiasm of his verses. There is stuff in the poems; there are many agreeable surprises and noteworthy turns. The faults are chiefly those of immaturity, and an increase of self-control, a more rigorous self-criticism, may well result in poetry which will thrust its excellence forward and set its faults in the background. — Poems, by Lorenzo Sosso. (The West End Printing and Publishing House, San Francisco.) This poet, an Italian by birth, does not lack patriotic enthusiasm for his adopted country; what he wants is poetic thought and poetic expression. If he would write one line for ten, and then keep his one line a year before printing it, this self-repression might make his verses more acceptable. — Songs from the Seasons, and other Verses, by Dexter Carleton Washburn. (Charles T. Walker, St. Johnsbury, Vt.) Lively verses of an amateurish kind, not without an ease of movement, but rather the pastime of a student who has not yet found any very serious task set him. — The Cabin in the Clearing, and other Poems, by Benjamin S. Parker. (Chas. H. Kerr & Co., Chicago.) This collection of verses is saved from the fate which befalls no better books by a touch of homeliness in the sketches of rustic life on the frontier. If one misses poetry, he finds suggestive scenes in such subjects as The Spelling Match. — A Book of Poems, by Moses Gage Shirley, of Goffstown, N. H. Strictly local poems, for the most part. Mr. Shirley is to be praised for his industry in turning everything in the neighborhood of Goffstown into verse. Is he wise, however, to go as far as Marblehead for a subject? He ought not to make us shudder over seaside tragedies, as in the poem An Ocean Legend: —

> "They murdered her without a thought,
> And hid her in her gore."

JUN 14 1957